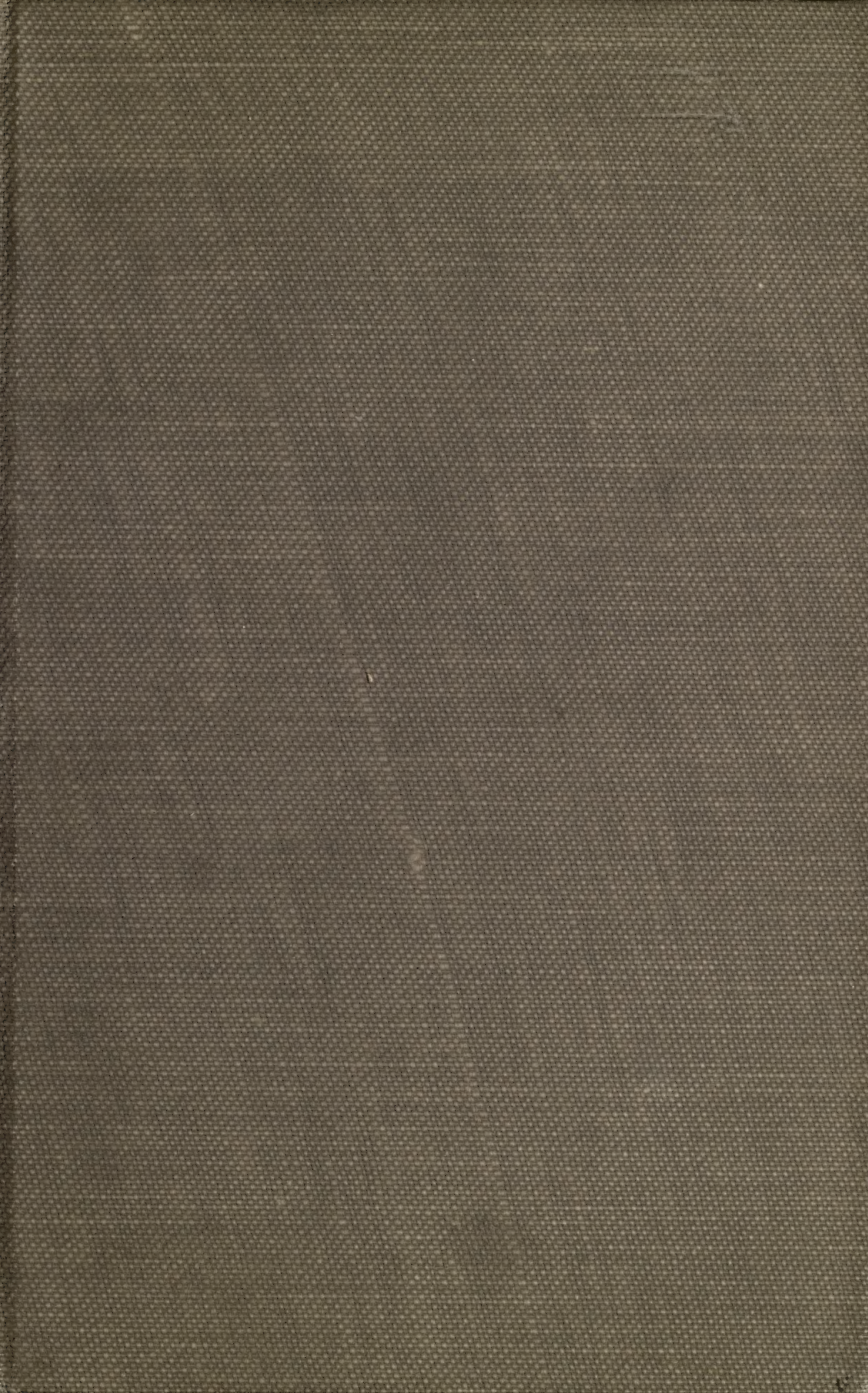






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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCXLIX.

JULY 1911.

VOL. CXC.

A SAFETY MATCH.¹

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF,' 'A MAN'S MAN.'

CHAPTER ONE.—HAPPY FAMILIES.

"NICKY, please, have you got Mr Pots the Painter?"

"No, Stiffy, but I'll trouble you for Mrs Bones the Butcher's Wife. *Thank* you. And Daph, have you got Master Bones the Butcher's Son? *Thank* you. Family! One to me!"

And Nicky, triumphantly plucking from her hand four pink-backed cards, slaps them down upon the table face upwards. They are apparently family portraits. The first — that of Bones *père* — depicts a smug gentleman, with appropriate mutton-chop whiskers, mutilating a fearsome joint upon a block; the second, Mrs Bones, an ample matron in apple-green, proffering to an unseen customer a haunch of what looks

like anæmic cab-horse; the third, Miss Bones, engaged in extracting nourishment from a colossal bone shaped like a dumb-bell; the fourth, Master Bones (bearing a strong family likeness to his papa), creeping unwillingly upon an errand, clad in canary trousers and a blue jacket, with a sirloin of beef nestling against his right ear.

It was Saturday night at the Rectory, and the Vereker family—"those absurdly handsome Rectory children," as old Lady Curlew, of Hainings, invariably called them—sat round the dining-room table playing "Happy Families." The rules which govern this absorbing pastime are simple. The families are indeed happy. They contain no widows and

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no orphans, and each pair of parents possesses one son and one daughter—perhaps the perfect number, for the sides of the house are equally balanced both for purposes of companionship and in the event of sex-warfare. As for procedure, cards are dealt round, and each player endeavours, by requests based upon observation and deduction, to reunite within his own hand the members of an entire family,—an enterprise which, while it fosters in those who undertake it a reverence for the unities of home life, offers a more material and immediate reward in the shape of one point for each family collected. We will look over the shoulders of the players as they sit, and a brief consideration of each hand and of the tactics of its owner will possibly give us the key to the respective dispositions of the Vereker family, as well as a useful lesson in the art of acquiring that priceless possession, a Happy Family.

Before starting on our tour of the table we may note that one member of the company is otherwise engaged. This is Master Anthony Cuthbert Vereker, aged ten years—usually known as Tony. He is the youngest member of the family, and is one of those fortunate people who are never bored, and who rarely require either company or assistance in their amusements. He lives in a world of his own, peopled by folk of his own creation; and with the help of this unseen host, which he can multiply to an indefinite extent and

transform into anything he pleases, he organises and carries out schemes of recreation beside which all the Happy Families in the world become humdrum and suburban in tone. He has just taken his seat upon a chair opposite to another chair, across the arms of which he has laid the lid of his big box of bricks, and is feeling in his pocket for an imaginary key, for he is about to give an organ recital in the Albert Hall (which he has never seen) in a style modelled upon that of the village organist, whom he studies through a chink in a curtain every Sunday.

Presently the lid is turned back, and the key-board—a three-manual affair, ingeniously composed of tiers of wooden bricks—is exposed to view. The organist arranges unseen music and pulls out invisible stops. Then, having risen to set up on the mantelpiece hard by a square of cardboard bearing the figure 1, he resumes his seat, and embarks upon a rendering of Handel's "Largo in G," which its composer, to be just, would have experienced no difficulty in recognising, though he might have expressed some surprise that so large an instrument as the Albert Hall organ should produce so small a volume of sound. But then Handel never played his own Largo in a room full of elder brothers and sisters, immersed in the acquisition of Happy Families and impatient of distracting noises.

The Largo completed, its

executant rises to his feet and bows again and again in the direction of the side-board; and then (the applause having apparently subsided) solemnly turns round the card-board square on the mantelpiece so as to display the figure 2, and sets to work upon "The Lost Chord."

Meanwhile the Happy Families are being rapidly united. The houses of Pots the Painter, Bun the Baker, and Dose the Doctor lie neatly piled at Nicky's right hand; and that Machiavellian damosel is now engaged in a business-like quest for the only outstanding member of the family of Grits the Grocer.

Nicky—or Veronica Elizabeth Vereker—was in many respects the most remarkable of the Rectory children. She was thirteen years old, was the only dark-haired member of the family, and (as she was fond of explaining) was possessed of a devil. This remarkable attribute was sometimes adduced as a distinction and sometimes as an excuse,—the former when impressionable and nervous children came to tea, the latter when all other palliatives of crime had failed. Certainly she could lay claim to the brooding spirit, the entire absence of fear, the unlimited low cunning, and the love of sin for its own sake which go to make the master-criminal. At present she was enjoying herself in characteristic fashion. Her brother Stephen—known as "Stiffy"—Nicky's senior by one year, a transparently honest but

somewhat limited youth, had for the greater part of the game been applying a slow-moving intellect to the acquisition of one complete Family. Higher he did not look. Nicky's habit was to allow Stiffy, with infinite labour, to collect the majority of the members of a Family in which she herself was interested, and then, at the eleventh hour, to swoop down and strip her unconscious collaborator of his hardy-earned collection.

Stiffy, sighing patiently, had just surrendered Mr, Mrs, and Miss Block (Hairdressers and Dealers in Toilet Requisites) to the depredatory hands of Nicky, and was debating in his mind whether he should endeavour when his next chance came to complete the genealogical tree of Mr Soot the Sweep or make a corner in the clan of Bung the Brewer. Possessing two Bungs to one Soot, he decided on the latter alternative.

Presently he was asked by his elder sister, Cilly (Monica Cecilia), for a card which he did not possess, and this gave him the desired opening.

"I say, Nicky," he began deferentially, "have you got Master Bung?"

Nicky surveyed her hand for a moment, and then raised a pair of liquid-blue eyes and smiled seraphically.

"No, Stiffy, dear," she replied; "but I'll have Mr Bung and Mrs Bung."

Stiffy, resigned as ever, handed over the cards. Suddenly Sebastian Aloysius Vereker, the eldest son of the

family (usually addressed as "Ally"), put down his cards and remarked, slowly and without heat—

"Cheating again! My word, Nicky, you are the absolute edge!"

"Who is cheating?" inquired Veronica in a shocked voice.

"You. Either you *must* have Master Bung, or else you are asking for Stiffy's cards without having any Bungs at all; because I've got Miss myself."

He laid the corybantic young lady in question upon the table to substantiate his statement.

Nicky remained entirely unruffled.

"Oh—*Bung!*" she exclaimed. "Sorry! I thought you said 'Bun,' Stiffy. You should spit out your G's a bit more, my lad. *Bung-gah*—like that! I really must speak to dad about your articulation."

In polite card-playing circles a lady's word is usually accepted as sufficient; but the ordinary courtesies of everyday life do not prevail in a family of six.

"Rot!" said Ally.

"Cheat!" said Cilly.

"Never mind!" said loyal and peaceable Stiffy. "I don't care, really. Let's go on."

"It's not fair," cried Cilly. "Poor Stiffy hasn't got a single Family yet. Give it to him, Nicky, you little beast! Daph, make her!"

Daphne was the eldest of the flock, and for want of a mother dispensed justice and equity to the rest of the family from the heights of nineteen. For the

moment she was assisting the organist, who had inadvertently capsized a portion of his keyboard. Now she returned to the table.

"What is it, rabble?" she inquired maternally.

A full-throated chorus informed her, and the arbitress detached the threads of the dispute with effortless dexterity.

"You said you thought he was asking for Miss Bun and not Bung?" she remarked to the accused.

"Yes—that was all," began Nicky. "You see," she continued pathetically, "they're all so beastly unjust to me, and——"

Daphne picked up her small sister's pile of completed Families and turned them over.

"You couldn't have thought Stiffy wanted *Buns*," she said in measured tones, "because they're all here. You collected them yourself. You've cheated again. Upstairs, and no jam till Wednesday!"

It is a tribute to Miss Vereker's disciplinary methods that the turbulent Nicky rose at once to her feet and, with a half-tearful, half-defiant reference to her Satanic inhabitant, left the room and departed upstairs, there to meditate on a Bun-strewn past and a jamless future.

Daphne Vereker was perhaps the most beautiful of an extraordinarily attractive family. Her full name was Daphne Margaret. Her parents, whether from inherent piety or on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, had endowed their offspring

with the names of early saints and martyrs. The pagan derivative Daphne was an exception. It had been the name of Brian Vereker's young bride, and had been bestowed, uncanonically linked with that of a saint of blameless antecedents, upon the first baby which had arrived at the Rectory. Mrs Vereker had died ten years later, two hours after the birth of that fertile genius Anthony Cuthbert, and Brian Vereker, left to wrestle with the up-bringing of six children on an insufficient stipend in a remote country parish, had come to lean more and more, in the instinctive but exacting fashion of lonely man, upon the slim shoulders of his eldest daughter.

There are certain attributes of woman before which the male sex, whose sole knowledge of the ways of life is derived from that stern instructor Experience, can only stand and gape in reverent awe. When her motherdied Daphne Vereker was a tow-headed, long-legged, irresponsible marauder of eleven. In six months she looked like a rather prim little nursery governess: in two years she could have taken the chair at a Mothers' meeting. Circumstance is a great forcing-house, especially where women are concerned. Her dreamy, unpractical, affectionate father, oblivious of the expectant presence in the offing of numerous female relatives-in-law, had remarked in sober earnest to his little daughter, walking erect by his side in her short black frock on the way home from the funeral:—"You and I will

have to bring up the children between us now, Daphne;" and the child, with an odd thrill of pride at being thus promoted to woman's highest office at the age of eleven, had responded with the utmost gravity—

"You had better stick to the parish, dad, and I'll manage the kids."

And she had done it. As she presides at the table this Saturday evening, with her round chin resting on her hands, surveying the picturesque crew of ragamuffins before her, we cannot but congratulate her on the success of her methods, whatever those may be. On her right lolls the apple of her eye, the eldest son, Ally. He is a handsome boy, with a ready smile and a rather weak mouth. He is being educated—God knows by what anxious economies in other directions—at a great public school. When he leaves, which will be shortly, the money will go to educate Stiffy, who is rising fourteen.

Next to Ally sprawls Cilly, an amorphous schoolgirl with long rippling hair and great grey eyes that are alternately full of shy inquiry and hoydenish exuberance. Then comes the chair recently vacated by the Madonna-like Nicky; then the ruddy countenance and cheerful presence of the sunny-tempered Stiffy, completing the circle. In the corner Master Anthony Cuthbert, cherubic and rapturous, is engaged, with every finger and toe in action, upon the final fugue of the "Hallelujah Chorus." The number 6 stands upon the

mantelpiece, for the recital is drawing to a close.

To describe Daphne herself is not easy. One fact is obvious, and that is that she possesses an instinct for dress not as yet acquired by any of her brothers and sisters. Her hair is of a peculiarly radiant gold, reflecting high lights at every turn of her head. Her eyes are brown, of the hue of a Highland burn on a sunny afternoon, and her eyebrows are very level and serene. Her colouring is perfect, and when she smiles we understand why it is that her unregenerate brothers and sisters occasionally address her as "Odol." When her face is in repose—which, to be frank, is not often—there is a pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth, which is perhaps accounted for by the cares of premature responsibility. She is dressed in brown velvet, with a lace collar—evening dress does not prevail in a household which affects high tea, but Daphne always puts on her Sunday frock on Saturday evenings—and, having discovered that certain colours suit her better than others, she has threaded a pale blue ribbon through her hair.

Altogether she is a rather astonishing young person to find sitting contentedly resting her elbows upon a dingy tablecloth in an untidy dining-room which smells of American leather and fried eggs. It is as if one had discovered the Venus de Milo presiding at a Dorcas Society, or Helen of Troy serving crumpets in an A.B.C. shop.

The "Hallelujah Chorus" has just stopped dead at that paralyzing hiatus of two bars which immediately precedes the final crash, when the door opens and the Reverend Brian Vereker appears. A glance at his clear-cut aristocratic features goes a long way towards deciding the question of the origin of the good looks of "those Rectory children."

He is a tall man—six feet two,—and although he is barely fifty his hair is specklessly white. He looks more like a great prelate or statesman than a country parson. Perhaps he might have been, had he been born the eldest son of the eldest son of a peer, instead of the youngest son of the youngest. And again, perhaps not. The lines of his face indicate brain rather than character, and after all it is character that brings us out top in this world. There are furrows about his forehead that tell of much study; but about the corners of the mouth, where promptitude and decision usually set their seal, there is nothing—nothing but a smile of rare sweetness. His gentle blue eyes have the dreamy gaze that marks the saints and poets of this world: the steely glitter of the man of action is lacking. Altogether you would say that Brian Vereker would make a noble figurehead to any high enterprise; but you would add that if that enterprise was to succeed, the figurehead would require a good deal of imported driving-power behind it. And you would be right.

The Rector paused in the doorway and surveyed the lamp-lit room.

... "Hath *spo-o-o-oken* it!" vociferated the Albert Hall organ with an air of triumphant finality. Brian Vereker turned to his youngest son with the ready sympathy of one child for another child's games.

"That's right, Tony! That's the stuff! Good old George Frederick! *He* knew the meaning of the word music—eh?"

"Yes—George Fwederick!" echoed the organist. "*And* Arthur Seymour, daddy! You've just missed 'The Lost Chord.'"

"Ah," said the Rector in a tone of genuine regret, "that's a pity. But we had the Seventy - Eighth Psalm to-night, and I'm later than usual."

"Quadruple chant?" inquired Tony professionally.

"Rather! But is your recital quite over, boyo?"

"Yes—bedtime!" replied the organist, with a reproachful glance in the direction of his eldest sister.

"Run along, dear!" was all the comfort he received from that inflexible despot.

"All right! I must lock up, though."

Master Tony removed the last number from the mantelpiece, disintegrated his keyboard and packed it up with the other bricks, and drawing aside the window-curtain remarked solemnly into the dark recess behind it—

"That will be all to-night,

organ - blower. You can go home now."

To which a husky and ventriloquial voice replied—

"Thank you kindly, Mr Handel, sir. Good-night."

"Now," concluded Mr Handel, turning to his elders with the air of a martyr addressing a group of arena lions, "I'm ready!"

"Take him up, Cilly dear," said Daphne. "I must look after dad's supper."

"Come on, Tony," said Cilly, uncoiling her long legs from under her and rising from the hearthrug.

"Righto!" said Tony. "You be a cart-horse and I'll be a broken-down motor."

Monica Cecilia Vereker meekly complied, and departed upstairs, towing the inanimate mechanism of the inventive Anthony behind her bump by bump, utilising her sash, which she had removed for the purpose, as a tow-rope.

"Ally and Stiffy," commanded Daphne, turning to the two remaining members of the family, "you'd better go and pump the cistern full. Saturday night, you know, and the kids' baths have just been filled; so look sharp before the boiler bursts."

Stiffy, obliging as ever, rose at once; Ally, cumbered by that majesty which doth hedge a sixth-form boy and a member of the school Fifteen (especially when ordered about by a female), was more deliberate in his acquiescence. However, presently both the boys were gone, and five minutes later Daphne, with the assistance

of the one little maid whom the establishment supported, had laid the Rector's supper. She installed her father in his seat on one side of the table, and took her own on the other, assisting the progress of the meal from time to time, but for the most part sitting with her chin resting upon her two fists, and contemplating the tired man before her with serious brown eyes. Twice she had to leave her seat, once to remove the butter from the vicinity of her parent's elbow, and once to frustrate an attempt on the part of that excellent but absent-minded man to sprinkle sugar over a lettuce.

"Well, my daughter," remarked the Rector presently, "what of the weekly report?"

Saturday night at the Rectory was reserved for a sort of domestic budget.

"Here are the books," said Daphne. "They're much as usual, except that I had to pay two bob on Wednesday for a bottle of embrocation for Ally. He is in training for the mile in the sports at the beginning of next term, and it does his muscles so much good."

"When I won the mile at Fenner's, Daphne," began the Reverend Brian, with a sudden glow of reminiscence in his dreamy eyes, "I did it without embrocation or any other new-fashioned——"

"Yes, dear, but they have to run so much *faster* now than they did," explained Daphne soothingly. "Then, about the kitchen chimney——"

"But I only took four minutes, twenty-eight——"

"Yes, old man, and I'm proud of you!" said Daphne swiftly. "Well, the sweep is coming in on Wednesday, when you'll be away at Wilford, so *that's* all right." She was anxious to get away from the question of the embrocation. It had been a rank extravagance, and she knew it; but Ally was ever her weak spot. "Then, I've got three-and-nine in hand out of current expenses just now, and if I take two half-crowns out of the emergency bag and we go without a second joint this week, I can get Nicky a new pair of boots, if you don't mind. (Don't cut the cheese with a spoon, dear; take this knife.) Of course, we ought not to have to go to the emergency bag for boots at all. It's rather upsetting. To-day I find that a perfectly ducky pair of Sunday shoes, which I outgrew just before I stopped growing, and was keeping specially for that child, are too small for her by yards. (I had tried them on Cilly a year ago, but she simply couldn't get her toe in.) And now they'll be wasted, because there are no more of us girls. My feet are *most* exasperating."

"Your mother had tiny feet," said the rector, half to himself.

He pushed away his plate, and gazed absently before him into that land where his son Tony still spent so much of his time, and whither Tony's young and pretty mother had been borne away ten years before. Daphne permitted him a reverie of five

minutes, while she puckered her brow over the account-books. Then she rose and took down a pipe from a rack on the mantelpiece. This she filled from a cracked jar thirty years old, adorned with the coat-of-arms of one of the three royal colleges of Cambridge, and laid it by her father's left hand.

"Then, there's another thing," she continued, lighting a spill at the fire. "Isn't it time to enter Stiffy for school? Mr Allnutt asked us to say definitely by April whether he was coming to fill Ally's place after summer or not, otherwise he would be obliged to give the vacancy to some one else. It's the end of March now."

The Rector lit his pipe—his one luxury—in a meditative fashion, and then leaned back to contemplate his daughter, with her glinting hair and troubled little frown.

"Mr Allnutt? To be sure! Of course! A ripe scholar, Daphne, and a long-standing personal friend of my own. He took the Porson and Craven in successive years. His Iambics——"

All this was highly irrelevant, and exceedingly characteristic. Daphne waited patiently through a *résumé* of Mr Allnutt's achievements as a scholar and a divine, and continued:—

"Will you enter Stiffy at once, then? It would be a pity not to get him into Ally's old house."

Brian Vereker, suddenly re-

called to business, laid down his pipe and sighed.

"Boys are terribly expensive things, little daughter," he said. "And we are so very very poor. I wonder if they are worth it."

"Of course they are, the dears!" said Daphne, up in arms at once.

"Of course, of course," agreed the Rector apologetically. "You are right, child; you are always right. It is ungrateful and un-Christian of me to give expression to such thoughts when God has granted me three good sons. Still, I admit it *was* a disappointment to me when Ally failed to gain a scholarship at Cambridge. He may have been right in his assertion that there were an exceptionally strong set of candidates up on that occasion, but it was unfortunate that he should have overslept himself on the morning of the Greek Prose Paper, even though, as he pointed out, Greek Prose is his weak subject. What a pity! Strange lodgings, probably! Still, his disappointment must be far greater than ours, so it would be ungenerous to dwell further on the matter. But I fail to see at present how he can be started in life now. If only one had a little money to spare! I have never felt the need of such a thing before."

"Yes, we could do with a touch of it," assented Miss Vereker elegantly. She began to tick off the family requirements on her fingers. "There's Ally to be started in life; and Cilly ought to be sent somewhere and finished—she's tragically gawky, and she'd

be perfectly lovely if she was given half a chance; and Stiffy has to be sent to school; and the two kiddies are growing up, and this house is simply tumbling down for want of repairs; and it's really time you had a curate for long-distance visiting."

"Never!" said Brian Vereker firmly.

"All right. Never, if you like, but he'll have to come some day," said Daphne serenely. (The question of the curate cropped up almost as regularly as that of the second joint on Wednesdays.) "And all we've got to run the whole show on," she concluded, with a pathetic little frown which many a man would gladly have given his whole estate to smooth away, "is—two pounds seventeen and ninepence in the emergency bag! It's a bit thick, isn't it?"

Brian Vereker surveyed his daughter's troubled countenance with characteristic placidity. Simple faith—some called it impractical optimism—was the main article of his creed.

"The Lord will provide, my daughter," he said.

At this moment the door opened with a flourish, and, the crimson and enraged countenance of Master Anthony Cuthbert Vereker having been thrust into the room, its owner inquired, in a voice rendered husky by indignation, how any one could be expected to impersonate a Dreadnought going into action in the bath, when the said bath was encumbered with the flotsam and jetsam of a previous occupant. In other words, was he to be bathed in the same water as Nicky?

It was an old grievance, arising from the insufficient nature of the Rectory water-supply (which had to be pumped up by hand from the garden) and the smallness of the kitchen boiler; and Daphne had perforce to go upstairs to adjust it. Consequently the sitting of the Committee of Ways and Means, with all its immediate necessities and problems for the future, was incontinently suspended.

CHAPTER TWO.—WANTED, A MAN.

Five gentlemen sat side by side along a baize-covered table in a dingy room in a dingier building not far from the principal pit-head of Mirkley Colliery. They were the representatives of the local Colliery Owners' Association, and they were assembled and met together for the purpose of receiving a deputation representing the united interests and collective wisdom of their *employés*.

It should be noted that although there were five gentlemen present, six chairs were set along the table.

Now a deputation may be defined as an instrument designed to extract from you something which you have not the slightest desire to give up. Consequently the reception of such, whether you be a damsel listening for the rat-a-tat of an undesired suitor who has

written asking for an interview, or a dethroned Royal Family sitting in its deserted abode awaiting the irruption of a Committee of Public Safety composed of the greater part of its late loyal subjects armed with billhooks and asking for blood, is always an uncomfortable business at the best. Our five gentlemen do not appear to be enjoying their present position any more than the two examples cited above. In fact, they look so exceedingly averse to interviews or arguments of any description, that we will leave them for a moment and divert our attention to the deputation itself, which is delicately skirting puddles of coal-black water and heaps of pit refuse on its way from the boiler-house, where its members have assembled, to the office-buildings of the colliery.

They are six in number, and we will describe them *seriatim*.

Mr Tom Winch is a professional agitator, though he calls himself something else. He is loud-voiced, and ceaseless in argument of a sort. His notion of a typical member of the upper classes is a debilitated imbecile suffering from chronic alcoholism and various maladies incident on over-indulgence, who divides his time between gloating over money-bags and grinding the faces of the poor. He privately regards Trades Unions as an antiquated drag upon the wheels of that chariot at the tail of which he hopes one day to see Capital led captive, gentlemen like Mr Tom Winch handling the reins and plying the whip.

Mr Amos Entwistle is a working collier, and is rightly regarded by both parties as a safe man. He is habitually sober, scrupulously honest, and has worked at Cherry Hill Pit for nearly forty years. He looks upon Trades Unions as his father and mother.

Mr Jacob Entwistle is the Nestor of the party. (Amos is his son.) He is a patriarchal old gentleman, with a long white beard, the manner of an ambassador, the deafness of an adder, and the obstinacy of a mule. Altogether he is just the sort of man to prove a valuable asset to any properly constituted deputation. He is the senior member of the local branch of the *Employés' Association*. He regards himself as the father and mother of Trades Unions.

Mr Albert Brash is an expert in the art of what may be called Righteous Indignation. Never was there such an exploiter of grievances. Is short time declared? Mr Brash calls for an Act of Parliament. Is there an explosion of fire-damp? Mr Brash mutters darkly that one of these days a director must swing. Does a careless worker remove a pit-prop and bring down an avalanche of coal on himself? Mr Brash raises clenched hands to heaven and clamours for a revolution. So persistently and so methodically does Mr Brash lay upon the shoulders of Capital the responsibility for all the ills to which flesh is liable, from a hard winter to triplets, that he has ultimately (as is the way in this short-

sighted world of ours) achieved the position of Sir Oracle. His deportment is that of a stage conspirator, and he rarely speaks above a hoarse and arresting whisper. He calls himself an Anarchist, but he quails at the passing of the most benevolent policeman. He regards Trades Unions as well-meaning institutions, with but little discrimination as to their choice of leaders.

Mr James Killick is a thoroughly honest, thoroughly muddle-headed Socialist of a rather common type. Like many a wiser and more observant man before him, he has realised something of the grinding misery and suffering of this world, and a great and vague desire to better things is surging inarticulately within him. He has come to the conclusion, as most half-educated philosophers usually do, that the simplest remedy would be to take from those who have and give the proceeds to those who have not. The fact that the world is divided into men to whose hands money sticks like glue and men through whose fingers it slips like water, and that consequently a Utopian redistribution of property would have to be repeated at inconveniently frequent intervals in order to preserve the social balance, has not yet been borne in on him. He regards Trades Unionism as a broken reed.

Mr Adam Wilkie is a Scot of the dourest and most sepulchral appearance. Native reti-

cence and an extremely cautious manner of expressing himself have invested him with that halo of business acumen which appears to be inevitable to the Scot as viewed by the Sassenach, and his very silence is regarded with respectful admiration by his more verbose colleagues. In reality, he is an intensely stupid, entirely placid individual. Still, he has kept himself by native thrift in tolerable comfort all his life without extraneous assistance, and he consequently regards Trades Unionism as an institution specially and mercifully introduced by Providence for the purpose of keeping the weak-kneed English out of the poorhouse.

"Who's to be there?" inquired Mr Brash of Mr Entwistle senior.

That patriarch, who was negotiating a mountainous waste-heap, made no reply.

"Who are we going to meet?" repeated Mr Brash in a louder tone.

"Eh?" inquires Mr Entwistle, giving his invariable answer to any sudden question.

"Who are we going to meet?" bawled Mr Winch.

Mr Entwistle, who was never at a loss a second time, smiled benignantly and replied—

"Ay, that's so. But maybe we can manage to dry 'em at the fire in the office."

"I expect there will be five of them, Mr Winch," interpolated Amos, coming to the rescue. Kirkley, Thompson, Crisp, Aymer, Montague——"

There was a grunt of disapproval from Mr Wilkie as the last name was mentioned.

"Yon felly!" he observed darkly. "Aha! Mphm!"

Then he relapsed into silence. It was upon such safe utterances as these that Mr Wilkie's reputation for profound wisdom was based.

"Is that all?" said Winch. "Because if it is, I'll undertake to learn that lot right enough! Kirkley, of course, is just an empty-headed aristocrat: he don't count. Then that Crisp—he's too cautious to do anything. We can talk Thompson round all right: done it half a dozen times meself. Aymer never knows his own mind two minutes together, and Moses is a coward. But is that all? Ain't the big man going to be there? He's the lad that counts in that crowd."

"He was away in London yesterday," said Entwistle junior. "But you never know——"

"Wallowing in the vice and luxury of the metropolis!" chanted Mr Brash suddenly, as if from some internal missal. "The master absent, squandering his tainted millions, while we stay here and starve! If I was a Member o' Parliament——"

"Talk sense," said Amos Entwistle curtly. "He may be back for all we know. Anyway, they're certain to bring him up if they can, because they know they can't do without him. Mind that tank-engine, father."

He impelled his aged parent, who, oblivious to delirious whistling, was resolutely ob-

structing the progress of a diminutive locomotive hauling a string of trucks, on to safer ground.

"Well, we'll hope for the best," said Mr Winch piously. "It would be something if he was to come late, even. Give me twenty minutes with the rest before he can get his oar in, and I'll undertake to make them outvote him."

By this time the deputation had arrived at the managerial offices, and five minutes later they were admitted to the presence of the Board. They did not know that they had been immediately preceded by an orange-coloured envelope, which was eagerly torn open by Lord Kirkley, the deputy-chairman.

"Good egg!" observed his lordship, with a sigh of heartfelt relief. "Juggernaut's coming."

A gentle murmur of satisfaction was audible. Evidently the Board felt the need of a little stiffening. We may as well describe them.

The Marquis of Kirkley was more accustomed to exercising a kindly despotism over rustics who lived contentedly on fourteen shillings a-week than to splitting hairs with unbending mechanics earning four pounds, whose views on the relations between master and man were dictated by a cast-iron bureaucracy, and who regarded not the elastic laws of Give and Take. He was a handsome, breezy, kind-hearted patrician of thirty-four, and considered Trades Unions a damned interfering nuisance.

James Crisp was a solicitor,

and represented the Dean and Chapter of Kilohester, beneath the very foundation of whose mighty cathedral ran a very profitable little seam of coal, which was chiefly responsible for making the bishopric of the diocese one of the richest ecclesiastical plums in England. He was a shrewd man of business, probably the best qualified of those present to take the lead in the present instance. Consequently he remained studiously in the background. He regarded Trades Unions as inevitable, but by no means invulnerable.

Sir Nigel Thompson had inherited great possessions, including a colliery, from his father. There was no vice in him, but he loved coal about as much as a schoolboy loves irregular verbs, and his only passions in life were old furniture and chemical research. He attended under compulsion, having torn himself from his comfortable house in London at the bidding of his manager, in whose hands he was reported (not altogether unjustly) to be as wax. He was full of theoretical enthusiasm for Trades Unions, which he identified in some mysterious way with the liberty of the individual; but wished mildly that people could contrive to settle their affairs without dragging him north. Altogether a pleasant but entirely useless member of the Board.

Mr Alfred Aymer was the owner of Cherry Hill Colliery. He was middle-aged, timorous, and precipitate. Left to himself, he would probably have

been a kind and fair-dealing employer. But it was his misfortune to be so constituted that his opinions on any subject were invariably those of the last man with whom he had discussed it. Consequently his line of action in the affairs of life was something in the nature of an alternating electric current. After an interview with his manager he would issue a decree of unparalleled ferocity: after five minutes with a deputation of *employés* he would rescind all previous resolutions and promise a perfectly fabulous bonus next pay-day. In his present company he was an adamantine Capitalist, and regarded Trades Unions as the most pernicious of institutions.

Last of all came Mr Montague, whose surname at an earlier and less distinguished period in his history had probably rhymed with "noses." He came from London, where he earned a livelihood by acquiring the controlling interest in various commercial ventures, and making these pay cent per cent. He had recently become proprietor of Marbledown Colliery, and it was said that he was making a better thing out of it than his *employés*. He regarded Trades Unions as an impertinent infringement of the right of the upper classes to keep the lower classes in their proper place. From which the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in deciding to which class Mr Montague considered that he himself belonged.

The deputation was introduced with the usual formalities.

Its object was to effect the reinstatement of two *employés* at Marbledown Colliery, an engine-man and a hewer, who had been summarily dismissed from their positions for endeavouring, in a society whose relations had never been of the most cordial, to heighten dissension between master and man.

Mr Tom Winch's version of the case, delivered with great wealth of detail and a good deal of unnecessary shouting, was different. The men, it appeared, were models of what engine-men and hewers should be. Their sole offence consisted in having incurred the dislike of the mine-manager, Mr Dodd—whether through their own sturdy independence as true-born Englishmen (*applause from Mr Brash*), or the natural jealousy of an incompetent official towards two able and increasingly prominent subordinates, it was not for Mr Winch to say. Proceeding, the orator warmed to his work, and mentioned that one man was as good as another. Indeed, but for the merest accident of fortune, Lord Kirkley himself might be delving for coal in the bowels of the earth, what time Messrs Conlin and Murton, the dismissed *employés*, sate in the House of Lords smoking cigars and drinking champagne.

After this singularly convincing peroration Mr Winch fell back into line with his companions, amid the *sotto voce* commendations of Messrs Brash and Killick. Mr Aymer, who had been taking notes on a sheet of paper, tore it up with

a resigned air of finality. The case was clear: these poor fellows must be reinstated.

The chairman conferred briefly with Mr Crisp.

"Would any other of you gentlemen like to say anything?" he inquired.

The question was communicated to Mr Entwistle senior, who stepped forward and delivered himself of a courtly but rambling discourse, consisting chiefly of reminiscences of something portentous but unintelligible which had happened forty years ago, and even to the most irrelevant mind presented no sort of bearing upon the case whatsoever.

After this Lord Kirkley replied. His remarks were not convincing, for he was hampered in dealing with the question by complete inability to understand where the men's grievance came in, and said so. The owners, he explained, tried to do the fair thing, and most of them did considerably more. Sick funds, pensions, benevolent schemes, and all that sort of thing, didn't they know? He quite admitted that an employer of labour had grave responsibilities and duties laid upon him, and he for one had always tried to live up to them. But hang it! surely an employer had the right to get rid of a couple of fellows who went about preaching anarchy and red revolution in all the public-houses in the district—what? He did not mind ordinary grousing. It did everybody good to blow off steam periodically: he did it himself. But there was grousing and grous-

ing: and when it came to the sort of game that Messrs Conlin and Murton were playing, it was his lordship's opinion that a *ne plus ultra* of thickness had been attained.

The chairman concluded a somewhat colloquial address amid a deathly silence, and the deputation and the board glared uncomfortably at one another. An *impasse* had been reached, it was clear.

"It's all very well, gentlemen," broke in Killick suddenly, "for you aristocrats——"

Lord Kirkley, who was not without a certain sense of proportion, glanced involuntarily

at Mr Montague and then at Mr Killick. Did this omniscient and self-opinionated son of toil really see no moral difference between a Peer of the realm, with centuries of clean-bred ancestry behind him, and a man who wore diamond rings and elastic-sided boots? Mr Montague looked up, and regarded Mr Killick with something akin to affection.

There was a sudden rumble underneath the windows, accompanied by the hoot of a motor-horn.

The drama having run itself to a deadlock, the *deus* had duly arrived—in his *machina*.

CHAPTER THREE.—THE WHEELS OF JUGGERNAUT.

There was a dead silence, unbroken until Juggernaut entered the room.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said briskly. "I am glad to see that the deputation has only just arrived."

He turned to the clerk who had shown him in.

"Andrews," he said, "get chairs for these gentlemen, and then we can get to business."

Chairs were brought, and the deputation, which had been balancing itself on alternate legs for nearly half an hour, sat down with an enhanced sense of comfort and importance to what they realised at once was to be the interview proper.

Juggernaut took the seat at the middle of the table vacated by Lord Kirkley, and inquired—

"Has any one spoken yet?"

Progress was reported by Mr Crisp.

"I wonder if I might trouble the deputation again," said the chairman. "Not you, Mr Winch, thank you!" as that Demosthenes cleared his throat in a threatening manner. "In the first place, you don't represent the men in any sense. In fact, considering that you are engaged in no employment in this district, I think it would have been much wiser on the part of those responsible for this deputation to have left you out altogether. You are not even a properly accredited Trades Union official."

"Gentlemen of the Board," began Mr Winch portentously, "I appeal——"

"Don't trouble, really, Mr Winch," broke in Juggernaut with inflexible cheerfulness. "You see I know exactly what

you are going to say. I have heard it so often in other places where you have been kind enough to come forward and champion the cause—of—of—the oppressed millions of this country. That's right, isn't it?"

A muffled sound proceeded from the interior of Mr Wilkie—his first contribution to the debate—and the chairman proceeded.

"I wonder if Mr Entwistle junior would kindly state the facts."

Amos Entwistle, rising from his seat, re-stated the case of the two men. They were competent and industrious workmen, he maintained, and so long as they gave satisfaction in their situations their private lives and leisure occupations were entirely their own concern. Possibly their views on the relations of Labour and Capital were extreme, but the speaker begged respectfully to point out that there were extremists on both sides; and since many employers might and did regard the men they paid as dirt beneath their feet, it seemed only natural that a section of the men should regard their employers as bullies and tyrants. Mr Entwistle followed up this undoubted home-thrust with a request for a categorical list of the offences alleged against the two men, and solemnly but respectfully warned the Board against risking a serious upheaval by endeavouring to stifle legitimate criticism of its actions. With apologies for plain-speaking he resumed his seat, and

Mr Aymer tore up a sheet of paper upon which he had commenced operations on the arrival of the chairman.

"Would any other gentleman like to say anything?" inquired Juggernaut. "Mr Brash? Mr Wilkie?"

No, the gentlemen addressed had nothing to say. Their *forte* was plainly that of chorus.

"Very well," said Juggernaut. "In the first place, I am going to accede to Mr Entwistle's perfectly just request that a definite reason should be given for the dismissal of these men. I agree with him that it is a foolish thing to stifle legitimate criticism. Unfortunately, I don't agree with him that the criticisms of Messrs Conlin and Murton *are* legitimate. I have been making inquiries into the antecedents of these two. Murton is a paid agitator. He is not a local man. He came here less than a year ago, and has been making deliberate mischief ever since. He has money to spend: he backs his arguments with beer. I shouldn't be surprised if he drew his salary from the organisation which retains your services, Mr Winch."

Mr Winch's small eyes began to protrude. He did not relish this line of argument. In dealing with Boards and other representatives of bloated Capital he preferred to keep to the high moral and sentimental plane—the sufferings of the downtrodden sons of Labour, the equality of all men in the sight of God, and so on. Mundane personalities, coupled with

the suggestion that he, a high priest of altruism, was making a good thing out of his exertions on behalf of his fellow-toilers, took him below the belt, he considered.

"Conlin," continued Jugger-naut, disregarding the fermenting Mr Winch, "seems to be a comparatively sincere and honest grumbler. He has realised that this is an unjust world, and he wants to put it right by Act of Parliament. Consequently he goes about advocating certain special and particular forms of legislation which, if they came into being, would benefit about one member of the community in a hundred and be grossly unfair to the other ninety-nine. He has not yet discovered for himself that the aim of all legislation must be to benefit the type and not the individual. That is the rock upon which all your friends split, Mr Winch. You are always trying to legislate for special cases, and it can't be *done*. I quite agree with you that the conditions of labour in parts of this country are deplorable. We all want to put them right. But there are two things we cannot do. We can't cure them in a hurry, and we can't cure them by swallowing quack medicines. What we have to do is to set to work on systematic lines, and go on working, with patience and a sense of proportion, until our whole social fabric develops into a sounder and more healthy condition. That requires time, and time requires patience, and patience requires common-sense, and common-

sense is a thing which is lamentably scarce in this world, Mr Winch. We are marching on to a better state of things every year; but every bit of unsound, panic-stricken, vote-catching legislation — Right-to-Work Bills, Unemployment Acts, and so on — throws us back a step, because its tendency is to remove the symptom instead of curing the disease. Now, symptoms are very valuable assets. They give us reliable and necessary information, which is more than can be said of most intelligence departments. If ever you have such a vulgar thing as a pain in your stomach, Mr Winch, that is a kindly hint from Nature that there is something wrong with the works. If you drink two of whisky hot the pain may cease, but it does not follow that the real cause of the trouble has been removed. In effect you have merely put back the danger-signal to safety without removing the danger. That is just what all this despicable, hand-to-mouth, time-serving legislation that you and your friends are trying to force upon a weak Government is doing for the country to-day."

The speaker paused. The deputation wore a distinctly chastened appearance. Mr Aymer was engaged upon a third sheet of notes. Sir Nigel Thompson was working out a chemical formula on the back of an envelope.

"Let us get back to the point, sir," said Amos Entwistle doggedly. "I agree with a great deal of what you say——"

"Shame!" interpolated Mr Killick suddenly.

"But we came here to ask for the reinstatement of these two men, and not to discuss social problems."

"Granted all the time," said Juggernaut cheerfully. "I admit that I have not made Messrs Conlin and Murton my Alpha and Omega in these remarks of mine; but that is because I deliberately went back to first principles instead of cutting into the middle of things. Now for your request! You want an answer? Here it is. The two men cannot be reinstated under any circumstances whatsoever. I confess I am rather sorry for Conlin: he is in a different class from Murton. But he is tarred with the same brush, and he must go."

"Take care, Sir John," broke in Mr Winch, in the declamatory bray which he reserved for extreme crises. "Don't push us too hard! What if a strike was to be proclaimed at Marbledown Colliery? You wouldn't like that, Mr Montague! You have a bad enough name in the district as it is. You grind your 'eel——"

"Mr Winch," said Juggernaut in a voice of thunder, "I must ask you to address yourself to me. This matter has been taken out of Mr Montague's hands by the combined action of the Owners' Association; so if you have any strictures to offer they must be laid upon me as representing the Association collectively. As for striking—well, you struck before, you know. I don't think any of us have for-

gotten that winter—masters or men!"

"We nearly beat you then," said Killick hotly.

"That," retorted Mr Montague, suddenly breaking into the debate, "was because some sentimental fool sent food and necessities to your wives."

"It's the women and children who pay for strikes, you know, Mr Winch," said Mr Crisp, speaking for the first time—"not you men. You can do without beer and baccy at a pinch, but your families must have groceries and fire. If they had not been kept going by that unknown benefactor the strike would have collapsed as soon as the Union funds gave out."

"Perhaps they will be kept going again," said Amos Entwistle quietly.

"They won't," said Juggernaut emphatically. "You can take my word for that, Mr Entwistle. I have seen to it. And I may add that if you consider it advisable to proclaim a sectional strike, the owners on their part might find it necessary to declare a lock-out at all the collieries in the district. If men can combine, so can masters."

There was a staggered silence. Even the Board were hardly prepared for this. Juggernaut had so dominated the situation since his arrival that one or two—Mr Montague in particular—were beginning to wonder rather peevishly why they had been admitted to the meeting. But Mr Crisp leaned back and took snuff contentedly. He appreciated strong

measures, though he was averse to initiating them.

Still, the temper of the meeting was rising. Killick broke out furiously. It was a burning shame, a monstrous iniquity, he declared, that men who had never done an honest day's work in their lives should be enabled, simply because they had money in their pockets, to force humiliating conditions on a majority who had no alternative but to submit or starve. He spoke with all the conviction that absolute sincerity carries; but the effect of his philippic was not enhanced by the marginal comments of his colleague, Mr Brash, who kept up a running fire of *sotto voce* references to bloody-minded tyrants, champagne, ballet-girls, and other equally relevant topics with a persistence and enthusiasm which would have proved embarrassing to a more self-conscious and less frenzied rhetorician than Mr Killick.

When both solo and *obligato* had subsided, Juggernaut spoke again.

"It is one of the most common delusions of men of your way of thinking, Mr Killick, to imagine that the only kind of work worthy of the name is manual labour. Personally, I have tried both. For two years after I came down from the University I worked for experience's sake in a pit not far from here. I went down with my shift daily and worked full time; but I assure you that those two years were far from being the most laborious of my life."

"Your case was different, sir," said Amos Entwistle, with a practical man's quick perception of his opponent's weak points. "You were doing it for pleasure, to acquire experience—not to earn your bread. You could look forward to something better later on."

"And so can every man!" replied Juggernaut. "Each one of us is able if he likes to work his way up, and up, and up; and the lower he starts, the greater is his range of opportunity. The man at the bottom has the whole ladder to climb, instead of a few paltry rungs, as is the case of a man born near the top. Let him think of that, and be thankful!"

The chairman's sombre eyes glowed. His tone of raillery was gone: he was in sober earnest now. To him poverty and riches were nothing: he could have lived happily on a pound a-week: the salt of life lay in the overcoming of its difficulties.

But Amos Entwistle was a man of tough fibre—by far the strongest man, next to the chairman, in that assemblage.

"You can't deny, sir," he persisted doggedly, "that it is very difficult for a poor man to rise. His employers don't help him much. They are best satisfied with a man who keeps his proper station, as they call it."

"Tyrants!" interpolated Mr Winch hastily.

"Star Chamber!" added Mr Brash, *à propos de bottes*.

"Tyrants? Star Chamber?" Juggernaut surveyed the interrupter quizzically. "Here is a question for you, Mr Brash. Which is the worse—the tyranny of the harsh employer who gathers where he has not stradow, or the tyranny of a Trades Union which a man is forced to join, and which compels the best worker to slow down his pace to that of the worst, and frequently compels him to come out on strike over some question upon which he is perfectly satisfied? I won't attempt to place them in order of merit, but I should feel inclined to bracket——"

"Trades Unions," interrupted Mr Winch, who was beginning to feel himself unduly excluded from the present symposium, "are the first steps towards the complete emancipation of Labour"—he smacked his lips as over a savoury bake-meat—"from the degrading shackles of Capital. Every man his own master!"

Juggernaut nodded his head slowly.

"Ye-es," he said. "That sounds admirable. But what does it *mean* exactly? As far as I can see, it means that every one who is at present a labourer is ultimately going to become a capitalist. In that case it rather looks as if there would be a shortage of hands if there was work to be done. Your Utopia, Mr Winch, appears to me to resemble the Grand Army of Hayti, which consists of five hundred privates and eleven hundred Generals. No, no; you must bear in mind this

fact, that ever since the world began mankind has been divided up into masters and men, and will continue to be so divided until the end of time. What we—you and I—have to do is to adjust the relations between the two in such a fashion as to make the conditions fair for both. I don't say that employers aren't frequently most high-handed and tyrannical, but I also say that *employés* are extraordinarily touchy and thin-skinned. I think it chiefly arises from a sort of distorted notion that there is something degrading and undignified in obeying an order. Why, man, obedience and discipline are the very life-blood of every institution worthy of the name. They are no class affair either. I have seen the captain of a company stand at attention without winking for ten minutes, and receive a damning from his colonel that no non-commissioned officer in the service would have dreamed of administering to a private of the line. Master and man each hold equally honourable positions; and what you must drum into the minds of your associates, gentlemen—I'm speaking to the Board as much as to the deputation—is the fact that the interests of both are *identical*, instead of being as far apart as the poles, which appears to be your present impression. Neither can exist without the other. So far you have imbibed only half that truth. You reiterate with distressing frequency, Mr Winch, the fact that Capital cannot

exist without Labour. Perfectly true. Now try to absorb into your system the fact—equally important to a hair's-breadth—that Labour cannot exist without Capital. Each depends upon the other for existence, and what we have to do is to balance and balance and balance, employing a sense of proportion, proportion, *proportion!*”

Juggernaut's fist descended with a crash upon the table, and for a minute he was silent—free-wheeling, so to speak, over the pulverised remains of Mr Winch. Presently he continued, with one of his rare smiles—

“A Frenchman once said that an Englishman begins by making a speech and ends by preaching a sermon. I am afraid I have justified the gibe, but it's a good thing to thrash these matters out. I don't deny that the average employer is in the habit of giving his *employés* their bare pound of flesh in the way of wages and no more. But I think the *employé* only has himself to blame for that. If you invoke the assistance of the law against your neighbour, that neighbour will give you precisely as much as the law compels him to give. Well, that is what organised Labour has done. It has its Trades Union, its Workmen's Compensation and Employer's Liability, and so on; and lately it has gouged out of a myopic Government a scheme of Old Age Pensions, to be eligible for which a man must on no account have exercised any kind of thrift throughout his working life. If he has, he is dis-

qualified. All this legislation enables you to get the half-nelson on your employer. Under the circumstances you can hardly expect him to throw in benevolence as well. You can't have your cake and eat it. The old personal relations between master and man are dead—dead as Queen Anne—and with them has died the master's sense of moral responsibility for the welfare of those dependent on him.”

“Time, too! Degradation! Feudal system!” observed the every-ready Mr Killick.

“Well, perhaps; but the Feudal System had its points, Mr Killick. It fostered one or two homely and healthy virtues like benevolence and loyalty and pride of race; and I don't think a man-at-arms ever lost his self-respect or felt degraded because he lived in time of peace under the protection of the Lord of the Manor whom he followed in time of war. Yes, I for one rather regret the passing of the old order. Listen, and I will tell you a story. Forty years ago Cherry Hill Pit was flooded—flooded for nearly three months during a bitter hard winter. Sir Nigel Thompson's father, the late baronet—”

Sir Nigel, who was puzzling out some specially complicated formula, suddenly looked up. He had an idea that his name had been mentioned; but as every one present appeared to be listening most intently to the chairman, he resumed his engrossing occupation with a sigh of relief.

“—paid full wages during

the whole of that time; and as coal was naturally unobtainable in the village, he imported sufficient to supply the needs of the whole community. Not a house in Cherry Hill lacked its kitchen fire or its Sunday dinner during all those weeks. That was before the days of the Employers' Liability, gentlemen! If a similar disaster were to occur to-day, I doubt if Sir Nigel here would feel morally bound to do anything for such an independent and self-sufficient community. The present state of things may safeguard you against the ungenerous employer, but it eliminates the milk of human kindness from our mutual transactions, and that is always a matter for regret. That is all, gentlemen. You have our last word in this matter. These two men must go. If you would like to withdraw to the next room for a few minutes and consider whether you have anything further to say, we shall be glad to wait your convenience here."

The deputation rose and filed solemnly from the room, and the Board were left alone.

Presently Mr Aymer observed timidly—

"Mr Chairman, don't you think we might let Conlin stay, and content ourselves with dismissing Murton?"

"Afraid not," said Juggernaut. "It's a bit hard on Conlin, but we have to consider the greatest good of the greatest number. He's a plague-spot, and if we don't eradicate him he'll spread. Do you agree, Kirkley?"

"Bad luck on the poor devil,

but I think you are right," assented his Lordship.

"Crisp?"

Mr Crisp nodded.

"Nigel?"

Sir Nigel Thompson looked up from his seventh envelope with a contented sigh.

"I have it at last," he said. "It's a perfectly simple solution, really, but the obvious often escapes one's notice owing to its very proximity. The eye is looking further afield. Eh—what? My decision? I agree implicitly with you, Jack—that is, gentlemen, I support the chairman in his view of the case."

And this vigilant counsellor collected his envelopes and stuffed them into his pocket. The chairman continued—

"Montague?"

"Before I answer that question," began Mr Montague, "I should like to protest—protest, I mean—against the arbitrary manner in which you conducted this meeting, Mr Chairman. You have taken the case out of our hands in a manner which I consider most unwarrantable; and, speaking as the actual employer of the two men——"

Juggernaut swung rather deliberately round in his chair.

"Mr Montague," he said, "you got yourself into a hole, and you called—no, *howled*—for a meeting of directors to come and pull you out. These agitators settled down in your district because they knew that it was the most fertile district to work in. You are considered, rightly, the worst employer of labour here. You are greedy, unscrupulous, and tyrannical.

It is men like you who discredit Capital in the eyes of Labour, and make conciliatory dealing between master and man almost an impossibility. We have bolstered you up through a very difficult crisis, sitting here and putting those poor fellows, five of whom are infinitely more honest than you are, quite undeservedly in the wrong, and imperilling our immortal souls by whitewashing such employers as you. Accept the situation and be thankful!"

It is said that hard words break no bones. Still, if you happen to be a member of a race which has endured hard words (to say nothing of broken bones) for twenty centuries, and when the hard words on this particular occasion are delivered by a large man with angry blue eyes and a tongue like a whip-lash, you may be forgiven for losing your nerve a little. Mr Montague lost his. He flapped his ringed hands feebly, mumbled incoherently, and was understood to withdraw his objections unconditionally.

"Mr Amos Entwistle," announced a clerk at the door.

Entwistle junior re-entered the room.

"I am commissioned to inform you, Mr Chairman," he said, "that we acquiesce in your decision; but under protest. I should like to add, gentlemen," he continued, less formally but none the less earnestly, "that the Committee are very much dissatisfied with the result of the interview. I am afraid you haven't heard the last of this

trouble. Good-day, and thank you, gentlemen!"

"What does it all mean? Strike—eh?" inquired Lord Kirkley, as he and Juggernaut descended the stairs together five minutes later.

"Perhaps. If so, we'll fight."

"Righto—I'm on! I say, it was pretty smart of you finding out where those private supplies of theirs came from last time. We shall be able to put the lid on that sort of thing in future—what?"

Juggernaut nodded, but said no more.

Mr Crisp, Sir Nigel Thompson, and Mr Aymer walked across to the latter's offices for luncheon. Mr Montague had gone home to lunch by himself. He usually did so.

"The chairman arrived at the meeting in the nick of time," said the lawyer. "Kirkley would have been no match for Winch."

"The chairman was very inflexible," sighed Mr Aymer, with all a weak man's passion for compromise. "He has a way of brushing aside obstacles which can only be described as Napoleonic. Is he always within his rights from a legal point of view?"

"From a legal point of view, practically never," said the lawyer simply. "From a common-sense point of view, practically always."

"He is a hard man—as hard as flint," mused Mr Aymer. "I wonder if he has a soft side to him *anywhere*. I wonder, for instance, how he would treat a woman."

"I wonder," said Mr Crisp.

CHAPTER FOUR.—THE DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE.

The first member of the Rectory household whose eyes opened on Sunday morning was the Rector himself, who promptly arose and repaired to the church, there to conduct the early morning service. The second was a certain Mr Dawks, who has not previously been mentioned in this narrative. He was a dog. The term may include almost anything, which is perhaps fortunate for Mr Dawks; otherwise it might have been necessary to class him under some more elastic heading. Of his ancestry nothing was known, though many conjectures could have been made, and most of them would have been correct. He had been found lying half-dead in a country lane by Daphne six years ago, and though mistaken at the time for a derelict monkey jettisoned from some migratory hurdy-gurdy, had subsequently proved to be a mongrel puppy of a few months old. Regular meals and ripening years had developed him into a sort of general epitome of all the dogs that ever existed. He possessed points which, exhibited individually, would have gained many marks at Cruft's Dog-Show. His tail would have increased the market value of a Chow fourfold; his shoulders and forelegs would have done credit to a prize bull-terrier; his ears would have inflated the self-esteem of the silkiest spaniel in existence; and his lower jaw would have been regarded as an asset by

an alligator. His manners were without reproach, but were derived rather from mental vacuity than nobility of character; for with the deportment of an hidalgo he combined the intelligence of a permanent official.

His name, as already mentioned, was Mr Dawks, but he responded with equal amiability to "Angel Child" or "Beautiful One" (Daphne); "Flea-Club" (Ally); "Puss, puss!" (Nicky); and "Tank-Engine" (Stiffy), to whose mechanical mind bandy legs and laboured breathing suggested a short wheel-base and leaky outside-cylinders.

Mr Dawks, having arisen from his nightly resting-place outside Daphne Vereker's bedroom door, strolled downstairs to the study. The Rector was frequently to be found there early in the morning, and were he not too deeply absorbed in some dusty volume, there might be biscuits. But the room was empty. Mr Dawks laboriously remounted the staircase and scratched delicately at his mistress's bedroom door.

He was admitted, and found Daphne, in dressing-gown and slippers, preparing for her Sunday morning round, in which she doubled the parts of what is known in the North of England as a "knocker-up" and mistress of the wardrobe; for the week's clean garments were always distributed on these occasions. The pair set forth together.

After a tap at her father's door, answered by a melodious "Good - morning, daughter!" which showed that the Rector had returned from his ministrations, Daphne proceeded to the regions above. Here upon the landing she encountered her youngest sister, who ought properly to have been dressing in the bedroom which she shared with Cilly. Instead, she was sitting resignedly outside the door upon a bundle composed of her Sabbath garments. As she was obviously posing for the excitation of sympathy, Daphne ignored her and passed into the bedroom, where the window-blind was flapping in the breeze and Cilly lay in a condition of almost total eclipse (if we except a long tawny pig-tail) under the bed-clothes.

"Cilly," inquired Daphne, "what's Nicky doing outside?"

"I kicked her out," replied a muffled voice.

"Why?"

"Well" — Cilly poked her head, tortoise - fashion, from under its covering — "she cheeked me — about" — the head retired again — "something."

"Bobby Gill, I suppose," remarked Daphne calmly.

Cilly's countenance reappeared, rosily flushed with healthy sleep and maiden modesty.

"Yes."

"Well, you must take her in again," said Daphne. "She's only playing up for a cold, sitting out there, and it will be a score for her if she can

sniff the house down to-morrow."

"All right," said Cilly resignedly. "I suppose I can pay her out some other way."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," advised the elder sister. "She'll only wait till she gets you and Bobby together, and then say something *awful*. It's your own fault, dear. You do ask for it, you know."

Cilly, whose flirtations were more numerous than discreet, sighed deeply, and rolled a pair of large and dreamy eyes upon her sister.

"Daph, don't you *ever* fall in love with men? Well—boys, if you like!" she continued, parrying an unspoken comment. "I know I do overdo it a bit; but you—well, you never do it at all. Don't you love to feel them edging up to you, and getting pink in the face, and trying to think of things to say to you, and offering to take you——"

"No," said Daphne decidedly; "they bore me. Barring dad and Mr Dawks and the boys, I have no use for males. Besides, I'm always too busy to bother with them: they waste so much of your time. Now, my child, if you want any breakfast you had better get up. I must go and see the boys."

She departed, and with a passing admonition to Nicky to abandon her eleemosynary vigil and be sure to wash her neck, continued on her way, still accompanied by the faithful Dawks, to the chamber occupied by her two youngest brothers.

Here peace reigned. Stiffy,

one of whose chief joys in life was the study of the British Railway System, from Automatic Couplings to Newspaper Specials, was sitting up in bed with an old Bradshaw, laboriously ascertaining by how many routes and with how few changes the ordinary railway maniac might travel from Merthyr-Tydvil to Stockton-on-Tees. At the other end of the room the ever-occupied Anthony, with his night-shirt for a surplice and a stocking for a stole, was standing by an open grave (the hearthrug) rehearsing the opening passages of the Service for the Burial of the Dead,—an exercise to which, in common with various other ecclesiastical offices, he was much addicted.

Daphne, having kissed Stiffy and gravely given her verdict upon a knotty point which was exercising that scrupulous youth's mind, namely, whether it was permissible by the rules of the game to include in his schedule of connections a train which ran on Thursdays Only, handed him his weekly dole of clean linen and turned to the youngest member of the family.

"Good-morning, Tony dear," she said cheerfully.

The celebrant, who, true artist that he was, disliked unnecessary abruptness in his transitions, stopped short in the Ninetieth Psalm.

"Dearly Beloved Brethren," he gabbled in an apologetic undertone, "I am called for a moment from the side of this the last resting-place of our lamented sister"—apparently it was a lady friend he was in-

terrering—"by other business; but I shall be back in a minute." Then, unwinding the stocking from about his neck—

"Daphne, those new vests are beastly scratchy. Must I wear them?"

"I know, old man," responded his sister sympathetically. "But they've been bought and paid for—horribly dear, too!—so you must lump it. Try wearing them inside out for a time. That takes the edge off a bit."

And thus, with sage counsel and practical suggestion (together with a brief whistle to Mr Dawks, who was moistening his internal clay at the water-jug), our young Minerva passed on to the sleeping-place of her beloved Ally.

Rather to her surprise, Mr Aloysius Vereker was awake and out of bed. The reason was plain. Before him upon the dressing-table lay a pot of shaving-soap of a widely advertised brand, a new shaving-brush, a sixpenny bottle of bay rum, and a lather dish of red indiarubber,—youthful extravagances to which the hardened shaver of twenty years' standing, who smears himself with ordinary Brown Windsor out of the soap-dish and wipes his razor on a piece of newspaper or the window-curtain, looks back with mingled amusement and regret. In his hand gleamed a new razor.

"Careful!" he gasped through a sea of lather. "Don't shake the room, kid!"

Daphne sat cautiously down upon the bed, and surveyed the operator with unfeigned pride

and enthusiasm. She clasped her hands.

"Ally, how splendid! When did you begin doing it?"

Ally, weathering a hairless and slippery corner, replied—

"Third time. I'm doing it chiefly to make something *grow*. A man simply *has* to shave after he gets into the Fifteen: you look such a fool on Saturday nights if you don't. A chapinourhouse called Mallock, who has had his colours four years, has a beard about half-an-inch long by Friday. He's a gorgeous sight."

Daphne shuddered slightly.

Ally continued.

"I don't expect to rival him, of course, but I should like to have *something* to scrape off in the dormitory. My fag always grins so when he brings me my shaving-water—little tick!"

Daphne was too well versed in the eccentricities of the young of the male species to experience the slightest feeling of surprise at her brother's singular ambition. She merely wrapped a blanket round her shoulders and settled herself against the head of the bed, anxiously contemplating the progress of a sanguinary campaign in the region surrounding Ally's jugular vein.

Presently operations came to a conclusion; the traces of battle were obliterated with much sponging and spraying; and the pair sat and gossiped amicably while Ally stopped his razor and put studs in his Sunday shirt.

It was a full quarter of an hour before Daphne returned to her room, for her Sunday

morning call upon Ally was always a protracted affair. But before she left she had, after the usual blandishments, exacted from him a promise that he would come to church. Their father never exercised any compulsion in this matter; but if any member of the family did stay at home on Sunday morning, the rector's mute distress was such as to blight the spirits of the household for the rest of the day; and Daphne always exerted herself to the full to round up her entire flock in the rectory pew at the appointed hour. The most recalcitrant members thereof were Ally and Nicky, but the former could usually be cajoled and the latter coerced.

After breakfast the Rector retired to his study to con his sermon; and not long afterwards was to be seen, key in hand, passing through the wicket-gate which led from the garden into the churchyard. Having tolled the church bell for five minutes, he busied himself at the altar, and then turned up the lessons at the lectern, marking these same in plain figures; for the Squire, who fulfilled the office of reader, required careful guidance in this respect. (He had been known to read the same lesson twice; also the Second Lesson before the First; and once he had turned over two pages together towards the end of a long chapter, and embarked with growing huskiness and visible indignation upon a supplementary voyage of forty-seven verses.)

Presently the Rector returned

to the house for his surplice; and ten minutes later, a tall and saintly figure, followed his hobnailed and bullet-headed choristers into the chancel.

Snayling Church, though a diminutive building, was one of the oldest of its kind in England. The tower was square and stumpy, and had served as a haven of refuge more than once. A later generation, following the pious but unnecessary fashion of the day, had erected upon its summit a steeple of homely design, which indicated the route to heaven in an officious and altogether gratuitous manner. Inside the building itself the roof was supported by massive stone pillars and Norman arches. Beneath the floor lay folk long dead, their names, virtues, and destination set forth in many curious inscriptions in stone and brass, all greatly prized by the tourist with his tracing-paper and heel-ball. The chancel contained a real Crusader, who reclined, sword in hand and feet crossed, upon a massive sarcophagus, his good lady by his side. Tony Vereker had woven many a legend about him, you may be sure.

Each of the tiny transepts contained two square pews, decently veiled from the public gaze by red curtains. Those on the north side belonged respectively to the Squire, whose arrival in church with his wife and four daughters always served as an intimation to the organist—Mr Pack, the schoolmaster—that it was eleven o'clock and time to

wind up the voluntary; and old Lady Curlew of Hainings, who invariably arrived five minutes before the hour, accompanied by her maid; who, having packed her mistress into a corner of the pew with cushions and hassocks, retired discreetly to the free seats by the door.

Of the pews in the south transept one was the property of the Lord of the Manor, the Marquis of Kirkley. It was seldom occupied, for his lordship suffered from the misfortune (which modern legislation is doing so much to alleviate) of possessing more residences than he could comfortably live in. His adjacent seat, Kirkley Abbey, was seldom open except for a few weeks during the pheasant season; and even the recurrence of that momentous period did not postulate undue congestion in the family pew.

The other pew was the Rector's, and here Daphne succeeded on this particular Sabbath morning in corralling the full strength of her troupe.

Non sine pulvere, however. Ally, as already related, had proved fairly tractable, but Nicky (who just at present stood badly in need of the services of a competent exorcist) had almost evaded ecclesiastical conscription by a new and ingenious device. At ten-fifteen precisely she had fallen heavily down a flight of two steps and sprained her ankle. Unsympathetic Daphne, experienced in the detection of every form of malingering, had despatched her upstairs with a

bottle of Mr Elliman's strongest embrocation—the property of Ally—with instructions to anoint the injured member and report herself for duty at ten-forty-five prompt. At the appointed hour Nicky, limping painfully and smiling heroically, had joined the rest of the family in the hall.

Presently Ally remarked casually—

"Rotten stink here. Furniture polish, or something."

"Yes—filthy reek!" agreed Stiffy.

"It's turpentine," cried Cilly, crinkling her nose.

"It's Elliman," said Tony.

"It's *you*, Nicky!" said everybody at once.

Daphne, who was drawing on her gloves, peeled them off again with some deliberation, and took her youngest sister by the shoulders.

"Nicky," she inquired, "how much Elliman did you use?"

That infant martyr, wincing ostentatiously, delicately protruded a foot, and exhibited a long black leg heavily swathed from knee to instep under her stocking with a bandage of colossal dimensions.

"Not more than I could help, Daph," she said. "I found one or two other bruises on my—all over me, in fact: so I—I just put a little Elliman on each. I didn't want to be a trouble to any one, so——"

"Run upstairs, Stiffy," Daphne interpolated swiftly, "and see how much Elliman is left in the bottle."

By this time Cilly had thrown open the front door

and staircase windows, and the remainder of the Vereker family were fanning themselves with their Sunday hats and ostentatiously fighting for breath—an exercise in which they persevered until Stiffy reappeared carrying an empty bottle.

"Two bobs' worth!" shouted Ally. "And I meant it to last for months! Nicky, you little *sweep!*"

Daphne glanced at the hall clock.

"Fourteen minutes!" she calculated frantically. "Yes, it can just be done. Nicky, my cherub, you shall come to church this morning if I have to *scrape* you. Go on, you others! I'll follow myself as quickly as I can."

The last sentence was delivered far up the staircase, which Miss Vereker was ascending with flying feet, a tearful and unwilling appendage trailing behind her. Next moment the bathroom door banged, and the departing worshippers heard both taps turned on.

At two minutes past eleven precisely Daphne and Nicky, the former cool, collected, and as prettily dressed as any woman in the congregation, the latter scarlet as if from recent parboiling, walked demurely down the aisle just as the choir entered the chancel, lustily bellowing a hymn which drew attention to the advantages accruing in the next world to that Servant of the Lord who should be found Waiting in his Office, in a

Posture not specified—Tony used often to wonder what would happen if the Day of Judgment should fall upon a Bank holiday or Saturday afternoon—and joined the rest of the family in the Rectory pew.

A sermon, we all know, offers unique facilities for quiet reflection. As their father's silvery voice rose and fell in the cadences of his discourse—he had soared far above the heads of his bucolic audience, and was now disporting himself in a delectable but quite inaccessible æther of his own, where the worshippers (such of them as had not yielded to slothful repose) followed his evolutions with mystified and respectful awe, much as a crowd of citizens in a busy street gape upwards at the gambols of an aeroplane—the Rectory children wedged themselves into their own particular nooks of the pew, and prepared to get through the next twenty minutes in characteristic fashion.

Ally closed his eyes and assumed an attitude of slumber, as befitted his years and dignity. But he was not asleep. He did not look comfortable. Perhaps his breakfast had disagreed with him, or possibly he was contemplating within himself the vision of receding University and an all-too-adjacent office-stool. Daphne, with her eyes fixed on the wall opposite and her brow puckered, was pondering some domestic problem—her own extravagantly small

feet, mayhap, or Wednesday's hypothetical leg of mutton. Despite her burden of care, her face looked absurdly round and childish under her big beaver hat. One hand supported her chin in a characteristic pose, the other controlled the movements of the restless Anthony, who was impersonating something of a vibratory nature. Cilly, with glowing eyes and parted lips, was reading the Marriage Service in her Prayer-book. Nicky, whose recent ablutions had apparently purged her of outward sin only, had pulled forward two long wisps of black hair from behind her ears, and by crossing these under her nose, had provided herself with a very realistic and terrifying pair of moustaches, by portentous twistings of which, assisted by the rolling of a frenzied eye, she was endeavouring to make poor Stiffy laugh. That right-minded youth, though hard pressed, had so far withstood temptation by resolutely reciting to himself a favourite excerpt from Bradshaw's Railway Guide, beginning "Brighton (Central), Preston Park, Burgess Hill, Hassocks" . . . and ending with . . . "Grosvenor Road, Victoria,"—a sedative exercise to which he was much addicted at moments of bodily anguish or mental stress; but it was plain that his defence was weakening.

Fortunately, the approaching explosion, which would have been of a cataclysmal nature,—Stiffy was not a boy to do things by halves,—was averted by a change of demeanour on

the part of the temptress. Her quick ear had caught some unaccustomed sound behind her. Letting go her moustaches, which immediately assumed a more usual position, she squirmed round in her seat and gently parted the red rep curtains which separated the Rectory pew from that of Kirkley Abbey. An excited gurgle apprised her fellow-worshippers of the fact that some unusual sight had met her eyes.

What Nicky saw was this.

Immediately opposite to her improvised peep-hole sat a man—a large man with square shoulders and an immobile face. He was clean-shaven, with two strong lines running from his nostrils to the corners of his mouth—a mouth which even in repose looked determined and grim. He possessed a square jaw and rather craggy brows. It was difficult to decide if he were sleeping or no, for though his eyes were closed there was none of the abandon of slumber about his pose. His most noticeable feature was the set of his eyebrows, which, instead of being arched or level, ran upwards and outwards in a diagonal direction, and gave him a distinctly Satanic appearance—a circumstance which Nicky noted with sympathetic approval. He was dressed in the somewhat *dégagé* Sabbath attire affected by Englishmen spending the week-end in the country, and his feet were perched upon the seat opposite to him.

Presently, for some cause unknown—possibly Nicky's hard breathing—he opened his eyes.

Immediately in front of him the stranger beheld a small excited face, a pair of saucer-like blue eyes, and a wide but attractive mouth—the whole vision framed in dusty red rep. The face was flushed, the eyes glowed, and the mouth was wide open.

The picture, suddenly surprised in its inspection by a pair of the shrewdest and most penetrating eyes it had ever beheld, dropped hurriedly out of its frame and disappeared. If Nicky had waited a moment longer she would have received a less one-sided impression of the stranger, for almost simultaneously with the discovery of the apparition in the peep-hole the man smiled. Instantly his whole face changed. The outer corners of his eyebrows descended, the crease between them disappeared, and magnificent teeth gleamed for a moment in the dim religious light of the pew.

Nicky leaned across to her eldest sister and whispered huskily:—

"There's somebody in the other pew. I think it's the Devil. Look yourself!"

But Daphne, deep in domestic mental arithmetic, smiled and shook her head; and Nicky received little more encouragement from the rest of the family. The profession of scaremonger and exploiter of mare's nests, though enjoyable on the whole, has its drawbacks: if you get hold of a genuine scare or an authentic mare's nest, nobody believes you.

The sermon began to draw to

a close, and a few minutes later the Rector descended from the clouds and gave out the final hymn, prefacing his announcement by an intimation that the offertory that day would be devoted to the needs of the Children's Cottage Hospital in the neighbouring county town. His appeal was characteristic.

"Money," he mused, "is the most hampering and perplexing thing in this life. It is so artificial and unnecessary. I often sigh for a world where all commerce would be in kind—where a cheque on the Bank of Gratitude would settle the weekly bills, and 'I thank you!' be regarded as legal tender up to any amount. But there is no give and take in these days. Everything, from Life and Love down to the raiment we wear, is duly appraised and ticketed, and if we stand in need of these things we must render a material tale of pounds and pence or go without. No wonder men call this the Iron Age! But, though money as a rule brings nothing in its train but disappointment and regret (and therefore it is better to have too little than too much), there are times and seasons when it is permitted to us to purchase happiness with it. To-day gives us one of these opportunities. Do not let that opportunity slip. *Post est Occasio calva.*" (Respectful intake of breath on the part of the congregation.) "I do not urge you to give on the plea put forward in a hymn that you will find in your books—a hymn written by a man who should have known better—a

hymn which shall never, so long as I am Rector of this parish, emerge from the obscurity of the printed page—advocating generosity in almsgiving on the ground that contributions to the offertory on earth will be refunded at the rate of a hundred thousand per cent in heaven. I do not ask you to give either much or little. Very few of us here are overburdened with this world's goods. Still, we can each afford to buy *some* happiness to-day, at a very low rate. And it will not be transitory or temporary happiness either; for every time hereafter that your daily task or a country walk takes you past the Children's Hospital at Tilney, that happiness will blossom again with ever-reviving fragrance in your hearts. Let us sing Hymn number three hundred and sixty-nine—

'Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save. . . .'

There was a general upheaval of the congregation and a clatter of rustic boots; the little organ gave a premonitory rumble, and the hymn began.

The hymn after the sermon is not, as a rule, an impressive canticle. *Imprimis*, it is of abnormal length and little coherence, having apparently been composed for the sole purpose of lasting out the collection of the offertory; *item*, the congregation is furtively engaged in retrieving umbrellas from under seats and gliding into overcoats. Hence it was always a pleasant diversion to the Rectory children

to follow the movements of the two churchwardens as they ran their godly race up the aisle in the pursuit of alms and oblations. They even risked small sums on the result. When the Squire and Mr Murgatroyd (Stationer and Dealer in Fancy Goods) stepped majestically from their respective pews and set to work on this particular morning, Daphne produced five sixpences and handed them to her brothers and sisters. Nicky, in her anxiety to see what sum the stranger in the Kirkley Abbey pew would contribute to the total, received her own contribution with such nonchalance that the coin slipped from her hand, and was being hunted for among hassocks upon the floor at the moment when Mr Murgatroyd reached the stranger's pew.

Nicky found her sixpence, and resumed an upright attitude just in time to hear (in a pause between two verses) a faint papery rustle on the other side of the curtain.

A moment later Mr Murgatroyd opened the door of the

Rectory pew, with his usual friendly air of dropping in for a cup of tea, and presented the bag. The children put in their sixpences one by one. Nicky's turn came last. She peered into the bag, and her sharp eyes caught sight of something white protruding from amid the silver and copper.

Taking the bag from Mr Murgatroyd's hands—she controlled that indulgent bachelor as she willed: he counted it a pleasure to turn his stock inside out on a Saturday afternoon whenever Miss Veronica came in with a penny to spend—and deliberately drew out a piece of folded crinkly white paper. This, laying the offertory bag upon the baize-covered table in the middle of the pew, she carefully unfolded, and perused the staring black legend inscribed upon the flimsy white background. When she raised her eyes they were those of an owlet suffering from mental shock.

"Golly!" she observed in bell-like tones. "The Devil has put in a ten-pound note!"

(To be continued.)

LAKE LÉRÉ AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE MACLEOD
FALLS ON THE MAO KABI.

BY OLIVE MACLEOD.

AN explanation is due to the reader that "we" consisted of Mr and Mrs P. A. Talbot and myself, who were journeying through Southern and Northern Nigeria and the German Kameruns to Fort Lamy, the capital of the French military territory of Chad—whence we returned, across Lake Chad, to Maifoni, and so back *via* Kano and Lagos. Lake Léré lies in French Ubangi, a few miles from the border of the German Kameruns, and was the first place under French jurisdiction that we visited. It forms part of the waterway that in the rainy season connects Lake Chad with the West Coast, by the Benue and Niger, though in two places above this land portage is still necessary.

On the high banks of Lake Léré's southern shore hills rise some hundred feet in height—below them are the smooth waters of the lake, and the domed villages are surrounded by wide solitudes.

To the west the Mao Kabi flows out of the lake, and, beyond, the range of the Kaa Chiu deprives the day of glory before its time, as if desirous to hasten the harmonies and soft shadows of waning light. But the lake requires no setting, for mystery ever reigns over that enchanted region.

Three attempts have been made to plumb its depths, but

though the lake is only some thirty miles in circumference and the neighbouring hills are low, no line has ever reached the bottom.

On three small islands dotted over the lake low trees and bushes form a matted tangle where tiny birds find shelter, and where heron, geese, and duck return each night to seek repose from daylight wanderings. Hippopotami lumber through the thickets in search of some muddy space large enough for their heavy gambols. The flowers and creepers that they crush in their passage seem to spring to life again almost before they are gone by. On the sandy shore amaryllids burst their sheaths amid the black rocks of crumbling mica, and the thick shell of the water-snail contrasts with the translucent tints of its more fragile brethren—amongst others a species of cockle which we saw floating in myriads upon the lake, where they make fairy rafts for hosts of bright-hued dragon-fly. Amid this ecstasy of life the grey trunk of a dead tree stands out a lonely sentinel of fate, but a fish-eagle perching on a bare bough, linked death with life.

We made our way to one of these islands, and landed to find ourselves amongst a dense population of millipedes. For

the sake of those happily ignorant, I may explain that these creatures are of the length and shape of a sausage, and of the consistency of an unglutinous black slug. They lay so thickly on the ground that it was hard to avoid treading on them, and disfigured the branches of the thick bush as would the excrescences of a black fungus. Dislike of them deterred us more effectually from exploration than did the brambles that laid hold of our hair and clothes, and wrung cries of pain from our soldier gun-boy Kukawa. Instead we pulled off our shoes and stockings and sought refuge in the water, where at least we were safe from seeing the perils that surrounded us. We paddled to a depth that made us deliciously wet, though the usual penalty for nice things had to be paid when we scrambled back with bare feet on to the burning hot, blister-raising canoe.

Daylight was on the wane as we paddled across to Due on the mainland. There the chief greeted us with the utmost cordiality, and, though he had taken the precaution of denying the existence of cows, large calabashes of milk soon appeared in obedience to our demands.

We went up to the village, and found it built in the usual Mundōng style—the variations consisting in the number of inner rooms and in the degree of dirt endured by its inhabitants, which in some cases was very great. Goats and fowls had the freedom of the compound,

and a considerable number of horses were stabled in the innermost chambers, where fires were lit to save them from the murderous attack of tsetse flies. Lumps of their dung were plastered on the house walls to dry in the sun for use as fuel, dried stalks of the dum palms being practically the only alternative. The doors were of zana matting, held in place by hinges of twine passed through holes at the sides of the entrances, which, as well as serving their ordinary purpose, formed a receptacle for oddments such as hairpins, some of which we bought. The man of the house showed a certain hesitation at parting with his wives' belongings, but he displayed a greater eagerness to have our money.

The furniture consisted of comparatively high, well-ornamented stools, and plank beds more or less uneven and always narrow, which, for the occupation of the great, were raised from the ground by tiny two-inch legs. Almost every house contained some instrument of music, generally a pipe and often a kind of guitar. We offered to buy one of these, but the owner refused to sell it, because, while he played it, as our interpreter explained, "Anger no fit to catch him."

The people showed us a simple friendliness very different from the ferocity which is attributed to them—probably on no more substantial ground than their nakedness. The women wear nothing more than a strip of cloth, or a blade of guinea corn, which is just as

effective and much prettier, though sometimes a bunch of stalks or the dried leaves of the dum palm are preferred. Some of them were engaged in making pots out of plastic clay, which they moulded and ornamented without other utensil than a piece of shell, of particular interest to us, as it was of a similar species to that originally discovered by P. A. on Lake Chad in 1904. A finish is sometimes given to the pottery by a glaze, obtained from a mimosa.

As we passed down the path that led from the village to the lake, we noticed a little lamp that lay half-hidden in thick grass, placed there for the use of the spirits of the dead.

We found our tents had been erected on a narrow strip of sand with but a few feet between us and the water, from which manatee raised their round heads and fish splashed as they leaped to escape a crocodile's devouring jaws. P. A. played St George to their dragon and killed a monster, in the confident hope that he would retrieve its body in the morning; but its brethren gathered overnight and celebrated a different form of funeral rite. They held their wake close to us, and one thrust his snout against the flap of Dorry's (Mrs Talbot's) tent, while another almost overthrew mine by a clumsy trip over the pegs. However, P. A. had erected barricades of chairs and tables outside our doors, to warn us should they attempt to intrude, and him-

self kept guard all night armed with his mightiest weapons.

Our days were spent paddling peacefully about the lake on our way from one township to another, and wherever we went we received the same welcome. At Dissi it was from a female chieftain, a good-looking young woman named Netigera, who had been appointed to the succession by her brother as he lay on his deathbed. Nor is she the only Mundōng woman to hold this honour, for the mother of the Lamido of Léré is chieftainess of a village to the north of the lake.

Our reputation as buyers had evidently preceded us, for at Kawari the women had removed temptation from their husbands and from us by the concealment of all treasures. In vain we gazed at the ceilings and doors and all the usual places, but as we turned away in despair, our head-man descended from the roof in triumph with a mass of objects under his arm. An iron poker was among them, and as pokers are rarely found amongst primitive peoples we could not resist buying it, though at a price amply satisfactory to its vendor. We also bought a bird-snare of attractive simplicity, made of fine string, with slip-knots divided from each other by small lumps of earth. When set, grain is placed near by to tempt the victim to destruction, — as it hops away the leg becomes entangled in the line, which at once pulls taut and holds it captive. Another curious article consisted of two

oval iron rings attached to opposite ends of a short piece of string, which was itself weighted in the centre with a piece of metal. The owner said it was part of a bridle, which it obviously was not, and refused to sell it; but Dorry suggests that it may be an instrument of torture for the ears, as she had seen something similar among other tribes.

We walked back to the boat across the hills, and on our way a mud-coloured snake with a out-away tail and dark diamond markings struck at one of the boys, who deftly caught it in a cleft stick—mercifully, for it was of a kind to deal death in ten minutes.

We had left all in peace, but to peace we did not return, for washerman and cook had fallen out and were engaged in a fight, which we interrupted. Neither of the combatants wished to bring their case into court, but P. A. insisted on sitting on it judicially. Iron, milk, knife, and blow were words that came very frequently into the story, which, however, remained unintelligible to me. Whether P. A. understood the rights of it or not I do not know, but in summing up he refrained from reference to the case in point, and merely gave utterance to biblical maxims about not striking back, and then ended with the assertion that he was master, and reserved to himself all decisions as to right or wrong. Why this should be so effective has puzzled me ever since, but the fact re-

mains that the combat has not been renewed.

Iguanas basked on the rocks and manatees sported in the waters, and P. A., inspired with the lust to kill, started off in a native canoe, undaunted by the knowledge that to turn round for a shot must overturn his craft. His awkward position prevented his seeing a manatee that followed him for a considerable distance, lifting its head for minutes together to look and ponder on the strangeness of his appearance. A manatee is sometimes called the African mermaid, and its chief claim to this name is that it carries its young in its arms. To me its large round head gave more the appearance of a seal, and its skin, in a dried state, is harder and thicker than any hide.

Our Mundong waterman was very restless. Though the water teemed with crocodiles, he jumped off the seat to the bottom of the canoe and back again, as if the vessel were as motion-proof as an ocean steamer. We so little appreciated this practice that, after entrusting ourselves to his care for a short while, we returned to exchange him for another. Unluckily this other was decking himself for shore fun, of which we suspect he had already tasted, for his unwillingness to come was only equalled by his gaiety when he did. His mirth was uninfected, and all we could do was to sway in exact contradistinction to his movements, and thus preserve some semblance of balance, for he blandly refused

to go ashore, and more active measures would have brought instant disaster. P. A.'s anxiety was for the salvation of his new gun, while I wondered whether we should survive long enough to count how many crocodiles fed off us, when our boatman suddenly consented to land at some rocks. After this deliverance P. A. took charge of the canoe himself, and we devoted ourselves to the truly peaceful occupation of fishing. Not even a bite disturbed our quiet, though we tried the long line, short line, and harling. It was tantalising, for fish of all sizes jumped round us, and, indeed, they appear mostly to live their lives on the surface. The natives fish when hunger drives them, but they prefer to do so in the dry season, when the lake falls some 13 feet, though its height constantly varies according to the wind. There are three different methods of fishing, the principal of which is with a long bag-shaped net that the fish enter with ease, but the meshes of which close round the fins as they try to back out. The second is by unbarbed hooks and a short line attached to a light calabash float, which is probably dragged for miles through the water ere a big fish can be landed. The third way is with barbed spears, but this is not very effectual, for the distances thrown are small, and the aim cannot be accurate from a wobbly perch on a canoe roughly hewn from the trunk of a tree.

We were bound to be on the Logone on November 10, and

could afford to spend no more time on the lake, so we returned sadly to Léré. As we entered the river, the sight of many grasses aroused our collecting instincts, particularly that of one with blade-like bracts, which differed from any we had ever seen.

Monsieur Bertaut, the Resident at Léré, welcomed us with his usual hospitality, and a few hours later, when we were at lunch, he disclosed to us a plan he intended to carry out for the exploration of the hitherto undiscovered falls of the Mao Kabi river. He had gone to seek them once before, but said that though within sound of the fall an impenetrable tangle of bush and creeper divided him from his goal. Monsieur Bouhaben had suffered the same experience; and both alike had resigned more persistent effort in favour of the chase, for giraffe had come to lure them from their search. No black man has seen these falls, for the tradition is that a devil makes them his dwelling-place. Monsieur Bertaut furthermore declared the country to be thick with game, and invited P. A. to accompany him. It was in the direction we wished to go, but was a tsetse-fly region where horses could not live, and our kind host evidently considered walking out of the question for Dorry and me. How to make him think otherwise became our anxious task, for we could not bear to be left out, and it was not long before we persuaded him that a woman could always do what she wanted to.

We started the next afternoon, and had a tiresome march. The carriers procrastinated and only dribbled in at sundown, so got tired and fell down long before we reached our destination. One man laid down his load and bolted. The path led past the lake of Tréné. We camped in a village of that name, and the following night slept at Fuli. Here Monsieur Bertaut joined us, and our united expedition began next day with the passage of the Mao Kabi. It has a bad reputation. The natives fear it so much that they keep no canoe upon its waters, and those we used had been brought all the way from Léré for us. They say that hippopotami attack the boats, and once overturned their erstwhile occupants have little chance of escape from the crocodiles with which the river teems. The previous year two Europeans had been upset and were never seen again, but as they were traders travelling with much merchandise, and their loads were also lost, it is just possible that the hippopotami were not solely responsible. We crossed without casualty, squatting on bumpy saddle-bags at the bottom of a watery canoe, though there was some trouble in the main stream, for the current again and again swept us into the rushes of a backwater, while M. Bertaut exhorted us to courage by the oft-repeated words, "N'ayez pas peur." A scrimmage and shouts from the rear revealed some misfortune, and we each

conjured up the greatest loss we could severally sustain. P. A. was in consternation lest it might be the box that contained his bills and accounts. Providence was good and spared them, though its protection did not extend to our chairs and cushions, which were only rescued after a great deal of agitation and bother. It took a long time to get everything over, after which we had a short march of eleven miles through deserted country. Fields of maize and guinea-corn bore testimony to recent industry, and led one to look for a thriving population; but the absence of flocks and herds told a sadder tale, and village after village lay bare and tenantless. Tsetse-fly had killed first cattle, then goats, and even dogs, and had forced the people to wander away in search of kindlier regions; while the township of Lata had in addition suffered a yet more terrible scourge, for ten of its children and seven women had become the prey of wild beasts.

We pitched our camp in the bush, and through the hum of insect life, borne on the fitful gusts of the night wind, we heard the dull boom of falling water, that told us we were nearing the object of our hopes.

Next morning a two hours' march brought us to our base. As we approached it our excitement rose, for the path led across water-courses, mostly dry at this season except for deep pools connected by a mere trickle, and in their beds

were the tracks of all sorts of beasts,—monkeys, bush-cow, leopards, lion, rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotami, and giraffe,—and as we crossed, baboon grunted from either side.

We were carried over those larger streams that still contained a good deal of water, balancing on a black man's shoulder, which we tried to sit with a simulation of ease. This the bearer seldom permitted us to maintain, for he jerked us steadily backwards till it became a question of knee-grip and endurance. M. Bertaut saw and took pity, and lent me an enormous Senegalais sergeant, whose gentleness and strength robbed the passage of its horrors. His comrades say of him that when a bull causes him annoyance he has merely to remove it by the leg, and the animal recognises the power behind and says nothing. M. Bertaut suffered for his generosity, and was almost dropped into the water by his less-skilled carrier—as P. A. was quite; but the former hastened to reassure us by the words, "*Moi je n'ai pas eu peur.*"

Our camp was pitched on a narrow strip of ground raised out of a swamp that encircled three sides of it, while the fourth side was girt with a clear shallow river that ran swiftly over a rocky bed. Here we remained till the sun had lost its power, and we could start on a preliminary search for the falls.

M. Bertaut led the way, but showed great courtesy, for he paused that we might all be

together whenever he thought that it was possible to light upon some discovery. His consideration was all the more generous, as the natural wish to be the first to discover the oft-sought falls must have been intensified in his own district, and also we were of different nationality. Together we broke through high spiky grass, which concealed sharp granite rocks, and picked our way in and out of scattered mimosas and low scrub in pursuance of the sound of water. We struck the river at a point where two streams joined, to race in wild precipitancy down some rapids. On the opposite shore trees crept down to the river's brink. We followed its course until, at a sharp bend in the banks, a tributary from the other side added its waters to the main stream, which thus united in the form of a St Andrew's cross. To a daughter of Scotland such a symbol at the outset must needs be of good augury, though, had we never seen the falls, these rapids in their beauty and interest of position would have rewarded a far more arduous journey.

We renewed our search the next day, when our party was sadly diminished, for Dorry had strained her leg in the scramble, and M. Bertaut was, unfortunately, obliged to return to Léré.

Our plan of campaign was to follow a more distant tributary than that we had just explored till it joined the Mao Kabi, and then walk right up to the St Andrew's cross, so

as to put beyond doubt whether it was by a series of rapids, or a big fall, that the water reached the lower level.

Baboon temptation assailed us early in the day, and because it was early P. A. yielded, and left the straight and narrow path in their pursuit, to be tempted still further by the fresh spoor of every kind of game. The sun recalled us to the business in hand, and we made our way down the river-bed, where lovely blue and pink flowers grew beneath the luxuriant foliage of water-fed trees. In the rainy season this rivulet must be still more beautiful, for then the water would sweep in gay cascades down four walls of rock, from 20 to 40 feet in height, at the bottom of which we confidently expected to find the main stream. Disappointment awaited us, for the Mao Kabi had spread into an immense swamp that extended as far as the eye could see. Evidently the falls now lay above us, and to fortify ourselves for a prolonged scramble up and down the steep stony cañons, two or three hundred feet high, that had now to be negotiated, we called for the water-bottle, but it had sprung a leak and not a drop remained. Then began a time of real hardship, for we had to force our way through grass that left its dust in our eyes and noses, and its spiked barbs in our legs and bodies; over granite boulders that caught and reflected every ray of sun, till the heat was like a furnace, and our feet and hands

swelled, and face, eyelids, and lips blistered, while our throats became so parched that we could hardly swallow, and grew sick. We slithered and scrambled on in desperate effort to reach the river, trying not to scream from the pain of the mimosa thorns, and to resist the desperate temptation of grasping the poisonous cactus lianes that hung alluringly down, as if to offer a support which, if accepted, would irritate the skin beyond all endurance. We were almost at our last gasp when P. A. remembered that he had brought a tin of apricots for luncheon, and in a trice that tin was open and its juice gulped down. He was heroic, and insisted on my having the lion's share, and I was not heroic, and accepted it. What it meant to us no words can ever say! Assuaged, though not satisfied, we pressed on, till presently, from the brow of a hill, we saw the river lying some 400 feet below. A man was sent for water at once, but the cliff was precipitous, and he returned, having found the climb impossible, and we were forced to proceed till a place was reached where descent was practicable. Then we sat at last and drank in bliss: hippo' crashed through the bush below, and a fish-eagle circled over a pool, so girt with sheer cliff that it is wellnigh impossible that a human being should ever penetrate its solitudes.

When we continued it was to slither down two or three hundred feet of precipitous

gorge and scramble up another in ever-increasing intimacy with the sharp grass and jagged rocks, though encouraged by the mighty sound of rushing water to which we drew ever nearer and nearer. I found my heart thumping. In a few minutes our toil was to be rewarded, and the Falls of the Mao Kabi, for thousands of years unseen, would be revealed to us. Another moment and we were on the summit of a cliff that overlooked the river as it rushed tempestuously between its granite walls, gathering impetus for a plunge of 60 feet down either side of a huge boulder into a rock-girt basin below. The reverberation was tremendous, and spray rose in drenching clouds, and, as if to promise peace to their turbulence, a rainbow shone through the glistening drops, making a radiant bridge of hope across and through the stormiest strife of waters. Scrub trees had partially veiled it from our sight, and as we sought a way down the precipice, a strong

smell of baboon indicated we were passing by one of their fastnesses. Two big snakes glided away as we approached. Whether it were the sheer descent, with nothing between us and the seething torrent below, or the anger of the Djinn of the falls that he feared, we do not know, but our attendant Kukawa lifted up his voice and wailed aloud until we had once more returned to safety.

Not many obstacles lay between the falls and the St Andrew's cross, and as we retraced our steps to camp that night we were able to congratulate ourselves that the work of exploration was complete.

M. Bertaut has kindly expressed his wish to name the Falls after me—"Les chutes MacLeod"—and as Commandant Maillard, then acting for the military territory of Chad, confirmed his suggestion, I can only say how greatly I appreciate the honour they have done me.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

THE MUD MAJOR AND THE PERFORMING FLEA.

BY OLD GUARD.

I LIKE soldiers and sailors very much, said the Moon. In Harvest Week last year I saw quite a lot of them, and it was really quite interesting.

For days and nights the country had been crowded with soldiers. There were swarms of them everywhere. They would start, thousands of them, a long way apart, and they would crawl and crawl for hours until they ran into each other, and then they would lie flat on the earth and point guns at each other, and their guns would make a loud noise and give the stars headaches. And then, hours and hours after, men on horseback with white caps would gallop over fields and up roads on to hill-tops, where they would look all round and talk earnestly to each other. After that some one would blow a trumpet, and all the noise would cease at once. The soldiers would then give a feeble little cheer, and would crawl slowly into fields, where they would huddle together in the wet grass till the morning, when everything started again in the same way.

My sight is not very good by day, and I was rather in the dark as to what all this meant until I met the Sun one day in an eclipse, and he told me that these things go on all through

the summer. "Manœuvres" I think he called them. He said that often just before turning in he used to see the soldiers lying exhausted on the ground, and in the morning the first things that met his eye were the same men still lying just where they had fallen the night before. Often and often he thought them dead, so still did they lie—quite frightened him, he said, more than once, and made him cold all over.

I made up my mind I would try and see one night for myself, and, as I had been feeling rather gibbous for some time, I thought a change would do me good. So I got up rather earlier than usual one evening, meaning to have a good look round.

I looked down, and saw a field in which hundreds and hundreds of soldiers were lying with their faces turned up towards the sky, all with the expressionless look of men in the last stages of exhaustion. Although it was very cold they seemed to have no bedding or blankets, and they were huddled together in groups, just like the way I have seen wild animals in Siberia and Patagonia. And they were so young, too! Most of them were mere boys, and their lips and hands were blue with cold. I could not help thinking how silly they were to

lie out at night in a cold, wet field. And there was a village just beside them, too. I turned a light on to it and counted three barns—such big barns, too—a school, and a parish hall, so that there would have been lots of room. And then I peeped in at the windows of the houses and saw the villagers snoring peacefully in warm beds, and I wondered why all men were not villagers instead of some of them wanting to be soldiers.

I am very fond of villagers, you know. They are the kindest people you could possibly meet. Night after night they will put their cows and pigs and poultry carefully under cover, and their dogs, too, nearly always have a place by night near the fire. And they are so kind to soldiers. They often cheer them when they march through the villages, and, if the band is playing, sometimes even throw three green apples and a turnip to the men. Indeed, in one village I myself saw an old man actually give away tracts, and a star once told me he had heard of an old woman who gave a soldier a drink of water. But he was a shooting star, and a bit flighty I believe. I hear he went the pace, and came an awful smash some time ago. That's so like a star.

But I am getting a bit out of my orbit—wandering away from my subject, you would call it. Well, in a corner of the field, a little away from the men, was a group of about twenty, who, I

discovered, were the officers of the regiment. They were all seated or lying in a ring, round what I first took to be a smouldering cigarette end; but I saw afterwards it was meant to be a fire. There were a few sodden sticks and fragments of damp paper, and a lot of thick smoke which made the officers cough now and then. Otherwise they were strangely silent. They sat hunched up, with their feet and hands stretched stiff out in front towards the tiny glow, and blinked wearily as the smoke drifted in their faces. Sometimes one of them would fill a pipe with damp trembling fingers, and, having lit it, would puff drearily for a few minutes. But otherwise there was little sign of life, and for quite a long time there was a silence like the grave.

Suddenly one of them spoke in a quick kind of way, but to nobody in particular.

"Eighteen hours of this God-forsaken Tommy-rot. Thirty-one miles without food, and the — transport not in yet!"

You know, I am not easily shocked. I've seen the Flood, and the Cities of the Plain, and Mafeking night, and things of that sort—and, indeed, in my young days I was very hot stuff myself,—but I must say the diabolical ferocity of that officer's words made me turn pale for a moment. But something in the voice seemed curiously familiar to me, and with an effort I looked down steadily again. Great Parallaxes, it was my old friend, the Mud Major!

I call him my old friend, be-

cause I've known him for many years. Thirty years ago I first saw him one night on the deck of the old *Crocodile* going out to India to join his regiment, and you may take it from me that he was as keen as mustard—and I've seen Hannibal and Genghis Khan and all that lot, too. Well, he remained about eighteen years out there, and I saw him often and in different places. One time he was in Madras, then I saw him at Calcutta, after that I next saw him in hospital at Agra, where he nearly died of cholera, and then he did several years of frontier fighting somewhere up in the North-West. After that I lost sight of him for a bit, till one night I was taking a stroll over Africa, and down in a corner there seemed to be a scrap going on. Anyway, just outside a place called Colenso was my friend, lying groaning on the ground, very white and inclined to be ill, and whispering, "Water—oh God! water!" So I squeezed a cloud over him, and he just managed to roll over on his face and drink two puddles dry.

He got two medals and a limp out of that war, and at the age of forty-two he had another bit of luck. He got a rise of thirty-six pounds a-year, which brought his pay up to £250, the privilege of wearing spurs on swagger occasions, and the right to be called "A Mud Major."

Although he was rather poor, he was at that time very happy, very keen, very popular, but he was dotty on one

subject. He was as sane as the Sun on every conceivable topic but this—he believed in what he called "sticking to his regiment!"

Now people may say I'm cold, and all that sort of thing, but I *have* a warm corner in my heart for my major. I must tell you how he looked by the fire.

He was forty-nine years old, and had quite white hair, which made him look sixty. His cheeks were sunken, and though he was spruce and smart-looking in an old-fashioned way, still, there was something *decayed*—I cannot describe it any other way—about him. And he looked tired and worn, too; but then, you know, when a man of forty-nine has to march on his flat feet and on an empty stomach for eighteen hours he is bound to show it a bit. As I beamed pityingly on him he shivered once or twice, and I heard his teeth chatter, and I knew what *that* meant. Eighteen years of India, forty-nine years of age, and thirty-one miles of foot slogging with a wet field and an empty stomach at the end of it, spell Fever with a big "F." I wasn't born yesterday.

But the Major still blinked drowsily at the miserable fire. He had unwound his dank putties, and was scratching his bare shanks with a kind of dreamy delight at the relief from eighteen hours of prickly irritation. On one leg I could see a queer purple mark. He scratched that leg rather carefully, I noticed, and then I guessed why he always limped,

and what had made him so thirsty those ten years ago in South Africa.

Here was an old man of forty-nine,—I call him *old*, because twenty years' foreign service, three campaigns, and a wound don't make people young,—and he was still only a Company Commander, a post he had held for twenty years. He had to drag his old, battered, fevered frame through long hot days at the head of his company of thirty-one soldiers, every one of whom might have been his children in point of age. All his affection of the old days for his corps was unrealised by his juniors. "Why doesn't old Stick-in-the-Mud go?" they would say. "He can never get command." "Never get command," he would mutter sadly to himself, too, at times. Command! He had about as much command now as a fluff of thistledown has in running the Solar System.

Mind you, I think that all this gush about "initiative" in many ways can be carried too far. I may be old-fashioned, but I don't hold with initiative too much. I've got to be a slave to routine myself, and I do think I'm punctual. I wonder what some of you people would say if I took to "thinking for myself," and acting on "the spirit of my instructions!" But you needn't worry. I'm much too old for that kind of thing now. When one is three hundred million years of age one sees the hollowness of it all. Besides, they let me run the tides, which gives me a job

of my own. But in a soldier, initiative may be very proper, and the Major was allowed about as much of it as a performing flea.

You don't understand me? You've never been to the old Aquarium? No? Well, I *am* surprised! It used to be in London near the Houses of Parliament, but, dear me! it's changed since those days. However, if you can keep awake a bit longer, I'll tell you what I mean.

Many years ago I was looking down through the glass roof of the Aquarium, and I saw a lot of people walking through a door marked "Performing Fleas. Admission 2d." So I went round to a window and had a peep in. There was a large round white sheet of paper, like the top of a drum, and on it were some intelligent fleas, which did all kinds of curious tricks. There was one flea in particular which quite interested me. He was on the box-seat of a dear little four-in-hand, and was driving as smart and level a team of fleas, all browns, as you'd wish to see. He had a little whip, too, which he used to wave, and the tiniest little reins imaginable. Altogether it seemed the most delightful free-and-easy sporting life any one could wish to have. I must say I got a shock when I saw they had chained the wee sportsman to his seat, but this may have been to prevent the little chap coming to grief in his excitement. Anyway, I found myself quite wishing I could change places with him. It seemed so

pleasant to run your own show, instead of mooning about year in and year out up here on a regular sealed pattern scheme. There's a fearful lot of red tape in the Solar System.

However, they took out the drag, and harnessed the mettlesome team, and the driver looked as pleased as Punch. He shook the reins, and cracked his little whip,—I daresay it did crack, but I was rather too far off to hear it,—and started off on his own. But then a strange thing happened. Before he had gone more than an inch down came a pair of tweezers, lifted coach, team, and all up in the air, and put them down facing another way. The team took it very well, I must say. They started off stolidly again. Then down swooped the tweezers once more, and the process was repeated. The little gentleman on the box-seat was annoyed this time, and waved his legs angrily; but it was no good. No matter where he went it always was the same. Down came the tweezers. He never was consulted. His authority was nominal. The little whip was a mockery. The reins were a fraud. He himself was practically but a figure-head.

Well, during the afternoon I had been having a peep at the manœuvres, and I was much interested in a man, whom I know now was my Mud Major. He was leading his company of thirty-one soldiers in the attack, and I could not help thinking of the poor little performing flea. You may have thought that a man who had soldiered

for twenty years, and been through three campaigns, would know his way about in an attack. But that's where you're wrong. Everything the Major did brought the tweezers down on him. If he made his men double, a cross man in gaiters would send a very hot young man,—also in gaiters, but yellower ones,—to tell him to halt. If he halted, he was tweezered into activity, again by the cross man's orders. If he moved in file, some one extended his company, but if he extended them himself, the young man in the very yellow gaiters would beg him,—for peace's sake, evidently,—to put them into some other formation. If he came to a hedge and pointed out the best gaps for his thirty-one warriors to get through by, the cross man would save him all trouble by pointing out other gaps, and insist on *his* ones being chosen. When the Major tried to conceal his company, which he did once when six batteries and at least 10,000 of the enemy suddenly appeared a few hundred yards off, the cross man yelled to him, with much profanity, to shoot; but another time when the poor old Major was firing rapidly at some cavalrymen of the enemy, who were saddling up their horses in great alarm, the cross man,—who was standing behind a haystack at the time,—blew a whistle till I thought he'd burst; altogether it was very like the flea and the tweezers. The flea was chained to his post, and so indeed was the

Major. He could not leave his company—of thirty—one—any more than the flea could jump off the box-seat of the little coach. And both were hampered in every effort they made; the flea by the pair of tweezers, and the Mud Major by the old cross man with the whistle and the young one in the flaring yellow gaiters.

Well, I must say, when I saw the old fellow scratching his legs and sucking at his empty pipe, and when I thought of the poor little flea, I felt quite watery. A couple of young clouds, too, were so affected that they dissolved in buckets of icy rain on the heads of the little group by the fire, so that I lost sight of my old friend for a time.

I climbed a bit higher then, till I saw the sea and a big town with thousands of those vulgar electric lights about which you people think such a lot of. There was a big harbour there, too, full of dozens of big, grey, ugly ships, so I knew it must be a large naval station.

It was really rather a pretty sight, with the sea, and all the ships, and a big promenade, and a pier, and a band playing on it, and it had such a cheerful appearance compared with the cold, dark, wet field where I had left the soldiers, that I began to feel quite bright again. There was a lively air about the place, too, both on the water and on shore, and the place seemed full of sailors and boats and little steamers darting backwards and forwards among the big grey

ships. I had a good look at myself in the calm water, and I could hear people say, "Isn't it pretty?" and "How exquisite!" so that I felt positively beaming.

Well, as I was gazing down at the sea, my attention was caught by a very fine building near the water's edge—the Yacht Club, I believe they call it—and just as I was looking at it I saw a very good-looking young fellow come out wearing a light waterproof coat over his evening clothes. He was clean-shaven, alert and smart, and had the confident look about him which men accustomed to command other men always possess, and performing fleas lose so soon. I could see at once he was a naval officer, and, as he rather took my fancy, I decided to follow him up.

He strolled down to a landing-place with the quiet air of a man who expects something to be waiting for his arrival, and which he knows will not start till he comes; and there, sure enough, was a dear little steamboat with a smart crew and red and green lanterns on either side, and a big man standing up in the bow with a boat-hook. When they saw the young naval officer they all stood as if they were turned to stone. He stepped easily into the stern part of the little vessel; the big man pushed with his boat-hook; another big man took the tiller, and without a word from any one the little craft darted out across the harbour.

I must say I thought the sailors were making a lot of

the young naval officer, they were all so quiet, and stood in such rigidly respectful attitudes, even when the steamboat began to roll a bit in the gentle swell outside. And he seemed so very young, too. As a matter of fact, he was exactly thirty-four, though he didn't look it. But I had this in black and white from the stars. You know they make a note of everybody's birth and all that sort of thing. Astrology I think you call it down there. I don't quite know what it means myself. Stars are very distant and standoffish—except the shooting ones, of course—and rather a set to themselves.

The steamboat came alongside, quite a decent-sized grey ship. I don't mean she was one of those loutish-looking things like floating forts, but a smart little ship with two funnels and about half a dozen guns sticking their muzzles out at odd places. I heard afterwards she was a second-class cruiser, though that doesn't convey much to me. Ships have changed a lot since the Ark was the show-ship with you.

I must say I was amazed at what happened when my young naval friend ran up the staircase hanging down the ship's side. Every one seemed turned to stone again, and sailors and men like soldiers, only more so, and other naval officers, stood with their hands to their caps in the most respectful way. He gave a quick nod or two, and walked quickly through a passage to the extreme stern of the ship. At a door at the far

end was a soldier in red, who also stood like stone, only more so, when the young fellow in the evening clothes and the waterproof stalked past him. As he opened the door I just managed to see the room beyond. It was ablaze with electric light, and exquisitely furnished with huge armchairs, silver photograph frames, and the back part of a cannon. I couldn't help thinking that young officers in the navy had rather a good time of it.

Then this young fellow threw his coat off, lit a cigarette, and touched an electric bell. In the millionth of a second the stone soldier had opened the door, shut it noiselessly, darted his hand to his helmet, and turned to stone again.

"Pass the word for the messenger," said my young friend.

In another millionth of a second the soldier was not. Then there was a delay of I'm sure three seconds. The young officer drummed his fingers impatiently. He evidently disliked being kept waiting. Then a sailor flashed through the door.

"Pass the word for the navigating officer."

I don't mind saying that for a moment I couldn't believe my eyes. It seemed so odd to see this mere boy carry on as if he owned the whole ship. I thought it must be a mirage or something of the sort. You know the Sun often tries to pull your leg with tricks of that kind. After all it does no harm, and it would be dull

work up here without some fun. But then an inspiration came to me. This young fellow was the *Captain of the ship*! I give you my solemn word, you might have knocked me over with a comet!

Well, you know, there was some excuse for me. On board of that vessel were some three hundred men of all ranks—officers, engineers, doctors, sailors, soldiers—and the ship as she stood must have been worth a quarter of a million pounds at the very least, and this young fellow, who looked little more than a boy, was the absolute monarch of the whole lot! His word was law there, and in return he, and he alone, was responsible for every soul on board, and for every item that made up the two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I've nothing to say against it, mark you. From all I hear the British Navy gets uncommonly good value from the

system of giving a man a man's job, but I couldn't help thinking they do things very differently in the Army.

Anyway, I thought I'd look up my Mud Major again, before I turned in for the day. I found the old fellow quite easily. He was still sitting by the fire, but he had now a tin mug of tea in one hand and a ham-bone in the other. And I knew the transport had come in, because I saw his servant putting up a thing which looked like a waterproof coffin, and which the old fellow called his "Bivook."

Just before I faded away a soldier came up to the fire with a bag of letters, and gave one to the Major. It was marked "Admiralty" in the corner, and, as the old chap opened it, I could just see the words "Osborne" and "naval cadet." I heard afterwards that he had put his boy into the Navy.

THE FLIGHT OF ELIZABETH.

BY LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

I.

THERE is a deep wide glen in the far North-West of Scotland whose Gaelic name might be rendered into English as "The Glen of Blueness,"—a blue haze lies on the mountains that cradle it, a mighty range of purple Bens lies across the head of it, the sky reflects itself in small sapphire lochs sleeping in its hollows, and the sea—azure enough at times—washes its lower end. This western glen makes a fine bit of colour on a summer's day, and its curious blueness is perhaps more marked because up the length of it from the sea to the Great Range there runs a broad white road.

The road does not run straight,—there is nothing straight in the country of the Celts,—but curves and twists into the foldings of the hills, yet from the sea upward it holds the eye continually as it appears and reappears, doubling and redoubling, till a pine-wood seven miles inland receives it, and the imagination, led on with it so far, continues to see it still clambering steeply upward till it reaches the watershed among the Great Bens and the famous Pass of the Diridh Mor.¹

Eighty years ago, when

roads in that country were few and far between, this road twisted and climbed up the Blue Glen as it twists and climbs to-day; and eighty years ago, on a sunny summer morning, the twin daughters of Sir Ronald M'Pherson of Lyne sat watching it from the terrace in front of Lyne House. It was evident from their anxious glances towards it that they expected company, and they appeared to be extraordinarily downcast by the prospect.

They were such young ladies as we may see nowadays only by looking on the portraits of our great-grandmothers, quaint half-childish figures, shy and gentle and shrinking and demure. Strange round sun-bonnets shaded their complexions from the sun, their hands were busied with embroideries of long ago, there was about them a timid grace that would nowadays seem a little pathetic. Their names were Elizabeth and Amabel, and they were motherless poor young maidens, and had been brought up by a grim old great-aunt with a strictness that would sound harsh indeed to modern ears. They were so pretty that it was a pleasure to look at them, and in their high-waisted white muslin

¹ The Great Pass.

frocks, frilled and furbelowed as though for a gala day, they might well have sat for a picture. Both were fair, with eyes as blue as the bluest depths of the Blue Glen; both dressed their curls high on their heads and twisted into them a knot of blue ribbon; both had skins like the petals of the wild rose and lips like rosebuds. Yet with all their youth and beauty and innocence they were in trouble, and their eyes were wet,—Amabel because she was sorry for Elizabeth, and Elizabeth because the ruthless minutes were bringing down the white road of the Blue Glen a suitor for her hand.

“Amabel,” said Elizabeth, her voice sharpened by distress, “there they are—there on the bend!”

Amabel started up and looked out eagerly, shading her eyes with her hand, and there sure enough she saw a couple of horsemen cantering along the road perhaps a mile away.

“I must tell Farquhar,” said Amabel, all in a flurry. “Oh, I hope the dinner will be as father wishes it!”

She darted into the house, a sadly dilapidated and decayed old mansion, and after informing a shabby retainer of the approach of her father and his guest, and flying hither and thither to make sure that all was as it ought to be, she returned to the terrace.

Elizabeth was in tears.

“I shall never marry him,” she sobbed. “It is cruel of our father to ask me. Oh,

Amabel! Amabel! what shall I do?”

“You must marry him, poor Elizabeth,” replied Amabel ruefully. “You know how terribly angry father was when you said that before. We are so poor and Invereil is so rich, and he will help us somehow, and — perhaps you will like him better when you see him oftener.”

Elizabeth shook her head.

“He is so old,” she sobbed. “He has such a red nose; he drinks such bottles of wine.”

Amabel sighed. “I don’t think he drinks more than other gentlemen,” she said soothingly. “And he isn’t so very old, Elizabeth—not more than fifty, I should think.”

But Elizabeth would not be comforted. She was not very strong-minded, and when her father, Sir Ronald, had informed her of Invereil’s offer, and told her that the gentleman would arrive on this particular day for her answer, it required only a little firmness and some strong language on his part to reduce her to tears and submission.

“What silly foolery is this?” he had exclaimed roughly. “What reasonable objection can you have to Invereil? He is a fine, personable gentleman of birth and means, and I expect you to receive him favourably, Elizabeth, when he comes to pay suit to you.”

Elizabeth had wept.

“Not like him!” Sir Ronald’s indignation had increased. “I like him, and I am a better judge of men than you can be; and I may tell you,

Elizabeth, that beggars can't be choosers, and beggars we are these days—and Invereil speaks very handsomely—uncommon handsomely indeed,—tuts — tuts — away with you, and no nonsense. You may thank your stars, my girl, for the good fortune that will make you Invereil's lady."

So Elizabeth had submitted to her fate, as did many a good little maiden in those days, and had watered her pillow with tears ever since; and Sir Ronald had drunk deep potations of satisfaction over the prospect of a wealthy and open-handed son-in-law.

"Amabel," said Elizabeth, as the approaching riders disappeared in a fold of the road, "if Aunt Rachel had been here she might——" Her voice broke.

"Yes," admitted Amabel doubtfully. "If she had been here she might—she doesn't like him—but I don't know."

Aunt Rachel was Sir Ronald's maiden aunt, who until recent times had made her home at Lyne, and who had looked after her nephew's house and her nephew's daughters. Invereil had offended her on one occasion, and she had never forgiven him. There was no doubt she would have little favour for the match. Poor Elizabeth began to wish for the presence of the grim old lady whose caustic tongue had made life bitter to herself and Amabel on many a bygone day. At least, Aunt Rachel was afraid of no one.

"Never mind, Elizabeth," said Amabel, bent on comfort-

ing her disconsolate sister in face of the inevitable. "Never mind. Whatever happens you will cross the Diridh Mor. Invereil is a lovely place, they say, and you will have everything you want, and be rich, and go to London and see the world—and oh, Elizabeth!" she added, clasping her little hands, "you will take me with you, won't you?"

"I don't want to be rich," sobbed Elizabeth passionately. "I don't want to go to London. Oh, why couldn't they have left us alone—we are not so very old yet!"

Poor Elizabeth! Despite her twenty years, she had the heart of a child.

"Why," replied Amabel sagely, "if we had been rich, Elizabeth, all this would never have happened—we should not have been shut up here, in the Blue Glen, from year's end to year's end."

"I love the Blue Glen," sobbed Elizabeth.

Amabel looked critically down the length of it all the way to the Diridh Mor,—the terrible Diridh Mor that lay between them and the world—the Diridh Mor with its rugged heights and its road so like a quagmire that vehicles sank into it at times to the axles of their wheels.

"To think," she murmured discontentedly, "that we have not once crossed the Diridh Mor since we came home from school; no, not even to see Aunt Rachel, though she lives just on the other side. Oh, Elizabeth! if it were me, I do not think I should so

very much mind going to Invereil."

The sound of the horses' hoofs close at hand startled them, despite the warning they had had of their approach. Elizabeth dried her eyes hastily and looked at Amabel.

"I wish," she said desperately, the colour ebbing from her cheeks,—“I wish I had gone away to Aunt Rachel across the Diridh Mor.”

A door led from the terrace into the dining-room, and there the sisters met their father and his guest. Sir Ronald was a man one might well fear to anger,—a big, strong, choleric man—over-fond, it was to be feared, of the pleasures of the table. Invereil had that taste in common with him, and for the rest was a small stout man, very dignified of bearing, with grizzled whiskers and a nose very conspicuously red. He was dressed sprucely as became a gentleman going a-wooing, and he wore—alas! for the matching of his colours—a red rose in his button-hole. He made the pretty twins a fine bow, then hinted at his errand by holding Elizabeth's hand a trifle longer than was necessary. Sir Ronald glanced sternly at her, and she dared not show displeasure. It was she who did the honours of the table, and her duty was done with a timid grace that pleased Invereil well. He paid her great attention during dinner,—talked to her of the improvements he was making at his great house of Invereil, and made her some clumsy compliments. He was not the man to see how his

harsh voice jarred on her, and how his compliments frightened her. Invereil was very pleased on the whole with his bride-elect, and well he might, for Elizabeth was all beauty and gentleness; dressed out, poor child, in her pretty best frock, her one valuable possession, an old diamond-framed miniature, hung round her neck by a blue ribbon, and shining splendidly against her simple muslin gown. Sir Ronald became good-humoured and jocular, for he thought things were going very well.

After the meal was over Invereil held open for the little ladies the door leading to the terrace, for it was there they liked to sit on summer evenings.

When Elizabeth passed him he bent towards her with his stiff dignity.

“I shall hope to have the honour of an interview with you before long, Miss Elizabeth,” he said.

When the bride-elect came out on to the terrace she had a look as of some pretty forest creature trying to escape from its pursuers. She walked about restlessly while Amabel took up the embroidery that had been carelessly thrown on the stone bench before dinner, and began to stitch away diligently. Presently Elizabeth too seated herself, and was silent till the sound of a chair pushed back in the dining-room and of Invereil's harsh laugh made her start up as if to fly.

It was a false alarm—neither Sir Ronald nor Invereil would leave the wine so soon.

Elizabeth's muslin bonnet lay on the bench and she put it on, fastening the strings under her chin with trembling fingers.

"Amabel," she whispered tragically, "I can't stay—I can't—I am going to Aunt Rachel——"

And before Amabel could say a word she had caught up a flimsy parasol, had run down the steps to the garden, and was away along the path and out to the white road.

In her best muslin frock, high-heeled slippers, and a parasol, Elizabeth—poor, timid, tearful Elizabeth—was away on a thirty-mile journey across the Diridh Mor!

Amabel was fairly struck dumb with amazement and consternation. She stood leaning on the stone bench and staring after the small white figure flying along the road. Presently she recovered herself. "She will come back," Amabel said to herself,—“she will never be so mad as not to come back.”

But Elizabeth did not come back. At first Amabel could see her running hard, her muslin skirt swelling in the breeze like the sails of some gossamer craft; then breath probably failed her, for her pace slackened, and she disappeared at a quick walk round the first bend in the road.

"Oh, Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" said Amabel, very much perturbed, "how can you be so foolish?"

Every moment she expected the gentlemen to rise from their wine and join her on

the terrace, every moment she expected Invereil to seek an interview with her runaway sister, but time passed and the suitor seemed in no great haste. As a matter of fact, he was more ardent than appeared, for he made more than one move to leave the table. Sir Ronald, however, was in no mind to let him escape. He had opened a bottle of fine old port (the last in the cellar) in honour of the day, and he liked company and leisure for its enjoyment. Elizabeth's white figure appeared a mile away, hurrying up the Blue Glen as though she really had the wild, the ridiculous, idea of escaping across the Diridh Mor. Half an hour went by, and an hour, and still Amabel sat watching and straining her eyes after the runaway. In the clear atmosphere it was possible to see a long way; and besides that, the road looped and curved so much that the traveller who had covered five or six miles of it was no further from Lyne House as the crow flies than a third of that distance.

And five or six miles Elizabeth had actually gone when Sir Ronald and his guest, in high good-humour and perhaps a little over-flushed with wine, came out on the terrace.

Sir Ronald looked about him. "Where," he asked, "is Elizabeth?"

Amabel was no woman of the world, and no dissembler. She turned scarlet when she made the effort.

"She has gone for a walk,"

she faltered, — “for a walk along the road.”

Sir Ronald glanced down the straight white strip that for some distance lay clear to the eye from where he stood.

“What foolery is this?” he exclaimed testily. “She is not along the road.” Amabel’s agitation raised suspicions. “Where is she?” he demanded.

“She went along the road,” faltered Amabel again — “she did indeed.”

“Where is she going?”

Amabel was too frightened to pretend any longer.

“She—she went to Aunt Rachel,” she whispered, glancing at Invereil.

Sir Ronald grew purple, and turned his gaze incredulously up the glen. As he did so a ray of sunlight lit up a tiny white speck far away in the distance, and the conviction struck home to him that his wrathful eyes did indeed behold his daughter Elizabeth

hurrying as if for dear life up the Blue Glen towards the Diridh Mor.

“It seems the lady is not disposed to hear me,” said Invereil with extreme stiffness.

Sir Ronald delivered himself of his feelings in the language of the period. Invereil drew his attention to the presence of Miss Amabel. His face was flushed with annoyance and mortification, for Sir Ronald had given him to understand that his suit would be favourably received.

“She is a boarding-school miss, and does not know her own mind,” fumed the irate father. “Come with me, Invereil, and we’ll ride up the glen. I warrant that by this time she is willing enough to be overtaken!”

But Invereil excused himself.

“If Miss Amabel will entertain me,” said he, making a bow to the young lady, “I shall not intrude myself upon the walk of Miss Elizabeth.”

II.

Seven miles up the Blue Glen, where the road turns steeply to the pine-wood and the ascent by the Diridh Mor, stands a small farm-house, and in the big hay-field adjoining this house a young man was mowing hay while Elizabeth was flying along the road. His name was Alan Rutherford, and though introduced while engaged on so humble a task, he was that Alan Rutherford who in after years became so shining a light on

the Scottish Bench. At this period of his life, however, his friends would hardly have predicted for him such a future. He had a reputation for eccentricity — he loved the Muse rather than the Law, and preferred to roam the country picking up materials for his tales and poems rather than waiting for briefs in Edinburgh, while the society of some witty shepherd was as congenial to him as that of Parliament House. His father,

wealthy old Rutherford of Howdinglen, sighed over the prodigal poet; and his companions, though they hailed him as a brilliant and witty companion, shook their heads over his prospects at the Bar. In short, he was a generous, romantic, high-spirited youth, whose prospects in life were like to be ruined because Heaven had bestowed upon him a spark of genius.

On this particular summer day, then, Alan Rutherford was amusing himself by mowing the hay of Sandy M'Tavish, the farmer of the upper end of the Blue Glen. Sandy was a particular friend of his. In the course of his wanderings over the country he had spent many a night under the worthy man's roof, and now, finding him the victim of a broken foot, nothing would serve him but to spend some hours in mowing the farmer's neglected hay. He had learnt the trick in his boyhood at Howdinglen, and was wont to declare that Nature had fitted him for a rural life rather than for the dreary atmosphere of Law courts, and that for a trifle he would exchange his calling for that of Robert Burns.

It was a warm afternoon, and, though his coat was off and he worked in his shirt-sleeves, the young man grew hot and thirsty. He halted in his mowing and began to sharpen his scythe—the noise of his whet-stone mingling with the sweet sounds of the summer. His ear took note of the song of a thrush, the

tinkle of a burn, the hum of bees. He felt the edge of his blade critically, and being satisfied with its keenness, laid it down and stooped to quench his thirst in the bubbling water, and it was as he raised his head all wet and dripping that he caught sight of Elizabeth.

The poet brushed the water from his eyes half incredulously, as if by so doing an illusion might be dispelled.

What small vision of loveliness in white muslin and blue ribbons, with great swimming blue eyes, was flying up the road towards him—panting and breathless—halting and limping,—one high-heeled slipper on and the other (already come to grief) clutched with a parasol to her breast.

Elizabeth, who had already heard the hoofs of Sir Ronald's horse upon the road behind her, was looking wildly about for succour. Her eye fell upon a horse and cart by the farmhouse, and here was a youth—doubtless the farmer's son—who might assist her.

"Could you"—she exclaimed breathlessly and appealingly—"could you—drive me, please—across the Diridh Mor?"

Alan Rutherford hesitated just long enough to gather his scattered wits together. Then he bowed low. "Madam," said he solemnly, "I will drive you, if you desire it—to the world's end!"

Elizabeth was too much agitated to take much note of the manner of the answer. "Oh, please—please," she said,

"be quick. It is getting late, and I am going to my aunt, Miss Rachel M'Pherson, at Knoockanee, and I must get there to-night."

She cast a hasty glance down the road behind her, and Alan, with the penetration of his profession, saw that here was a young lady running away. This was an adventure for which even his writing of romances had hardly prepared him.

"If you will do me the honour to come into the house," said he, "I shall procure——" He stopped. "I am afraid," he added lamely, "there is nothing but a cart."

But Elizabeth was quite ready to ride in a cart. She was quite ready and eager to escape into the little farmhouse, and there to sit all alone on a horse-hair sofa in the best parlour, while Mr Alan Rutherford acquainted the farmer with the situation, and Sir Ronald came pounding up the road.

Two minutes later the very beau-ideal of an enraged father broke in upon her. He was so angry, and spoke in such harsh and violent tones, that the protector of a benighted damsel thought himself justified in following in his rear, and in the extremity of his feelings Sir Ronald cared not though the world were behind him. Alan Rutherford positively blushed for the sulphurous character of the remarks with which he addressed his daughter.

Elizabeth had risen trembling like a leaf in a storm. "Father," she sobbed with the courage of

despair, "I—I cannot marry Invereil."

"You shall marry Invereil to-morrow if he asks you," roared the baronet, who was flushed with wine as well as wrath. "Come away home at once."

But Elizabeth did not move—she clasped her hands convulsively. "Father," she pleaded, "I was going to Aunt Rachel. Please, please let me go."

But Sir Ronald merely con-signed her to a less efficient protector.

Alan Rutherford felt his blood boil, and he could keep silence no longer. "On the contrary," said he, stepping forward. "The lady has asked me to drive her across the Diridh, and I am at her service."

Sir Ronald turned on him like a wild bull, apostrophising his impertinence. "What do you mean by your impertinence?" he shouted. "This is my daughter."

"I am sorry for that," retorted Mr Rutherford coolly. He made a fine bow to Elizabeth. "I am ready to drive you, madam," said he.

Elizabeth clasped her hands more tightly than before. Was ever such a timid conventional maiden in such a predicament? She was indeed between the devil and the deep sea, for if there was one woman she feared in the world it was her Aunt Rachel. It seemed an enormity, an impossibility, to defy her father, and yet—she could not go back to Invereil. Although too distressed and confused to

notice that the young labourer in homespun was other than he seemed, his presence seemed to give her courage.

"Father," she faltered in desperation, "I—am going to Aunt Rachel." She gave a frightened glance towards Alan, and that seion of the Law placed himself in open opposition to parental authority. He made a step forward. "And I shall take you to her, madam," he said, and looked at Sir Ronald with a bold front.

The angry baronet found himself in an awkward position. He was no match for the young man, and it was clear he could not take his daughter home by means of force. There followed a painful ten minutes. He choked, he stormed, he swore; finally, he washed his hands of Elizabeth, strode out of the house, and, mounting his horse, rode back down the Blue Glen.

"I am sorry I have nothing but a cart," said Mr Alan Rutherford gently. But Elizabeth could not speak.

Poor Elizabeth! it is to be feared she had but a doleful journey across the Diridh Mor. The magnitude of the thing she had done fairly overwhelmed her, and when she realised, as she must have done at some point in her adventure, that she had appealed not to a labourer, who could be hired, but to the protection of a gentleman, she could have sunk into the earth. She sat stiffly on a little throne improvised for her in the cart, her white muslin frock spread out

around her, silent and down-cast, her lips set, her hands playing nervously with the ribbon on which hung her precious pendant.

Mr Alan Rutherford sat on the shafts of the cart and drove. His head was in a whirl, for with the promptitude of a poet he had fallen in love, and he drove that summer evening not across the Diridh alone, but also across that borderland which separates the country of mere common men from the lovers' "Land of Illusion." There was a magic and a mystic beauty even in the Diridh itself. Mighty bens rose high on either side, solemn and quiet, their deep, shadowy hollows sinking away from the still golden light of the evening sun. Small blue lochans stretched along by the side of the road, and as the cart rattled by them, herds of deer, beautiful and timid as Elizabeth herself, bounded away from them and melted into the glow on the hill-slopes.

Several times the youth essayed to address the maiden, but as often as he did so the obvious distress of her whole aspect abashed him. His ardent blood fairly boiled to think of her wrongs,—of her father's brutal conduct—of the cruel coercion that would have forced this peerless child into a loveless marriage. He adored her spirit in revolting, her trouble, her innocence, her youth. From the farmer he had learned who she was, and he congratulated himself warmly on the fact that he

had a slight acquaintance with Miss Rachel M'Pherson. That hitherto unappreciated honour had now acquired astonishing importance in his eyes.

The summer evening had given place to the summer night before the cart arrived at its destination. The sunset rays had faded and the stars had come out, and Elizabeth on her throne of hay glimmered like a white flower. The fragrant woods on the eastern side of the Diridh were filled with night noises, the hooting of owls, the whirring of bats' wings, and it was with a feeling of relief that Alan saw lights still burning in Miss Rachel's abode. He drove his clumsy chariot to the front door, where the wheels made a grating on the gravel that might have roused a sleeping household. He helped Elizabeth to alight.

"I—cannot thank you," she faltered, looking at him with great, timid, swimming eyes. "I—I am ashamed to have given so much trouble."

"You have done me an honour I shall never forget," said Alan. "It is I who must be grateful."

Miss Rachel, who was always last of her household to go to bed, opened the door at this point, and her incredulous eyes beheld her niece Elizabeth, clad in white muslin and a sun-bonnet, alighting from a cart and taking leave of a young man—not, it seemed, without emotion. She almost rubbed her eyes, for the thing was really not possible.

Elizabeth ran to her, faltering and incoherent.

"Oh, Aunt Rachel! I have come to you. Will you take me? I—I will tell you what has happened."

Miss Rachel, grim and tall, with piercing eyes under her mob-cap, stood regarding her in ominous silence for a moment, her figure blocking the doorway.

"Well," she said, "tell me. I think I require an explanation."

But Elizabeth really seemed incapable of giving one, and her cavalier could do no less than try to rescue her from this Gorgon. He made a sweeping bow and saluted the old lady.

"I am honoured in being able to do a small service for Miss M'Pherson," he said. "If it has been done clumsily the blame is mine. But when you know the circumstances I have no doubt you will forgive me."

The gravity and formality of his manner still further perplexed Miss Rachel, and diverted her attention from the crimson distress of the little figure in the doorway.

"I have heard of your pranks and your poetry, Mr Alan Rutherford," she said grimly. "I will need to hear more before I thank you for your services; for the present I wish you good-night." She drew her trembling grand-niece into the little hall and shut the door.

"And now," she said, "I will hear what you have to say, Elizabeth."

III.

When Mr Alan Rutherford presented himself the next morning to inquire for his lady of the Blue Glen and the Diridh, he was received somewhat grimly by her great-aunt. She looked extraordinarily formidable in her high, white mutch, decorated with tartan ribbons, and her small sparkling eyes regarded him with a peculiarly shrewish expression.

"Well, Mr Rutherford," said she, "you have come, I suppose, to speir after my grand-niece."

Mr Rutherford confessed it. "I trust she is none the worse of her journey in so rough a vehicle," said he.

"Hum," said the old lady drily, "I think she would be very willing to take another to-day to escape her present company. Perhaps you would be willing to take her back where you found her, Mr Alan?"

Alan repressed his indignation. "I think, Miss M'Pherson," said he, "that a grand-niece of your own would not be likely to consent to that proposal."

"A grand-niece of my own," retorted the old lady, "should have had more spunk than to run away. It is the most daft-like affair I ever heard of—Sir Ronald's daughter to make off on shank's mare and to come galivanting across the Diridh with a poetical gentleman in a farmer's cart because another gentleman was speiring after

her! And what are you to say to Inverail, Mr Rutherford? Is it to be a duel?"

"I think you are under a misapprehension, Miss M'Pherson," said Alan stiffly. "I am not in Miss Elizabeth's confidence, and the slight service I rendered her yesterday was one that any man would have been honoured——" The old lady cut him short.

"Dear! dear!" said she mockingly. "Is this the way of it? I thought it was a rival to Inverail I had here, but it seems I was mistaken. Not even an acquaintance, did you say?"

Alan controlled himself with difficulty—he was hot with indignation for Elizabeth.

"Madam," said he, "if I had the acquaintance that would warrant it I would ask her to-day to be my wife. At least I could protect her from——" He paused to choose his words.

"From her relations, no doubt," put in Miss Rachel maliciously.

Alan bowed ceremoniously. "I did not intend to be so plain," said he. "Miss Rachel, you know me and my prospects as my father's son. Will you permit me to make the further acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth?"

For a moment it was evident that the old lady was taken aback.

"It seems, Alan Rutherford, we have gone from jest to earnest," she said. She was silent for a moment. "Hum,"

she went on, "you have courage for two, and I don't deny you're a better match than Invereil. I will think upon it, Mr Rutherford."

And with that Alan took his leave. The next day, however, found him again at Miss M'Pherson's door. In the interval he had not been idle. He had taken up his abode at the nearest inn, and had made arrangements to fish for trout in the waters of the neighbourhood. He had, moreover, sent a man across the Diridh with Mr M'Tavish's horse and cart, and given that worthy orders to bring back with him such of his personal belongings as had been left behind in the Blue Glen. And now he came upon his wooing with all the ardour of a poet.

Miss Rachel greeted him this time with a grim geniality. "So here you are again, Mr Rutherford!" said she. "And here's a young leddy that's waiting to thank you for the gallant way you rescued her from her father two days ago." Poor Elizabeth!—she blushed deeply and her eyes filled with tears at her great-aunt's words. She had been so scolded and badgered, poor child, by Miss Rachel, that she was ready to sink through the floor with shame and vexation. It seemed to her that no young lady before her had ever done so dreadful and ridiculous a thing as she had done, when she ran away. Miss Rachel had declared the whole country would make fun of her when the story got about, and now here she was forced to meet this young

gentleman, who had perhaps been laughing at her all along, and who was the last man in the world she wished ever to see again. She hardly dared to look at him.

But Mr Rutherford, it appeared, was in no laughing humour. He bowed gravely to Elizabeth and began at once to speak with her great-aunt on subjects with which she had no concern. Miss Rachel was extraordinarily gracious to him, and allowed herself to be drawn away to talk of what he pleased. Presently he mentioned a recent illness of his father, and Miss Rachel expressed concern to hear of it. She said that she herself had suffered from a similar malady, and expressed great belief in a preparation made from a certain plant as a specific in such cases.

"I believe that I owe my life to it," said she. "And I am never without a bed of it in my garden." She began to describe the plant, saying it was small with a blue flower, and grew near the centre of her garden, and finally she turned to Elizabeth and instructed her to go with Mr Rutherford and show it to him. "Bring back with you a couple of handfuls," she continued, "and I shall have it dried and prepared at once for my old friend Howdinglen,"—and before Elizabeth could recover from her dismay at this peremptory order, she was away with the surprised and delighted young man to obey it.

It was a warm dry day and

the bees drowsed among the roses on the porch. The garden was an old-fashioned walled one, and was at some little distance from the house. Elizabeth took the key of the garden door from a peg in the hall and led the way silently down a path bordered by trees. She was painfully shy and embarrassed, and could think of nothing but the adventure of two days ago—how she must have appeared when she first saw him in the Blue Glen and took him for the farmer's son, all flushed and agitated, and limping as she was, with her heelless shoe in her hand. What must he think of her? She answered his remarks at random as they walked, gave him the key to open the garden gate, and rendered but little assistance in the finding of the blue flower. The garden was a pleasant place, full of old-fashioned flowers, and right in the centre of it, near a bed of Miss Rachel's precious plant, was a little arbour overgrown with ivy, and with two great tall red rose-bushes standing one on each side of it like sentinels.

"Are they not beautiful?" said Mr Alan Rutherford to Elizabeth; "and will you not rest a little on the seat and let me gather the flowers for Miss Rachel, for I can see that you are tired?"

There was such gentleness and respect in his tone, and Elizabeth was so troubled and confused, that she could not but consent; and the poet brought back the flowers when he had gathered them, and,

laying them in her lap, sat down on the seat beside her.

He is so kind, thought Elizabeth. Perhaps if I asked him he would not tell any one about me and Invereil. She was as impulsive in word as in deed, and she looked up at him all of a sudden—"Oh, Mr Rutherford," she said, "please—will you do me a great, great kindness?"

"I will do anything in the world you ask me," said Alan, who was overjoyed at this unexpected address.

"It is about—about my coming here," said Elizabeth breathlessly. "I don't know what you must have thought of me,—you do not understand and I cannot explain, but I did not know what to do—I did not indeed—and my father was so angry and I dared not offend him, and—and his friend, Mr Campbell of Invereil—and I could not do as they wished, and so—I was foolish and ran away without—without stopping to think, and now Aunt Rachel says every one will hear about it and laugh at me. And, oh! please, will you not say anything about it to any one, for I could not bear that?" Her voice faltered, and tears fell from her eyes upon the little blue flowers in her lap.

Alan could have gone on his knees to protest that no one would ever laugh at Elizabeth, or could do anything but admire anything she did. He vowed eternal silence about her flight from the Blue Glen, and declared that she had done nobly and bravely in acting as she had done, and that he

was more proud than he could say because he had been able to help her. In his ardour and enthusiasm he was perhaps a little incoherent over all this, but Elizabeth was none the less comforted on that account. She was very much less miserable when they returned to Miss Rachel with the flowers, and after he had gone she could not but think of him, and of how he had looked and spoken in the garden.

After this there was not a day for a fortnight that did not find Mr Rutherford prosecuting his wooing at Miss Rachel's dwelling—and that was a proof of ardour indeed, for most young gallants would have faced a regiment or wild beasts sooner than the terrible old lady. To Alan she was extraordinarily agreeable, it is true, but at the same time she was extraordinarily malicious, and there was never a day that he was not stirred to indignation on behalf of Miss Elizabeth.

Happily the young lady was usually to be found in the garden. It was the time of the year when the fruit was ripe for picking, and Miss Rachel must have great quantities of it prepared for her preserves and currant-wines. She kept her grand-niece busy with a basket among the bushes, and she would send Mr Rutherford to her assistance with a jest that had always a mocking flavour in it; but when Elizabeth was not by, Alan could match his wit even with Miss Rachel's.

And now the poet added

fruit-picking to his many accomplishments, and as he filled her basket with clusters of red and white currants he fell every day deeper in love with his lady of the Diridh. It was an idyll of the garden,—Elizabeth, timid and sweet and fair, in a blue print gown and a sun-bonnet, made a dainty heroine, and Mr Rutherford had fine manly looks and a poet's fancy and a pretty wit, and it was little wonder that he haunted the thoughts of Elizabeth by day and her dreams by night. Youth and love were in the air, and all would surely have gone well had not Miss Rachel been at hand to play the part of the serpent in Eden. It was Miss Rachel's malicious tongue that troubled for her grand-niece the sweetness of the garden.

Poor little timid Elizabeth! She had lived so quiet and peaceful a life in the Blue Glen, and then all at once she had been launched on a perfect sea of agitating events. First, there was Invereil and the trouble with her father; then came the terrible business of running away, and the anger and ridicule of Miss Rachel; and then, when she needed peace and quiet and to be left alone, came this disturbing stranger. He had been so kind to her, and when he came to the garden she could not wish him away; and yet, when her grand-aunt spoke of him as "yon braw lad you have," all her happiness in his presence was gone. She said to herself that he was nothing to her,—it was not to

be thought of that he could be, when a fortnight ago she had not seen him; Miss Rachel was cruel to hint at such a thing. She could have fled at last from her and from Alan, as she had fled from her father and Invereil.

Yet all might have come right had not Alan been called home suddenly, and had Miss Rachel not lost her temper with Elizabeth. The second of these happenings was due to a trifle, though it seemed far from that to either of those concerned with it,—Elizabeth made a whole boiling of jam without any sugar!

The old lady was furious. "You can think of nothing but Alan Rutherford," she snapped. "Has he speired ye yet?"

Elizabeth grew scarlet.

"I asked him the day after he brought you," the old dame continued tartly, "if it was to be a duel between himself and Invereil, and he thought you so ill-used among us, he was almost willing for it. There's some men must aye take pity on tears. Well, he's the better match of the two, and I told him that."

"Aunt Rachel!" cried Elizabeth in an agony, "you did not say that?"

But Miss Rachel's temper was up.

"And what for no?" she retorted. "Can I not make a match as well as your father?"

Elizabeth was gone. She fled to her room overcome with shame and misery. What had Miss Rachel said? What had she done? Alan

Rutherford did not really care for her; he was sorry for her because she had been so silly and ridiculous, as her great-aunt said. She remembered her tears in the garden, and how she had appealed to him, and she felt as though she could never bear to see him any more. All night long, instead of sleeping, she thought of what Miss Rachel had said, and in the morning she felt quite calm and strong. Mr Rutherford found her in the heart of the garden gathering red-rose leaves for her great-aunt's *pot-pourri*. She had put on a white apron over her blue print gown, and she gathered the rose leaves into the apron. Her eyes were blue as the pools of water in the Blue Glen, but her cheeks were very pale.

"Will you come and sit in the arbour?" said Alan; "I have something to say to you."

Elizabeth made no objection. She gathered up the corners of her apron and sat down in silence.

"Elizabeth," said Alan, "I am going away. I have had a letter this morning from my father, and he is ill and needs me, but before I go I must tell you—I must ask you—I intended to have waited longer, but now——" He stammered like a raw youth, and in the end was as blunt as though he were a mere man of the Law, and no poet.

"Will you be my wife, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth knew, or thought she knew, that Alan

was asking her to marry him because he pitied her so much, and because of what Miss Rachel had said, and she answered in a perfect passion of refusal.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "No, never—never!"

Alan stood very silent. There had crept into his mind more than once the thought that Elizabeth was not only timid, but that she shrank from him because Miss Rachel was so plainly bent on throwing them together. It seemed he was but another Invereil.

"Is it not possible?" he said in a low voice. "Will you not give me leave to ask again?" But Elizabeth made a gesture of denial.

Mr Rutherford took her hand and kissed it without speaking. Then he went away, but at the end of the garden path he looked back once. Elizabeth was sitting very still in the arbour—between the two tall red-rose trees. She had forgotten to hold up the corners of her apron, and all her rose leaves were strewn upon the ground.

IV.

A week later Elizabeth went back to the Blue Glen. An extraordinary change had taken place in the position of affairs, for Invereil was about to marry Amabel, and on that account neither he nor Sir Ronald had any longer a quarrel with Elizabeth.

Elizabeth could hardly believe her eyes when she first read her sister's letter. It had all been a stupid mistake, Amabel said. Invereil had known them both so slightly he had thought it was Elizabeth he cared for, but now he knew that it had really been Amabel all the time, and would Elizabeth please come home at once and help, for the marriage was to be almost immediately, and there were so many things to be done, one did not know where to begin.

So Elizabeth went home

again, riding this time across the Diridh with a servant-man behind her, as became Sir Ronald's daughter. She found everything in the Blue Glen as she had left it three weeks earlier, and yet it seemed as though everything were different. Even Amabel was changed, and for the matter of that, so also was Elizabeth. As for Invereil, he was happily absent, getting things at home in order for his bride. "And oh, Amabel!" said Elizabeth, when her sister had almost overwhelmed her with a list of things to be done and clothes to be got all in a few weeks, — "oh, Amabel! are you sure you love him?"

"I do not see why not," Amabel replied, not very well pleased. "He is so kind, and he has given me such beautiful things. He is going to have the drawing-room at Invereil

all newly done up—and oh, Elizabeth! he is going to take me to town every winter. Just think of that, after being shut up all this time in this weary glen.”

“But, Amabel!” persisted Elizabeth anxiously, “if he had none of these things it would not make any difference. If you loved him you would not care. You would be content to have very little, and even to live here in the Blue Glen.”

“How do you know that, Elizabeth?” retorted Amabel, a little sharply. “I think you are very silly: of course these things make a great deal of difference. Do you want to be poor and stay here always? Is that why you would not marry Mr Rutherford? Aunt Rachel says he wanted to marry you, and that his father is very rich, and that you were very silly.”

And at that Elizabeth was silent.

In a few weeks the marriage was over, and Amabel was gone. Elizabeth sat with her work on the terrace all by herself, and the memory of these weeks between her running away and her sister's marriage came to appear like a strange dream. So many things had happened all of a sudden—such wonderful impossible things; and now everything went on as before, and only she herself had changed. And now there were times when she thought that Amabel had been right after all about the Blue Glen, and she got tired of seeing always before

her eyes the white road winding up the length of it and getting lost in the distant fir-wood. Winter came early that year, and there were grey skies and snow, and Elizabeth had to take her work indoors.

With the new year trouble came to the house. There had been heavy floods, and one day when Sir Ronald was riding home in the dusk part of the road gave way beneath his horse's feet. He was thrown over a steep bank, and was so badly injured that fears were at first entertained for his life. Doctors came from beyond the Diridh and did all that their skill could suggest. Elizabeth became a wonderful nurse, gentle and deft and patient, and after a time the injured man rallied and his broken bones mended. Yet when spring came Sir Ronald was still lying on his bed unable to move. The doctor who came thirty miles to visit him looked more and more serious, and at last told Elizabeth that her father was little likely to walk again. He feared, he said, that there was a serious injury to the spine, and it was best that she should be prepared. As he rode back over the Diridh he told the same sad news to Miss Rachel—but he did not tell Sir Ronald, who was a difficult patient even with the prospect of complete recovery ahead of him. Miss Rachel came over the Diridh next day, riding—old as she was—with a firm seat, and for once Elizabeth was glad to see her.

And yet there was little that Miss Rachel could do. Sir

Ronald could not endure being fussed over, and he would have no nurse but Elizabeth. The old lady soon went home again, but during her stay she told her grand-niece something that disturbed her not a little.

"Yon braw lad Alan Rutherford has his own share of trouble, by all accounts," she said, one day. "Old Howdinglen is dead, and it seems was in difficulties of late years, for he has hardly left his son one bawbee to rub against another. Young Alan never applied himself to the Law, and as there's more fame than fortune in song-making, I hear there is nothing for it but to sell the property. Everything was maybe for the best, since things have turned out as they have done."

It was easy for Miss Rachel to see the workings of Providence in connection with Mr Rutherford's misfortune, but poor Elizabeth cried her eyes out when her great-aunt was gone. She pictured Mr Alan Rutherford in such straits of poverty and distress as a young man of his talents and spirit was little likely to see. If she were only rich, she said to herself, all would be different. She would somehow send him a great sum of money, and no one, he least of all, would know where it came from. But, alas! she was not rich; she had nothing valuable in the world except her diamond miniature. And when she thought of that, Elizabeth drew a quicker breath. The miniature was very valuable, how valuable she did not know, but she thought it might be worth many hundreds of

pounds. It had been her mother's, and it was very old and precious. Was it possible that she could send Alan that, and that if he sold it he might not have to sell Howdinglen? Elizabeth's heart beat faster as she thought, and before long she had made up her mind that the jewel really should be sent. She lay awake for hours that night planning how this could be done in such a way that Alan should have no suspicion of who it was that had come to his help.

There was some trifling flaw in the clasp of the chain on which the miniature hung. Elizabeth decided that she would send the miniature to a jeweller to have this clasp mended. She knew the name of a jeweller in one of the great towns, and she knew, moreover, an honest lad in the glen who was apprenticed to a tradesman of that town, and who at the moment was at home paying a visit to his parents. He should be her messenger. It was surprising how, as Elizabeth tremblingly thought out her little plot, everything seemed to become possible, and even easy.

It was quite an elaborate little plot. There was the packet itself to be made up; there was a letter to the jeweller instructing him to send the jewel, when the clasp was repaired, to Mr Rutherford at Howdinglen; and there was, moreover, a paper in a sealed envelope to go with the packet, in which Elizabeth, after much cogitation, wrote the words, "In payment of a debt. To be sold." When everything was ready she

brought her precious parcel to the messenger who was so very opportunely at hand, and the young man was proud to be intrusted with it.

"It will be no trouble to you," said Elizabeth. "I have written all the directions in this letter, and all you will have to do is to hand it to the jeweller."

After the decisive step was taken she came home in great fear and agitation, and almost regretting what she had done.

"If only," she said to herself over and over again—"if only I have helped him, so that he will not need to sell Howdinglen." For in Miss Rachel's garden Alan had told her of his home and of his love for it, and Elizabeth remembered every word he had said, and how, as he talked, he had picked her a red rose, and before giving it to her had stripped off the thorns, with words and looks she had treasured ever since.

And although Elizabeth's own memory of these things was so excellent, it never once occurred to her that Mr Rutherford might remember the jewel she wore round her neck on the day she jogged with him across the Diridh in the farmer's cart.

Had she known it, Miss Elizabeth's pity for Mr Rutherford's poverty was somewhat in excess of the circumstances. Rumour and Miss Rachel had considerably exaggerated it, and, although it was true that old Howdinglen had lost a great deal of his money shortly before his death, it was not true that Alan had found himself in such

dire straits as had been represented. He had his troubles, indeed, his father's death above all, for the two had been strongly attached to each other. Then, instead of finding himself a rich man he found his affairs so embarrassed that for a short time it almost seemed that he might have to sell Howdinglen. When that proved to be unnecessary, he was so relieved that the prospect of some years of hard work and strict economy did not much daunt him. Since his ill-starred love affair he was in no mood for play. Yet though he was plucky enough to bear up hardily in his misfortunes, life was for him a grey enough business in these days. He had more cares on his mind than had the joyous-hearted poet who, not a year ago, had mowed the farmer's hay.

Elizabeth, as I have said, did not know exactly how things were, and she sent her precious trinket on an errand into the dark. After it was despatched she went back to the routine of tending on her father, who grew every day more peevish and impatient. His broken bones being healed, he now lay during the daytime on a couch in his bedroom, but he was still quite helpless and unable to move. His daughter had a hard life with him, and seeing his impatience to be up and about again, she dreaded the day when he must be told that what he waited for with such eagerness would never be. It was her one comfort that, despite his frequent ill-humour, he showed more

affection for her than he had ever done when he was hale and healthy. She had little time now for idling in the garden or sitting with her work upon the terrace, as she and Amabel had often done, and as the spring unfolded into early summer she grew weary enough. The days were hot, and a light haze floated over the glen. The river murmured pleasantly, and trout and salmon leaped in its pools. Bees drowsed in the garden, and a scent of wall-flowers came in through the windows.

One day Sir Ronald, lying on his couch, caught the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road below the house, and he sent Elizabeth to the window to give him news of the rider. But the rider was out of sight below the garden wall, and Sir Ronald, who was impatient over trifles, must have his daughter go below to see whether the stranger had halted or gone by. Elizabeth went down the stair, and ere she made her inquiries was tempted by an open door to take a breath of air upon the terrace. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked up the white road, and as she did so footsteps came behind her, and, turning quickly, there beside her stood Alan Rutherford. She cried his name, and he took her hands in his and kissed them.

"You are not displeased that I have come?" he questioned.

"Oh, no!" she faltered, "not displeased"—and had no more words, but trembled, so that he must needs draw her to a

seat and ask pardon for having startled her.

"You will not send me away again," he said; and Elizabeth, after the fashion of the period, answered him with tears, and had she been sprinkled with the waters of Lethe could not have forgotten more completely that her father lay fuming on his couch waiting to hear who the stranger was who rode down the Glen.

"I am not a rich man," said Alan after a time, "but I have enough for you and me to be happy on, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth started and changed colour, and made as though to speak, but Alan began to tell her of all that had befallen him, and she could not but listen. He told her of his father's death and of his unexpected poverty, and how at one time he had feared that he must sell Howdinglen.

"When things were at the worst," he went on, "I had a great surprise—some one came to my help in a way I had not dreamed of, and I took heart again."

Alan did not look at her as he spoke, but she started once more and blushed deeply. She thought that her elaborate ruse had succeeded, and that Alan had sold the diamonds, and by so doing had saved Howdinglen. Had she known it, the miniature was at the moment in Mr Rutherford's pocket, and even as she thought, "I can never tell him," he was saying to himself, "I shall never tell her until she tells me." Then

all of a sudden Elizabeth remembered her father and her heart became like lead.

"Alan," she said sadly, "you must go away—I can never leave my father," and she told him what had happened. It was terrible news for a happy lover. Alan vowed that the fates had already done their worst, and should never any more part him from Elizabeth. It was unthinkable that she should spend her life shut up in the Blue Glen. Something must be done. He would take her away across the Diridh though all the world forbade it. But Elizabeth shook her head sadly.

"I can never leave him," she said, "and he can never walk again."

"Elizabeth," said Alan, but he was cut short, for at that moment Sir Ronald shouted loudly for his daughter. His room was just above the terrace, and the day being so hot the windows were open, with the result that the astonished gentleman had heard, not only young Howdinglen proposing to Elizabeth, but the news so carefully kept from him concerning his own condition.

When Elizabeth came breathlessly into the sick-room, she found her father sit-

ting up on the couch with his feet on the floor.

"What fool told you I should never walk again?" he shouted. "Because whoever told you that told you a lie." There was such returning violence in his air and language that his daughter could almost think he was right. Perhaps a miracle had happened.

"Look at this!" cried Sir Ronald, and for a moment he stood upon his feet.

Elizabeth ran to him, and he sank back upon the couch. "The doctors may think they can tie me here for life," he continued loudly, "but I shall show them they are mistaken." And as it happened he spoke the truth.

He looked hard at his daughter.

"So you are going to marry young Howdinglen," said he.

"Father," faltered Elizabeth, "I have told him I can never leave you."

Sir Ronald's face softened, but his voice was gruff.

"Then go and tell him," he retorted, "that you are a little fool!"

But of this there was no need, for Alan heard it with transport through the open window.

ISOLA BELLA.

BY "LINESMAN."

DOUBTLESS there are many besides the writer so constituted that they find as much pleasure in scrutinising the synthesis of any new thing part by part as in grasping it in its entirety. The characteristic is akin to the dissectional rather than the constructional; it stops one grade short of that of the true artist, who endures a close study of construction only so that he may not be betrayed when he overwhelms form in the fury of composition, and two grades below that of the true scientist to whom components are merely obstructive fences between him and the winning-post of some grand result. With us, we confess, the fences themselves are often the major interest. We look on the canvas of Creation with a pre-Raphaelistic eye, inquisitorial for detail, and actually unable to perceive the whole of a people or a pebble, as the case may be, until we know the story of its integers and atoms. Thus the present glory of a diamond fascinates less than the overpowering forces which have ennobled it into the apotheosis of matter and light. Pictures, too, greatly as we love them, speak less of illusion, of romance, religion, or reminiscence than of the beautiful labour which has produced them. Of them we most delight to know when

they were painted, by what manner of man, with what pigments, under what difficulties, hopes, and fears. Especially is this idiosyncrasy insistent in the case of a country new to us. There we find ourselves even physically uneasy so long as we are unacquainted with the kaleidoscopic atoms which jerk themselves into the general forms rendered familiar by the history and geography books. Therefore, as we first stood on the brilliant shore of Ceylon, where the surges broke like walls of shivering sapphire under the million green plumes of the palm-trees, we knew that there would be little peace for us until every swarthy passer-by, every strange vehicle, every queer costume, could be deposited, properly labelled, each into its proper compartment, for until then it was certain that the soul of the thing we had come to see would be invisible.

Like an emerald drop, suspended from the glittering necklace of Hindostan, Ceylon hangs in the very hollow of Britannia's broad bosom. The eastern seas, though spangled as their midnight skies with spots of delight, lap no gem more lovely or of rarer quality. Her general beauty is discernible afar off. Even before she comes in sight it is said that the mariner becomes aware of

odours borne across the ocean air as if from the groves of Paradise. We ourselves, however, were somewhat ludicrously robbed of this romantic foretaste. Climbing sleepily but hopefully to the upper deck at the appointed hour before dawn, surely enough an aroma so heavenly caressed our nostrils that it was nothing but a duty to awaken our friends to receive also the greeting of the promised land. For an hour we snuffed delightedly the scented gale. But the growing light revealed the true source of our pleasure—namely, a cargo of fruit spread out on the forecastle ready for disembarkation! But soon the violet cone of Adam's Peak climbed into the lemon sky above wreaths of creamy cloud; great slabs of shadow changed slowly into forested mountainsides and walls of planted valleys; an amber shore, crested with peacock-green, rose slowly out of the sea, and the untasted kiss of Ceylon was forgotten in the beauty of her face.

But a mere visitor, sojourning at Colombo between steamer and steamer, or even tripping up-country to Kandy or Nuwara Eliya, will learn little of a country whose most real characteristics have shrunk away behind the ages, far from the neighbourhood of railways and hotels. By lonely tanks, in the humming jungle, on tea-

grown peak and spur, amongst fields of rice, terraced from mountain-top to dingle bottom in steps of vivid aquamarine or liquid chocolate, according as the "paddy" is in or out, in rocky shrine beside the snowy *dagaba*,¹ in acres of hoary ruins, in mud-and-wattle hut, in teeming "coolie lines," in shady low-voiced bungalow, in sweltering *machan*,² in blessed Rest-House, haunt of the drink, the bath, the drowsy talk which crown the labours of the blazing day, in hidden wallow where the elephant and buffalo lie deep in the warm mud, in jungle glade where pace the leopard, the bear, and the brittle-legged deer, in glassy lagoon, mirror of innumerable palms, in towering surf over which the catamarans and outriggers bound like crazy sticks, in scented *patana*,³ in vasty valleys above whose swimming haze rock fortresses stick up like islands square and bluff—in all these, and in these alone, does Ceylon enshrine her spirit, the spirit of an isle blessed by God, and as yet unspoilt by man.

The synthesis of Ceylon, topographical and ethnological, is singularly complex for so small a state. From sea-line to summit is a difference of elevation of 8300 feet, up the greater part of which the admirable railway winds and climbs from one astounding view to another; and between

¹ A beehive-shaped edifice usually containing a tomb or reliquary.

² A platform built in a tree-top, either for sport or for watching for dangerous beasts.

³ Open grass covered with flowers, like the veld of South Africa.

the two lies every variation of scenery and products. The highest land of all, that between 6000-8000 feet, is wholly given over to the densest jungle. Further clearance here is prohibited, for the jungle brings the rain, and the rain the tea and rubber on which the island so mightily thrives. Of this upper region Nuwara Eliya may be said to be the capital. It is a bright little township, rejoicing in a temperate and most healthy climate, in acres of resplendent arums around a marshy lake; also of an excellent club, two race-courses, the best golf-links in Asia, lots of pretty bungalows, motor-cars, tea-parties, tennis, and tittle-tattle, which render it altogether quite too English to appeal to an Englishman from England. It stands at the very top, both geographically and financially, of the tea tracts, which, descending thence for some 3000 feet, lose somewhat in quality of production as they sink in elevation. In the midst of this zone stands the beautifully situated town of Kandy, the capital of the waning Sinhalese monarchy from the sixteenth century, but now the capital of Queen Tea. No more lovely little place could be imagined than this cluster of flowery villas embosomed on the side of a wooded basin, around a placid lake whose surface reflects the burning blossoms of the tall *spathodias*. A singularly beautiful English church, square-towered, of rose-red brick, presides over the scene, looking very gentle hard

by a dazzling Buddhist temple, the shrine of that most venerated relic, the tooth of Buddha, the haunt of innumerable pilgrims and bullet-headed priests swathed in robes of various shades of saffron. Below stretches the native town, buzzing like a beehive all the way out to Katugastota on the one side, where the herd of working elephants spend their leisure flat in the tepid shallows of the Mahaweli Ganga; on the other side out to Peradeniya, where in the famous gardens are imprisoned as in a Zoo all the wild growths of the island, from the great *talipot*, which when a century old suddenly becomes one mighty flower, fifty feet high, and dies of the effort, down to the *lantana*, which out in the country gilds miles of scenery with its fiery glow.

From the tea levels we descend to the rubber zone, through an indeterminate belt where the worst of each product meet and grow together. Matale, a thriving bazaar lining each side of a single immensely long street, is perhaps the headquarters of this wonderful district, where rubber, pepper, vanilla, sago, areca, and cocoa load the hot valleys with a press of riches unexcelled above the surface of the earth. Thence down again to the "low-country," the truest Ceylon to the traveller, although the whole of it together is worth less than a few square miles of the little core of prosperity which it embraces—namely, that semicircle of business, agriculture, and plantation

of which Colombo - Mirigama - Kurunegala - Matale - Badulla - Haputale form the arc whose base runs fairly straight between the first and last named of these places. All outside and around is "low-country," long leagues of almost rainless plains, dotted here and there with outcrops of bare, rounded rocks which often attain the dignity of hills, here and there with isolated mountains densely wooded and remarkably reminiscent of the kopjes of Natal. Below these stretches the jungle on every side—here in leagues of scrubby thickets, broken by sandy gaps and water-courses for ever waterless; there like English parks in a hothouse, in groves of noble trees with verdant grass beneath. Seen from a height, the landscape is a table of thronged tree-tops, a dead level of deep grey-green, relieved at intervals by the turquoise disc of an old irrigation tank, or by the rusty hummock of an ancient *dagaba*, of both of which more must be said hereinafter. And so we approach the coast, messages from the sea coming long before its appearance in the shape of snaky creeks and wide lagoons literally embedded in palm-trees, whose myriad reflections paint the glassy surface so much more vividly than the originals on the banks, that the great fish seem to be oaring themselves through bundles of slender trunks and layers of leaves. All around the island the palms of various kinds crowd down to the salt water, cooling the almost blatant

colour-scheme of the billows of intense blue, which curl and smash in a pother of blinding cream, to rush out of the sunshine up the shelf of silver sand into the green shade of the nodding trees. A strong wind blows, the seaward horizon is jagged with those elusive shakes and notches which tell of a bounding surface out in the beyond; but it is as hot as the draught from an engine, and you could stand naked without a shiver in the warm brine. Coast towns are few and far apart, linked together by the unbroken belt of surf, sand, and palms. They are Dutch or Portuguese foundations for the most part, old and white, with octagon brick forts mellowed to the colour of lichen by centuries of tropical salt breezes.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all is our discarded naval base, Trincomalee, an immense harbour of many arms cut so deeply out of the hilly forest that the fleets of the world could fight unseen therein, could they bring themselves to break the ineffable peace of that dreaming haven. There is much shaking of heads throughout Ceylon over the empty barracks and silent workshops of this Plymouth of the East, and indeed it is hard to see why wisely-spent millions have now been cast into the depths of a harbour whose amazing capacity, easy defensibility, and strategical handiness place it in absolute command of the junction of the greatest trade-routes in the world. "East is East and

West is West," but the twain *do* meet in an endless procession of "tramps" and liners close outside the gunless, manless heights of "Trinco."

It is time to turn from the land to the people, and once more the variety of Ceylon is striking. Three races, the Sinhalese, the Tamil (with their curious subdivision, the Jaffna Tamil), and the Moormen, representing respectively the three great religions of the East, Buddhism, Hindooism, and Mahommedanism, compose the purely native population, each in every stage of development, all widely differing in appearance, history, and pursuits. The Veddas, the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, are now scarcely to be accounted amongst her sons, though, like the Bushmen of South Africa, they still lurk in her dimmest recesses, stopping their ears from the St Sepulchre's bell which is tolling them into the company of the lost.

The Sinhalese—a beautiful, languorous, aristocratic people, looking like Stuarts modelled in copper, with their long hair, melancholy eyes, and shapely noses—represent for the most part the landed proprietorship of the island. The lower amongst them dwell in the leafy villages around the paddy-fields, amongst palm-trees and enormous ferns, ready for sport or love, or even violence, for they are a race of quick passions for all their gentleness. No more delightful folk could be encountered by the traveller. They will

work themselves to a standstill to show him the sights or find him sport, will run miles to fetch him a drink or more cartridges, or in their bowery arbours will sit him down and from the highest tree select the milkiest cocoa-nut for him to quaff from, and all for love, rejecting, often with a faint smile, the coin which only does not offend because it is plainly offered in ignorance. Their babies, like little metallic eels,—for they have none of the obesity of the juvenile Tamils,—will ripple about his feet, fingering his gun, his gaiters, with chirrups of delight. Their women, melting with solicitous shyness or urbane and upstanding as Juno, will stand a little removed, for fear of nothing, however, but that they may not be wanted. The Sinhalese gentlemen—for we have here the Norman blood of Ceylon—perform the offices of rural magistrate, land inspectors, and the like. Their chief, a man of ancient lineage, is attached to the staff of that benevolent autocrat, the British Governor. One and all, they inhabit cool, snow-white houses, often with a little temple or "dagaba" peeping over the hedge, glorious with the radiant blooms of the *hybiscus*, which shuts in the home-garden. One and all, the Sinhalese bind up their long tresses with high tortoise-shell combs, often of beautiful design. Nearly all profess the gentle, philosophic tenets of Buddhism. It is administered by hordes of shaven, saffron-robed priests in innumerable little shrines,

which, but for a guide, might remain altogether undiscovered by the visitor. Under huge overhanging rocks, in deeply-cleft chasms, on mountain-tops, in the niches of precipices, lurk for the most part the brooding images and altars spread with flowers: very abodes of calm and of kindness, for nowhere is the weary traveller more certain of a seat, a draught, or even, as I have experienced, a cigar, than in the bare apartment of the officiating priest. It is a lovely religion; could not many a tossing Western soul find *some* rest in a faith which holds by "right faith, right resolve, right speech, right action, right living, right effort, right recollectedness, and right meditation,"¹ which worships flowers and fine views, which so venerates the life given by God that it will slay not even the dangerous snake or bothering mosquito, and will, on certain days of the year, spend much money in buying up and returning to the sea such miseries as the trade turtles, which lie on their backs in the sun, gasping and groaning like dying men for many awful days, awaiting the death which is not allowed to come too soon for fear of wasting them (a horrible sight, the one evil memory of Ceylon; have the authorities no eyes for that unspeakable torture-shed on the Jaffna beach?).

The Tamils, the second great native division of Ceylon, are younger in the ownership of the island by some fifteen

centuries than the Sinhalese, whom, after a thousand years of struggle, they finally overcame about the year 1215, only to share the land with them from that day to this. Even now they scarcely belong to the place, or the place to them, being largely migrants from Southern India in search of work and the filling of that little bag of rupees which sends most Hindoos back to their villages as leisured capitalists. They compose, however, at least half the population, and Ceylon could ill spare the somewhat surly industry of the common sort, and the business aptitude of the better class amongst them. Taken as a whole, they are men of coarser mould, both physically and intellectually, than their Sinhalese co-partners. Their religion alone, the noisy, tawdry, gloomy, Hindoo Golly-Woggism, almost precludes the urbanity and outward refinement of the spreaders of blossoms and dreamers over vistas. Mostly they are "on the make"; to indicate to the Londoner their precise *milieu*, we would say in a fanciful sentence that they are to the Sinhalese as the dwellers in Edgware Road to those in Cheyne Walk, more valuable but less inspiring. The subsection of the Tamil race which inhabit the northern province of the island, and are known as Jaffna Tamils, so little resemble their brethren that it is hard to believe that they are, if they are, ethno-

¹ Clause 4 of the Buddhist faith.

logically related. Here we have eager, enlightened agriculture, business, and finance on a large scale, perpetual residentship, and the clear-cut features, the learned brow, and the equable deportment of a British judge. Rather than Tamils, the men of Jaffna resemble the Moormen, a small and interesting sect some 300,000 strong, dropped here somehow and somewhen, no one precisely knows, from Egyptian or Arabian shores. Here again are the outward marks of a soul above buttons, dignity and quietness of bearing, keen and scrupulous business habits, the suggestion of vast sums stored away in some secret *câche* (few well-clad natives but carry this myth about with them), the whole surmounted by the tarboosh of Cairo and Alexandria. They are the only Mahommedans in Ceylon, if we except the Afghan traders and money-lenders, who, gigantic and splendidly accoutred, stalk and stare and swagger like Life-Guardsmen in a London mob through the half-fearful admiration of the bazaar. They have not too good a reputation, these mountain swashbucklers, but they are mighty handsome, and in this land of slight and servient figures give a refreshing assurance of the glory of the beast of prey called man.

If the stranger's general impression of the natives of Ceylon is one of unmitigated charm, so courteous, compliant, and peaceful do they appear after the more rugged proletariat

of western lands, it does not do to overdo this admiration. There is something behind the indulgent smile with which the resident planter is apt to answer the traveller's too expansive eulogy of the bazaar. Ladies especially are prone to forget that polish which is thin enough on a British peer is not likely to be bottomless on the children of nature, and of this we witnessed an amusing instance. In a small hotel up-country was a Tamil waiter of such delightful manners, of such immaculate cleanliness, that all hearts were his on sight, and the place resounded with his praises. Particularly captivated was a wealthy old lady, who announced her intention of taking him "home," to show the rest of her establishment how graceful and gracious domestic servitude may be made. One day we were all standing on the verandah when a Hindoo religious procession hove in sight, with all the bounding, screaming *abandon* peculiar to such functions. Amongst the following leaped a form noticeable even in that crazy throng for its antics, for the gaudiness of its paint, for the bitterness of its yell, and the indecency of its gestures. It was our waiter, with the shackles off. He was very nearly naked, he was wholly drunk, but, awful to relate, neither too drunk nor in his opinion too naked to recognise and uproariously greet at close quarters his patroness standing trembling with horror and indignation in the forefront of the spectators.

"Home" is still without that snowy linen and those deft brown fingers, and in one old lady's eyes at least the delinquencies of John Thomas and Mary Jane bear a chastened hue.

On the fringe of these clearly-defined native sects hovers a confused crowd of brown men who have blurred their frontiers by embracing the faiths of the West. Amongst these Roman Catholics largely preponderated; indeed, it is amazing to find with how strong a grip Rome—largely, it is said, by astute finance—holds no small and an increasing proportion of the town-bred native populations, hoping, no doubt, thus to call in the East to redress her wobbling balance in the West. She has every prospect of a heavy crop. Men who possess little self-reliance, who are a prey to foreboding and prone to imagery without imagination, are ripe for that beautiful unfailing machinery of salvation which in the Church of Rome so well takes the place of inherent life as to render her apparently immortal. Needless to say that with natives it is the machine itself rather than any occult motive-power which attracts and holds. No need here to demand an oath against Modernism. The Vaticanic Syllabus of 1864 and the Ecumenical Definition of 1870 are the engines of redemption, and the brown Pereiras and Fernandes contemplate their terrific processes with lazy reliance, as passengers on an ocean liner smile on the mighty cranks and pistons

which propel them infallibly yet unintelligibly into the haven where they would be.

Outside all the above, whether over or below them is a puzzle, yet rigorously outside them, floats an indeterminate *mélange* of half-breeds of all shades of colour, of all proportions of blood, and of all grades of intelligence and value. Always the great solecism of the East, the Eurasians are here certainly less cold-shouldered than usual by the two parties to their creation, though the visitor may be pardoned his first surprise at the honourable title of "Burgher" by which they alone are distinguished amongst the races of Ceylon. The capacities and limitations of such mixtures are too well known to need description. Let it suffice to say that if their share in the work of the country is a minor one, it is faithfully performed, with a cheerful humility very striking when it is considered how utterly impossible it would be for railway, office, bank, and shop to get on without them. As in blood so in labour, they form the coupling between the dynamic energy of the white and his inert train of natives; they are the transmitters of propulsion, and there is no need to smile because they occasionally assume the smart paint and shining brass of their mighty protagonist. There is something infinitely pathetic in the yearnings of the fruit of Jupiter's forgotten frolics amongst the nymphs on the golden beach. There is much that is infinitely honourable in

the eager retention of the shred of divinity beneath the very shadow of Olympus.

Finally we come to the British inhabitants of Ceylon. Broadly, they may be catalogued under the single heading—Planters,—planters of tea, of rubber, of cocoa, cocoanuts, pepper, and cardamuums, resident to a man in embowered bungalows on windy peak or in torrid gorge, according to their occupations. There are a few other Europeans—bankers, agents, merchants, and the like, but they subsist on or for the planter, as does also a vast proportion of the native races of the island. Taken together, the white population is to the coloured as about 1 in 700, and no colony similarly composed boasts a kernel more hardy and productive. Nor, it may be surmised, one more happy. All the world over, the Briton is a note of unrest, often the only one, with his unsleeping searching of soul, his mingled ambition and pessimism, his tormenting sense of duty—his religion of work and his goading loyalty to his employers waging unceasing war with his love of ease. Life is never an easy thing to him, but surely in Ceylon it is as pleasant as it can ever be. Can even balance-sheets, refractory machinery, labour troubles, or politics disturb the peace of the groves, where dividends hang in unctuous clusters upon the feathered masts of the palm-trees, or of the aromatic hillsides where from the thin green rubber-trees money, in the shape of a lily-white cream, oozes stickily

down little criss-crossed grooves, to be presently coagulated into the "biscuit" as flat and golden as a buckwheat cake? Can even the smallest imp of care find room on the broad shoulders of the tea-planter, as he saunters or rides out in the cool dawn of the uplands to watch the harvesting of the most beautiful of the productive plants of the earth? In long rows, covering hundreds or thousands of acres, grow the little shrubs; across hill and dale, at the edge of the precipice, over the knobbly hillock, up to the jungled peak, down to the rushing brook they range, with here and there a red-scarred break of earth where a landslip has occurred amongst them, and here and there a ragged acre or two of sticks, stumps, and litter, where a recent pruning has borrowed their prime, to pay it back an hundred-fold in due season. Here and there, too, a flower like the wild rose, but only a few of these; for the blossom is an agricultural defect, and what planter but has had to conceal a scowl when some enthusiastic guest has complimented him upon the beauty of some flowering bush discovered in a morning walk! Another intruder, too, of which the visitor should avoid mention, is a certain weed, *oxalis* to wit, which is apt to flourish so freely and so prettily that it is hard to believe that it is a very Satan in the garden, and conversationally best left alone. All the morning, from dawn until noon, when he returns to the bungalow for

"breakfast," the planter moves slowly amongst his bushes, riding or walking up and down the steeply zigzagged paths which lead about the hilly plantation. He watches the gangs of pluckers, rows of Tamil men and women extended in "open order" athwart the tea, their hands fluttering like dusky moths about the waxen shrubs. So incredibly quick are they, that it is difficult to follow their play amongst the leaves, and still more difficult to believe that only a particular atom from each twig is being nipped off by fingers which seem guided by instinct rather than by the agate eyes which rove curiously and often roguishly about when the visitor stands gaping in the neighbourhood. Surely these are the most picturesque labourers in existence. How Millet would have marvelled at their briskness, so far from the sombre gloom of the oppressed beings he knew, and at their colouring of rippling bronze, the men often shrouded like Franciscans for the sake of shade beneath russet sacks or stained linen, the women all a-sparkle with gilded ornaments stuck amongst their shining manes, into their dravidian noses, rolled around their burning arms and ankles. And how his brother of Barbizon, Corot, would have loved the shimmering grevillea trees planted in tall fences of trembling green to keep the wind off the more exposed picking-grounds; and how Constable would have worshipped the morning sky

mantling cumulosly above the grey whiffs of mist which rush down the hollows from nowhere; and how, when the pluckers troop off at length, each with his or her basket piled high with fragrant tea-leaves, to the little châtlet-like "factory" where the tea is made,—how the "little Jew-like man," Turner, would have stood motionless, like a beetle on a path, beneath the flaming sunset sky, praying for some pigments, were they but a few, from the palette of Almighty God, so that he might ease the agony of colour racking his "little red, unhealthy eyes." Then the planter, too, returns in the dusk to his homestead. The lamps are lighted one by one, the hum of the tropical night begins to swell out in the gathering darkness, strange and wonderful scents from awakened blooms waft into the verandah, the fire-flies crowd in glimmering constellations around the tops of the garden trees. The beauty of Ceylon's night replaces the glories of her day, and once more we are conscious of one of the most beautiful things on earth. It must be hard, you would think, to bid good-bye for ever to such scenes. But there seems an increasing tendency for men to abandon the traditional lifelong residentship of the old brigade, and to fly "home" as soon as a competence has been saved. The homeward-bound ships are full of middle-aged men who have "made a bit" in tea or rubber, and are looking forward to sharing in

that ornamental life of the West of which they have been dreaming day and night ever since they came out as "creepers" twenty years ago. Too often will the fruit be of the Dead Sea. On the top of the steepest mountain in Ceylon¹ is a colossal footmark, deeply imprinted. It is that of Adam's last despairing lurch out of the forfeited Garden. On how many a peaceful plantation may there not be found hidden away amongst the nestling tea-bushes such a footprint of one who once walked in Eden but cast himself out, or more probably, like poor Adam, was cast out by his wife, into Ealing. We can well believe the story of the retired planter who, on seeing a case of tea bearing the well-known factory mark unloaded from a truck in a British railway station, burst into tears.

But the planter has had his troubles, of course, and doubtless Satan is sowing tares more busily than of all amongst his Elysian fields. Already has the fetid odour of "democracy" begun to waft over the ocean from the social pest-houses west of Suez, and it will kill the East as surely as the West, and in half the time. There is talk of—nay, legislation for—"increased representation" of the natives: it is the gods who have gone mad, not those whom they would destroy; the newspaper wrangling has already begun, the vile touting, known in Britain as "canvassing," must surely

follow, and what then will become of the backbone of the island, the Tamil labour force, a force already prone to misuse what liberty has been accorded it, a backbone entirely flaccid and invertebrate without the backboard of kindly subjection, which has kept the labourers busy, happy, and solvent for a century past?

But these things are, after all, for the future—let the unborn bury their dead. The planter has had a happy life, and well he has deserved and shared it. Integrity and industry have guided his footsteps; hospitality is the gauge of happiness, and his is unbounded. You can stay with him for a fortnight, and he will regret that it is not a month. And standing on one of his hill-tops, where the high jungle, the jealously guarded rain-god of Ceylon, stoops down to greet his child, the tea, you will see the roofs of many far-off factories and bungalows shining like silver rods here and there amongst the gigantic landscape, and under every roof dwells and works a "chap" as "decent" as himself. And if he stands well amongst his fellows, his honour is as high amongst the natives. He can walk down into that heap of blazing pigments, that muddle of fruits, smells, warm bodies and fervid chatter called the "Bazaar," and never an oriental scowl will follow his comings and goings. This is harder to manage than Bays-

¹ Adam's Peak. Ceylon was long thought to be the Garden of Eden.

water may imagine. Ceylon still has its Eves, the apple is lovely and glows close to the hand on every tree, so easy to pluck, so easy to forget the flaming sword athwart the gateway when Paradise shall have been won and lost. They must be not only men, but gentlemen, who go out to raise the fruits of the earth in the doldrums which drowse with blazing days and throbbing nights between the Bible and the Koran; and so have they been.

But Ceylon belongs not to the riding-breeched, sun-hatted planter, the gliding Tamil, or the mercantile Moorman, not indeed to the bustling, prosperous present at all, but to a glorious race and age which have long vanished like the tropical sun behind the hill, leaving as a faint afterglow the drowsing Sinhalese community of to-day.

Nearly three thousand years ago, when Britain was thinly peopled with savages, a nation ten million strong, the almost primeval Veddas even then lost in their midst, was already deeply rooted in the island, and had rendered her one of the most resplendent of earthly kingdoms. These were Aryans, come from north-central Hindostan, bringing with them the old Brahman faith. Although their early magnificence is obscured in the mists and myths of the sunrise of history, when it does appear it is in such full and certain splendour that it must long have been high in the heavens. About the year 300 B.C. Buddhism,

the invention of the Sakyan ascetic Gotama, was kindled in Ceylon by Māhinda, the missionary Prince of Maghada, he whose bed of rock, overlooking an ocean of sunlit jungle, is still pointed out near the top of the wondrous, haunted mountain of Mehintale. The gentle melancholy of the new faith, its gospel of the divinity of extinction, of the apotheosis of eternal slumber, made an irresistible appeal to a people overpowered by the very luxury of existence. Instantly so great a flame rushed through the swarming island that she presently outshone all the bright galaxy of eastern kingdoms. For fifteen hundred years the portent blazed in the Indian Ocean, the envy of neighbouring Hindostan, the subject of dreams and awestruck whispers in the untravelled West, where men, hearing vaguely of acres of palaces and tons of precious stones, still were told but the half of her riches. And still, pale and faint, in wan ruin, in mouldering tank, in the now ragged hills of brick called "*dagabas*," the magnificence of ancient Lanka, surviving the impious breath of Tamils, Dutch, and Portuguese, flickers on in the midst of the electric light of a British occupation.

It requires an imagination of the John Martin calibre to picture the aspect of Ceylon at the height of the Sinhalese and Buddhist power. In some respects old Egypt had nothing to show comparable to the superb display of labour and art which glorified the land. Over all the country, where

now is often an unbroken mass of densest jungle, spread smiling fields and gardens, watered, even in times of drought, from the innumerable artificial tanks which covered the island with a network of inexhaustible lakes. Most of these reservoirs still exist. They strike us dumb both by their present beauty and by the colossal conception, the daring, the skill, and the almost supernatural industry of the engineers who devised them. Ceylon is, and evidently always has been, a region whose rainfall may paradoxically be described as regularly spasmodic. The showers fall between certain dates, but then intermittently and in torrential volume, so that the water, if uncontrolled, would run to waste in the rainy season whilst being, of course, entirely absent in the dry. The modern miracle-workers of the Nile, of Lake Vyrnwy, and of Chingford, have harnessed Nature less wonderfully than the contractors of old Ceylon. Scarcely a district, scarcely even a village, though set in the flattest and driest tracts of the island, but has been provided with its own catchment basin, whither every trickle within miles has been led for storage by every device except machinery. There are literally thousands of these tanks, ranging from twenty miles in circumference to a few acres in extent. To construct such basins entailed almost inconceivable labour. To contain the outfall vast dams or *bunds* stride across

valley and hollow, or boldly mould the featureless campaign into gigantic dishes of stone and earth. One of these dykes is eleven miles long, built up of granite bricks each twelve feet in length. There are very many of half this span, whilst those of two or three miles are numberless. The causeways vary in height from ten to thirty feet, in width from thirty to three hundred. Many of them carry broad highroads, now flanked with old forest trees; none but would carry an army marching "in fours." Overgrown as most of them now are with verdure, the dykes often appear as natural slopes in the midst of the jungle, and the parched traveller or hunter, suddenly topping the crest in the course of his march, wonders if he is the discoverer of the lovely lake which dances before his delighted eye. When rain has filled the basin splendid trees closely shut in the mirror, many of them standing trunk-deep in the water, which often invades hundreds of yards of jungle. But when the water is low, a lawn of brilliant grass, edged by a belt of rushes on the water-side, intervenes between forest and lake, like the bright "slip" on the inner margin of a dark picture-frame. The lesser tanks all but dry up in the hot season, leaving a welter of aromatic sludge in which the buffaloes love to souse their leathery sides, leaving often nothing but their beetle-browed countenances above the smoking ooze.

A Ceylon tank seems always asleep, yet always teems with life. At dawn, a host of living things steal around it in the melting mist, as diaphanous and noiseless as phantoms in a dream. In the blazing stillness of noon, the pelicans and other fowl float motionless in little fleets; should a bird take wing occasionally, it soon droops again, as if overcome by the drowsy vapours from the lotus, which loads the surface with starry cups of dazzling whiteness, or more glorious still of a pink like the flush of morning. This is the signal for the crocodile or "mugger," who has lain like a half-submerged snag, his bulbous occiputs and a knob or two of his gnarled back alone showing above the shimmering surface. Stealthily he oars himself, just awash, through the greeny water: there is an oily swirl, a brief flapping, a croaking gulp, and the bird is gone. The mugger retreats to the rushes to digest, there to lie, his pulpy belly palpitating, his eyes half closed in revolting ecstasy, uttering an occasional hoarse sigh, or metallic champ as his gaping lower jaw shuts to the other with the clang of a steel trap. Well do the natives call him "Sin," and indeed he is ugly, strong, and abundant in pleasant places. Close to his lair, little companies of cotton-teal hold chattering colloquy in the sodden shade of the rushes, rising every now and then to take brief and aimless flights, like the flutterings of pieces of black and white paper, up and down the margin. There, between the

trunks of the outer forest, looms a vast slaty bulk, which weaves slowly to and fro, like the shadow of a sail. It is my lord the elephant, awaiting the hour of the bath. Sometimes, when it is very hot and the tank utterly secluded, he will lie all day flat on his side in an overhung shallow, showing only the immense curve of his barrel above the water, and the tip of his trunk, which at intervals curls over to discharge a refreshing jet across his baking ribs. So lying, an elephant appears to be not only dead, but at the bloated stage of death; and great is the astonishment of the investigator when the recumbent mass blunders up in a turmoil of muddied waves, and rushes for the jungle with ear-splitting trumpetings which no horse but Job's has ever been able to endure. The elephant is common in Ceylon, and becoming more common, both on account of the restrictions imposed on hunting him and because he rarely carries "ivory" good enough to make him worth pursuing either for profit or trophy. Indeed, the poor giant is rather a defendant for whom, we confess, we scarcely know how to plead. On the one hand is the undoubted injury he is wont to commit on the hard-won crops of the villagers, who from lofty platforms amongst the tree-tops watch apprehensively for him like Cossack scouts. On the other side lie all the arguments of his own most grand and pathetic presence. All the wisdom of all sages, all the nobil-

ity of all noblemen, all the benignity and fury of the weather itself, seem to be united in that elemental bulk. Strangely enough, no beast in the world, our good dog himself not excepted, inspires so much sympathy and pity in misfortune as this huge, grave creature, the child of geological strata long hidden below the mountains, the brother of strange beasts whose gibberings and flappings on the earth were never heard, even by Adam. In captivity he is much used for bridge-building, dam construction, road-making, and the like; and how he bends his vast back and curls his terrific quarters into great curves as he strains at enormous boulders, already squared by the mason as they lay in the river-bed, hoisting them with a trunk which seems about to burst with the effort, then hitching them by a coil of ragged hemp over a tooth within his dripping jaw, to roll away with his burden to its appointed spot. Arrived there, his skill is as marvellous as his patience. Pat by pat with mighty forefoot, nudge by nudge with colossal forehead, worn bare by much such labour, the half-ton rock is humoured precisely into its place, until four-square and firm it stands a six-foot brick in the pier which will laugh at the torrent soon to thunder down the steep ravine.

This he will do alone, with no instructing rider on his neck, the lazy *mahout* perhaps amusing himself and his charge with sad little tunes dreed in

some shady corner from precisely the same reed-pipe,—like a pair of splayed penny-whistles joined to one mouthpiece,—as may be seen in ancient bas-reliefs of the Fauns. There is much virtue in this instrument. Sometimes when the boulder is too big, the day too hot, and the work too long, the elephant will pause ominously, his ears slightly cocked, his little eye looking at nothing; mutiny is nigh. Now, instead of the rock at his foot, a trunkful of water is defiantly sucked up and blasted forth again, or a bunch of cardamums wrenched from the bank with an angry tear. The *mahout's* drowsy eye changes in a moment, he checks his sharp words of command, and warily looking out under his brows draws forth the little flute from his clothing. Up in a gorge of the Kandyan Hills I came suddenly upon just such a scene, attracted thither by a low piping which I thought must surely lead me to Pan himself. So intense was the chiaroscuro as the blazing sunshine splintered down into the dark, overhung watercourse, that at first nothing was discernible; but against the shade of a wall of dripping rock was at length relieved the form of a great working elephant. He stood in sullen dejection, as immovable as a liner with its fires out, above a rock already roped for portage. Across his drooping neck, leaning back to keep his balance against the angle, straddled the anxious *mahout*, crooning primeval melodies to the venerable beast beneath

him. For ten minutes nothing occurred but this; then the spell prevailed; slowly the limp trunk stiffened around the burden, the boulder rose into the air as if slung on a derrick, and soon the mass went padding up-stream on its four thick pillars, and the trouble was over.

The method of capturing elephants in Ceylon is painfully wasteful and cruel. It consists in driving the inhabitants of many square miles of jungle into the staked enclosure known all the world over as a corral or kraal. The multitudinous beaters are armed with guns, and if, as is usually the case, the driving is unskilfully and timidly performed, there is so constant a fusillade "in self defence" that very few of the frantic animals escape dreadful wounds. Fearful scenes are enacted also in the welter of the kraal itself, so that of the elephants actually entrapped very few survive, whilst a great proportion of those who have made their escape rush off to die or drag out a maimed existence in the jungle.

But Nature herself is sometimes little less cruel than man to this the grandest, the most lovable, and the senior of her sons. She sends him mad when he is in love, a dangerous, rushing savage, to meet whom is death. Furthermore, she torments him through the proudest of her gifts, namely, his tusches, which, though they do not grow to any great size in the Ceylon species, nevertheless are large enough to contain atrocious

agony when rotting with disease. Imagine two feet of raging toothache! The poor giant becomes again a furious maniac under the torture. Hunters have told me how they have seen him trying to cool his flaming jaws against the muddy banks of the creeks. The word goes forth that a "rogue" is afoot; it is advertised in the papers, and it becomes a duty to destroy him; but even this is both difficult and dangerous to accomplish, for the great brute's vital spots are tiny targets; he is as reckless, cunning, and vindictive as a human lunatic, and either he or his pursuer must die a dreadful death before the sun sets.

But it is time to return to the tank, over which by this time night and a pillar of moonlight have fallen together. The fowl, which have slumbered in mid-lake all day, have paddled ashore and are busy feeding, the subdued gurgling of their myriad throats rising to a liquid purr. The united voices of the frogs hum and throb for hours with a deep tremolo, like that of the monotone which rolls from the village church when the organ is being tested. A semitone higher rises the chant of countless insects, with the penetrating whirl of distant machinery. The sound is almost painful in its sustained intensity, it permeates the ground and air, the dominant noise of the night, yet both it and the rattle of the frogs somehow actually create instead of dissipate silence. So deadly still it

seems that the faint wail of a leopard hunting miles away makes the listener start. It reminds us of the days when, the only waking member of a dormitory-full of small boys at a school near a garrison town, we used to listen with an unaccountable shiver to the bugle call—"lights out"—ringing across the dark country from the distant barracks. But there are leopards much nearer than this. There is one crouching flat at the edge of the jungle, watching for what may cross the half-illuminated flat of grass outside, the extreme tip of his tail flipping rapidly to and fro, the only moving muscle of all the tense bundle tied up in his dynamic body. Another, his head sunk deep between his brawny forelegs, is drinking at a creek which carries the recumbent moonlight deep into the forest. A bear, which had been making for the same spot, stands hunched up in the shadow gazing sulkily at his supplanter. He is a fierce little fellow, this Ceylon bear, almost the only one of his genus known to attack man without provocation, and it is not fear which keeps him from ousting the spotted cat. Were water scarce, confined as it is often in the dry season to a few scattered holes, the order of precedence might be reversed.

Many of these ancient tanks still perform their original function of irrigation, though on a scale much reduced from that for which they were designed. The Inspector of Tanks is an important official of the Civil Service, and he looks for

his workmen to the villages, each of which is required to contribute the labour necessary to keep in repair the reservoir which serves its own rice-fields. But many have fallen into disuse; agriculturally, as in every other way, the modern Sinhalese are but dim shadows of their former selves.

Vast sheets of water have now no more to do than could be well performed by trivial ponds, whilst hidden away in dense thickets which once were flourishing arable, hundreds of idle tanks have no longer any excuse for their existence but their own exquisite beauty. Some, replaying like a dying man the acts of their youth, flood through broken *bund* and sluice the unprofitable jungle, whilst many, fallen still further from their high estate, have run all but dry. But dry or brimming, large or small, the irrigation tanks of the ancient Sinhalese remain a wonder of the world. Nor are they the only miracle left from the hands of this vanished people. At Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa are to be seen thousands of acres covered with ruins of indescribable beauty and interest. Those of the first-named place date from the dawn of Buddhism in Ceylon, and are therefore about 2200 years old, those of the latter a thousand years less. Waning space fills us with regret at the impossibility of even outlining their magnificence. At Anuradhapura the mere beginnings of excavation—for the work is both expensive and difficult—have revealed a

sacred city twenty miles square, the nucleus of a vast capital whose suburbs must long lie hidden in the dense jungle which twenty centuries have piled high upon their skeletons. Forests of slender pillars, cut from a single stone, their capitals as exquisitely carved as those of a Gothic nave or chapter-house, start up in every direction. One temple alone has sixteen hundred such monoliths, all that remain of a building of nine hundred apartments which blazed with "cornices embellished with gems . . . tinkling festoons of gold and pearls . . . suspended bunches of flowers made of various gems,"¹ and a roof of brazen tiles. Smaller clusters of pillars are visible in every vista of the partially-cleared jungle, and ravishing is the harmony of their proportions with the surrounding trees, and of their pearly grey with the carpet of green velvet from which they spring. Between the groups lie enormous sunken baths, terraced to the bottom in finely-moulded steps. Great monolithic cisterns, massive tablets and stelæ, altars and images, all miraculously carved, lie about on every side: the place is a waste-heap of sculptured stone, of precious works of art. Here and there is a flight of steps in perfect condition, its guardstones, balustrades, and the faces of the treads all gems of workmanship, springing from the semi-

circular moonstone adorned with six or more consecutive bands of relieve of immaculate handling. The centuries have dealt kindly with these venerable masterpieces. The relief and undercutting are as sharp as the day they were chiselled; and they and all the wonders around leave us marvelling both at the tremendous age of fine art, and at the folly of those who prate of "progress" in a human gift which knows no steady advance, but rises and falls like the temperature of a fevered creature, which in sooth it is.

But the most astounding of all the wealth of relics are the stupendous *dagabas*, or bell-shaped shrines, which heave their august domes above the laked and wooded plain. Beside these, as first constructed, the pyramids of Egypt must take second place for immensity of labour and grandeur of appearance. Great feats, like great pictures, are best portrayed in the simplest colours, the baldest words and figures. Conceive, then, a mound of *solid* red brick 405 feet high, with a diameter of 360 feet, and a base of 8 acres in extent, resting on a square plinth of vast dimensions. Such is, or was before Time and the devastating Tamil sheared it somewhat, the Abhayagiriya Dagaba, and there are three others at Anuradhapura of little less dimensions. Their foundations lie one hundred feet deep, "composed of layers of crystallised stone and

¹ From the '*Mahawansa*' or manuscript records of Ceylon, still perfectly preserved. Quoted from Mr H. W. Cave's '*The Book of Ceylon*,' a fascinating volume absolutely indispensable to the visitor to the island.

plates of iron and copper alternately placed and cemented." One is supposed to hide a plate of brass eight inches thick and a plate of silver seven inches thick, entirely covering the foundations like a deck of metal. Their capacity averages some twenty millions of cubic feet apiece, and each contains enough bricks to build 8000 houses of 20 feet frontage, the complement of thirty streets half a mile long, the lining of a railway tunnel twenty miles in length, the total contents of a large town. So computes the statistician,¹ who would belie his frigid trade did he not consider these *dagabas* as a "waste and misapplication of labour." We accept his sums, but not his summary. There is a kingly majesty of bulk and a queenly majesty of proportion, and when the twain are married, as in these grandiose monuments, utility is no child of theirs. Rather, it should be said, is the profoundest of all utilities their indestructible offspring, the uses of beauty, of veneration, of enjoyment to any who have eyes to see the grandeur of gigantic labour expended not for cash but faith. For these mountains of rosy brick are religious reliquaries. Each has its secret heart, a little treasure-chamber buried so deeply in the centre of a myriad tons of masonry that the destroying Tamils were unable

to reach them. Though their frantic fingers tore for centuries at the walls, they could only reduce parts of the swelling domes to irregular cones: then they and not the guardian walls were worn out. It is difficult for the brutal westerner not to sympathise with them when he reads of the ineffable beauties sleeping beneath the bricks! Imbedded in the centre of the Ruanweli Dagaba, for instance, lies almost for certain "an exquisitely beautiful bo-tree² in precious metals . . . the root of coral, fixed in an emerald ground . . . the stem of fine silver, the leaves glittered with gems. The *faded* leaves were of gold; its fruit and tender leaves were of coral." The mere description is a poem; Keats himself would have wept for that "faded leaf" conception. But there is more. There is a canopy above the tree "fringed with a gold border tinkling with pearls . . . with bunches of pearls at the four corners. At the foot of the bo-tree were arranged rows of vases filled with the various flowers represented in jewellery." Spirits of Bond Street and Rue de la Paix, what would ye not give for such glories behind your plate-glass windows!

Polonnaruwa falls little behind Anuradhapura except for a thousand years less of age. It is still older than our oldest cathedral, and its buildings, of

¹ Sir Emerson Tennent. Quoted from Mr Cave's 'The Book of Ceylon.'

² The sacred tree of Buddhism, the original of which still grows within its own temple in Anuradhapura. The quotations are from Mr Cave's references to the Mahawaussa, the singularly complete and accurate record of the ancient Sinhalese.

which many remain in fair condition, are majestic in the extreme. Here, too, are vast *dagabas* and endless columns; but the specialities of the place are perhaps, first, the massive temples, with more Hindoo ornamentation about them than the purer elegancies of Anuradhapura; secondly, the huge statues which, upright, recumbent, or carved in relief upon rock-faces, commemorate the gentle gods and mighty monarchs of the Sinhalese.

Space fails, and how little has been told of the most fascinating facet of this jewel of Asia, her resplendent past. What of Mehintale mountain, thronged with temples, with inscriptions, altars, hermits, pilgrims, and blossoming sacred trees, to be reached by eighteen hundred and forty wide stone steps out out of its steep side from top to bottom? What of the Isurumuniya Temple near Anuradhapura, the Aluwihare Temple near Matale, the vast religious caverns at Dambulla, all hewn bodily out of the basalt cliffs, incredibly

gloomy and grand, the strong-rooms of a faith? What of Sigiri, that terrific rock, leaping like an explosion from the plain beside an idle tank, its perpendicular sides scored with the heliacal coils of the most marvellous ascending gallery ever devised, its buttresses riddled with baths, temples, and retreats, its top strewn with the ruins of a palace,—all the litter of a mighty monarch, who vainly hoped that conscience herself could not follow him to this, the most inaccessible stronghold on earth? What of the lordly fanes at Galmaduwa, at Degaldoruwa, types of hundreds of all dimensions which nestle all over the island, incredibly secret and old, yet in full use by the worshippers of to-day? Hundreds more still lie deep under the earth itself, the roots of the forest gripping their masonry. There is more yet to discover than is already in the light in Ceylon, a land twice blest in the riches of her youth and age.

THE TWYMANS.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHATEVER Percy might think of his claim, it was not in his nature to pursue it half-heartedly, so long as he pursued it at all. On the first morning of the Easter Vacation he made straight for London, and the working day was still only beginning when he knocked at the door of Mr Mundy's chambers in Westminster. "Can you tell me," he asked as he shook his guardian's hand, "how I ought to approach these Heralds? I don't even know where the College of Arms is."

Mr Mundy retained his grasp, and tapped with his left hand on Percy's arm. "It is you who ought to tell me that," he replied. "I hardly know the difference between lions and kittens, you know."

Percy well remembered the scene of that first antagonism—he had remembered it many times in past years. But now the recollection brought none of the old uncomfortable feeling: he differed from Mr Mundy in that taste, he was about to differ from him more strongly upon a more practical matter, but he knew that their friendship would none the less remain unbroken, and even unruffled. In these thirteen years he had had time to study his guardian; instinctively at first and then more consciously, he

had perceived that the difference between their views of life was deeper than a mere question of preferences, and finally that it was not a complete difference after all, since there was within himself a whole range of feelings and ideas very like those against which he had in old days contended. Mr Mundy had ceased to be an enemy; he had become, so far as his philosophy was concerned, merely a rather unmanageable part of Percy's own mind: the man himself remained outside, genial, humorous, and quiet, with a mountainous calm that was very refreshing to one of Percy's quick, irritable temperament. But now Mr Mundy, having made his little score, turned to a bookcase, and with appropriate slowness took out a ponderous red Directory. "Queen Victoria Street," he said. "If you will allow me, I think I will go there with you. I can give an order in Fleet Street as we pass."

Percy was familiar with London, for he had been a member of Lincoln's Inn this year or more, and had wasted much time in eating dinners there. But as a town he did not yet like it: the architecture—a mixture, he thought, of the sordidly grandiose and the mechanically decorated—did

not compare well with that of Oxford. Fleet Street, Ludgate Circus, Queen Victoria Street itself, all oppressed him: only the black and grey beauty of Wren's churches from time to time lifted the weight for a moment as he passed them,— words of a language that he could understand, in the midst of much alien gibberish. Then came a welcome surprise. In a little courtyard of its own, standing well back between two huge meaningless blocks of building, he saw a low red house with a balustrade and double flight of steps in front of it. Fitness, proportion, dignity—it had every quality that was lacking in its neighbours. So plain was the rebuke it implied that Percy, as he jumped from the hansom, found himself wondering how much longer the creators of this world of giant warehouses would refrain from crushing it out of existence.

"Shall I go first?" he asked, and took ten steps in three bounds: at the top a porter held open one of the doors, and answered his inquiry for Rouge Rose.

"Mr Wilbraham—yes, sir; this way, if you please."

The bathos of the fall from "Rouge Rose Pursuivant" to plain "Mr" was partly atoned for by the venerable appearance of the hall which the visitors were now crossing. It was fitted with a high seat and barriers as a Court of Chivalry, and on the walls and cornice were the shields of all the Heralds and Pursuivants of the College for more than two

hundred years past. With these Percy would have loved to linger, but Mr Mundy was already following the porter out of another door and up a sombre staircase, exactly like the typical Oxford college staircase. The painted tinplate with Mr Wilbraham's name over his door increased the resemblance, and therefore seemed appropriate, though Percy was again disappointed by the absence of the more picturesque title.

Inside the room, when they were ushered into it, there was still nothing to lessen this disappointment. Mr Wilbraham at his knee-hole table might have been a solicitor of the most ordinary kind, a courteous man of the world with a business-like manner and an air of being entirely at the disposal of his clients for a strictly limited space of time. He understood Percy's position already, and assured him that the Twyman pedigree, by Sir William's order, had been recently completed, and was in the library ready for his inspection and signature. He then led his visitors back across the hall, through an ante-chamber, and into the library on the far side of it. This was a room entirely to Percy's mind, hushed and reposeful, with dark shelves on which stood none but huge and venerable tomes. Even the catalogue, as he soon afterwards discovered, was in manuscript on vellum, and seemed to contain no recent entries: anything new, it appeared, would be out of place here—he felt out of place him-

self, as a creature of to-day, and had to recall the generations of dead and buried Twymans to warrant him no mere intruder.

They were more numerous, these ancestors, than he had expected: they covered pages in the broad heavy volume which was laid upon the desk before him. He was invited to criticise only the entries relating to his own generation and the two before it, which were not yet entered, but all the rest were of course open for his information, and he set himself to go through the whole pedigree from the beginning. But the work was not very enlivening: it required more active imagination than he could bring to bear at the moment, to give any human interest to these names and dates, tabulated in rigid and uniform script, like epitaphs on a cold, bare chapel wall. Very soon, though he continued to peruse them mechanically, he found himself listening to a conversation between his guardian and Mr Wilbraham, the only other occupant of the library having vanished noiselessly.

"Thank you," Mr Mundy was saying, "there certainly are questions which occur to me, but I'm not quite sure how far I could put them without seeming rude. You see, I am what is called a man of science—what I call a practical man—and my questions would be practical, scientific. I always want to understand the purpose of anything, the function it is intended to perform."

"Certainly," replied Mr Wilbraham. "Well, our records have a legal value, and a scientific value too: they might be useful in a lawsuit about land—the sort of case you have come about—or in writing a work on heredity. But I must tell you candidly that I don't regard either of those uses as our justification. We exist for the sake of family pride. So far as it is a natural feeling we supply its demands; so far as it is a cultivated one we . . . well, we cultivate it."

Mr Mundy laughed quietly, but with unmistakable enjoyment. "I admire your frankness," he said, "but I confess that I am astonished. I did not know that any institution, except the churches, claimed to exist only for the sake of a sentiment."

Mr Wilbraham was evidently amused and attracted in his turn. He leaned back against the desk, rumpled his black hair, and otherwise relaxed his professional correctness.

"A sentiment!" he echoed. "Why not say a vice at once? But in the name of science, what better reason for existence could we have? The State is only a federation of families: the qualities of a nation are only the qualities of the families composing it. That's the scientist's belief as well as mine, isn't it? Then why ridicule it as a sentiment?"

"No," replied Mr Mundy; "I won't ridicule any belief—not even my own. When I said 'sentiment' I was thinking not of your belief in genealogy but of your—forgive me—your

heraldic pomps and vanities. Isn't it a large part of your business here to indulge that pride, that rather primitive family feeling—to cultivate it, as you say—by the use of bright colours and exclusive little personal devices?"

"Certainly, certainly, certainly; I admit it all. That is the part of my business that I enjoy most. For twenty reasons: but this is the one for you. Only you must let me use my own terms—for instance, what you call primitive I call fundamental. Now! Every family, I take it, is the contributor of a unique element to the world of human society—an element which it always has given and goes on giving again and again in successive generations. Is that not scientific? Very well; we attach to that element a label, a practical scientific label, which we call a surname. Many of us—a large proportion of mankind—like to have a pictorial symbol too, an exclusive personal symbol for this exclusive personal element. Some of us call the symbol a coat-of-arms, others call it a totem, and so on. These—like all symbols—have been observed to possess a curious power over the human mind. There must be a science of symbols. There would be, there would have been, long before this, only the Church of Science shrinks from such modernism. She is afraid, like other churches, that free investigation might produce results fatal to some of her most valued axioms. Symbols are

unorthodox, heretical, dangerous—certainly; but primitive! The sea, I believe, is also primitive,—is it any the less deep or less salt or less navigable? You see my point?—I'm rather keen about it."

Mr Mundy was silent for a moment. He had just become aware that Percy was following the discussion, and he saw that Mr Wilbraham's argument might hereafter be turned to account for his own purposes, if not too much damaged in this encounter.

"I belong to no orthodox church," he said, smiling, "so that I need not shrink from your investigations. Heredity is not my subject, and I know nothing about symbols, but I can allow you anything that really tends to preserve the family—even if the colours are rather crude."

The herald laughed again. "Evidently," he replied, "our symbols are not the right kind to influence you."

"Neither yours nor others, I'm afraid," said the engineer, laughing too. "I often say—if you will forgive my punning on my own name—that I am a born Mundy, the antithesis of everything that is Sunday, in which I include symbols and sentiment."

Mr Wilbraham no longer laughed; his eyes expressed a deeper and more humorous satisfaction. "Perfect, perfect, perfect," he said, as if to himself. "A born Mundy! I don't think we need go any further—my frankness was nothing to that."

CHAPTER L.

Mr Mundy, as he sat at lunch with Percy, was still preoccupied with his intention of turning Rouge Rose's doctrines to advantage for his own end. He had been warned by Amelia that Percy was a little difficult just now; that on the one important subject of his own rights he was inclined to take a heretical view—instilled in him, she feared, and certainly fostered, by his perverse uncle Roland. Mr Mundy knew better than that: he had seen enough of Percy to realise that the heresy was a result of the temperament which the commander and he had both inherited from a common source. But he had also reason to hope that there was another side to the boy, another self on which his own influence—being the influence of reason too—might act not less powerfully. He could not believe that the Wisps of imagination would permanently mislead a judgment which had the lantern of common-sense undoubtedly within reach. It was only necessary for the lantern to be trimmed and put into the wanderer's hand. This, he thought, he could do naturally, without the set purpose being apparent; but he felt an unaccustomed nervousness about it, for he was conscious of a certain independence in the boy's tone,—it was courteous and affectionate as ever, but with a new touch of self-confidence, a sense of muscle in the grip. He hesitated, but

Percy gave him one opening after another.

"Yes," he said in reply to one of them, "I liked the College of Arms—there was something very attractive about it. What did you think of your Herald?"

Percy was ready with approval of Mr Wilbraham—his appearance, his manners, his efficiency. "And he was pretty quick on his feet, too, I thought. He got the ball past you rather smartly, didn't he?—when you were talking about symbols?"

Mr Mundy admitted it readily. "He did more than that: he showed me that I had somehow got turned round in the wrong direction. We are on the same side really, he and I,—he's quite scientific about the family. The family—the element he spoke of—is a real thing, a thing of importance. Galton has collected a good deal of evidence to show that it is chiefly in the male line that qualities persist."

The young Oxonian opposite to him was interested. "Quite so," he said keenly, "and they tell us now that that is why the matriarchal system was superseded by the patriarchal. Primitive man seems to have anticipated Galton."

Mr Mundy was startled. The independent tone, it seemed, might be the result of a wider education than he had thought *Literæ Humani-ores* capable of affording. He must not let himself be floated

out on these waters of unknown depth.

"Percy," he said in his most impressive and confidential manner, "when you make a remark like that it comes over me that our relations are changed. You have grown up—about many things you know more than I do, or ever did. I am in some ways only nominally your guardian. It would be nearer the truth to say that you and I are fellow-guardians—co-trustees—of the Twyman inheritance. You see what I mean?"

Percy's keen face coloured with pleasure. "Yes, I see," he replied; "and I think it's a very sound way of putting it. But——"

His fellow-guardian concealed his anxiety in silence, but at last he had to give way. "What does your 'but' lead to?"

"Well, co-trustees ought to understand one another clearly, I should say, without any holding back."

The anxiety became more acute, and it was justified by what followed. "I mean that we ought to agree about what the inheritance is—what the most important part of it is. My mother thinks it is Hampton St George; my uncle Roland thinks it is an ideal or tradition, and a career—nothing material, like land or money. I agree with him—I don't know what your view is."

Mr Mundy realised that his little ambush was destroyed by this straightforward marching, but he admired his adversary for it. "I agree with your

mother," he replied; "and I think perhaps you will, when you consider what her view really means. She doesn't wish you to desire Hampton for itself—she is perfectly unworldly, as you know. But if you are to do the great things she expects of you, you mustn't have to begin at the very beginning. I have always agreed with your uncle Roland, that to get a fortune by a lawsuit was no career for you; but such a fortune may very well be the spring-board of a career. If there is a good point about old families, it is that the later-born take off from the place gained by the earlier generations. The saving of effort is immense—just as in science, Darwin's advance was only made possible by a long line of predecessors. If you throw away your accumulated resources, you can't hope to advance; you are thrown back; your contribution to the world is less weighty, less widely felt. Your own ambitions are political—that's where you will do your best work. You ought not to waste your best years in preliminary money-making."

Percy followed this argument with great seriousness, and his guardian saw that he was getting into touch with allied forces. But his hopes were overthrown by a sudden counter-attack.

"It seems to me," said Percy, "in a private case like mine, more of a game to begin at the beginning and be your own founder."

Mr Mundy was silent—won-

dering how to reason with unreason.

"Then there's another point," Percy went on, "quite a smasher in itself. The spring-board happens to belong to someone else. My mother won't see that."

"You think she is blinded by her affection for you. Very likely she is—she would be. Anyhow, her opinion is not yours. But it isn't really a matter of opinion, personal opinion, is it?—it's a case for judgment, for a balance of considerations. There's no dispute about the facts, but there's a conflict between the literal and the imaginative estimate of them. You are imaginative; you see life as a romance, don't you?"

"I always have," replied Percy, with a glory of retrospect in his smile.

"It doesn't follow that you always will. At present you have only seen it in the distance, in the future. When you come to enter it, you'll find that it is real, and the only way to succeed in it is to take a real view of it, to act on real motives. Your Greeks and Romans were first-rate at that—I should have thought you would have seen their superiority."

"I'm not much of an Aristotelian," said Percy.

"Possibly not," replied Mr Mundy warily. "I was thinking rather of the Romans. I believe we got the best part of our law and social principles from them."

"The Romans," said Percy,—

"they were unromantic certainly; but see what it brought them to—using nightingale's tongues to make entrées! Was that taking a real view?"

"Percy," replied Mr Mundy, with an appealing candour in his blue eyes, "you have an unfair advantage there—you know where to pick the damaging instances. But I am not without authority—you know, I daresay, that Schopenhauer has stated my case better than I can."

"Authority!" cried Percy, with unrestrained scorn. "I loathe Schopenhauer: do you remember his *Metaphysic of Love*—his view of women? Another nightingale entrée!"

The possibilities of direct persuasion seemed to be exhausted. Mr Mundy took the opportunity for paying his bill.

"I don't quite understand," he said as they walked away, "if you are so decided, why you took the trouble to go through this business of the pedigree."

"All I've decided at present," replied Percy, "is to go on with the case till the lawyers can advise upon it."

"Meantime," said Mr Mundy gently, "you might weigh my view with your own. I really think you won't find it so contemptible."

Percy was quite contrite. "Contemptible!" he replied. "Not much! I always argue; and one naturally argues most keenly against a view that tempts one."

His fellow-guardian thought it best to leave matters there.

CHAPTER LL

Mr Mundy need not have been afraid that his arguments might fail to receive attention: rather, since they found something congenial in Percy's mind, they made themselves at home there, and after the fashion of very lively guests soon became exacting and troublesome. They dined out with him that night and interrupted the conversation, went with him to the theatre and spoiled the play, and next morning when he took the train for Devonshire they sat beside him all through the journey, distracting him equally from the 'Daily News' and the 'Republic of Plato.' But when he found that they were intruding themselves with the same pertinacity upon every occupation of the reading-party he had joined, it was time to be rid of them. He lost a whole morning's work over a letter to his guardian; destroyed it in the end, and wrote to his mother instead:—

"I did the Herald's College before I came away—quite satisfactorily, I think. But Father Mundy went with me, and that was not so satisfactory. He was very jolly, but he thought it necessary to give me an ultra-paternal jaw afterwards on the scientific aspect of primogeniture. His arguments don't trouble me in the least—they're very far-fetched, and I answered them completely—in fact, I've been answering them ever since. They worry me, not as argu-

ments, but because they represent your point of view, or rather your wishes,—and, of course, his too, though I think his are only an echo of yours. That is why I write to you instead of to him. I want this argumentation to stop. It can have no effect: I am the only person who has to act, and I'm not going to act on the balance of argument. What matters to me is not an abstract question at all,—it is my own life. It will be very uncomfortable for me if I have to do what you don't approve; but it will be much more than uncomfortable if I do what I don't approve myself. I am very, very sorry to disappoint you, but I simply can't see things as they look from your side at all. I don't see why I should get out of making my own way like other people, and I don't see Hampton in the light of a spring-board—that's what Mr Mundy called it. To me it is not just so much money and influence, it is a very beautiful home—but not mine. If I took it I should spoil my whole idea of it, and also my idea of the people who live there—my own friends. Can you imagine a man going through life on a fortune grabbed from his best friends? Isn't it a contradiction in terms,—a completely false situation? I feel that even now, when we are only talking about it. I shall never be easy till they know, and this is what I wanted to say to

you. I am not going to do anything self-willed or inconsiderate, I am quite willing to have the whole case advised on, but I am going to hear as soon as possible how it looks to the two who are most concerned. Directly my schools are over I shall go out to Davos, or wherever they are then, and get Sir William to tell them all about it, or to let me do it—I promised I wouldn't say anything without his consent."

The letter concluded with lighter matters, but there was a postscript. "On reading this over I see that I've expressed myself clumsily. You mustn't think that the fact of these people being my friends is what makes the difficulty,—it would be exactly the same if they were complete strangers. I don't want to take any one else's shoes, I want my own,—they'll fit me better, besides being honestly mine. But their happening to belong to

Edward and Althea has absolutely nothing to do with it."

The postscript was a great consolation to Amelia. "Of course he ought to tell them," she remarked to Molly after showing her the letter. "Sir William ought never to have made such a condition—just like him! Now we shall see what Althea says, and whether that has 'absolutely nothing to do with it.' I'm not so sure!"

"Poor Percy!" said Molly, "how they do all push and pummel him—like making a bed! But I don't believe it really changes his shape, any of it."

"Ah, my dear, we shall see," remarked her mother, with the air of a Wise Woman.

"Well, anyhow," replied Molly, "it's awfully exciting. You know what the newspapers said about the Boat Race, 'The contest now began to partake of a ding-dong character.'"

CHAPTER LII.

By the end of July Percy was free. It was strange that such a word should express any part of his feelings on leaving Oxford—the Holy City, as he and his friends had called it—but for this last term the City had been desecrated. In the hurry and anxiety of preparation for his final schools, the real Oxford seemed to have vanished: the Future had at last broken in upon it like a flood and ruined the gardens of its eternal Pres-

ent. In time to come, when they were once more gardens, when all that was of value in them had been cleared of hastily piled rubbish, when examinations had been gloriously, or at least honourably, left behind,—when he could comfortably laugh with Heine at the "bourgeois polypi" who think "love a pastime and a University degree a thing of importance,"—Oxford might again be the cloudland of youth and dream. At this

moment he was actually glad to escape from it.

The escape could not have been more complete or more romantic, though it bore only the appearance of a very commonplace holiday. To the clerk at the Tourist agency it was merely an affair of a return ticket to Chur, available for six weeks, with directions for finding diligences or carriages beyond that point. To the traveller himself it was what no gold could have bought—a flight from the Old World, a voyage of discovery in the New, not without vague hope of horizons beyond all maps and all conjecture.

The distance was the more alluring because he did not even know for certain when or where he would fall in with his companions and enter upon the new alliance he was seeking. He had written to Sir William to announce himself and his object in coming: the reply had been cordial but indefinite. Not a word of the proposed discussion with Edward and Althea: as for meeting, the Davos party were all to leave immediately for a driving tour. They could not be sure about dates, but their route would be by main roads and passes, so that Percy could have no difficulty in cutting into it at one point or another, and they would leave messages for him at all their stopping-places.

The song of the road was ringing gaily in his head as his train pounded along through France. He looked with idle content at the

changing landscape: when daylight faded he got out his new *Reisekarte der Schweiz* and found that still more picturesque. The names of unimportant Engadine villages, dully familiar to the least enterprising of summer tourists, gleamed through the mist of anticipation with all the magic of sunrise, which is sometimes more potent than that of sunset. He was astonished when in the breakfast restaurant at Bâle he overheard a party of obvious Londoners speaking of these places in his song as if they knew them all as well as Piccadilly. He had to remind himself that however they might echo names, no two travellers ever reached the same place yet.

The second night out he slept at Chur, hoping for a telegram which did not come. Next morning, being still without news, he drove south to Tiefenkasten, a place for him of great strategic importance, since it is the starting-point from which both the main routes to the Engadine diverge, and whether Sir William chose the Albula or the Julier Pass he must be met or heard of there.

Percy had the instinct of the chase: it was stronger in him now than it had ever been. The steady pace of his carriage fretted him: when it came to the edge of a deep valley and began to descend still more tediously by a zig-zag road, he took to his feet and plunged down by a succession of short cuts. At the

hotel he called at once for luncheon and the visitors' book. There in the cool verandah which hangs over the loudest river in Switzerland he found the first trace of his quarry—three names written only that morning. His eagerness redoubled at the sight of them, and he read, a dozen times over, the appended note which told him that the destination of the party was the Kronenhof in Pontresina, and their route the Julier. The journey would take them two days, he was informed by the innkeeper, and he might be practically certain that they would spend the night at Molins. He could make sure of overtaking them there or even on the road, for they were but an hour in advance of him.

His excitement rose still higher at this: he resolved, with a kind of furious exultation, to run them down at a gallop. The steep and dusty ascent of the Julier is perhaps the least ideal country that could be chosen for such a pursuit, but his determination was not to be reasoned with. In three-quarters of an hour he had swallowed a hasty meal, dismissed his comfortable little einspanner and engaged a larger carriage with two fresh horses. The promise of additional trinkgeld roused his new driver to a very unusual effort, and probably no traveller going that way ever covered the ground more quickly on a July afternoon. But neither on the road nor at Molins did he see anything of the two gentlemen and a lady

for whom he was looking so eagerly.

In his present mood there was but one thing to be done, because there was but one thing to believe. Since the chase was still in front of him he must go farther and if possible faster. If his friends had gone beyond Molins, his driver assured him, there was only one place where they could find accommodation for the night. Stalla, it was called, or Bivio, because the deserted Septimer branched off there from the Julier. So to Stalla Percy came in the twilight, very tired, and found himself the only guest in a singularly dreary inn. While his supper was preparing he telegraphed back to Tiefenkasten and forward to Silvaplana and Pontresina—but no one could give him any clue. The scent was lost: no hound was ever so completely at fault.

He woke early next morning and sat for a long time after breakfast puzzling over maps. At last he wandered out of the house and stood looking alternately up and down the road. A carriage came in sight—the first up the pass that day. As it came nearer he saw that it contained a single passenger—a white-haired old gentleman with ruddy cheeks.

"Good morning," said Sir William; "which way did you come here?"

"From Tiefenkasten—I was behind you there," replied Percy, still bewildered.

"Ah, I see," remarked Sir William, as if nothing had happened. "We turned aside

a few miles to see the Schyn—it was odd that you should happen to pass just then. Edward and Althea are somewhere behind, walking.”

They waited, looking back.

“I hope,” said Percy, seizing his opportunity,—“I hope you don’t mind my coming like this, on my own invitation.”

“Not at all—we are very glad to be four.”

“But you only answered half my letter: you said nothing about my object in coming.”

“Oh!” said Sir William, “about speaking to the young people, you mean. Well, I said

nothing because I saw no reason to depart from what I had said before.”

The tone was his most courteous and most absolute, but he saw even as he spoke that there was a new and formidable resolution in Percy’s manner. “Of course,” he added, without apparent haste, “the stipulation hardly applies so strictly to Althea—she is not concerned in the same way.”

Percy heard the remark, but without feeling of any kind. He had just sighted two travellers approaching on foot.

CHAPTER LIII.

His memory retained scarcely any record of what happened during the next twenty minutes. There must have been greetings, certainly; hand-grips and perhaps a confused intense glance, hurriedly averted. Althea had said of her brother, “Isn’t he looking well?” Edward had inquired with genial irrelevancy, “How are the boys?” and both had asked at once how Percy came to be where he was. His own voice had replied to some or all of these questions: then there had been an argument with his driver, a final payment, and a transfer of baggage: Sir William and Edward had subsided into the carriage, and here he was himself striding away in front of it up the long last gradient of the Pass, with Althea by his side and a sort of luminous haze between them, in which were lost, for the time

being, all the thoughts of the past few days, all the matters which he had come so far to discuss, and even his hopes for the future, far or near.

But while his consciousness lost in outline it gained in intensity: the earth was beautiful to him as it had never been before. Last night he had seen much that was picturesque,—the gigantic adamantine ranges above him, the river Julia at his feet, the wooded hill and tower of Splüdsatsch, the ruined battlements of Marmorera,—to each of them in turn he had applied the epithet “fine,” but always without feeling, or with no more feeling than could be fully expressed by that bankrupt word. And now? Now he was turning his back on all these, trudging from bend to bend of a monotonous road, climbing without advancing on bleak and stony terraces of

moorland. Ay! but it was new, it was new born, it was new created: it was the widest of all worlds under the highest of all heavens, filled with an ocean of sunlight, and alive with the wind of morning. In such a country he did not walk, he marched, and while his feet marched his pulses danced to the same music. Whatever can be given by romance, by the union of the unexpected, the desirable, and the fantastic, was now created for him out of nothing by the mere presence of a companion, upon whom his own proximity was working with the same curious power, though he did not suspect it, did not even stop to think of the possibility of it. Althea too was marching buoyantly: Althea too was dancing in the chamber of her own heart: but Percy, though his affections were deeply and irrevocably bound, was preoccupied not so much with her dear self as with his own relation to her. They had been separated for a year: throughout that time their intimacy had continued and prospered, but on paper only, and paper is not the true medium, letters are not the true symbols, for the expression of young love. Intellectually they were, perhaps, nearer than they had ever been; but that warmer and more subtle nearness which is for sweet-and-twenty so much the most binding of life's tendrils, this they had lost for the time and could not instantly recover. It would grow again, but not without due process of the seasons.

This Percy felt plainly enough, but without any kind of dismay. To be once more with Althea in unrestricted companionship was a solution of all possible difficulties, a way of life that might confidently be trusted to lead anywhere. Perhaps she felt the same confidence: at any rate, they both set themselves, without thinking about it, to talk, and talk, and talk of everything that they had ever talked about before, mixed in novel and pleasing combinations with things of the living hour. It may seem strange, but among these there was no place found for Percy's own affair, the business that had brought him here. That was in the mist and remained there, whatever else might be brought out into clearer and clearer sunlight. Percy would as soon have talked of his examination papers. Sir William's concession was a grant of free speech to one who had yet to learn the whole language again from the beginning.

Of course a language is more quickly learnt the second time: the learner does not really go back quite to the beginning. These two thought they were doing so, but that very illusion proved how completely they had left their beginning behind. In a very few minutes Percy was once more at his favourite sport, beating the underwoods of conversation with ardent keenness, starting ideas, quotations, and arguments in every direction at once, missing or hitting with equal enjoyment, thinking all the time less of the game than of the company in

which he hunted it. Althea too was almost her old self, following him at first with eager attention, then suddenly hanging back as it were a pace or two to get a more detached view of his performance, and with a whimsical half-timid question forcing him to self-ridicule or self-defence.

In an hour and a half they had reached the top of the pass, and the carriage was still behind them. They walked on with fresh energy down the reverse slope, and here at last was a landscape deserving all that Percy's enthusiasm could say of it. Right opposite, towering incredibly into the height of heaven, were the tremendous black and white ridges of the Bernina range. Far below, in the wooded gulf between, lay the long narrow valley of the Upper Engadine, a chain of turquoise lakes set in brilliant gold-green enamel. But Percy had no more adjectives: he had failed already once that morning to paint in words the light that shone for him upon the Julier; he was silent as they stood looking upon this.

"That beats me," he said at last; "there's nothing to be said."

"Is there ever anything to be said about scenery?"

He knew, suddenly and with a rush of happy recollection, how she would be glancing up at him: he turned and saw the look.

"You are quite wrong now," he replied; "you are putting down scenery as one of the common topics of the conven-

tional. So it is sometimes; but there's a great distinction. It is not like the weather. A man talks about the weather when his mind's at its slowest, when the propeller is making the smallest possible number of revolutions per minute. Scenery is most interesting when you're at your top speed."

"When those who talk about it are walking hard, do you mean?"

"I meant when they are at their best. We enjoy this view because we are at our best to-day."

"Are we? Why?"

He made no sign, but some inward control checked him suddenly, as one might rein back a horse on the edge of a precipice. Yet he was within an inch of plunging over. "Because we are in love!"—since it was true . . . but though he was indeed bound for that happy valley, this path was too abrupt. Not that he had learned to calculate, at twenty-three, still less to hesitate; but the instinct to give chase and capture was dominated by the instinct to save alive, to grasp with no irreverent or selfish hand. So he could not answer Althea's "Why?" He could only evade it.

"Oh!" he said, "only that I feel at my best—don't you?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I've been walking hard enough."

"But, seriously," he said, "don't you think there are higher possibilities in scenery? It is not like the weather, just

a convenient meeting-place for two empty heads. It is a room with windows—there's always the mere beauty. Even if the talkers are only a pair of idlers, 'Who have no need of a remoter charm By thought supplied, nor any interest Unborrowed from the eye,' at any rate they are looking at something better than a rain-gauge. If they are not . . . well, if they are not merely passing time, they may do better still, they may give each other the 'sense of something far more deeply interfused.'

Again she glanced up at him, sympathetic, admiring, but very mischievous.

"Wordsworth is rather an elderly taste, isn't he?"

"Scenery is not," he replied.

"It was in Wordsworth's boyhood that it haunted him like a passion; and it is commonly when people are young and in love that they feel most in touch with nature—with the beauty of the world."

"Do they?"

"Well . . . it has always been the custom for . . ." He started back once more. What abyss was before him now?—a Discourse on the History of the Honeymoon! This time he was saved by the sound of wheels and voices on the road above. As he handed Althea into the carriage and took his own place opposite Sir William, he tingled with the afterglow of an escape. The passes of the Grisons seemed to abound in precipices.

CHAPTER LIV.

So it was: the country he had now entered was a dangerous one. Not a day passed that did not bring him to the edge of at least one of these unforeseen declivities, and there was not one of them down which he would not gladly have thrown himself headlong. But he was no longer the merely impulsive young animal, no longer the head-in-air fantastic lover of Downton days, who could turn so happily out of the workaday world by the first bye-lane of starlight and jessamine. He had now a share of his own, a troublesome share, in that more dusty world. He had come out here with a definite purpose, and until he had fulfilled that and extricated

himself from his perplexities he had no right—so he kept telling himself—to go even one step further on the true journey of his life.

So he walked as warily as he could: but the difficulty of it! He was all day in two-fold peril: besides these chance perils of the road, there was a peril of the air in which he moved. It had a radiance that dazzled, a power that surged up all the channels of his blood: there were sudden moments when upon no temptation, no glimpse of opportunity, he was seized with the passion of the cataract for the pool, the desire to make a headlong end—dizzy, lost, but unbewailing. At other times the world was changed

by a softer spell, filled with deep undertones, whispering secrets to be overheard by him alone: he had a continual consciousness of the fairyland that lies behind all the busy life of mortals — every face, every human voice, bore a significance for him beyond its plain and trivial meaning.

If this was possible among the bare black and white mountains of the Engadine, how much more powerful was the enchantment when at last the travellers turned towards Italy. There can be but few days of pilgrimage to compare with that on which for the first time the wanderer looks back at the great rock wall of the Maloja, shutting out the whole north behind him, and then forward again to the white road that goes winding by chestnut groves and wayside shrines to the Land of Goth's Desire.

On this journey Promontogno is the general place of halt, but it was hot and crowded, and some chance acquaintance had told Sir William of Soglio, which lies on a shelf a thousand feet up the western side of the valley. Percy and Althea went on foot, as usual, and their footpath led through orchard after orchard, the air that stirred the leaves breathing more and more cool in that Southern twilight which comes so quickly and seems to have so little darkness in it.

When they reached the top and turned the corner of the little street they stood in silence — the rare silence of perfect satisfaction. They seemed, as in a delightful dream, to have

climbed out of their own century altogether. This way and that ran a tangle of tiny mediæval alleys: across them the houses leaned towards one another, and were only saved from falling by high arches pitched like bridges from side to side. Below one of these hung an iron cresset, with a feeble light already showing yellow in the dusk.

The little square before the inn was quite deserted: they sat down upon a bench and looked across the deep gulf from which they had come. On the far side of it a line of strangely serrated crags rose into a clear sky: they seemed to be the sea-wall of the world, and beyond them the moon was sailing rapidly like a silver boat on a swift and rising tide.

Percy felt as if he were making that voyage, and Althea with him. By a common impulse they turned away and came back to Earth again, but the sense of close companionship remained. They looked at one another like two who have come far together and have lost their way. Suddenly he started up.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I have a feeling—I can't explain it—that this is one of the places where things happen. Do you feel that?"

"No, not quite: but I have an odd sensation of being expected here—of being intended to come."

Yes, he thought, that is what I meant. But he said no more: he was trying to recall his own purpose in coming

—it had been so important a few days ago.

When Edward and Sir William arrived they all went into the house together. It had little of the inn about it: to all appearance it was still the *palazzo da state* of the counts who built it centuries ago. The stairs and passages were all of cool grey stone, round-arched in the solid and serene Italian style: the dining-hall was vaulted with a groined roof of stone, and its windows were set high up in deep embrasures, strongly barred with iron. By the great fireplace hung a couple of swords, their blades damascened with the motto *Vigilandum*, their vellum scabbards worn as with constant use. The rooms above were stately and well furnished,

pannelled and ceiled with a dark aromatic wood: the fragrance was so exquisitely faint that the air was rather haunted by it than perfumed. Outside in the corridors stood great presses, carved with the names of the successive brides and bridegrooms for whose home-coming they had been made.

Who were those ancient lords? Their hospitality seemed to have survived them: their quiet and spacious house, with its open doors and ready chambers, seemed to be still awaiting their guests, and now at last the guests were here. For what purpose? and by whose desire? Again Percy felt, as the door of his own room closed upon him, that this was the place of an event.

CHAPTER LV.

The next day was to be an idle one: but before the morning was half gone it had provided a surprise for Percy—the arrival of a letter, which had been overlooked at Promontogno the evening before. It was from Molly, and pressed him in her own peculiar style for an account of his progress to date. “Look here, my man,” she wrote, “I don’t want to be severe with you, but you must think a little more of your responsibility to your owners. Your aged mother will have a fit if you don’t tell us how you are getting on. I’m nearly worn out with anxiety myself: a ding-dong contest is a very exhausting thing to watch.”

He smiled faintly as he read, then frowned, put the letter in his pocket, and went out in search of Althea. He tracked her to the garden, an empty and almost desolate little place, but still endearingly formal and elegant. By a corner of one of the square-cut hedges he stood for a moment to enjoy the picture. She was sitting in the angle of the old wall, her dove-coloured dress and shadowy straw hat making a curiously perfect harmony with the crumbling plaster and deep eaves behind her. One hand was pressed downward on the seat, the other she was holding out with a charming gesture of persuasion to a lizard which

lay along the slab of stone as motionless as a carved ornament. At last it glided away and he advanced.

"It was nice of you not to move," she said.

"I wanted to watch," he replied; and then, "How did you know I was there? You couldn't see me and the lizard too."

"I wonder," she murmured, and began to move towards the door which led out on to the hillside.

They wandered out together, and came presently to the edge of the little plateau on which the village stands. The campanile jutted out against the sky, sheer over the gorge: far below to right and left stretched the Val Bregaglia, filled with a deep blue mist like sleep, the river winding through it a thread of paler and brighter blue, like the path to dream-land. Right beneath them, small and clear as a town in one of Perugia's distances, Bondo lay clustering by road and river.

Althea mused as she looked, happily and quietly. "It is like looking from one world at another. It is impossible to believe there can be anything in common between our life and theirs."

To Percy, conscious of the letter in his pocket and ready to clutch at any help, the words were an encouragement: he saw an analogy which seemed to him to lessen the abruptness of his opening.

"I have not yet told you," he said in a rather strained voice, "what I really came out here for."

Her heart sprang up out of sleep and fled away into darkness with tremendous leaps. But being a man, he did not perceive that, and, while he went on with his plodding, the wild thing returned to something like courage.

"It seems an incredible story, but they think . . . there's a theory, a legal theory, that I am the next heir to Hampton after your grandfather. It's a question of the terms on which it was granted to our ancestor—they say it can't be disentailed; it must come to me instead of Edward."

She looked steadily down at Bondo, and made no sign. His embarrassment increased; he talked volubly and inconsecutively of all the aspects of the case, eager to explain, to make it clear how repugnant his own claim was to him. In truth, it had never been more so, but a kind of hot shame took from him the power of putting into words a feeling that was so obvious.

"Anyhow," he said at last, more quietly, "I got so worried that I came out here to ask you for your advice."

Still she was silent—thinking, thinking swiftly and intensely, with all her mind and all her heart; but both were hidden from him.

He felt puzzled, alarmed. "Althea . . ." he laid his hand very gently on her arm. She turned to face him, and to his astonishment her eyes rained bright tears, her lips were crisped in curves that he had never seen before.

"Don't ask me now," she pleaded, and two last tears fell

as she spoke. "Let us go home."

When they reached the garden again he made one more effort to rebuild his ruined palace. "I am afraid," he began very humbly,—“I am afraid

I have spoiled the morning for you. . . .”

“The morning!” Then seeing him wince she seized his hand, pressed it, put it firmly from her, and walked away into the house.

CHAPTER LVI.

The day mounted from heat to heat, laying on every one a deadening weight of drowsiness. In the streets, on the hillside, nothing moved: the house itself was mute with a kind of breathing silence. Only in the garden, as Percy looked out upon it from the deep cool embrasure of his own window, a phantom seemed to pass at times along the deserted walks that trembled in the hot air, like the all but invisible presence of the moon-princess in the story, fainter at mid-day than the faintest shadow, and only recovering her embodied loveliness when the glaring afternoon declined into the freshness and dusk of evening.

Would evening ever come again, he wondered in dull misery, and would it bring with it that refreshment, that renewal of vivid life, in which his perplexed brain might at least understand, if not solve, the problem before him? For he was at this moment unable even to see the rock upon which he had struck so unexpectedly.

At last the great shadow of the mountain ridge spread swiftly up the hill like an inundation: he woke with a sudden return of resolve, and went up to look for Edward.

There was no other way out of it, he said to himself, and no room left for scruples.

Edward was reclining in the cool upper hall, a sort of spacious landing with a great fireplace and gallery, hung with armour and a portrait or two. A game of patience lay on the table beside him.

“Edward,” said Percy with decision, “I want your advice: I’ve got a case to put before you—one that concerns us both.”

“You needn’t trouble,” replied Edward with enjoyment of the astonishment he was causing. “I know it already—*Twyman v. Twyman alias Donnelly*.”

“He has told you!” exclaimed Percy. “Well! but that doesn’t matter now: what is your view of the business?”

“I should imagine,” replied Edward with deliberate humour, “that it is exactly the opposite of yours.”

“Then you’re wrong—I hate my own claim, and that’s just what I’ve been trying to tell your sister this morning.”

“Oh! you’ve been trying to tell her that: didn’t you succeed?”

“No; I can’t understand why, but she burst into tears.”

"Quite so," said Edward; "obviously, inevitably—in fact, how otherwise?"

Percy's face darkened with puzzled indignation. Edward enlarged upon his text.

"Consider for a moment, you old dunderhead, consider the perplexities of the situation: put yourself at someone else's point of view. Your particular friend sets up a claim to your brother's house and home: if he succeeds there's an end of the particular friendship—as one of your own poets has said, 'farewel, al is go.' If, on the other hand, he fails, he is either an injured man for life or a detected burglar. Who would not weep to see one's particular friend in such a case? Who indeed?"

"Oh! stop your tomfoolery," cried Percy; "I never meant to succeed: and as for being injured, how could I be injured by losing what I never had any right to?"

"A very sound view,—remarkably sound: it has my entire sympathy: but it will never have Thea's."

"Why not?"

"Well, if you press the question, because she's an unreasonable, infatuated, prejudiced little owl."

Percy had perhaps some knowledge of that prejudice already, but it had always hitherto been decently ignored by every one. To hear it spoken of, even in so ribald a phrase, was like the first

real flash of the rising sun. In another instant the whole earth was golden.

"Edward," he said, "you're cured—you're quite yourself again—good-bye!"

He ran downstairs to Althea's sitting-room. The door was open, and he could see her reading on the balcony. "May I come in?" he cried in a round ringing voice, and entered without the permission.

She rose and came forward into the room, the book in her hand, and her face full of wonder at his changed manner. He took the book and tossed it upon a table; took her two hands, lifted them, bent over and kissed them. Her fingers tightened upon his; when he raised his head he saw that she had closed her eyes, as if she too were making a vow in her own heart. She opened them again, and he took her in his arms.

"What is it?" she asked as she rested there. "What is it?"

"It is not separation," he said, "and that was what hurt. They may all be against me now."

"They? Against you? Oh! I remember. But what does all that matter?"

"Nothing—less than nothing: it never did—it is not in our story—yours and mine, darling. It is utterly irrelevant."

For half an hour they talked only of things that were not so utterly irrelevant.

ROBERT DINWIDDIE.

WHEN he came out to India not many years before the Mutiny broke out, Robert Dinwiddie was about as tough a young man as could be found east of Suez. He was hard physically and still harder mentally, and in manner very cold and reserved. To all appearance nothing could fatigue him: few things could move him to any expression of feeling, and it was said of him that outwardly he was never pleased, never surprised, never angry, and never enthusiastic over anything save his work. He seemed, in fact, to be untouchable, and this being so, it was not surprising that he was a man of few friends; for while his brother-officers admired him and in a way liked him, there was something so forbidding in the quiet reserve of manner with which he hedged himself round, that any closer relation was impossible. And yet such was the confidence that he inspired in others, without trying to do so, that had there been a question of choosing a companion for a tough piece of work or a friend to back one in a tight corner, the majority of his brother-officers would have chosen Robert Dinwiddie.

When he had been in India five years Robert's health gave way, and he was ordered home on a year's furlough: while he was in England a miracle occurred, and he fell in love with a woman.

This is not the place to describe Robert's efforts not to fall in love, or to tell of his wooing when these failed. It is enough to say that Margaret Hope touched some curious master-key in his nature, and that when she accepted him Robert appeared to be a changed man.

He loved her with all the pent-up strength of a strong nature, and when the flood-gates with which Robert had held it so tightly in control broke beneath her touch, he appeared under entirely different colours.

Coldness, reserve, and pride gave place to a gaiety, gentleness, and humility that sat very well upon him. If he had seemed hard before, he was now of an extraordinary tenderness: all the hardness had been charmed out of him, and it seemed as though the influence of Margaret Hope had transformed him almost beyond recognition.

They were to have been married before Robert's return to the East, but here Fate put a spoke in their wheel, and Margaret being seized with a severe illness, Robert had to sail without her and content himself with the thought that in six months she would join him in India.

The six months slid past with the slow rapidity characteristic of such periods of waiting: during that time Robert, his old nature partly reasserting

itself, told no one of his engagement, and his brother-officers were at a loss to account for the curious change in his character. They never guessed at the real reason, for the man who suggested that Robert was in love would have been hooted down. Still, Robert, from being merely admired in a cold sort of way, became a very popular man.

When Margaret's ship reached Bombay, she started on the long, slow journey up-country (for that was before the day of railways), under escort of her friends Major and Mrs Ravenhill, who were bound for a small cantonment called Mahommedgarh, where the former's regiment was quartered. It had been arranged that Robert should join her at that place, and that they should be married there.

The Mutiny broke out on May 10, and it was on that very day that Robert received a letter from Margaret reporting her safe arrival at Mahommedgarh. Three days later news came through that the — N.I. at Mahommedgarh, the only regiment at that place, had mutinied and massacred every European in the station.

Inwardly Robert was now neither to hold nor to bind; outwardly he became the same cold and reserved man that he had been before his engagement. No one had an inkling of the pain that tore at his heart, and there was no time in those busy days to speculate as to the reason which had caused him to revert to his old forbidding demeanour. Perhaps

it was some touch of heredity that evinced itself in Robert's nature at this time, causing him to model himself unconsciously upon some psalm-singing, crop-eared, Covenanting ancestor; for while he threw himself with terrific energy into his work, he also prayed continually to Heaven for vengeance on his enemies. At nights, when he could be alone and others were asleep, Robert was on his knees, wrestling, as his Covenanter-forebear would have said, with God, and demanding that he and no other should be the instrument of divine justice upon the murderers of Margaret. To fall in with the — N.I. was the only hope that he had at this time: for him everything else was blackness of despair.

When the native troops had risen, Robert had been ordered to join a regiment of horse that was being hastily raised at Lahore. He was appointed Adjutant of this corps, and the drill and equipment of its men kept him busy with work which was abhorrent. For he was burning to kill. But it was done at last, and the 4th Sikh Irregular Cavalry, 500 sabres strong, took the road towards Delhi under the leadership of a man who had won his spurs on the Frontier. Delhi was captured before the new corps arrived there, and Robert's disappointment was a bitter one. The 4th were then sent on to join a small column that was chasing isolated bodies of rebels, and it soon earned for itself a considerable reputation for dash and daring.

Its charges were perhaps not in an absolute straight line, its pursuits were not always "in hand," but the regiment got a name for killing, and many Pandies rued the rashness which had made them wait for the rush of those country-bred horses and the fierce and eager men who rode them.

Robert was always in the thickest of it: he was perhaps the one man in a thousand who is born naturally brave, and literally does not know what fear is. To this quality he added the desperation of a man who is bankrupt of hope and of happiness, the blind anger of one who has a personal as well as a national wrong to avenge, and the skill of a well-trained swordsman. If Robert appeared to court death, death as certainly seemed to avoid Robert: bullets fired at point-blank range went astray, bayonet-thrusts tore his clothes but missed his body, sword-cuts failed to take effect. Cholera, sun-stroke, and fever, claiming their victims in tens and twenties, passed Robert by. He went on where others failed or fell, by day an almost mechanical engine of destruction; by night a fanatic who called continually upon God for vengeance. The tragedy of Margaret's death had indeed unhinged him: sane in all other respects, he was as regards that a monomaniac of the most violent type.

By his men he was adored; his recklessness and his skill as a fighter appealed strongly to them. His reserve of man-

ner and his power of silence impressed them, and the fact that he seemed to bear a charmed life put the crowning touch to their admiration of him.

Owing to the number of casualties among the British officers of his regiment, Robert, in addition to performing the duties of Adjutant, also acted as a Squadron-Commander, and it was in this latter capacity that he one day found himself in charge of the advanced-guard to the column. Presently a man galloping in from the flank brought news that a small body of mutineer infantry, perhaps twenty men, was marching in front, and that they had taken refuge in a small walled enclosure. Robert galloped forward with two troops, and suddenly found himself exposed to a heavy musket-fire.

The mutineers were established strongly; they were cut off from escape, and as they knew that quarter was out of the question, it was certain that they would fight hard. Most men would have waited till the infantry came up, for the work in hand was essentially work for foot-soldiers, aided perhaps by a gun or two. But Robert's impatient spirit could brook no delay: he had with him a light 10-pounder gun, and this he ordered to open upon the enclosure. The walls were of mud, and a breach was soon made. Directly it was practicable, Robert dismounted his two troops and led his men to the attack. It was a

ticklish business: dismounted swordsmen marched against men armed with musket and bayonet and forced to fight like cornered rats, but Robert's personality was such that his men would have followed him into worse places than that. They swarmed after him now like wasps, and scrambled over the *débris* of the wall and through the breach: inside the enclosure the rebels fought with the valour of despair, but in a few minutes it was all over, and Robert, panting and hot, was able to take stock of the proceedings.

He stooped over a dead man to examine the number on the buttons of his tunic, for he was still wearing the Company's uniform. The number was clear enough—it was that of the — N.I.

Robert caught his breath for a moment; then he was filled with a vengeful joy. He counted the bodies of the dead with a frenzied satisfaction that a month or two earlier would have horrified himself. Up to nineteen he counted, and he was just forming the word "twenty" when the twentieth man stirred. Robert had all but given an order to despatch him, when a thought struck him.

He rode over to the man, who with eyes wide open lay groaning.

"Do you hear what I say?" said Robert.

The man said nothing.

"Do you hear what I say?" The reply came in a faint affirmative.

"Then answer what I ask.

Where is the rest of your regiment?"

"How do I know, sahib?"

"Tell me; tell me at once, and tell me truthfully."

"I do not know." The voice was low but stubborn.

"If you do not tell me, I will first kill you, and then wrap you in a pig-skin and burn you."

Robert's threat was too much for the courage of the orthodox Mussulman: it was not death that he feared, for he probably felt that to be already upon him, but the prospect of damnation through such unspeakable defilement was too much for him.

"They are at Akbar Serai."

"Where is that?"

"A distance of ten *kos* towards the north."

"How many of them are there?"

"Ten native officers and about a hundred men."

"Then where are the rest?"

"Many have gone to their homes."

Robert had learned what he wanted, and he left the wounded man to die in peace.

That afternoon Robert's commanding-officer was detached from the column with the squadrons of his own regiment, one of them Robert's: his mission was to wipe out the remains of the mutinous — N.I. who had established themselves at Akbar Serai. An hour before sunset the little force arrived at a dense grove of mango-trees, and a mile or so beyond the mango-trees lay the village. The colonel put his men and their horses into the grove and

held a small council of war with his officers. The upshot was that at dark Robert was sent out to reconnoitre the village and to find out how the enemy was disposed.

Accompanied by only two men, the one his orderly and the other his trumpeter, both of whom had proved themselves to his satisfaction, Robert advanced cautiously over the ground that intervened between him and his objective. The — N.I. had thrown out no pickets, and the three men reached the outskirts of the village unchallenged by anything save a pariah dog. In India the country-folk go early to bed, and perhaps they lock up their houses and make all fast for the night at a still earlier hour, when a band of quite lawless soldiery is living in their midst. At all events, there was not a soul to be seen in the narrow streets and alleys: here and there a lean dog, showing white in the moonlight, left his search for carrion and slunk off with a yelp as the three men approached. They crept along cautiously and in silence, moving from shadow to shadow and at intervals pausing to listen: it was a game of hide-and-seek, in which the losers paid for their failure with death. Presently they came to the serai from which the village took its name: the wall was high, but Robert, clambering on to the shoulders of the trumpeter, beneath a spot where the top had crumbled, was able to haul himself up and survey the

interior. There he saw what he wanted to see.

The men of the — N.I. were finishing their evening meal: they squatted round little fires, talking together and smoking their "chillums." Here and there a man was unrolling his bedding preparatory to going to rest, and in one corner a group was intent on a game of cards. Their voices buzzed upwards to Robert's ears, as, crouching along the wall, he looked down upon them. He could see the gateway, and observed a careless sentry leaning against the arch of the entrance. The remainder of the guard, like the group in the corner, was playing at cards; and while he looked, the sentry, leaning his rifle against the wall, strolled over to watch the progress of the game.

Robert dropped silently to the ground: he was satisfied with what he had seen. The only doubt that troubled him regarded the ten native officers of whose presence he had been informed: they might be there amongst the men, or again they might not, and it was with them, as the probable leaders in the Mahommedgarh massacre, that he personally was most closely concerned. But in the meantime his duty was clear enough, and squatting in the shadow close against the wall, he scrawled a pencilled note to his commanding-officer informing him of what he had seen. This note he despatched by the trumpeter.

To satisfy himself was now his next object, and Robert

and his orderly accordingly proceeded on their stealthy voyage of discovery. They avoided the gate of the serai and crept through the village, till, almost at its further edge, they saw a bungalow standing in a compound that bordered the road. This was probably the staging rest-house, and, crawling through the surrounding hedge, Robert was surprised to see that one of the rooms was lighted. Throwing themselves flat on the ground, he and the orderly wormed their way across the open space that intervened between themselves and the open windows which gave on to the verandah. Had any one looked out they must have been seen, for the moon was shining brilliantly and cover there was none. The step of the verandah was, however, reached in safety, and aligning their bodies along the coping, they peered over the edge and into the room.

Robert's eyes shone as they saw what was there.

Upon the floor, in varying attitudes of ease, sat, lay, and squatted the native officers of the — N.I. In the centre was a pair of massive candelabra, and around the room were candles burning in the silver candlesticks that had once belonged to massacred officers of the regiment. Before each native officer was a silver cup, and the floor was heaped with a disarray of silver plates and dishes; a great silver epergne stood on the plaster mantelpiece, and was stuffed full of garish marigolds and over-fragrant waxy jessa-

mine. The mess-plate of the — N.I. was being put to uses not intended for it. The native officers, like their men, had finished their evening meal; their sword-belts were unbuckled, and the scabbarded weapons lay on the ground beside their owners, who were beguiling the evening with a little sport. Before them on a clear space were a couple of fighting-quail, deadly intent on their private duel, but scarcely more so than the men who watched them.

Robert watched them for what seemed an interminable time: one quail was defeated, both were removed, and another pair put down. Beside him Robert heard the gentle grating of steel against its wooden scabbard, as his orderly slowly and cautiously drew his sword. Mechanically Robert drew his own.

Inside the room the talk flew fast and high; bets were being made on the new pair of quail. A fat subadar, with a bearded, beastly face, spoke in tones of shrill excitement, then, pulling back his sleeve, took something from his wrist and threw it on the floor as his stake. It was a gold bangle, and Robert looked at it with dull recognition. The gold circlet had a monogram upon it in diamonds, R. and M. intertwined, and it was a present that he had given to Margaret.

Robert saw red. With a husky roar he sprang into the room, followed by his orderly, and there was an answering yell of surprise as the pair

burst in. The candelabra were upset, the candlesticks were knocked down, and there was a crash as the fat subadar, struggling to rise, was cut down by a sweeping blow from Robert's sword.

The room was now lit only by the moon, and in the dim light there ensued a pandemonium. Robert went berserk, and his orderly appeared to run amok. The element of surprise was all in their favour, but once that was over, the odds were heavy against them, and had it not been for the confined space, they must have been overpowered.

In the end there were eleven men lying on the floor and one who propped himself panting against the wall. This last was the orderly, who, though wounded in several places, still managed to keep his feet. Robert was one of those upon the floor, with a terrible gash in his arm and a bad cut on the head. It was not a pleasant scene that the moon looked down upon. The sound of firing from the direction of the serai roused the orderly to action, and he stumbled off in search of help for his beloved master. The end of it was that a wiry little surgeon with a brown beard whipped off Robert's wounded arm without removing him from the room. He also patched up four wounded mutineer officers, who were afterwards hanged for their share in the Mahommedgarh massacre.

Robert was sent away by slow and uncomfortable stages

to a big hospital in a big station. He had done what he most wanted to do, and he had to face the future, which seemed quite as dark as ever it had done. Perhaps it was even a little darker than before, for he no longer had the desire of vengeance, since that had been satisfied, and there was left to him nothing but the full sense of what he had lost. Consequently his recovery was very slow indeed.

There was no special ward for officers in the hospital, for the hospital was too full; but as a concession to his rank, Robert was allowed a screen round his bed,—not that he cared for that in his present frame of mind. One morning, when even his tough spirit was beginning to bend beneath its burden, when life seemed to be a gift undesired and unbearable, he heard the doctor's voice from the other side of the screen.

"He is here," it said.

The screen was put aside, and Robert saw—Margaret.

Margaret's story was this. She had reached Mahommedgarh with Major and Mrs Ravenhill a week or so before the outbreak. She and her hostess were sitting at dinner the evening when Mrs Ravenhill's ayah had rushed in, saying that the regiment had risen and was coming to massacre the sahibs. For a moment they were incredulous, for no news of the Meerut and Delhi outbreaks had reached them; but the sudden sound

of firing down in the men's lines had quickly shown them that something was amiss. Ravenhill was dining at the Mess, and the two women had to face the situation alone. That they grasped the state of affairs was due to the entreaties of the ayah, the other servants having fled. Then occurred one of those marvellous instances of fidelity on the part of a servant which was sometimes observed during those times. The ayah had begged them to go with her, saying that she would do her best to hide them, and in default of better protection they had trusted themselves to her, leaving all that they had, and taking

with them only the things that they wore.

Their adventures would fill a book. The only Europeans who escaped from Mahommedgarh, they wandered for months with the faithful ayah; they suffered from extremities of heat and thirst and hunger, and from all the agonies of mind that attend such a situation.

When at last they had reached a place of safety, Robert with his regiment was out of reach of communication, and it was not until she learned that he was wounded and in hospital at — that Margaret had been able to go to him.

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MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

W. S. GILBERT—A PLAGIARY OF HIMSELF—‘THE BAB BALLADS’—A PITILESS LOGICIAN—GILBERT’S PEDESTRIAN MUSE—DRAMAS IN BLANK VERSE—FARCE AND SATIRE—GILBERT’S GENIUS FOR COMIC OPERA—A SATIRE ON THE ÆSTHETIC MOVEMENT—SIGNIFICS—THE IMPERFECTIONS OF LANGUAGE—MEANINGLESS WORDS—MIXED METAPHORS—THE REMEDY.

THE British drama has fallen upon evil days. It has put on the suits of a sober puritanism. It is never so happy as when it incurs the censure of the Lord Chamberlain—not for the exaggerated gaiety of spirit which lightened our stage in the time of the Restoration, but for a smug and mournful impropriety, introduced on purpose to outrage the public, and to prove what bold, brave free-lances are the writers of our plays. In brief, the Stubbesses and Prynnes of our age have taken to the theatre, and preach from behind the foot-lights with an insistence which bores their audiences and advertises themselves.

The late W. S. Gilbert belonged to an earlier, happier age. He saw no harm in the comic spirit. He did not disdain to amuse those who listened to his plays or read his ballads. Though he touched the follies of his time with the hand of satire, he touched them lightly and with ridicule. No irony was ever less acid than his. He castigated without brutality; he branded the fool without leaving upon him the indelible mark of his iron. And he found his reward in the laughter of a genera-

tion. That for the moment he is silenced by noisier jesters and by the raucous voice of leaden-tongued preachers is the hazard of a passing fashion. He will presently emerge again into the full light of popularity as our one writer of comedies since Sheridan, as the representative dramatist of the later nineteenth century.

Born seventy-five years ago, he received the education of his time and class, in French at Boulogne, and in “grammar learning” at Ealing. Finding no opportunity in the army, he studied for the bar, was for a time a clerk in the Privy Council Office, and then found his proper vocation in the theatre. Before he had stormed successfully the citadel of the stage, he had already won a victory in a humbler, narrower field. His ‘Bab Ballads,’ his best known and most characteristic works, were contributed to the columns of ‘Fun,’ under H. J. Byron’s editorship, and not merely won him a general renown, but fixed for ever the direction and purpose of his humour. No man was ever a more loyal and insistent plagiary of himself than Gilbert. With a stern sincerity, which the envious might call parsi-

mony, he used up again and again the ideas which he put forth in his youth. In 'The Bab Ballads' may be found the germs of all his works. His talent grew, and was exercised in other channels, but it was always faithful to its first beginnings. The spirit of topsyturvydom breathes in these first experiments, as it breathes in the latest of his comic operas. The simple expedient of babies changed at birth was always sufficient for him. General John and Private James are but Ralph and Captain Corcoran in an earlier shape. He had as deft a hand at turning the world upside down when he was an unknown contributor to 'Fun' as when his wit and humour dominated the Savoy. He was always a master of the unexpected. None but Gilbert could have put in the mouth of the "Periwinkle Girl" this noble apostrophe—

"Come, Virtue in an Earldom's cot !
Go, Vice in ducal mansion !"

The boy in buttons, who loves the Earl's daughter, the miserable Captain Bagg, whose wife "makes him fire a gun," and "At a preconcerted word, Climb up a ladder with a flag, Like any street-performing bird," are coins of the true mint. The fairies which he invented with as happy a humour first as last, all bear the authentic stamp of his fancy. The mermaids, who are human to the waist, are matched by the unhappy Strephon, who is human only in his legs. The characters which were destined to play their part in his comedies,

make their appearance one and all in his ballads. The curates and bishops, the susceptible chancellors, the sea-captains and their men, were familiar to his verse long before they peopled his pantomimic stage. Above all, he was a born ironist. From beginning to end 'The Bab Ballads' are irony set to a popular tune. Few Englishmen have sustained this dangerous method of satire on a higher level and with fewer lapses into serious instruction. Captain Reece, Sir Joseph Porter, Frederic, the Pirate Apprentice, the Bishop of Rum-ti-foo, are one and all the children of irony, and are never false to their inheritance. The author of their being employs with equal force exaggeration and understatement. With what benignity does Robber Brown proceed to deal with the pretender to his daughter's hand !

"Good Robber Brown, he muffled up
his anger pretty well,
He said 'I have a notion, and that
notion I will tell ;
I will nab this gay young suitor, terrify
him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him
into little bits.'"

With what violence does an injured friend resent the insult put upon him !

"He called me 'thief' the other day,
And daily from his door he thrusts
me ;
Much more of this, and soon I may
Begin to think that Brown mistrusts
me."

In whatever he thinks and writes, Gilbert was dominated by a pitiless logic. His pre-

mises, of course, were false and his own. He pursues them inexorably to a just conclusion. This Gallic quality of his mind was fostered, no doubt, by a study of French literature, and it distinguishes him sternly from the other writers of his age and country. To whichever page of his writings you turn, you will recognise this clear and close system of logic. When once it is granted that Captain Reece "did all that lay within him to Promote the comfort of his crew," he could not stop short of marrying the boatswain's "widowed mother." The confession, false though it was, of the Major-General, that he is an orphan, could but have one effect upon the Pirate King and his colleagues. What else could they do but apostrophise "Poetry, thou heaven-born maid," that "gilded e'en the pirate's trade," and set their prisoners free? Even the elderly naval man, in "The Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*," merely gives us the last link in the chain of inevitable logic. He is "a cook and a captain bold, And the mate of the *Nancy* brig, And a bo'sun light and a midshipmite, And the crew of the captain's gig." For has he not stowed them all in his hold? And when once you grant the inviolability of etiquette, you must admit that Peter Gray, wrecked on a desert island, could not exchange his oysters, unpalatable to himself, for the turtle which Somers could not eat, until they discovered in Robinson a common friend. The humour of 'The Bab Ballads,' then, is as

lively as their logic is unassailable. Their irony, moreover, is rarely touched with malignity. Perhaps we may question the taste of the policeman's address "to a little maid": "Live with us, maiden rare—Come, for we want thee there, Thou elfin thing, To work thy spell, In some cool cell, In stately Pentonville!" For the rest, if we may discuss gravely his pedestrian muse, its attitude is one not of savagery but of disillusionment. It sets not a high value on human motives or human endeavour. For the poet nothing is what it seems or what it should be. As he has explained, in the person of "an ex-enthusiast," his heroes are very sorry folk when he catches them off the stage. The parable is solemn enough, and might serve as a text for most of Gilbert's verses and ballads—

"The bard who could, all men above,
Inflame my soul with songs of love,
And with his verse inspire
The craven soul who feared to die
With all the glow of chivalry
And old heroic fire;
I found him in a beershop tap
Awaking from a gin-born nap,
With pipe and sloven dress;
Amusing chums, who fooled his bent,
With muddy, mandlin sentiment
And tipsy foolishness!"

Far happier are they, who can guard their illusions, and who lose in the poem all thought of the sad, dishevelled poet! Gilbert, whose searching eye saw two sides to every question, was never of their number.

With 'The Bab Ballads,' and all that they contained for his armoury, Gilbert set out to

conquer the stage. After a few forgotten experiments, he won the favour of the town with a set of serious dramas in blank verse. Romantic in spirit and design, these all depend upon the interposition of a supernatural element. "The Palace of Truth" is a dangerous place, which compels everyone dwelling therein to give utterance to his thoughts. "Broken Hearts" finds the development and solution of its plot in a fairy veil, which makes its bearer invisible. It is by the interposition of the gods that Galatea steps down from her pedestal a living thing. These poetical dramas are marred by the poverty of the blank verse, which is their vehicle. It is the blank verse of the stage-carpenter—prose cut up into length and neatly joined. It has neither freedom nor variety. The accent falls monotonously in the right place; the diction is never the diction of poetry. It is merely by courtesy that the lines which follow can be called verse at all—

"It seems Pygmalion has the fearful
gift
Of bringing stones to life. I'll ques-
tion him
And ascertain how far that power
extends."

The origin of more than one of these dramas is to be sought in French literature. A story by Madame de Genlis is said to have been for something in the composition of "The Palace of Truth"; and the fact that "Leucippe, a soldier," is a personage in "Pygmalion and Galatea," proclaims aloud a foreign original. The satire

and fantasy which inform every one of them are Gilbert's own, and have been turned to excellent account by facile imitators.

Having succeeded triumphantly in romance, Gilbert turned his talent to comedy in prose, produced "Charity," which had as clearly a defined purpose as any censured play of to-day, and made in "Tom Cobb" and "Engaged" two of the best farces that we have in English. Farces though they are, they are veined with satire, and yet are so true to life that would endure to be seen again upon the stage if our managers would only restore them to their repertories. "Tom Cobb" ridicules the preciousness of intellect which was popular just before the advent of the æsthetic movement, and which will thrive in the cultivated suburbs unto the end of the ages. "Arthur, ennoble us," says Mrs Effingham in the play. "Raise us one step toward the Empyrean, Give us a Great Thought," and strikes for all time the true note of anxious culture. The humour of "Engaged" is broader, swifter, than the humour of "Tom Cobb." Cheviot Hill and Belinda Treherne are drawn in the true style of farce, inconsequent and absurd. The embroilment of the Scottish marriage is the least part of the topsy-turvydom. It is the fickleness of the man, the changing ardour of the woman, which give the farce its distinctive character and still make it presentable, even though Gretna Green is no

longer beset with the terrors of matrimony.

In the meantime Gilbert had discovered the real bent of his genius. He had hit upon the form — comic opera — which gave him his best chance of artistic expression, and which still keeps his memory green. If you compare his work with the work of his most popular predecessors and contemporaries, you will note a difference, not of degree but of kind. You judge him not by the standard which suits *Planché* and *H. J. Byron* and *Farnie*, but by the standard of art and poetry. It was enough for them to fit with their idle verse the popular tunes of the day. Gilbert reversed the process. He wrote his operas and *Sullivan* set them to music. To say that Gilbert was the senior partner in the firm is not to belittle *Sullivan*. The operas were excellent because they had an interest of their own, apart from and higher than the interest of the music. They are the only operas since the masterpiece of *Gay* that can be read with pleasure in the study. And not only did he produce comic operas which were also literature, but he took for his material the facts of common life. It is true that he gave to these facts a fantastic and whimsical interpretation; it is true also he separated himself at a bound from the threadbare conventions of the comic stage. The first of the series, "*Trial by Jury*," is a masterpiece in little. All is sung, not a word is spoken,

and you may already discern in it the mixture of poetry and satire characteristic of its author. The learned judge, who has thrown over "the rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter," and marries the plaintiff; the defendant, who justifies his fickleness on the plea that "you cannot eat breakfast all day"; the chorus of bridesmaids, are in Gilbert's best vein of invention. "*The Sorcerer*," which followed, falls not a jot in fancy and freshness below "*Trial by Jury*." It carries us off to a kind of fairyland, in which the Sorcerer wears a tall hat and has an office in *St Mary Axe*, and puffs his wares in the style of the genial bagman. "We practise necromancy in all its branches," says he. "We've a choice assortment of wishing-caps, divining-rods, amulets, charms and counter-charms. We can cast you a nativity at a low figure, and we have a horoscope at three - and - six that we can guarantee." And straightway he supplies a love-philtre for the village tea, which has as disastrous effect as the fatal property of "*The Palace of Truth*." In these works, as in the series that came after them, Gilbert invented a world of his own, a world of satire and paradox, in which the ordinary standards of morals and experience are reversed. Thus he laughed at all the pompous institutions of the country,—the First Lord of the Admiralty, who "served a term as office-boy to an attorney's firm"; the Major-General, whose learning is vari-

ous, and who knows no "more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery," and has not even "a smattering of elemental strategy"; the members of Parliament, who, when the House divides, have "got to leave their brains outside, and vote just as their leaders tell 'em to." In "*Iolanthe*," again, he anticipates the attack upon the "classes" recently made by self-seeking demagogues, and is bold enough to assert that—

"Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials."

Thus in his comic operas he shoots folly as it flies, winging his shaft as whim and opportunity suggest. In "*Patience*" he chose a definite movement as the point of his attack, and left us, besides much excellent fooling, a picture of manners which will never lose its interest. The so-called æsthetic movement appears to-day more ancient than the Conquest. In history thirty years is as a thousand; and the period in which haggard men and lean women pranced about with bunches of faded daffodils in their clumsy hands lies very far behind us. The æsthetic movement may be described as the effect of Pre-Raphælitism on the amateur who, being unable to reproduce the fifteenth century in paint or poetry, thought he might live it in his antics. So he ceased to dress himself like a gentleman, and went in for "cos-

tume." He held his head on one side, that he might resemble an Italian saint in a picture. His whole life was an insincere masquerade, sketched in half ignorance, and with no better excuse than false admiration. The æsthete boasted that he was making our squalid life beautiful. He merely made himself ridiculous. In one art only was he an adept—the art of self-advertisement. Even the bus-drivers could not suppress their curiosity when they saw a "cove" strutting in Piccadilly clad in velvet breeches and a daffodil. And to be known to the bus-drivers was fame indeed.

Such was Bunthorne in reality—a monster of insincerity, who lived upon the thoughts of others, who dressed himself up in the inharmonious tags of a past which he misunderstood. He had a certain success, because his antics made him notorious, like a performing bear, and in the sun of his notoriety others might bask as well as he. And Bunthorne in the play is a faithful portrait, not over-charged with caricature. His verses are in the right key. "Oh to be wafted away," he sings,

"From this black Aceldama of
Sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow."

The love-sick maidens who accompany him, feeding their love on hope and tuning their roundelay to weeping concords, are as "greenery-yallery" as

a worship of the Grosvenor Gallery could make them. They might all say with the Lady Jane: "My eyes are open; I droop despairingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp and I cling." After the performance of "Patience" the æsthetes could not hold up their heads in public. They were vanquished as pitilessly as the Dellaacusans were vanquished by Gifford. They retreated hastily to the remoter suburbs, where their sage-greens and peacock-blues still survived for a while for the astonishment of tea-parties.

In one quality Gilbert differed profoundly from all his rivals: he was a poet. His name has been mentioned somewhat rashly in the same sentence with the greatest names in literature. He has been compared with Shelley and with Aristophanes, —unkindly, as we think. His merits, great as they are, are not theirs, but his own. He resembles Aristophanes so far, that he joined to the same work a sense of lyrical beauty and a satirical discontent with the world about him. But

the singing nightingales and climbing chattering monkeys which fill the fairy tree of Aristophanes were equally beyond his reach. He dared not sink so low in ribaldry as the Athenian poet; he could not reach the lofty amplitude of his song. Neither heroism was within his reach. His scorn dealt with smaller issues. It was not for him to cast ridicule upon false policies, and upon what he deemed dangerous philosophies. Nor was his voice the nightingale's. But he shared with Aristophanes one gift—the gift of patter. No one since the author of "The Clouds" has made his long lines leap and run with the fire and speed of Gilbert's. He had completely mastered this difficult art of musical movement. Truly, such a *tour-de-force* as the Lord Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe" could not be matched outside Aristophanes. Among the moderns, Gilbert himself is his only rival. Was there ever so swift and monstrous a nightmare as this?—

"For your brain is on fire—the bed-clothes conspire of usual slumber to plunder you:

First your counterpane goes, and uncovers your toes, and your sheet slips demurely from under you:

Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles—so terribly sharp is the pricking,

And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking."

The comparison with Shelley is extravagant also. Gilbert knew not the ethereal fancies of the author of "Prometheus Unbound." Again it is in technical accomplishment that he approaches the great poet.

For variety of effect and courage in metrical experiment he is undefeated in his own craft of opera. The lyrics, with which his works are thick inlaid, have the true singing quality. Though they may be

read with pleasure, yet they are meant to be sung, and Gilbert, juggler with words as he was, has made them fit for musical expression. Standing alone, he left no school. But he was more genuinely inspired with the comic spirit than any one of his time, and in the years to come his comedies and operas will interpret the Victorian Age to grave historians. The gulf which is fixed between him and his immediate successors is wide and deep. Those who read the "books," if any can, which serve to expound the career of *The Girl from Somewhere*, may measure vaguely what we have lost in W. S. Gilbert. The author of "Patience" was a poet, as we have said. The gentlemen who provide the popular favourites of to-day with songs are so far remote from poetry that the word "lyric," as they use it, has become a trade-term.

For many years Lady Welby has been known as the champion in England of *Signifies*, or the Science of Meaning. She has fought the battle of Expressiveness with great courage and almost alone. She has understood with perfect clarity how much depends upon our being able to communicate one with another through the symbols of speech. In her last book¹ she does not illustrate and enforce her familiar theories. But if it contains little that is fresh, it is packed with suggestion, and, though it leads us to no

definite conclusion, it will convince those to whom conviction is necessary that what we lack in science, in politics, in the intercourse of every day, is lucidity of utterance, a clear method of interpreting thought by words. That language was given us to conceal our thoughts is less an epigram than a literal statement of facts. The mechanical apparatus of life, the machines which have been invented to save the labour of our hands, are distinguished by precision and accuracy, the two qualities in which language, the most potent and useful instrument of all, is lacking. For this lack of accuracy many reasons may be assigned. Our speech mocks us. When we speak or write, we encounter those whose knowledge may be greater or less than ours, but is never the same. We make appeal to imperfect sympathies or unequal imaginations. And the difficulty of expression is greater to-day, because we try to pack new thoughts into the old phrases. The intelligence of man has been reborn; he has no new symbols wherewith he may explain its rebirth. Science has added and is adding daily new treasures to our knowledge and experience. The material conveniences of life increase with terrifying rapidity. Where once we travelled on foot or by horseback, we are now carried by motor-car, and presently we shall take unto ourselves wings and fly through the air. What do

¹ *Signifies and Language. The Articulate Form of our Expressive and Interpretative Resources.* By V. Welby. London: Macmillan & Co.

we do with language that we may express the new facts of life? We invent a few barbarous hybrids, and think we have done our duty. As in science, so in politics, we are content with a vague approach to lucidity. How many dissensions would be saved us if we were able to say accurately what we thought, so that the crowds which gather about the hustings might comprehend it! The politician's chief purpose, which is to deceive, would be foiled at once were he compelled to precision of speech. The voter would no longer go to the polling-booth duped by a false phrase or lying picture, if he could understand the speeches of conflicting candidates as he understands the machine which he manipulates for his daily bread. And as we have things which we cannot fit with names, so old names survive when their use has perished. "We go on building with names," says Sir T. Clifford Allbutt, "when the things are altered and wasted away, as sometimes beavers pathetically persist in constructing dams and canals when the water has gradually dried up or has changed its course." Shall we, like the beavers, bind ourselves in the chains of habit, or shall we, freed from our fetters, follow the one path of safety, and "realise as we have never done yet what we are doing with speech"?

Here, then, is the problem stated. Language, which should unite speaker and hearer, divides them, lacking precision. The man of science might surmount

the difficulty by leaving the literary language on one side and by inventing for himself a system of formulæ. For those who are condemned to express themselves in the terms of familiar speech no such resource is possible. They must face the problem, and resolve by a severe castigation of their style to be as concise, clear, and terse as possible. They must rid themselves of the poor pieces of string wherewith bunglers are wont to tie their clumsy sentences together. They must understand the true meaning of words as they are explained, not merely by the philologist, but by the historian. There are a hundred accidents of time and usage which make words forget their origin. And yet, if we would understand them, we must look below the surface of their present meaning. The one sure remedy for the inexpressiveness of language is to understand the life and origin of words, to know their etymological and social history, to remember the tangle of association in which they are bound. Words, like men and buildings, grow old and keep their weather-stains. And it is one clear reason of misunderstanding, that all men do not interpret them at the same period of their growth.

Lady Welby is not content with the precise use and interpretation of words. To make herself clear she would transcend the level and limits of "language." She would fit the instrument of Significance with all the most modern improvements. "I am quite ready for

the most drastic changes," she says, "as well as for the most scrupulous and anxious preservation of our existing resources all over the world. I want Greek; I want Chaucer; I want Esperanto, or rather its worthier successor, when that shall appear. I want the Zulu clicks." She wants in vain. All the wishing in the world will not extend the boundaries of speech. No man by taking thought shall add new or old words to our tongue. It is our sternest obligation to obey the rules of the game. If it makes the task of expression more difficult, it makes it also better worth accomplishing.

It is, then, by a proper use of words, and by the assurance that they who hear them have learned to understand, that language may be made expressive. But at all hazards the personal element of style and speech must be guarded. No good can come of compelling a uniformity of language. There is no worse danger than the danger of a standard. Two men of genius in the history of the world have welded their speech into a perfect instrument of expression — Cicero and Voltaire. No writers of prose have ever been more lucid, more highly polished, more gravely sonorous when they wished sonority, than these, and no writers have inflicted heavier injuries upon their mother-tongues in the follies of their disciples. What the worship of Cicero did for Latin, when Latin was a spoken and written speech, has been demonstrated by

Erasmus. Swathed in the clothes provided for it by the genius of Cicero, it became lifeless and mummified, and to-day it exists only in the exercises of anxious schoolboys. Yet its example was not lost to the modern world, and much of the dead formality of English prose is still due to the tyranny of Ciceronianism. The influence of Voltaire may be more easily detected. It lies like a blight upon French literature. The freedom of Rabelais and Bossuet is no longer the heritage of France. All men believe that they can write because they have learned to imitate Voltaire. And thus we find a vast amount of printed matter untouched by individuality expert and meaningless, which has all the appearance of literature and is not.

"The nearest approach," says Lady Welby, "to the mastery, which is our true birthright, was achieved in what we call the classical era." That is perfectly true, and it points the way to salvation. The proper use and understanding of language are to be sought and will be found in the intelligent, not the slavish, study of Greek and Latin. These two tongues—the wisest vehicles of expression ever fashioned by human intelligence—are the origin and should be the model of our speech. They possess in the highest degree all those elements of accuracy and precision of which our more loosely-constructed languages are deprived. Their elaborate inflections, their stern syntax,

teach those who learn them a lesson in economy of speech which no modern language can impart. They who, in obedience to the old curriculum now passing away, spent some years in converse with Greek and Latin, gained a clear perception of the use of words, even if they forgot every line of Virgil and Euripides that they had committed to memory, and were thus the richer by one piece of knowledge which they could not otherwise have obtained. By a foolish paradox the determination to suppress Greek and Latin in our schools coincides with a general desire to attain a nicer sense of expression in our own language, and we shall not be wholly conscious of the debt which our living speech owes to the languages which are called dead until we have lost them.

One proof of our inexpressiveness in speaking and writing is the careless use of ridiculous and meaningless words. A kind of fashion imposes upon us for a while a set of absurd symbols. For some years the journalist, thinking the verb "to be" not good enough for his high purpose, substituted for it the monstrosity "materialise." "The event did not materialise," he wrote, with the pride of one who is doing his work well. And now that "materialise" has become somewhat stale, the word of his choice is "adumbrate," which may mean, in his facile hands, almost everything except that to which its etymology and classic usage entitles it. The

same love of fashion inspires the ready writer to speak of an author's "output"—a barbarous indignity—and to note what he is pleased to call the "trend" of everything. But even now he has not scaled the height of folly attained by his French colleague, who, in defiance of sense and significance, uses the word "avatar" when he means no more than an accident.

Another result of contemning the classics is a confusion of imagery. "Our metaphors," says Lady Welby, "are divorced from our facts." Worse than this, they are inextricably mixed. They resemble not a picture, but a composite photograph of inconsistent objects. Here again is a fault which the study of Latin and Greek might correct. At this very moment a discussion is active in France concerning the ancient tongues. To write good French, says M. Barrès, it is necessary to learn Latin and Greek. We are of M. Barrès' opinion, and would extend his argument to the writing of good English. With perfect justice the French critics have pitched upon the mixture of metaphors as the worst sign of unstudied speech. Even M. Barrès himself, the champion of the dead languages (and an Academician, is not faultless. He is, for instance, guilty of the following courageous sentence: "The silver altar is less brilliant than this stone, frozen by burning kisses." More greatly daring, he has told us that "Venice has her caprices but

no season. She knows only what the clouds tell her when they want the heavens to marry with the lagoon." But in this field of absurdity the journalists easily vanquish the men of letters. "Mme. Judic's talent," wrote a reporter the other day, "is like a bottle of ink, in which the scalpel must not be used too freely for fear of finding there only a pinch of cinders." On the pen of such a writer as this words have no meaning whatever. They are the symbols not of full thought, but of an empty brain. He who uses them

has no power of vision, and can ask no vision of his readers. Yet it is his example that the most of our writers follow. How shall we return to saner methods of speech, to a clearer expression of ideas? By expecting of those who hear and read some gleams of fancy and understanding. By a patient study of the restrained and modest classics. By a frank acknowledgment that language is an instrument fashioned to our hand by the masters of the past; that there is no worse blasphemy than a contempt for tradition.

THE CORONATION.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

IN THE STREETS.

ON the morning of the Coronation London was transformed into a vast theatre. Wherever the procession was to pass, the fronts of houses were changed to tier upon tier of boxes. The streets were like armed camps. Everywhere the lines were held by quiet, well-ordered troops. As you crossed the Park, if you were fortunate enough to gain entrance, you saw the white tents of the soldiers glimmering in the morning sun, as though for joust or tourney. The patience and forethought of the crowd were perfect. It was the purpose of every one to help the progress of his neighbour. On all sides were loyalty and good-nature. It was difficult not to feel pride in a people, which at this moment of poignant feeling could bear itself with so benign a composure. The Coronation of George V., in truth, demands a new chapter in the Psychology of the Crowd.

As I went to the Abbey there was no disorder, no discomfort. All had but one object in view, —to see their King pass to his Crowning. None could attain this object at the expense of his fellow. It was a unique experience of good-humour and amiable bearing. And the restraint of the throng must not be taken as a sign of apathy. The excitement of the people was as keen as its forbearance was admirable. The whole city watched its monarch. There was no space which lacked an eager spectator. "You would have thought," in Shakespeare's noble words, "the very windows spoke"—

"So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery, had said at once,
'Jesu, preserve thee.'"

THE ABBEY.

The scene in the Abbey was a scene of dignified magnificence. All was arranged for the great ceremony of the Coronation. It was with difficulty that the spectator disengaged the familiar architecture. The grouped pillars

at the crossing still soared to the roof. The rest of the Church was swathed in the suits of pomp and rejoicing. The carpet of deep blue which covered the floor was relieved by the brilliant hues of the East. The uniforms of scarlet

and gold, the white dresses of the ladies, made a background of vivid splendour. Hither and thither moved the high officers of State. The regalia are carried from the Altar in solemn procession. The Bishops ranged themselves in what was called the Theatre. The Peers took their places in the South Transept. Then a long pause, and as the time of waiting grew from minutes to hours, we felt not the tedium of delay. To gaze upon this setting of vivid and various colour was sufficient for curiosity. We would not, if we could, have hastened the opening of the drama. At last there are the sounds of martial music. The trumpets blare, the drums beat, and the Procession of the Queen enters with measured solemnity. Seven ladies hold the Queen's embroidered train, and follow her footsteps up the nave, until she reaches her seat in the Theatre. The organ plays, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." And the King follows the Queen to his place in the Choir.

Thus began the profoundly religious service of the crowning of the King. In one sense it was a pageant, as all processions are pageants, to whatever end and with whatever purpose they are made. No spectator could help admiring the splendid spectacle unfolded before his eyes. It is true that every effect was rehearsed. Without rehearsal it would have been plainly impossible to

perform the high ceremonial. But in the pageant there was nothing theatrical. In every gesture, in every movement, there was a sincere intensity of aim which could not but seize upon the imagination of us all. We were confronted, not by a dramatic representation, but by a real experience of human life. The King and Queen, the Archbishops and Bishops, the mighty officers of State, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain and the rest, were all living personages, performing such duties as were prescribed them a thousand years ago; and as we watched their gestures, and heard the beautiful words which their presences evoked, we felt that we, one and all, were taking our part too in this august ceremonial of Kingship.

As the King entered all was in readiness. The simple words of the service suggested that no step in the preparation had been neglected. "In the morning upon the day of the Coronation early," thus it runs, "care is to be taken that the Ampulla be filled with Oil and, together with the Spoon, be laid ready upon the Altar in the Abbey Church." Then there followed a series of historical pictures, old yet familiar, simple yet grandiose. As we looked upon them we lost all sense of time, and kept a very vivid memory of the place in which we sat. We might have been thrust back into the fourteenth century. We saw and heard nothing which we might not have seen and heard in this same Church of

St Peter six hundred years ago. The same symbolism, the same personages, passed before us, as passed before the faithful subjects of the Plantagenet Kings. No sooner were the King and Queen placed upon their fald-stools, than the Archbishop performed the act of Recognition, "Sirs," said he to each part of the Theatre in turn, "I here present unto you King George, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?" The question was answered by one outburst of acclamation. From every corner came loyal shouts of "God save King George," which, mingled with the *Vivats* of the Westminster boys, rough and sincere, was the people's best answer of loyalty and devotion.

Again the trumpets sounded, and the Bible, Paten, and Chalice, together with the Regalia, were placed solemnly upon the Altar. And after the Litany had been sung by two Bishops, the Coronation Service began. The Epistle and Gospel were read, and then the Archbishop of York preached his sermon. He could not have chosen a wiser text: "I am among you as he that serveth," and in insisting rather upon the service of kingship than upon its splendour and privilege, he spoke the truth, which was in the minds of all men. As the last words of the Sermon, "So help us God," died upon the air, the Archbishop of Canterbury adminis-

tered the Oath. "Sir," said he, in his clarion tones, "is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?" And when at last the King, with his hand upon the Bible, had signed the oath, then began the service of symbolism, which will stay for ever in the minds of all those that witnessed it.

In these days of progress, how pleasant is it, and how reviving, to look upon the august ceremonies of the feudal age! Nothing was done, nothing was said in Westminster Abbey, which had not a profound and time-honoured meaning. As the Choir sang "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king," to Handel's noble setting, and echoed in its anthem, "God save the king, Long live the king," the King rose from his prayer, took off his cap of state, was disrobed of his crimson robe by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and took his place, for the first time, in King Edward's Chair, the chair which holds the mythical and sacred stone of Scone. And as he sat enthroned, four Knights of the Garter held over his head a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold. The imagination cannot picture a scene more solemn or richer in historical association. The King was anointed and consecrated King over his people. The Dean of Westminster put upon him the Colobium Sindonis and the Super-tunica of cloth of gold; the Lord Great Chamberlain, like a true knight of chivalry, touched the King's heels with the Spurs,

and girt about him the Sword of State; and when it was girt about him, the Archbishop showed its purpose in those eloquent words: "With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order." Thus, with the true symbol and in the proper terms, are set forth the whole duty and responsibility of Kingship; nor does this conclude the ceremony of the Sword. "Then the King, rising up," thus runs the form and order of the service, "shall ungird his Sword, and, going to the Altar, offer it there in the scabbard, and then return and sit down in King Edward's Chair: and the Peer, who first received the Sword, shall offer the price of it, namely, one hundred shillings, and having thus redeemed it, shall receive it from the Dean of Westminster, from off the Altar, and draw it out of the scabbard, and carry it naked before his Majesty during the rest of the solemnity." Nowhere else will you so surely surprise the spirit of the past, which still breathes in the present, as in this passage of reverend ceremonial.

So the King was solemnly invested with the Armill and Royal Robe, with the Orb, the Ring, and the Sceptre. At each investiture he was more sternly consecrated to the service of God and his People. Then at last came the highest

moment of the Ceremony—the Putting on of the Crown. Like all great actions, the Crowning itself was an action of extreme simplicity. Priceless in association, the Crown of St Edward, in which shone the historic jewels of England, evoked less wonder for itself than for the significance of its putting on. As the Archbishop spoke the moving words, "O God, the crown of the faithful: Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant George our King: and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues," there ran a feeling of joy through all the people. At last we had a King crowned and enthroned. From every side arose loud shouts of "God Save the King," the Peers and the Kings of Arms donned their coronets, and the echo of the guns was heard in the Abbey, now loudly from the Horse Guards, now faintly from the greater distance of the Tower.

If the Crowning, in all its simplicity, was the highest moment in import and feeling of the whole ceremony, the homage which followed did not yield to it a jot in picturesqueness. As in the times of feudalism, so in this age of a widely extended franchise, the Princes and Peers did their homage publicly and solemnly to the King. The Archbishop came first to pay the debt of his allegiance. The Prince of Wales followed him, and surely no act of this wonderful day was more tensely dramatic than

this. Kneeling before the King, the young Prince spoke aloud the noble words of the oath: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God." No one present could witness without a thrill this act of homage, which, ancient though it be, is as closely binding as ever it was in the ampler days of chivalry.

The Queen's Coronation followed the King's in purpose

and design. The Queen, too, stood beneath the pall of cloth of gold, which for her was held by four Peeresses. She, too, was anointed and crowned, was invested with the symbols of her exalted station, and took her place at the King's side. Then, after the Communion and the Recess, they passed down the nave of the Church, crowned and bearing the emblems of sovereignty, into the light of day, and so regained their palace amid the sincere and heart-whole enthusiasm of their people.

AND AFTER.

For those who witnessed it, the Coronation of our King and Queen will remain a deathless memory. The august service, with its beautiful phrases and exquisite symbolism, will never fade from the mind of those who heard it. Its beauty was increased by the confidence and certainty wherewith it was carried out. You were never disturbed for an instant by the dread of an unrehearsed incident. It was a public duty perfectly performed by those who realised its lofty import and vast significance. When we look back upon it, we think of it first as the strongest link in our chain of tradition. Thus, and thus only, have our Kings been crowned since the beginning of history. The popular view of politics has changed a hundred times; the true view of our King, as of one solemnly consecrated and set apart for the service

of God and the country, has not changed since the days of chivalry. There can be no better source of strength and power than this sacred continuity. The strength and power of an Empire lie not only on the sea but in the past. There is no stouter anchorage than tradition for an honest folk. Nor is a single word spoken in the service of coronation, nor a single act performed, which does not prove the age and grandeur of our inheritance. If only we are loyal to the responsibility of this inheritance, how shall we look to the future save with the eyes of a quiet confidence?

There is one other aspect of the Coronation which struck us most vividly. It was a ceremony in which the politicians took small part. The officers employed were the great officers in the King's

Household. The Prime Minister walked in the procession for the first time. The other members of the Cabinet were present only as visitors. For once, at any rate, the King and his people confronted one another without political intervention. The King, in the words of the Archbishop of York, came to the Abbey "as the one man raised above private and local interests, to think of all, to care for all, to unite all in one fellowship of common memories, common ideals, common sacrifices." And the people acclaimed him on his passage to the Abbey, or greeted him within the sacred precincts, eagerly desiring to defend and to obey him. Nothing could be of happier augury than this confrontation of King and People. For, despite the democratic ten-

dencies of the age, the King is still the symbol of patriotism and of power. That he should be this symbol is essential to monarchy. Above all is it essential to a complex Empire such as ours, which includes men of many races, many ideals, and many creeds. The wisest Prime Minister in the world cannot be expected to touch the imagination of the East, or to inflame the passionate loyalty of our oversea dominions. These duties of Empire can be discharged only by a King, conscious of his high destiny and confident in the strength of his people's support. And we left the Abbey after the crowning of King George V. with a better hope than ever we have felt of seeing Disraeli's dream come true of a loyal people and a patriot king.

A CALL TO ACTION.

FOR the last month one thought, and one thought only, has obsessed the mind of England. The Coronation of King George has filled the minds of the people with an enthusiasm in which the stress and strain of politics have been forgotten. The streets of London have been packed by a tireless, curious mob, eager to see whatever sights this season of rejoicing affords. Now, when the last procession has wound its way through Westminster and the City, when the King has been crowned in the Abbey with all the solemn ceremonial of ancient times, when the last banquet has been given, when London, at last uncased, resumes the aspect familiar to us all, we cannot but return to the consideration of practical affairs, we cannot but remember the dangers which threaten the State.

The situation is without precedent. A Cabinet, consisting of ambitious mediocrities — of whom not more than two will be known by name ten years hence — has resolved to destroy the Constitution whose balance and poise have been the envy and example of all the world. It has taken this resolution not because it believes or hopes that it will benefit the State, but because it is sure that a Single Chamber will strengthen its own impudent hands. In the debates which have taken place in the House of Com-

mons, no Radical demagogue has risen above the level of self-interest. We have heard much of revenge and vindictiveness. The Lords, we have been told, have brought the threat of destruction upon themselves. We have heard much also concerning the profit of the Radical party, whose will, described as identical with the will of the People, is said to have been thwarted. The House of Lords, in brief, is to be abolished not for the sake of England, but for the sake of Mr Asquith and his colleagues, who care not what the future brings forth. After them the deluge. What matters it if, by their aid, in twenty years a Labour Cabinet is able, by a majority of one, to suppress the navy, to discard the Colonies, and to spend upon itself all the ready money it can lay its hands on within the narrow space of a year.

The Parliament Bill, by far the greatest measure which has been introduced into the House of Commons since 1832, has passed the Lower House debated to empty benches. Mr Asquith, contemplating with perfect levity the destruction of the State, which accident has placed within his power, has not thought it worth while to defend or elucidate his proposals. Amendments have been brushed aside or guillotined, and a measure, ill-considered and half-discussed, has been thrust into the Upper

House with the confident assurance that nothing will satisfy Mr Asquith but the whole Bill, unchanged and unamended.

The Second Chamber was devised to be a check upon the hasty legislation of the Commons. It is of no value whatever if the principle of the Parliament Bill be admitted. If the House of Lords is reduced to a sham and a fraud, it does not matter the worth of a penny piece whether it be reformed or not. When a horse is dead, it is idle to attempt to amend his paces. It is not its business to accede to the clamour of a general election. Even if the country had twice approved the Parliament Bill, it would still be the duty of the Peers to reject it. But the country has not approved once or twice the Parliament Bill. The general election of last December, prepared while the Conference was still sitting—a Conference which the Prime Minister could break up at any moment that suited the convenience of his party managers—and fought upon an old register, was the roughest method possible of discovering the opinion of the country. In the few weeks allowed for the contest the Parliament Bill was rarely discussed.

Though the Peers were forced to play their part in the Radical campaign, they came on only in the harlequinade. When the mob-orators of the Radical party were tired of false economics they found relief in picturing the lurid vices of the

Peers. Though they said no word on the Veto, they became very humorous at the expense of the Lords, a set of mythical personages whom they represented as responsible for the Osborne judgment, and as forcing starvation on the people to fill their own pockets. They showed them to their dupes, in speech and poster, struggling in a state of intoxication to balance their coronets, which the electors believed were their only wear, evenly upon their uncertain heads. In brief, the Radicals extracted what prejudice they might from the hereditary principle, which they do not propose to eliminate, and then returned to Westminster, relying on a disloyal coalition, with what they called a mandate to pass the Parliament Bill. Never was there a greater absurdity enacted in the wildest democracy, and even if it were the duty of the Peers to bow to popular clamour, which it obviously is not, the champions of the "mandate" have not a shred of evidence wherewith to support their case.

It is not on such pretexts as this that the Constitution can be destroyed, and when the House of Lords meets again its duty lies clear before it. The Parliament Bill has been read a second time. It remains to amend it, and to amend it so thoroughly that it will be impotent for mischief so long as it remains in force. In the first place, it must be made evident that it is a stop-gap, and no more. It will be the

first act of the Conservative Government, when it is returned to power, to restore the safeguards which Mr Asquith, at the bidding of the Irish, has thought it no shame to abolish. And in the meantime the happiness and prosperity of the Empire shall not be left, even for a year, to the mercy of the Wreckers. The Irish Question must be sternly reserved from the operation of the Bill. The Constitution must be jealously shielded from the destructive impulses of a bare majority of the Commons. A far more rigorous definition of tacking must be framed than exists at present, and a genuinely effective check must be provided to the predatory instincts and the reckless love of change which Mr Asquith and his colleagues find profitable.

The Bill, thus amended, may safely be returned to the House of Commons as a stop-gap. Whether the Commons accept it or not matters not to the House of Lords. The Upper Chamber will have shown a middle course, which should approve itself to the moderate Liberal, if such a person exist, and it will have explained what is the utmost that a patriotic assembly can accept. And for once policy and justice fight upon the same side. The Lords and the Conservative Party have nothing to lose and everything to gain by a strenuous opposition to Mr Asquith's scheme of a Single Chamber. If the Peers are fearful of endangering

their own existence as a legislative body, they may put that fear aside. If Mr Asquith have his way there will be an end of them for ever. Their only chance of salvation lies in a spirited resistance. Every step, until the final passage of the Bill, should be contested with whatever of energy and eloquence belongs to the House of Lords, a House eminent always for courage in debate. Nor is any incentive lacking to the spirit of combat. If the Peers are persuaded, in a moment of hopelessness, to leave the field, let them remember the base insults that have been put upon them and their history by Messrs Churchill and George and their obedient henchmen. The mere memory of Limehouse and Mile End should be enough to strengthen their will to resist, and if only they resolve to fight, they are assured of victory.

And how, if they now renounce the fight, shall they take up arms again? If the Parliament Bill passes into law with their approval their restoration to power and influence will be almost impossible. They cannot with a good grace attempt to recover in the future that which to-day they have not struggled to preserve. If they fight now and yield to superior odds the battle may justly be re-engaged at the first propitious moment. Nor was there ever a battle better worth fighting. The House of Lords is an institution honourable in age and

achievement. It has assumed with its growth such a shape as human ingenuity could not devise. It has been for six centuries a bulwark against the aggression of the people. It has won the admiration of foreign democracies, which have seen in it a perfect safeguard, staunch to defend and yet never irreconcilable. To destroy it seems easy enough to the thoughtless demagogue who, enslaved by vanity, believes that he is always right. To put it together again, if once it be utterly destroyed, will prove beyond the compass of the profoundest statesman. When Lord Rosebery made his last speech in the House of Lords, he quoted from a book by Professor Oman a passage which, suggested by Tiberius Gracchus, is particularly applicable to-day. "No statesman," wrote the Professor, "has the right to pull down a Constitution about the ears of a people the moment he finds himself checked in his desires. However bad a Constitution may be, the man who upsets it without arranging for anything to put in its place is a criminal and anarchist if he knows what he is doing, and a mischievous madman if he does not." There is only one member of the present Cabinet who may by courtesy be called a 'mischievous madman.' History is not likely to deal lightly with him or with the others when it notes their interested ambition of anarchy. But happily the cause is not yet lost. The House of Lords can-

not be abolished without its own consent, and we still have faith that it will defend its privileges, and will insist that, if a reform of its constitution be necessary, it will undertake that reform itself, and will not become the bound slave of the House of Commons, which, if the Veto Bill passed, would be able to cut and slash it at its will.

If the Peers need any encouragement in their task of defence they may find it in the fact that never was a strong Second Chamber more sternly necessary than to-day. Our credit and our justice are both in jeopardy. We are drifting on to the shoals of national bankruptcy. In an era of peace and prosperity we pay such an income-tax as only a state of war would make reasonable, and Government securities are sunk lower than ever they were save in a time of panic and perplexity. We rejoice in a Home Secretary who, like a true revolutionary, holds it no shame to insult the bench of judges, and thus to impair the very bulwark of civic life. He appears to think the doctrine of Tammany Hall a sound one, that justice should be administered in favour of the majority. If it were not for the House of Lords we should live under an unbridled tyranny. Our Ministers, arrogant in their well-drilled and dearly-compensated majority, decline to answer questions or to explain their policy. Their supporters have renounced the habit, if they have not lost the power, of thought. Not long

since one Radical, greatly daring, ventured to vote against his party. He was very soon brought to heel, and is not likely again to move a hand to check the headlong course of his leaders. The suppression of liberty, therefore, is complete. The Cabinet has made itself the undisputed master of the country. It forbids criticism; it believes that it has made mutiny impossible. If it chooses to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and to lock up all those who venture to differ with it, nothing but the House of Lords can thwart it. It may lay hands upon the railroads of England; it may tax the landowners so heavily that they will be compelled to sell their possessions; it may paralyse the industries of the country in order to keep its majority safe in the constituencies. In brief, there is no end to the injustice which it may inflict upon the class which is numerically unimportant, and as it may vote itself governor for life, there is and there can be nothing but a Second Chamber to prevent our speedy and effectual ruin.

That the House of Lords has every reason to meet the crisis with firmness is evident. We know of no reason why it should permit the passage of the Parliament Bill. The threat to create five hundred peers is at present a threat and no more. Even if it were possible to make the threat a reality, no harm could be done save to the Radical party, which would instantly be

covered with ridicule. The puppet peers would never be peers in reality. They would remain puppets unto the end of their lives. The line which separated them from the genuine members of the Upper House would never be crossed. The reform of the House of Lords would exclude them forever from its counsels. They would be laughed to scorn by all just men, and overweighted by derision they would find their coronets very heavy to bear. Where they would come from we do not know. Not from the House of Commons. If they did, their elevation would make necessary a general election. Cocoa would doubtless provide a formidable guard. A patient search of Fleet Street might reveal some willing dupes. And when they were assembled, what a ragged regiment they would appear! Greeted with inextinguishable laughter, those henchmen, ennobled not for their own honour but to serve a turn, would be glad to hide their heads in the seclusion of their native suburbs. The strongest party in the world could not survive the shame and ridicule of their creation. The British People, even if it has been deceived by the sophistries of Mr George and the blusterings of Mr Churchill, has not yet lost its sense of humour.

There is another danger besides ridicule in which the creation of puppet peers would involve the Radical party. It is the habit of the Radical when he is promoted to the

House of Lords to become a Tory of the Tories. His picturesque title goes to his head like wine. No sooner does he suppress his Christian name than he believes that his ancestor came to England in the train of the Conqueror, and that he was ordained by Providence to fight for his "order." With however great a care the puppets were chosen, it would be idle to rely upon their loyalty. It would be impossible to keep them in a political cold storage until the hour arrived in which they were expected to vote for their own destruction, and nothing less than political cold storage would ensure the preservation of the Radical. From their creation, then, the legitimate Peers have nothing to fear. They would bring themselves, not the Peerage, into contempt. Nor is the argument, often advanced, that they would give Mr Asquith the power of passing without delay such measures of revolution as seemed good to him, of any weight. In the first place, as we have said, the Prime Minister could not count for a month upon their obedience. In the second place,

the vision of statesmanship should not be limited by this session or the next. We are fighting the battle not of the moment but of all time. If our political opponents think it not disgraceful to destroy the Constitution to attach the momentary support of the Irish party, there is no reason why we should refuse to look beyond the life of the present Parliament. For once, honour and prudence, duty and tactics, point in the same direction. If only the House of Lords will engage stoutly in its own defence, it will win the support of all good citizens. Let it oppose by all legitimate methods and at every step the infamous measure devised by Mr Asquith, and it will arouse England from her apathy and stem the tide of anarchy. If the Coronation, with its noble and imposing ceremonies, was anything better than a mockery, it is the plain duty of the Lords to fight to the end in defence of the Constitution and the throne. Nor is it their own existence only that is at stake. If they consent to abolish themselves, they abolish also the British Empire.

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MOROCCO IN LIQUIDATION.

A SMALL German cruiser has been rolling her bilge-keels clear on the Atlantic swell in front of a mud-hole on the Moroccan coast, and the whole of Europe is agog! What does it all mean?

The English and the French Press have given us interpretations enough. The naval terrorists maintain that Germany is on the point of seizing a Moroccan port to create out of the ruined Portuguese Casbah at Agadir an antidote to Gibraltar. The rabid diplomatists of the Press would have us believe that Germany by her summary act has taken the Algeciras Treaty and torn it into shreds. The militarists would impress upon us that the wicked Prussian is trailing his coat because the moment is propitious to launch legions in *pickel-haubes* over the French border.

With the reservation that it will never be possible to

convert Agadir into anything of the nature naval except a weakness, all these contentions may be the truth in its exaggerated form, or, shall it be said, in its ultimate address. A study, however, of recent events in Morocco will give an explanation to the German intervention, which, if not as sensational as we have been led to believe, is sufficiently serious to have warranted the guarded language of the Prime Minister when he referred to the creation of a new situation in the Moroccan question. Before entering upon a discussion of recent events in Barbary, it is necessary that something should be known of the Hinterland of this wonderful country. To the majority of the people in Europe, Morocco presents the mental picture of a stretch of sand-dunes and a few palm-trees, with an occasional camel thrown in. These artistic mind-pic-

tures have been raised by a confusion of the geographical senses—a confusion which connects Morocco with the superficial impressions formed by visitors to the open ports in Algeria and Tunisia. This confusion is completed with a touch of Cairo and the all-absorbing desert of the Sahara painted in. With regard to Algeria, the casual estimate has been based upon artistic misrepresentation. The desert, the camel, and the palm-tree, however desolate and in-attractive in real life, make fascinating studies for brush and pencil. The artist can find the cornfield and the vineyard without going so far afield as Northern Africa. He consequently depicts Algeria as a desert in spite of the fact that the strong, almost fierce, Algerian wine is the foundation of the largest amount of red wine consumed in France. In sympathy with better known Algeria, Barbary has likewise suffered. In reality the Hinterland of Morocco differs very little from the south of Spain. It is as well watered, as fertile, and to some extent possesses a more salubrious climate. The Spaniards since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella have extravagantly claimed that the southern boundaries of Spain were the Atlas Mountains. With more truth the Moors could have said that the northern confines of Morocco were the Pyrenees. Forgetting the camel and the

palm-tree, and thinking of the valley of the Guadalquivir,¹ the student can picture the fertile valleys of the Sebu, Regrez, and Sus, and their network of tributaries. These sweet waters produce millions of acres of wheat, barley, vines, and millets. The soil is so strong that it asks but little labour from the husbandman, and the country is so sparsely populated that thousands upon thousands of acres remain virgin and unproductive. It is certain that the bottom of its agricultural wealth can never be approached by its present inhabitants. Yet withal it is, as much as is Spain, a white man's land. The cooling influence of the Atlantic is felt throughout the hottest months of the summer as far inland as the Algerian frontier. The rains come in stated season in the same manner as the monsoon in India. Except for a few weeks before the summer rain, the climate is exquisite. Flowers bloom with a rank exuberance that is only equalled in Asia Minor. So much, then, for the agricultural wealth of this fair land. Of the mineral assets it is impossible to speak with accuracy at present. The prevailing belief is that in Northern Morocco the mineral wealth is only a moderate proposition. In the practically unknown Atlas region, the reports of such daring prospectors as have set foot upon the fringe of this immense territory are encourag-

¹ Guadalquivir is itself a corruption of the Moorish name "Wad el Kebir," which is Arabic for the "Great River."

ing almost to the dreams of avarice. What the reader, however, should understand, is that Barbary is pre-eminently a white man's land, and that is why the *Panther*, and now the *Berlin*, are rolling their bilge-keels clear in that terrific Atlantic swell.

The Algeciras Treaty, which had as its intention the pacification of Morocco as a field for international commerce, gave to France and Spain spheres of influence for police purposes. The French as a nation are as capable as colonists as the Spaniards are incapable, which is high compliment to the French. In the matter, however, of open trade competition with British and German trading firms, neither France nor any other country can hold its own without some preferential advantage. With the exception of the sugar trade, France cannot seriously compete at this moment either with British or German houses. France, therefore, has to look for preferential advantages. As her police duties brought her into military conflict with the Moors of Shawia, she, not unwisely, converted her successes into commercial advantages. Supporting the successful usurper Mulai Hafid, she guaranteed to keep Shawia loyal to him. It must be allowed that she carried out her promise. Although it is impossible to support the methods employed in preparing Shawia for military occupation, yet the results to international trade may be said to have justified the means. The Span-

iards had a far more convincing opportunity in Melilla, as their action was not marred by a "Casablanca incident," but they were incapable of turning their affair even to advantage to themselves, much less to Europe at large. Since General D'Amade's operations in the Shawia, and the subsequent occupation of the Shawia littoral, Casablanca has developed into a trading port and district of first-class importance. Melilla, in spite of General Marina's 60,000 men, is still a Spanish *presidio* of mean commercial significance. While Casablanca now sends cereals, wool, and skins to the ends of the world, Melilla's highest ambitions centre in market-garden produce for Malaga.

The French successes in the Shawia, however, when taken in conjunction with the Anglo-French Agreement that led to the *entente cordiale*, had a deep international significance. Mulai Hafid, the pretender, when he made himself secure on the throne, foolishly rendered himself responsible for his brother Abdul Aziz's European engagements. This placed the new Sultan irretrievably in the debt of France. As money makes money, so does debt create debt, and in spite of his accession promises to his people, Mulai Hafid was soon increasing his country's indebtedness to France. The result was the French Military Mission to Fez. It was quite obvious that, after the Anglo-French Agreement, the old unofficial Sir Harry Maclean military *régime* could not continue.

France had to arrange some security that the moneys advanced to Mulai Hafid should not be cast upon the waters by reason of a new usurpation. In the past the only way that Moroccan Sultans have been able to keep their throne has been by maintaining a small corps of mercenaries and then enlisting one half of the tribes to punish and extort money from the other half. The paid mercenaries just kept the balance for the Sultanate between the warring tribesmen.

The officers of the French Mission, however, had other instructions. Their business was not only to train the mercenaries, but to effect as well a complete ascendancy over the Sultan. They were also to make him provide sufficient funds to create a European led, armed, and drilled force that would enable the Maghzen to deal with all its subjects at one and the same time, without enlisting one tribe to defeat the next. Colonel Mangin was the head of this military mission. An officer of Algerian Tirailleurs, with a force of character bordering almost upon genius, he set about his work with an enthusiasm that soon changed the complexion of the Maghzen's attitude to its subjects. The enlisted Arabs, under their French officers, made excellent soldiers. The Sultan, basking in the favour of France, and prompted by El Glawi, his rapacious Grand Vizier, soon discovered that his French-led troops were an instrument, if used for ex-

tortion, the like of which he had never possessed before. No longer was it necessary to ally himself with one section of the tribes to squeeze money from the next. He could walk out as he wished and collect undue and unjust revenues from all and sundry just when the spirit or the empty cash-box prompted him. It was here that Mangin fell short of genius. He, prompted no doubt by the desire to blood the troops he had so efficiently trained, aided and abetted the Sultan in his rapacious treatment of his subjects, little realising that by his actions he was charting the estuary of the Sus for the German anchor that is holding there to-day. The tribesmen also realised the new danger that had come to them with the arrival of the French officers at Fez. They saw that the Sultan was now about to become an absolute ruler, whereas in the past he only had power provided they did not combine against him. They knew the ways of a Maghzen with absolute power. They conferred together, and agreed to revolt and destroy this Sultan and his French following before it became too late. This led to the investment of Fez and the ultimate despatch of General Moinier and a relief force to the capital.

The German attitude at this point requires very careful study. For diplomatic subtlety and the genius of waiting, it must commend itself to all who appreciate astute human restraint. While Colonel

Mangin, lapping glory from the Paris Press, was losing his head, Dr Vassal, the German Consul, was stealthily stalking him amid the flowers and fountains of Fez. The day that the investment of Fez was raised by the near approach of Moinier's relief force, Dr Vassal had Colonel Mangin "stone dead"; and if it had not been for the near approach of the coronation of King George, the *Panther* might have cast anchor at Agadir then. There was nothing, however, to be lost by waiting. It was well that France should continue to do the "dirty work" of accustoming the Moors to the unveiling of their capital. There were military risks attached to it; and whether the occupation of the sacred "Mecca" of Barbary were effected peacefully or at a heavy price in blood, it would not endear France to the people of the country. German interests could well afford to stand aloof and wait. The inefficient pin-pricks by the Spaniards from Larache were sufficient to keep alive the international aspects, while at any moment the country that had not assisted at the sacrilege of Fez could "step in" as the ill-treated Moor's best friend.

It had to be seen, also, what engagements Mulai Hafid might propose to enter into with the French force that had come to his relief at his invitation. It is not to be believed that France entered lightly into the stupendous expense of these difficult oper-

ations simply to save the lives of the few Europeans, who might easily have left Fez under safe-conduct to the coast by consent of the invading rebels. France, naturally enough, wished to gain rights and privileges in the interior similar to those she had acquired in Shawia. It is equally obvious that it is Germany's intention to thwart her. The story of a treaty between Mulai Hafid and the French Government as the outcome of the occupation of the latter's capital is denied. We know, however, that Mulai Hafid has officially intimated to the French Government that unless a French force be left in Fez, he himself will leave the capital when the French army is withdrawn. That is tantamount to a treaty that permits the French to remain in occupation as a Palace guard. Also, we know that the Sultan has agreed that the present French expeditionary force shall be employed in opening up the Berber country between Mekinez and Shawia, and establishing, if possible, that which has never existed before, namely, a direct communication between Casablanca and the capital,—perhaps in a little time a concession for a railway communication. All these arrangements, if not confirmed in writing, give to France the same indefinite mission that was undertaken by England, and *in terrorem* acquiesced in by the jealous Powers, with regard to Egypt in 1880. However much German diplomacy may be con-

tent that France should undertake the "dirty work" in the opening up of Morocco to European enterprise, and however much it may hope to profit by the bitterness that French action has engendered in the Moorish mind, Germany is not unmindful of what has resulted in Egypt from the vague and indefinite mission that British diplomacy then undertook. Germany has no intention that France's mission shall be either indefinite or interminable. The presence of the *Berlin* off Agadir is the first earnest of this. The writer is not sure that in the abstract it is not really a kindly act. This may be a bizarre view to take, but it is probable that the hot-headed Frenchmen at the head of the Fez mission are travelling too fast with their pliable Sultan, and that this is a reminder that there are "wait-a-bit" thorns in this Morocco question that are worthy of consideration, and also that, though the occupation of Fez by a French army has given to France many of the responsibilities of conquest, yet it has conferred upon her none of the rights.

In simple language, Germany considers that the ascendancy which the French have now gained at the capital has reached the limit which German interests can afford. The first period indicated by the Algeciras Act expires this winter. It is expedient, therefore, to German ambitions that the question of Morocco be reopened by the Powers chiefly

concerned before France creates a leverage for herself in the capital that may upset future deliberations. The *fait accompli*, as the Germans sardonically enough realised when they made their official announcement of the Agadir project, always presents forceful difficulties in the council chambers. The presence of the German warship at the mouth of the Sus is a definite earnest that Germany intends the future of Morocco to be a matter of International discussion and arrangement. Also it will serve the double purpose of providing a very accurate test of the value of the Anglo-French *entente*, upon which point neither Germany, nor yet France herself, nor ourselves, seem to be very certain. As to the matter of justification, unfortunately France herself has furnished some justification. It has already been stated in this paper that upon the day that the investment of Fez was raised, Dr Vassal, the German Consul at Fez, had Colonel Mangin, head of the French Military Mission, "stone dead." By this it was meant that Mangin, with his head inflated by the personal adulation that the Parisian Press had poured upon him, permitted the French-trained, French-officered troops of the Maghzen to descend upon the peaceful homesteads of the Uled Jamma tribesmen, and to burn, ravish, loot, and destroy as to them seemed sufficient. As the result of this atrocious licence, much property of British and German protected Moors was destroyed,

and children of tender years were torn from their homes, and, after being ravished, were sold in the streets of Fez into life-long slavery for a few silver coins. When officially remonstrated with by the representatives of friendly European Powers, the leader of the French Mission is said to have replied, "There are no rights of private life and property in a rebel country." There are other excesses upon the slate that have been permitted during the French control of Mulai Hafid's action. Reference need not be made to these. It will be sufficient for German diplomacy to say, which it can unfortunately say with truth, "But what guarantee have we that this self-imposed French *régime* is for the ultimate benefit of the people of the country? Here are the undisputed facts of what the French representatives have countenanced in the past—have supported, since those responsible have not been removed from their posts. Apart from equality of treatment in the matter of commercial interests, we must have international guarantees on humanitarian grounds."

German diplomacy rarely makes a mistake, and it can be brutally frank when brutal frankness serves a purpose. It is almost certain that France is face to face with a situation when it will please German diplomacy to be frank. It knows what the effect of a humanitarian screech, if properly pitched, can have in this country. The presence of the German ship at Agadir, there-

fore, must be looked upon as a roughly-handled plug to join the circuit between the expiring Algeciras Agreement and the present French ascendancy with the Sultan at Fez. The impression that Germany has seized upon Agadir with the intention of claiming it in a subsequent partition of Morocco, is hardly a rational view to take of the incident at present. Those who light-heartedly talk of converting these open Moroccan bar-ports on the Atlantic seaboard, are recommended to study the Admiralty charts and sailing directions before they are carried away by their fears. It would not matter how many millions sterling Germany was prepared to spend on Agadir in converting it into a naval base; it would still be, to the intents and purposes of naval gunnery, an open port. It was Admiral Shamimura of the Japanese navy who said of naval bases, "Their strength is commensurate with their distance from the sea,"—an axiom which landmen who discuss naval matters should inscribe well within their hearts. But even if Agadir could be converted into an inland haven,—which all the wealth of the Indies could not effect,—the value of such a detached coaling-station would be doubtful, since it connects with no line of supporting bases. Naval strategists tell us that detached havens, such as Wei-hai-wei, are a strategical weakness unless they are to be evacuated at the outbreak of war. The idea of the Germans dreaming

of converting Agadir into a protected coaling-station from which the converted liners may emulate in the next great war the historical corsairs of Salee, and prey upon the world's shipping, seems to the writer fantastical, when anything that lay within a sea-wall, that it would take years and millions to build, could be comfortably shelled from below the horizon.

It must not be thought that the writer is antagonistic to the supremacy of French interests in Morocco. Such is far from being the case. The question of Morocco, however, is not going to rest upon sentiment. The matter of any individual European Power having a supremacy in Morocco is a matter about which there can be no sentiment. It will only be settled in the hardest school of international bargaining. This will be rendered the more difficult by the fact that at least one Power is prepared to fight for the principles—or selfish motives, if the phrase be more apt—that it is her intention to impose. Herein lies the gravity and delicate character of the situation. Moreover, the impression that rests with the one Power prepared to fight, is that the other two Powers chiefly concerned are not prepared to accept the gauntlet given in earnest. It is for this reason that one must regret that France has been so badly served by the members of the French Mission at Fez. These actions will enable German diplomacy to state a case against France's individual

claims that one with a clear conscience cannot contravene. Such a knowledge weakens the convictions of a weak-backed ally, and German diplomacy is astute enough to know this. For the other part, we must have every admiration for the admirable way the relief force was commanded by General Moinier. The campaign was no easy one. It was replete with transport difficulties from the moment that the transports dropped anchor at Casablanca, Rabat, or Mehidyia. These open anchorages, exposing the ships to the swell of the Atlantic, often delayed the discharge of cargo and troops for days. It is true that the fighting was not severe, since the Moor has been much overrated as an enemy. The difficulties of carrying sufficient food by camel transport, and the delicate handling of the unrebelling populace, were all operations that called for not only considerable military administrative efficiency, but a full quota of march discipline and political forbearance. All these qualities General Moinier and his staff possessed to the full; and if the whole of French policy in Morocco could be judged by the conduct of the relief operations, France could face German obstructions with equanimity.

As to the troops of France's Colonial Army, they have called forth universal eulogiums from disinterested European observers. The Algerian Spahis and Tirailleurs are soldiers that France might well pit against

the best trained troops in Europe. The European Colonial Troops, Artillery and Infantry, are, if anything, better in *moral* than the similar units of the line with their shorter service. The Senegalese, several battalions of which were employed, are troops which, if held in reserve throughout a long day, could be employed for a close-combat issue at nightfall with wonderful effect. Like the Japanese Infantry at the beginning of their war, they have a lust for killing, the instinctive cruelty and courage of the rapacious beast of prey, the primeval instinct that civilisation denies to us of the West. The general standard of the officers of the French Colonial Army is not, perhaps, as high as will be found in the Frontier Army Corps. This, however, is counterbalanced by experience in war. The majority of the officers have seen service. What is bad with the French Army is its sanitary-discipline on the march. This may be said to be practically non-existent. Although the army was reinforced and fed by a single line of communication, no thought was ever taken for the poor unfortunates who might require the same camping-ground for the morrow. Pollution of water and general insanitation were allowed to a degree that would have rendered our own sanitation officers speechless. The actual valour of the French officer and soldier is, as it has ever been, above discussion.

KEPL.

WAR OFFICE REMINISCENCES.

BY COLONEL C. E. CALLWELL, C.B.

No public institution in the country probably comes in for more criticism than the War Office. A good deal of this criticism is perhaps not wholly undeserved; but an old hand who has learnt the disabilities under which it often suffers, and who is aware of the unobtrusive labours of its staff, military and civilian, realises how often adverse judgments on the department are arrived at under misapprehension, and recognises that sins are frequently laid to its charge which have in reality been committed by other branches of the public service. Even soldiers often scoff at decisions and enactments emanating from Whitehall, who would be the first to admit their wisdom if fully acquainted with all the factors which have been taken into consideration when coming to a conclusion. It is the case, indeed, that one of the strongest objections which can be raised against the too common practice of moving particular officers on from one appointment to another in the office, so that they spend a considerable portion of their career within its portals, is that this practice tends to limit the numbers who pass through the mill. There can be no question but that experience at Headquarters tends to develop a sense of proportion when surveying military problems in general, and

that officers who attain high rank without ever having held a War Office appointment are at a disadvantage in consequence—at least in peace time. These, however, are matters of high policy. In looking back upon two somewhat prolonged periods spent in the department, it is rather the mistakes one made from time to time and the absurdities which occasionally occurred within its precincts that come to mind.

The Intelligence Department was located in Queen Anne's Gate in the later 'eighties, when I joined it to serve under General Brackenbury, to whom it owes so much of the efficiency which it has enjoyed ever since he took over charge. Those were the days when the Khalifa was dominating what is now the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and, as intelligence work in connection with Egypt was my special province, questions of live interest were constantly passing through my hands. Private letters telling of battle, murder, and sudden death used to reach me almost weekly from the then Head of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army, Major Wingate, who rules to-day as Sirdar and Governor-General—a benevolent, prescient, progressive despot—over what is perhaps the best-governed country in the world. Osman Digna is

almost forgotten now, but at that time he was perpetually being killed, or succumbing to the effects of some malignant distemper, only to come to life again for the express purpose of causing us annoyance on the Red Sea Littoral; and one of these resurrections on the part of the troublesome Dervish emir indirectly furnished me with a personal experience which was as instructive as it was mortifying.

Arriving suddenly before Suakin one day with a horde of Fuzzy Wuzzies, he hunted the outposts back to the ramparts and proceeded to invest the place. There was nothing of much interest going on elsewhere at the time; so the newspapers made the most of the affair, despatched special correspondents to the scene of disturbance, and produced imaginative details under big headlines printed in prominent places. In the meantime, we in the Intelligence Department, in accordance with the usual custom in like cases, despatched copies of a certain plan of the stronghold and its environs, which happened to be available, to a number of institutions, and, amongst others, to the House of Commons. There it was solemnly placed in the Tea Room. A few days afterwards, in the course of some discussion in the House over Egyptian affairs, an honourable member seized the occasion to observe that the Intelligence Department map which had been pinned up in the Tea Room was incorrect, misleading, and entirely out of date. The War

Minister (the late Mr Stanhope) was not prepared to admit this. The member was insistent, however; he declared that the fortifications had been laid out afresh at Suakin some months before, and he intimated that the map depicted the old lines, not the new ones,—it turned out that the man had been out at the place on a visit only a few weeks before, and that he actually knew something of what he was talking about. This circumstance was in itself so unusual as to attract attention. The Secretary of State thereupon expressed concern, promised to institute inquiries, and called for an explanation from my chief, who naturally sent for me.

How did it come about that we had been distributing a map of Suakin on which the fortifications were wrongly shown? Were they wrongly shown?—Well, when the thing was put that way, it *did* occur to me that we had somehow heard some time before that the defences were being rearranged. Then why on earth was the amended line of defence not indicated on the map? Could I sketch it in on the map now, so that a revise could be prepared and a new issue made? But the worst of it was that I knew no details, and had taken no steps to obtain them. The General was an ideal chief to serve under; it was an education indeed to be one of his subordinates for a season. But he was only human after all, the close of the interview was by no means pleasant, and

I slunk off to my apartment, crushed, to try and devise some means of bringing the map up to date. To have appealed to the busybody of a legislator who had created all the trouble would have been insupportably ignominious. Luckily, somebody remembered that Colonel (now General Sir Leslie) Rundle, who had quite recently been for a short time Governor of the Red Sea Littoral, was home on leave. He was at Queen Anne's Gate next morning, and although a little uncertain on some points, he had soon sketched in the fortifications quite accurately enough for the House of Commons, and probably accurately enough for practical military purposes.

At that time the mapping section was always in the hands of artillery officers. This arrangement has since been altered, and latterly it has been permanently in charge of engineer officers, who generally have been chosen in recognition of prolonged experience of survey work in India, or else at Southampton. Although work of this kind is in most respects best performed by the trained technicalist, there is also something to be said for the man of rough methods. Your expert surveyor has a horror of inaccuracies. Any map-making undertaken without trigonometrical operations is bound to be an aggregate of inaccuracies. So he produces a huge sheet of paper with a few blobs of unimpeachable topographical details scattered

about on it here and there, blobs which merely make the huge blank spaces the more conspicuous. A map of that kind is all very well in the field if you happen to be carrying out your tactical combinations on one of the blobs, but it is not much use when your troops, or the hostile forces, are operating on the blank spaces. A rough map is almost always very much better than none — provided that it is known to be only a rough map. Although it is no exaggeration to say that the lack of even rough maps of some parts of South Africa during the war cost this country many millions sterling, those that were supplied of other parts, unreliable as they were, were by no means to be despised in default of better. One would imagine that almost any civilian of reasonable intelligence must realise the importance of maps in time of war; but a case occurred a very few years ago when, in the course of a discussion between the War Office and the Treasury over a question in connection with certain mapping work which would cost a good deal of money, somebody in the latter department actually asked officially on paper what was the use of maps to the military. This public servant had no doubt passed some prodigious examination before attaining the position which he adorned — but common-sense cannot have formed one of the subjects in the syllabus.

Owing to my connection

with Egypt, it fell to me to complete and edit the late Sir H. Colville's 'History of the Sudan Campaign'—the official record of the attempt to relieve Gordon. Colonel Colville had been obliged to relinquish his task owing to ill-health just when it had arrived at the stage of appearing in preliminary proof form. In some of the earlier chapters, which were devoted to recording the events that led up to the investment of Khartoum by the Mahdi, a good deal of political matter had been introduced in a form which no doubt did not give quite a correct impression of the actual course of events. However, copies of the proof were sent out to all the chief actors in the drama with the request for their observations, and amongst others one was of course despatched to Sir E. Baring (Lord Cromer). When he came in due course to send in his remarks on the book to the Foreign Office for transmission to the Intelligence Department, Sir Evelyn took strong exception to the earlier chapters on the grounds that much that was in them was inaccurate and misleading, because the author was not aware of the whole of the facts, and had not had access to all the documents bearing on the subject. He wound up by expressing the opinion that an official history of a campaign prepared by the War Office ought to treat only of actual military events—a pronouncement carrying all the more weight seeing that it emanated

from an ex-soldier who had enjoyed a wide experience in dealing with official military literature. As a consequence of his representations, some forty pages or so of the book were cut out bodily. Something of a very similar nature would seem to have occurred in the case of the first volume of the Official History of the South African War prepared by the late Colonel Henderson, which never saw the light. But there was this difference. The objection to the earlier work was that facts had inadvertently been stated in it incorrectly, while the objection to the latter work appears to have been that it told the truth. After all, it is not unnatural that other Departments of the State should object to having their blunders and want of forethought advertised in a publication prepared by the War Office.

But the history of a conflict which omits all mention of the events that brought about the campaign with which it is concerned, or which only refers to those events in the baldest form, can never be an altogether satisfactory work. Now that the preparation of historical works has been taken over by the Committee of Imperial Defence, it will be interesting to see, when next the record of one of our contemporary wars comes to be compiled, whether the story will be treated as a whole. All the Departments of State likely to be concerned in the events leading up to future operations in the field are repre-

sented on the Committee, and it is to be hoped that when the tale is afterwards told, the members will remember the saying of Clausewitz that "war is only a continuation of State policy by other means."

In completing the History of the Nile Expedition, it was a little difficult at times to reconcile the views of different authorities as to what had actually occurred at certain junctures, and the experiences gained at that time enabled one, a dozen years later, to appreciate the difficulties which the compilers of the Official History of the South African War must have laboured under. Still, with a little give and take, one could generally arrive at some sort of a compromise. A great advantage of being merely editor and not author of the volumes was that, face to face with infuriated big-wigs, one could always throw the whole of the responsibility for alleged improprieties on the absent author. "The account reads as if I was a damned fool, sir!" It did; and the worst of it was that it gave a not wholly inaccurate description of what had happened on the occasion in question. A distinguished general, who had played a not unimportant part in the operations, had only one single remark to offer. It was to the effect that, whereas a certain major's name had been mentioned three times in the book, his (the general's) had only been mentioned once. An objection of that kind is easily got over, and one particular

chapter simply bristles with that general's name now.

A portion of the funds placed at the disposal of the head of the Intelligence Department has for many years past been allocated to providing for the charges arising out of sending its officers to visit the foreign countries with which they are concerned. Trips of this kind made sad inroads into one's limited periods of leave; but it was no small privilege to be enabled to visit at the public expense parts of the world which one otherwise might never have seen. Much of my work was concerned with the Balkan States, and it was pleasant to rest on the way out and home at places like Buda-Pesth and Florence, or to seize the opportunity of an examination into the military conditions in Greece to scale the rocky brow where Xerxes sat overlooking sea-born Salamis. On one occasion I travelled from Belgrade to Salonika with a Hungarian gentleman, a thorough man of the world, engaged in business pursuits, and a most charming companion. We arrived at our destination late at night, and on the following morning we strolled down to the shores of the bay. To an islander, familiar with the ocean in all its moods, it was strange to see a burly man, well on the road towards middle-age, dancing and clapping his hands like a child with delight at the spectacle of the great waters. There was a fresh breeze blowing which caused a lively ripple on the surface, and the Hungarian

could not think why it "hopped about in that funny way." He had never seen the sea before, and apparently had never even seen a pond on a windy day. Our Mediterranean Fleet happened to come in that afternoon, and the Hungarian was more bewildered than ever. He could not understand what it was, nor what it was doing there. I pointed to the grim, grey prison tower which is such a feature on the quay, and told him the story of an incident which had occurred not long before.

There had been an *émeute* in the bazaars, and in the course of the rioting one or two French subjects had somehow got knocked on the head. None of the local authorities troubled themselves much over the matter, till one morning a French squadron steamed majestically into the bay and cast anchor before the city. Then a boat put off from the flagship, with an officer in it who was entrusted with a missive from the admiral demanding satisfaction for the murder of his compatriots. The governor was at his wits' end. They would want money, these accursed Christians—they always wanted money. But no. It turned out that the admiral did not want money. What he wanted, and what he insisted upon, was that the criminals responsible for slaying the French subjects should be brought to justice. "Oh, is that all?" said the governor, much relieved in mind; "we can easily settle that." An imposing gallows was erected on the top of the prison tower

where all might see it, three unfortunate wretches who happened to be incarcerated at the time were selected for sacrifice and were retrieved from the dungeons into which they had been cast, they were duly hanged with much pomp and circumstance, the French squadron departed after ceremoniously saluting the Ottoman flag, and everybody was satisfied.

Another time it was a case of journeying from Galatz in Roumania into Bessarabia, *en route* to Odessa, and this involved the passage of the frontier river Pruth, near its junction with the Danube. The operation was carried out in a crazy punt half full of water. On the far side a Russian sentinel was drawn up, who indicated the custom-house with the point of his bayonet, and there my passport was examined. I knew a little Russian in those days, could read the character easily, and was somewhat perplexed on observing the official in charge carefully transliterating the name "Salisbury" into the Russian character, and entering it in the column where the traveller's name was supposed to appear. (Lord Salisbury was Foreign Secretary at the time, and his name was at the foot of the passport.) The official could understand neither my bad French nor my worse Russian, and was full of suspicion; but an officer happened to come in who was very civil, and who speedily put matters on a proper footing. He said that the official had been

especially puzzled at my apparently having no Christian name, and he used expressions with regard to the man's want of intelligence which are best left to the imagination. One had heard so much about the extraordinary efficiency of the spy system in the dominions of the Tsar, and about the methodical manner in which the movements of strangers are watched from the moment they set foot within the frontier, that it was rather a surprise to see the business carried out in such irregular fashion at a point where travellers no doubt often made their entrance into the country.

A very interesting expedition was one on mule-back along the Atlantic coast of Morocco. In those days the Land of the Moors was in a less unsettled condition than has been the case during the last decade, and a European was generally safe in that part of the country so long as he was accompanied by the conventional escort—a soldier of the *maghzen*. It was only when riding through the fanatical city of Salee, and on the march from thence to the crossing of the Sebu at Mehedia, that any special precautions were necessary. That is the stretch of General Moinier's line of communications along the coast where a number of attacks have been made upon his convoys. Other native travellers were glad to tack themselves on to my little caravan, which gradually swelled into quite an imposing cavalcade. At Mehedia the escort would not hear of en-

camping in the open, but insisted on passing the night within the ancient fortress crowning the bluff which overlooks the mouth of the Sebu and the lines of foaming surf marking the bar across the river's mouth—a picturesque structure, finely situated, but with a noisome interior. Engineering skill may some day permanently define a passage through that terrible bar, and enable the scour of the tide and of the waters coming down from the mountains of the interior to keep the channel in navigable condition: the river is apparently navigable for a considerable distance inland. But it is hard to say what may happen in Morocco.

Returning to the same branch of the War Office several years later, one could not fail to be struck with the changes made in many directions. Strategical questions and problems of defence were dealt with to an extent unknown in the old days, and the branch had become to all intents and purposes the nucleus of a General Staff, although not known as such. The status had in many respects been improved, and the staff had been materially increased. But, regarding it merely as an Intelligence Department pure and simple, there was no very marked progress noticeable. One was almost tempted, indeed, to think that there had been a decline. It was a little disappointing at times, when one applied to other Sections for information, to find—not that the information was not available, that is often unavoid-

able, but—that the failure did not seem to be regarded as a slur on the Section concerned, and to note that efforts were not instantly made to obtain the information by hook or by crook. This change in the spirit of the department was entirely due to its having taken up work which was not intelligence work in the strict sense of the term. It is more interesting to plan campaigns and to cope with profound strategical problems, than to collect information, to register it, collate it, and distribute it to those whom it may concern. In the field, the duties of the Intelligence Department are kept quite apart from the staff duties connected with directing operations—it is a servant and not a master; and there is a good deal to be said for the same principle being applied at Headquarters. When the Esher Committee came to make their recommendations as to the reconstitution of the War Office, they perpetuated the new system by making the Intelligence Department a portion of the Operations Directorate of the General Staff, instead of making it a separate branch of the General Staff; and it is open to question whether this was not a mistake.

In one respect, however, an immense improvement had been effected. This was in the matter of obtaining outside assistance and of freely utilising the services of officers not in the department for carrying out investigations, for compiling reports, and so forth. Officers often show a remark-

able public spirit in this connection, and are ready to spend their time and their money in doing work for which they generally get little more than conventional thanks. Reports are often sent in by quite junior officers which are admirable—although they do want a little editing at times. I remember noticing, at the last moment before sending finally to press one very complete and well arranged report of this kind dealing with one of our oversea dependencies, that the details with regard to the available supply of vegetables were included under the heading "Fauna," and that a vivid description of the land crab indigenous to the region appeared in the section on "Mineral Resources."

One objection to the Intelligence Department being housed in Queen Anne's Gate was that it tended to keep the branch entirely distinct from the War Office. Its existence was indeed rather forgotten at times in Pall Mall—as was proved later on, when a Royal Commission came to investigate matters in connection with the South African War. This separation to some extent disappeared when the Intelligence Department moved over to Winchester House in St James's Square, and it has disappeared still further now that the whole of the Headquarters Staff of the Army is accommodated in the one big building in Whitehall. But cases have occurred even within the last four or five years when the existence of an Intel-

ligence Branch on the spot has been overlooked. On one occasion, for instance, somebody wanted to learn some simple thing about the local forces in the Malay States. These forces are of course governed by regulations like any other properly constituted military forces, and the Intelligence Section dealing with British oversea dominions naturally had full information about them at its disposal. But what happened was that the Inspector of Garrison Artillery, who was about to proceed with his staff officer to Singapore and the Far East, was invited to prosecute inquiries in the Malay Peninsula. He consequently spent a week in making a journey up country from Singapore, and by dint of diligent investigations on the spot he managed to discover the correct answers to a number of questions which had been put to him. It was like sending a general officer, with his staff, from London to Fort George to ascertain what tartan the Seaforth Highlanders wear—only that it took a good deal longer and cost more to the public. Not until his report arrived from Hong Kong did the Intelligence Section, which had all the information at its disposal, become aware that the information was wanted. But this is a rich country, and the three or four months' delay in obtaining the required information probably did not seriously inconvenience the official who wanted it.

On another occasion, in the

early days of the Army Council, and at a stage when the members of that body had not yet achieved firm seats in the saddle and used to hold formal meetings, they took it upon themselves at one of these meetings to draft a letter to the Colonial Office in connection with a Canadian defence question, without consulting anybody acquainted with the details of the subject at issue; and they managed to commit a most serious blunder in this communication over a matter of actual fact. It was a blunder, moreover, which would have exasperated the Dominion Government. The question was somewhat urgent, and the letter was sent across to Downing Street just before mail day. When the papers on the subject accidentally got into the hands of the subordinate official who knew the circumstances and who ought to have drafted the letter, it was mail day, and by the time he had hurried to Downing Street, the Colonial Office covering despatch, forwarding a copy of the War Office communication, was already prepared. A few hours later it would have been gone beyond recall.

The work of an Intelligence Department is necessarily to a large extent confidential. As long as ours was accommodated in Queen Anne's Gate and in Winchester House, a careful watch could be kept upon the buildings, and it would not have been easy for a suspicious character to effect an entrance by day or by night. There

were special police arrangements while the office was closed. The need for care in these matters is illustrated by what, if report speaks true, occurred during the Crimean War. Then, it is said, the lithographed copies of drawings of our trenches and approaches which had been sent home from Sebastopol used to be prepared by an expert who was in the pay of the Russian Government, and who did not forget to despatch samples of his handiwork to St Petersburg. When a certain major on the staff in Winchester House arrived at the office one Monday morning, the janitor met him at the portals with a perturbed countenance. "There's a policeman in your room, sir," he said, "who won't let anybody in, not even the charwoman to clean up and lay the fire." The major proceeded to his apartment, and was confronted at the door by a stalwart guardian of the peace who looked him up and down suspiciously. "Are you Major —?" asked the policeman. The major pleaded guilty to the charge. The representative of the law stood on one side, and pointed with a dramatic flourish of the arm to the safe. The major could not see anything wrong with the safe at first; then suddenly he espied the key in the lock. "I noticed it the minute I came in to look round on Saturday afternoon, sir," said the constable; "me and my mate, we've kept guard on the door, turn and turn about, ever since. Not a soul has been in the room but the

two of us." Major — expressed contrition at his carelessness in leaving the key in the lock, and thanked and commended the watcher who had so faithfully fulfilled his trust. "Good chaps, those bobbies," he remarked afterwards when telling the tale; "they evidently had not looked inside (I should have, like a shot, in their place). There was nothing in the ridiculous thing but an old pair of trousers, which I keep to slip on when I happen to come down in my Sunday best on a day that I'm going to take tea with a duchess after office!"

There was rather a plethora of safes in Winchester House, and when the time came for us to move down from there to Whitehall on the opening of the new War Office, the transfer of these ponderous objects was not effected without trouble. The contractors had not quite realised how heavy they were, and they were strewn along between St James's Square and their destination, and piled up at either end, like dead animals along a line of communications in time of war. We had so strongly impressed upon the genial head of a civil branch who was responsible for carrying out the transfer, that all the treasures hoarded up in Winchester House were of deadly secrecy and vital national importance, that he took quite extraordinary precautions at the gateway of the new War Office. The Winchester House contingent was acting as a kind of advanced-guard, and was the first to be moved.

When we tried to enter the new building on the first day, we were closely questioned as to our business, and rank, and so forth, and one officer who had a rather German-sounding surname was peremptorily refused admission. But he was a philosopher, this officer, and he took the insult lying down. "It was a pity its being November and the days so short," he remarked next day when he again presented himself and was passed in with profuse apologies; "it took me a little time to get changed and to fetch my clubs, but I managed a round and a half of golf all right."

The management of secret papers within the War Office has always been something of a problem. The system of sending them about in locked boxes, furnished with special locks, to which only certain highly placed individuals possessed keys, was good in principle; but it was extremely troublesome and it led to delays. The plan of pinning a special blue label on the outside of correspondence of this nature possessed the disadvantage that it indicated to everybody who handled the papers that the contents were confidential—no unauthorised person would be likely to take the trouble to untie an ordinary file of War Office papers to see what was inside. Besides the blue label to denote secrecy, there was the red label to denote urgency. The worst of these red and blue labels was that they became so common that it was almost impossible to take them seri-

ously. The green label, on the other hand, was, comparatively speaking, rare; it indicated that the paper was concerned with a question to be asked in Parliament. Supposing that a question to be asked in Parliament is of an inconvenient kind, it is always of interest to the official who has drafted the reply to note in 'The Times' how skilfully his wording has been bowdlerised when the answer is actually given in the House. No actual perversions of the truth, you will understand. No terminological inexactitudes. But awkward corners are rounded off, so to speak, and the questioner is somehow left no wiser than he was before.

War Office papers are enclosed in what are technically known as "jackets"—sheets of tough paper the size of a double sheet of foolscap. On the outside are marked hieroglyphics which indicate the people to whom the paper is to go. In the old days the jackets used to be doubled in two, and then tied up tight with red tape; but some administrator (whose name has not been handed down to posterity as it ought to be) hit upon the device of not folding the jacket in two, so that now the paper opens out flat. Still, there was something also to be said for the old arrangement. Under it, it was almost impossible to write inside when a file once began to become voluminous, because the thing used to be shut up: the modern plan is a positive invitation to people to record their opinions—and they all

avail themselves of the invitation. There are those who find a certain difficulty in reading my handwriting at times, and on one occasion a very high authority indeed mistook the word "to" in a minute of mine for the figure "8." The figure "8" did not make sense; but that did not prevent the high authority from adding a minute of his own, based upon what he believed mine was intended to convey. There ensued one of the most bewildering correspondences which has ever circulated even in the War Office. Nobody could understand what anybody else meant, but everybody recorded his opinion, starting from the erroneous assumption that he had discovered what the matter was which was at issue. I should not be surprised if that correspondence is going on still.

These War Office papers wander about within the office, growing in bulk on the snow-ball principle, and they sometimes disappear in the course of their peregrinations. If they are not then discovered in the Finance Branch, or if they cannot be traced to the Secretary of State, they are put on "the search list," and the "searcher" is brought into requisition. The methods and the identity of this mysterious individual are alike wrapped in obscurity. It is currently reported on the military side of the War Office that he is in receipt of £500 a-year. He leaves no trace of his visitations. But, just as the rat-catcher secures the rats con-

cealed in the most inaccessible penetralia of the ship, so also, by some occult means, does the searcher discover documents for which nobody can account. There is not perhaps in the service of the State a more efficient or a more useful official.

No set of circumstances is so likely to increase the volume of a War Office paper to a portentous bulk than when some branch discovers (or succeeds in persuading itself) that a matter for which it is properly responsible has been taken in hand by some other branch. This situation always produces a tempest,—the question as to whose business it is to do a thing is so much more important than the question whether the thing has been done. A *tracasserie* of this sort will bring Military Members of the Army Council down from the serene hill-tops of thought on which they are normally enthroned, and will find them ruffling it amongst the swashbucklers in the very thickest of the press. In the heated correspondence which ensues, the subject which was originally at issue is totally forgotten, and it is therefore a matter for congratulation if it has been settled before the affray commences—even if it has been settled by an unauthorised branch. When, after the reconstitution of the War Office, the General Staff was trying to organise itself in face of a good deal of passive obstruction from powerful quarters, the mere hint that one of its branches, or that

some member of its personnel, had expressed an opinion or had given a decision in connection with an "administrative" question, would produce twenty elaborate minutes at the very least, and sometimes led up to an appointment of a sub-committee to regulate correspondence.

These Inter-General-and-Administrative-Staff polemics were not confined to paper, for they sometimes disturbed the calm of "Directors' Meetings." Directors' Meetings were a weekly symposium at which current topics could be discussed, action expedited, and so forth. It was quite extraordinary how busy my Director always seemed to be on the day when a Directors' Meeting was due. "Capital things these meetings, saves a lot of writing, one hears what's going on, and—but I have an awful lot to do this morning. Would you mind going to represent me?" Being only there on sufferance, one could not take a very prominent part in the engagements between the General and the Administrative Staff which so often enlivened the proceedings, and had to content oneself with hanging about on the outskirts of the scrimmage and encouraging one's own side with whispered suggestions.

Apart from these broils, the only matter in connection with Directors' Meetings which comes back to my mind is the question of the accommodation of married officers at Tidworth. This was a standing dish. The subject was perpetually crop-

ping up. My branch was no-wise concerned in the debates, and one could only listen to them in wonder. The question was a simple one enough. Barracks of the most approved pattern had been built at a place which happens to be out in the wilderness. It is not the practice to construct quarters for married officers other than the commanding officer and the quartermaster of a regiment. Residences did not exist in the vicinity, and even "apartments" were unobtainable. The consequence was that any other officer who had committed the indiscretion of taking to himself a wife, and who came to be stationed at Tidworth, had nowhere to put her. All manner of suggestions were put forward with regard to building suitable houses on Government land to be let out on advantageous terms to officers (advantageous to the public, of course, not to the officers). A well-known local landowner, a Member of Parliament and ex-soldier, offered to undertake building operations on what seemed to be perfectly fair terms to the military. At least one contractor made proposals on similar lines. The suggestion was ventured that houses should be built out of the construction vote, and hired out. But there always appeared to be some insuperable objection to every plan that was put forward, and so many interests had to be considered that it invariably proved impossible to acquiesce in any proposed solution of the difficulty.

The only people whose interests were not considered were the officers concerned. Still, they were only regimental officers, after all—had they been Army Service Corps horses it would have been different.

As an instance of the difficulty of getting things done under the existing War Office organisation, the following case may be cited. It will be remembered that at the time of the South African War, numbers of irregular corps—yeomanry, mounted rifles, infantry, and so forth—were raised at home and in the oversea dominions. Associations, public bodies, officers selected to command, and others concerned in their organisation, naturally adopted very varying methods in enrolling and equipping these corps. The War Office, dealing as it was with a new problem, was hardly in a position to formulate rules and regulations, and as a matter of fact it interfered as little as possible. The consequence was that there was a good deal of waste of power, of confusion in the field, of loss of money to the public, and that the most was often not made of the material that came to hand. That this was the case was obvious to all who had to deal with these corps during the latter part of the campaign, and it was fully recognised at Headquarters when the military forces were brought back to their peace footing after the war. Officers commanding corps of this character, as well as column commanders and others who had gained wide experience

with them in the field, were therefore called upon to furnish reports and to make suggestions for future guidance. It was furthermore decided that a book of regulations should be drawn up, founded on these reports; and an officer, especially qualified for undertaking it in virtue of his experiences at Headquarters in South Africa in connection with the administration of such troops, was selected for the task. But when all was in train, a difficulty arose over the pay of the officer. So the reports which had come to hand, together with a mass of documents bearing on the subject, were put away in a tin box. This box eventually found its way somehow into my charge, and its contents remained untouched until, about two years afterwards, I one day lighted accidentally upon the following passage in that part of the Report of the South African War Commission which sums up the conclusions of the Commissioners with regard to the creation, services, &c., of improvised corps: "So far as we can learn, nothing has been done to collect systematically the valuable experience of the officers who worked that organisation, certainly nothing to formulate that experience, to embody it in hand-books, or to create a framework which would be ready for prompt and effective action."

This indictment — for that was what it practically amounted to — was already becoming ancient history, and it still held good for all

practical purposes. So I turned over the tin box to one of my staff, told him to take the matter in hand, to draft a book of regulations, and to consult all the various branches which would be concerned in the contemplated work — there was scarcely a branch in the War Office which was not entitled to express an opinion about some aspect of the subject. He was making excellent progress, and was receiving all possible assistance on every side, when what was going on came to the ears of one of the higher military officials in the institution, and a storm was only averted by an almost supernatural display of tact. Was not a branch of the General Staff actually engaged in preparing a book of regulations dealing to a large extent with administrative subjects? This difficulty having been got over, the work was still further advanced, so that it really looked as if there was at last going to be some result, when one or two unimportant conundrums delaying the completion of the volume had to be referred to the Army Council for decision. That body thereupon pronounced that the work should not be proceeded with. And so, if another occasion demanding the raising of volunteer corps in time of war were to arise, we should be exactly where we were in 1900, and all the invaluable experience gained during the strenuous months of the South African War in respect to this question

would have been thrown away. This, however, assumes that nothing has been done since 1907, the date when the Army Council arrived at the conclusion recorded above. There were no doubt certain objections to the maintenance of the office of Commander-in-Chief. But a Commander-in-Chief would have taken a short way of dealing with a case such as this. He would have chosen an officer to undertake the rôle of author, and that officer, if he met with obstruction, would have been in the position to appeal to the fountain-head for a decision, a decision which might possibly be a wrong one, but still—a decision.

But, even if little advance has been made in some directions in the War Office, if it is more difficult than ever to obtain decisions on some points, if correspondence within the office has grown to an alarming extent, and if serious delays in the transaction of business are in consequence apt to take place, it must not of course be supposed that during the last quarter of a century no improvements have been effected in many most important particulars. There is, for instance, little difficulty in obtaining a decision on a question in which the Secretary of State is closely interested, for he is unquestioned head of the Department; the theory of an Army Council as conceived by the Esher Committee has been long since abandoned, and its members are merely chiefs of branches, working under the

orders of the War Minister and without collective responsibility. The distribution of duties between the various military divisions of the office is in most respects more happily arranged than it was in the days of the Commander-in-Chief. The creation of a General Staff department at Headquarters with a sufficient personnel has proved a great success; and it would have proved an even greater success if a number of duties allotted to the Adjutant-General—duties which obviously ought to be intrusted to the General Staff—had been apportioned to the right branch. It is moreover conceivable that if the position of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff were improved by placing peace organisation, mobilisation, and certain other details of military administration, under his control, and if he were constituted the sole representative of the War Office on the Selection Board (the other three Military Members of the Army Council ought not to have been placed on that body by Lord Haldane), he might develop into that genuine head of the military side who is so badly wanted. Again, to judge by results, it must be remembered that an expeditionary force of upwards of 160,000, which can really be mobilised and placed in the field within a reasonable time, is the creation of the War Office as organised on the latest model. The progress made in some matters more than compensates for the retrogression which has taken place in others.

And in one particular direction the improvement which has been brought about of late years amounts almost to a transformation.

Formerly the relations between the War Office and the Admiralty were none too cordial. There were no doubt faults on both sides, but the result was that the interests of the State were liable to suffer. Latterly this unsatisfactory condition of affairs has come to an end. This is due no doubt largely to the establishment of the Committee of Imperial Defence on a firm basis by Mr Balfour. It can be attributed partly to the growth of a more healthy feeling within the two offices. It is also probably to some extent a consequence of the closer relationship between the two services which has supervened outside of the buildings in Whitehall, and to that increased respect for their comrades of the army entertained by naval officers of the present day, which has been induced by joint staff rides, by association at the Naval War College and the Staff College, and by the encouragement now given by each service to the other to study its methods and system. But whatever the reason may be, there is no question as to the fact.

Some twenty years ago, a joint report was prepared by an engineer officer and myself at Queen Anne's Gate, with regard to a certain matter connected with coast defence,—a matter upon which the Admiralty happened to possess no information worthy of the

name, for the Naval Intelligence Department was then still in the embryo state. Coast defence is an "amphibious" subject in which the Admiralty and the War Office alike are concerned. The preparation of the report took up time, it involved a certain expenditure of labour, and it necessitated the outlay of an appreciable amount of War Office money. It was carefully revised by competent superior authority, and was in due course printed. Then a number of copies were sent to the Admiralty for use of the sister service. To the amazement of the branch in Queen Anne's Gate, the Admiralty, in acknowledging receipt of the copies, managed to express their official letter in terms as nearly offensive as is practicable in a communication couched in the language consecrated by custom for use in inter-departmental correspondence. The letter made querulous objections to the form in

which the report was drawn up, it contained not one word of thanks for the information (information which was very shortly afterwards incorporated, practically as it stood, in an elaborate Admiralty publication), and it hinted plainly that the War Office had no business to have dealt with the matter at all. The affair was very easily settled. The Secretary of State for War had an interview with the First Lord. A private request arrived from Whitehall that the offending letter should be returned privately, and that another should be accepted in its place. This was promptly complied with. A fresh letter was transmitted, containing effusive expressions of gratitude and intimating that the report would prove of great use. The incident was in fact closed satisfactorily for all parties, but under the conditions prevailing to-day it could not possibly have occurred.

A SAFETY MATCH.¹

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF,' 'A MAN'S MAN.'

CHAPTER FIVE.—A SABBATH-DAY'S JOURNEY.

THE Rectory children, washed and combed for Sunday dinner, sat at ease in the old nursery—promoted to schoolroom since Tony went into knickerbockers—and disoused the munificent stranger of the morning.

Their interest in his movements and identity had been heightened by the fact that after service was over he had proceeded to the right instead of the left on leaving the Kirkley Abbey pew, and, turning his broad back upon an undisguisedly interested congregation, had stalked up the chancel and disappeared through the door leading to the vestry.

"I wonder what he went for," said Cilly for the third time.

"Perhaps he was going to give Dad more bank-notes," suggested the optimistic Stiffy.

"More likely going to ask for change out of the first one," rejoined Ally.

"I expect he was going to complain about you making faces at him through the curtain, Nicky," coldly observed Cilly, who had not yet forgiven her small sister's innuendoes on the subject of Mr Robert Gill.

"Rats!" demurred Nicky uneasily. "I didn't make faces. I expect he's only some tourist

who wants to rub brasses, or sniff a vault, or something."

"He must be a friend of Lord Kirkley's," said Ally, "because——"

"I'll show you who he is," shrilled a voice from the depth of a cupboard under the window.

Tony, who had been grubbing among a heap of tattered and dusty literature in the bottom shelf, now rose to his feet and staggered across the room carrying an ancient but valuable copy of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' embellished with steel engravings.

Having deposited the volume upon the hearthrug he proceeded to hunt through its pages. Presently, with a squeal of delight, he placed a stumpy fore-finger upon a full-page illustration, and announced triumphantly—

"That's him!"

The picture represented Christian's battle with Apollyon. Christian, hard pressed, had been beaten to his knees, and over him towered the figure of the Prince of Darkness, brandishing a sword and (in the most unsportsmanlike manner) emitting metallic-looking flames from his stomach. The children gathered round.

¹ Copyright in the United States by Ian Hay.

"You are right, Tony," said Cilly at length, "it is like him."

Certainly Apollyon bore a sort of far-away resemblance to the late occupant of the Kirkley Abbey pew.

"Look at his eyebrows," said Nicky, "they go straight up——"

The churchyard gate clicked, and voices were heard in conversation outside. Daphne sped to the window.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed in an agonised whisper, "Dad is bringing him in to lunch! Ally, take your boots off the mantel-piece! Nicky, pull up your stockings! Cilly, knock Dawks off the sofa! I must fly. I wonder if there's enough cream to make a trifle. Anyhow, the beef——"

And she sped away kitchenwards, like an agitated butterfly.

A few minutes later the Rector appeared in the school-room, smiling joyously, with his hand resting lightly on the shoulder of the recently identified Apollyon. Tony was restoring 'The Pilgrim's Progress' to its shelf with the complacency of a second Bertillon.

"These are my flock, Jack," said Brian Vereker. "I wonder if any of you children can guess who this gentleman is? Would you think that he and I were at school together? Tony, I have often told you of little Jack Carr, who used to light my fire and cook my breakfast. And a shocking mess he used to make of it, eh? Didn't you, Jack? Do you remember the day you fried sausages in mar-

malade, because the label on the pot said marmalade would be found an excellent substitute for butter? Well, here he is, Tony. We have run together again after twenty-five years. Come and shake hands. These are my two younger girls, Jack, and these are my two other boys. Where is Daphne, children?"

The Vereker family, drawn up in a self-conscious row, were understood to intimate that Daphne was downstairs. A move was therefore made in the direction of the dining-room, where Keziah, the little maid, was heatedly laying an extra place. Daphne joined the party a moment later, and welcomed Sir John Carr—such was his full title, it appeared—with prettiness and composure. But Cilly and Nicky noted that she had found time to rearrange her hair in honour of the occasion, and adorn herself with most of her slender stock of jewellery—two bangles and a thin gold chain.

Sunday dinner was something of a function at the Rectory. For one thing there was hot roast beef, which counts for much when you see the like only once in the week. The Rector carved and Stiffy handed round the plates, Keziah, whose Sunday-afternoon-out commenced technically the moment the sirloin was dished, being excused from further attendance. Daphne presided over the vegetable dishes and Ally cut bread at the sideboard. The office of butler was in abeyance, for the Vereker family drank only water from

their highly polished christening-mugs. Nicky was responsible for the table-napkins, and Cilly mixed salads in season.

All these domestic details Daphne explained, with captivating friendliness and a freedom from self-consciousness that many a more matured hostess might have envied, to the silent man beside her.

"Sorry to have *all* the family pouring things over you," she said, as Stiffy with a plate of beef, Ally with a lump of bread impaled upon a fork, and Cilly with a bowl of lettuce, egg, and beetroot cunningly intermingled, converged simultaneously upon the guest; "but we have only one servant, and——"

Stephen Blasius Vereker, poised upon his toes and holding his breath, was leaning heavily over the guest's right shoulder, proffering a platter upon the edge of which a billow of gravy, piling itself up into a tidal wave, strove to overcome the restraining influence of surface tension. Apollyon, his features unrelaxed, gravely took the plate, and restoring it to a horizontal position, turned deferentially to resume his conversation with his young hostess.

——"and I like poor Keziah to have as long a Sunday out as possible," continued Daphne, entirely unruffled.

"Her young man waits for her at the stile down by Preston's farm," supplemented Nicky. "They go for a walk down Tinkler's Den, and never speak a *word* to each other."

——"so we wait on our-

selves at this meal," concluded Daphne. "What will you drink, Sir John? Father is a teetotalter, and so are all of us; but if you are not, I've got some brandy upstairs in the nursery medicine cupboard."

"Thank you, I will drink water," said Sir John solemnly.

By this time the Vereker family had settled down to their own portions, and were babbling as cheerfully and unrestrainedly as usual. Shyness in the presence of strangers was not one of their weaknesses, and presently, taking advantage of Daphne's departure to the kitchen in quest of the second course, they engaged their guest in conversation, inviting his opinions on such widely different subjects as the quality of the salad (Cilly), the merits of the automatic vacuum railway brake as compared with those of the Westinghouse (Stiffy), and the prospects of Cambridge in the coming Boat Race (Ally). All of which queries were answered in a fashion which, while lacking in geniality and erring a little on the side of terseness, showed that the respondent knew what he was talking about.

The Rector, at the head of the table, smiled benignantly. To him this reticent man of over forty, with the deep-set eyes and square jaw, was the sturdy chubby boy who had cooked his breakfast and worshipped him from afar in the dim but joyous days when Brian Vereker was a giant of

nineteen, with side whiskers, and Jacky Carr a humble fag of twelve. It was almost a shock to hear him offered spirits to drink.

Presently Daphne returned, and another general post ensued, at the end of which the beef and vegetables had disappeared, and a suet pudding (the standing Sabbath sweet at the Rectory), flanked by a dish of trifle of diminutive proportions, lay before the hostess. The Rector was confronted by a melon.

Taking advantage of a covering conversation between the guest and her eldest brother, Miss Vereker made a mysterious pass over the surface of the trifle with a spoon, while she murmured to such of the family as were within earshot the mystic formula, "F. H. B.!" Then she inquired aloud—

"Cilly, dear, which pudding will you have?"

"Baby Maud, please," replied Miss Cecilia promptly, indicating the stiff, pallid, and corpse-like cylinder of suet.

She was helped, and Nicky's choice was ascertained.

"I don't *think*," that damsel replied sedately, "that I'll have anything, thank you, Daphne. I'm not very hungry to-day."

Daphne, with a slight twitch at the corners of her mouth—she appreciated Nicky's crooked little ways, despite herself—turned to the guest.

"Will you have pudding or trifle, Sir John? Let me recommend the trifle."

"Thank you, I never eat sweets," was the reply.

An audible sigh of relief rose from the Messrs Vereker.

"Daph, dear," said Nicky before any one else could speak, "I think I'll change my mind and have some trifle."

And thus, by prompt generalship, Miss Veronica Vereker, while obeying to the letter the laws of hospitality and precedence, stole a march upon her slow-moving brethren and sisters and received the lion's share of the trifle, the balance going to Tony by virtue of juniority.

As Daphne handed her triumphant little sister her portion, she distinctly heard a muffled sound on her right.

"I like this man!" she said to herself.

"If you don't take sweets, Jack," observed the Rector from the other end of the table, "allow me to introduce you to this melon—a present from the squire. Take the melon round to Sir John, Stiffy, and he shall cut in where he pleases; though, strictly speaking," he added, with simple enjoyment of his own joke, "it is hardly etiquette to cut anything you have been introduced to!"

There was a momentary stoppage in the general mastication of "Baby Maud," and the right hand of each Vereker present performed the same evolution. Next moment the repast was resumed, but the guest observed, not without surprise, that every christening-mug—even Daphne's—had a knife lying across its top.

"That is one of our customs," explained Cilly politely.

"We do it whenever any one makes a stale joke."

"*Alice through the Looking-Glass*," corroborated Nicky, scooping up trifle with an air of severe reproof—"page two hundred and seven."

"You see my servile and dependent position in this house, Jack!" said the Rector, not altogether dejectedly.

"I perceive that I have dropped into a Republic," said Sir John Carr.

"Republic? A more absolute despotism never existed. Wait until you have transgressed one of the Laws of the Medes and Persians and been brought up for judgment before my eldest daughter? *We* know, don't we—eh, Nicky?"

Brian Vereker projected the furtive smile of a fellow-conspirator upon his youngest daughter, and then turned to gaze with unconcealed fondness and pride upon his eldest.

"I trust that when I transgress," said Sir John, "I shall get off under the First Offender's Act."

"You have broken that already," said Daphne readily; "but it's Dad's fault. It is twenty minutes to three, and you two ought to have been smoking in the study ten minutes ago instead of talking here. I want to get this room cleared for the children to learn their Catechism in."

At half-past three Brian Vereker summoned his eldest daughter to the study, and announced with frank delight that Sir John Carr had agreed to vacate the Kirkley Arms

and accept the hospitality of the Rectory.

"I am going to walk down to the inn now," said Apollyon to Daphne, "to see about my luggage. Perhaps you will keep me company?"

"All right," said Daphne, "I'll bring Mr Dawks too. He wants a walk, I know."

Sir John made no comment, but gave no active support to the inclusion of Mr Dawks in the party. It may be noted, however, that when Daphne had at length achieved that feat which encroaches so heavily upon a woman's share of eternity—the putting on of her hat—and joined her guest in the garden accompanied by Mr Dawks in person, Apollyon greeted the owner of the name with far more cordiality than he had greeted the name itself. It is sometimes misleading to bestow Christian titles upon dumb animals.

Once away from the rest of the family, Daphne's maternal solemnity fell from her like a schoolmaster's cap and gown in holiday time. She chattered like a magpie, pointing out such objects of local interest as—

(1) Farmer Preston's prize bull;

(2) The residence of a reputed witch;

(3) A spinney, where a dog-fox had once gone to ground at one end of an earth and a laughing hyena (subsequently ascertained to be the lost property of that peripatetic nobleman Lord George Sanger) had emerged from the other, to the entire and instantaneous

disintegration of a non-abstaining local Hunt.

"I say, where do you live?" she inquired suddenly, breaking off in the middle of a detailed history of Kirkley Abbey, whose *façade* could be discerned through the trees on their right—"London?"

"Yes."

"All the year round?"

"No. I spend a good deal of my time in the North."

"Oh. What do you do there? What are you, by the way?" Daphne looked up at her companion with bird-like inquisitiveness. She moved in a society familiar with the age, ancestry, profession, wardrobe, ailments, love affairs, and income of every one within a radius of five miles. Consequently she considered a new acquaintanceship incomplete in the last degree until she had acquired sufficient information on the subject in hand to supply, say, a tolerably intimate obituary notice.

"I suppose you are *something*," she continued. "I hope so, anyhow. An idle man is always so mopy."

"What would you put me down as?" asked Apollyon.

Daphne scrutinised him without fear or embarrassment.

"I'm not much of a judge," she said. "You see, we don't come across many men here, and we are so poor that we don't get away much."

"Don't you go up to London occasionally, to buy a new frock?" said Sir John, covertly regarding the trim figure by his side.

"Me—London? Not much.

Dad has a lot of grand relations there, but I don't think he bothered much about them, or they about him, after he married. He was too much wrapped up in mother. So we never hear anything of them now. No, I have hardly ever been away from Snayling, and I'm a great deal too busy here to worry about London or any other such place. So I don't know much about men," she concluded simply—"except my own, of course."

"Your own?"

"Yes—Dad and the boys. Of course I know all about the sort of man one meets round here. I can tell a ditcher from a ploughman; and if I meet a man in a dog-cart with cases at the back I know he's a commercial traveller, and if he has a red face I know he's a farmer, and if he hasn't I know he's a doctor; but I haven't had much other experience."

"Still, what am I?" reiterated Apollyon.

"Well—I suppose you are not a soldier, or you would have a moustache."

"No."

"You might be a lawyer, being clean-shaven. Are you?"

"No."

"Oh! That's rather disappointing. You would make a ripping judge, with a big wig on. Well, perhaps you write things. I know—you are an author, or an editor?"

"No."

"Foiled again!" said Daphne cheerfully. "Let me see, what other professions are there? Are you a Don, by any chance? A fellow, or lecturer, or any-

thing? We had a Fellow of All Souls down here once. He was a dear."

"No."

"You are a 'Varsity man, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Oxford or Cambridge?"

"Cambridge."

"I am glad. Dark blue is so dull, isn't it? Besides, Dad is a Cambridge man. He is an old Running Blue. He won—but of course you know all about that. It seems queer to think you knew him before I did! Well, I give you up. What *do* you do?"

Apollyon reflected.

"I sell coals," he replied at last, rather unexpectedly.

This announcement, and the manner in which it was made, momentarily deprived Miss Vereker of speech—a somewhat rare occurrence.

"I see," she said presently. "We get ours from the station-master," she added politely.

"I was not proposing to apply for your custom," said Apollyon meekly.

At this point they reached the Kirkley Arms, and in the effort involved in rousing that somnolent hostelry from its Sabbath coma and making arrangements for the sending up of Sir John Carr's luggage to the Rectory, the question of why he sold coals, and whether he hawked the same round in a barrow or delivered his wares through the medium of the Parcels Post, was lost sight of.

On the homeward walk conversation was maintained on much the same terms. Daphne

held forth unwearyingly, and Apollyon contented himself for the most part with answering her point-blank questions and putting a few—a very few—of his own. Certainly the man was a born listener, and amazingly magnetic. Tacitus himself could not have said less, and the greatest cross-examiner in the legal profession could not have extracted more. As they strolled side by side through the Kirkley woods, where the last of the daffodils were reluctantly making way for the first of the primroses, Daphne found herself reciting, as to a discreet and dependable father-confessor, a confidential but whole-hearted summary of the present state of domestic politics.

Ally's failure to secure a scholarship at the University was mentioned.

It was disgusting of him to miss the Greek Prose paper, Daphne considered. "He didn't oversleep at all, of course. I soon found *that* out. The real reason was that he had gone to some man's rooms the night before, and the silly brat must go and drink a whisky-and-soda and smoke a cigar. That did it! It was no use telling Dad, because he simply wouldn't believe such a story; and if he did, it would make him unhappy for weeks. Besides, who can blame the poor dear? You can't be surprised if a schoolboy kicks over the traces a bit the first time he finds himself out on his own—can you?"

"I thought," replied Sir

John, finding that some answer was expected of him, "that you said you knew nothing of men?"

"I said I didn't know *many* men," corrected Daphne. "But those I do know I know pretty thoroughly. They're very easy to understand, dear things! You always know where you are with them. Now, girls are different. Did you notice that boy whom we passed just now, who went pink and took off his hat. That's Bobby Gill—a flame of Cilly's. I'm going to have a lot of trouble with Cilly's love-affairs, I can see. She falls down and worships every second man she meets. I believe she would start mooning round the place after *you* if you weren't so old," she added. "Cilly's a darling, but what she wants——"

She plunged, with puckered brow and tireless tongue, into a further tale of hopes and fears. Stiffy's schooling, Nicky's boots, the curate who *had* to come—all were laid upon the table. Even the Emergency Bag and Wednesday's joint crept in somehow.

They were almost home when she concluded.

Suddenly Apollyon inquired:

"Do you know the name of that little hollow on our right? Is it Tinkler's Den?"

"Yes; we often have picnics there. How did you know?"

"It is part of Lord Kirkley's estate, as you are probably aware; and his lordship, finding like most of us that he has not sufficient money for his needs, has asked me to come and have a look at the ground

round Tinkler's Den on the off-chance of our finding coal there."

Daphne turned upon him, wide-eyed and horror-struck.

"You mean to say," she gasped, "that you are going to dig for coals in Tinkler's Den?"

"I can't tell you, until——"

Apollyon paused. A small hand was resting on his sleeve, and a very small voice said beseechingly—

"Don't—*please!*"

"Very well, then: I won't," he said, in a matter-of-fact fashion; and they resumed their walk.

"I hope you haven't been bored," said Daphne, the hostess in her rising to the surface as the shadow of the Rectory fell upon her once more. "Your ears must be simply aching, but it's such a treat to talk to any one who knows about things. I never get the chance to ask advice. I usually have to give it. Dad and the boys are so helpless, bless them!"

They were passing through the wicket-gate. Daphne suddenly paused, and looked up at her guest with more mischief in her eyes than her brothers and sisters would have given her credit for.

"It's queer," she mused, "that you should sell coals. *We* thought you *shovelled* them!"

"Explain, please!" said Sir John.

Daphne did so. "We *had* to call you something," she concluded apologetically. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. I have been called a good many names in my time," said Sir John grimly.

"What do your friends call you?" asked Daphne—"your intimate friends."

"I am not sure that I have any."

Daphne surveyed him

shrewdly, with her head a little on one side.

"No—I should think you *were* that sort," she said gravely. "Well, what do you—do other people call you?"

"Most of them, I believe," said Sir John, "call me 'Juggernaut Carr.'"

CHAPTER SIX.—DAPHNE AS MATCHMAKER.

Juggernaut's stay at the Rectory had been prolonged for more than three weeks, the business upon which he was engaged being as easily directed, so he said, from Brian Vereker's study as from his own London offices. An unprejudiced observer might have been forgiven for remarking that to all appearances it could have been directed with equal facility from the Twopenny Tube or the North Pole; for if we except a prolonged interview with Lord Kirkley's land agent on the second day after his arrival, Juggernaut's activities had been limited to meditative contemplation of the Rector's spring flowers and some rather silent country walks in company with the lady to whom the Rector was wont to refer to in his playful moments as "my elderly ugly daughter."

Whether Daphne's impulsive protest against the desecration of her beloved Tinkler's Den carried weight, or whether that sylvan spot was found wanting in combustible properties, will never be known; but it may be noted here that Lord Kirk-

ley was advised that there was no money in his scheme, and Snayling remains an agricultural centre to this day.

However, if it be a fact that no fresh experience can be altogether valueless, Juggernaut's time was certainly not wasted. He was absorbed into the primitive civilisation of Snayling Rectory. He was initiated into tribal custom and usage, and became versed in a tribal language consisting chiefly of abbreviations and portmanteau words. He was instructed in the principles which underlie such things as precedence in the use of the bath and helpings at dinner. He also studied with interest the fundamental laws governing the inheritance of out-grown garments. Having been born without brothers and sisters, he found himself confronted for the first time with some of those stern realities and unavoidable hardships which prevail when domestic supply falls short of domestic demand. The mystic phrase "F. H. B.!" for instance, with which Daphne had laid inviolable taboo upon the trifle on the day of his

arrival, he soon learned stood for "Family, Hold Back!"

Again, if Master Stephen Blasius Vereker suggested to Miss Veronica Elizabeth Vereker that a B. O. at the T. S. would be an L. B. of A. R., to which the lady replied gently but insistently, "Is it E. P.?" Juggernaut was soon able to understand that in response to an intimation on the part of her brother that a Blow Out at the Tuck Shop would be a Little Bit of All Right, the cautious and mercenary damsel was inquiring whether her Expenses would be Paid at the forthcoming orgy. If Stiffy continued, "Up to 2 D.," and Nicky replied, "If you can't make it a tanner, Stiffy, darling, je pense *ne!*" the visitor gathered without much difficulty that in the opinion of Miss Veronica no gentleman worthy of the name should presume to undertake the entertainment of a lady under a minimum outlay of sixpence.

Juggernaut soon settled down to the ways of the establishment. He said little, but it was obvious, even to the boys, that he was taking a good deal in. He seldom asked questions, but he possessed an uncanny knack of interpreting for himself the most secret signs and cryptic expressions of the community. This established for him a claim to the family's respect, and in acknowledgment of the good impression he had created he was informally raised from the status of honoured guest to that of familiar friend. What the Associated Body of Colliery Owners would have

thought if they could have seen their chairman meekly taking his seat at the breakfast-table, what time the family, accompanying themselves with teaspoons against teacups, chanted a brief but pointed ditty consisting entirely of the phrase "pom-pom!" repeated *con amore* and *sforzando* until breathlessness intervened — an ordeal known at the Rectory as "pom-pomming," and inflicted daily upon the last to appear at breakfast—is hard to say. Mr Montague for one would have enjoyed it.

Only once did this silent and saturnine man exhibit any flash of feeling. One morning before breakfast Daphne, busy in the knife-and-boot shed at the back of the house, heard a step on the gravel outside, and Juggernaut stood before her.

"Good morning!" she said cheerfully. "Excuse my get-up. I expect I look rather a ticket."

Juggernaut surveyed her. She wore a large green baize apron. Her skirt was short and business-like, and her sleeves were rolled up above the elbow. Her hair was twisted into a knot at the back of her head. Plainly her toilet had only reached the stage of the *petit lever*. She was engaged in the healthful but unfashionable occupation of blacking boots; *per contra*, what Juggernaut chiefly noted was the whiteness of her arms. Finally his eye wandered to the boot in which her left hand was engulfed.

"Whose boot is that?" he asked.

"Yours, I should say. Dad's are square in the toes."

Next moment a large and sinewy hand gripped her by the wrist, and the boot was taken from her.

"Understand," said Apollyon, looking very like Apollyon indeed, "this must never occur again. I am angry with you."

He spoke quite quietly, but there was a vibrant note in his voice which Daphne had never heard before. Mr Tom Winch and Mr Montague would have recognised it. She looked up at him fearlessly, rather interested than otherwise in this new side of his character.

"I can't quite grasp why you *should* be angry," she said, "though I can see you are. Not being millionaires, we all clean our own boots—excepting Dad, of course. I always do his. You being a visitor, I threw yours in as a make-weight. It's all in the day's work."

But Juggernaut's fit had passed.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have no right to be angry with any one but myself. I am ashamed. I should have thought about this sooner, but I accepted your assurance that my visit would throw no extra burden upon the household rather too readily. Now, for the rest of the time I am here I propose, with your permission, to black my own boots. And as a sort of compensation for the trouble I have caused, I am going to black my hostess's as well."

"Do you know *how* to?"

inquired the hostess, rather apprehensively.

For answer Juggernaut picked up a laced shoe from off the bench and set to work upon it.

"I once blacked my own boots every day for two years," he said, breathing heavily upon the shoe. "Now, if you want to go in and superintend the preparation of breakfast, you may leave me here, and I will undertake to produce the requisite standard of brilliancy." His face lit up with one of his rare and illuminating smiles, and he set grimly to work again.

Daphne hesitated for a moment, and surveyed her guest doubtfully. He was burnishing her shoe in a manner only to be expected of an intensely active man who has been utterly idle for a fortnight. His face was set in the lines which usually appeared when he was driving business through a refractory meeting. Daphne turned and left the boot-house, unpinning her apron and whistling softly.

Juggernaut finished off her shoes with meticulous care, and putting them back upon the bench turned his attention to his own boots. But his energy was plainly flagging. Several times his hand was stayed, and his eye wandered in the direction of his hostess's shoes. They were a remarkably neat pair. Daphne was proud of her feet—they were her only real vanity—and she spent more upon her boots and shoes than the extremely limited sum voted for the purpose by

her conscience. More than once Juggernaut laid aside his own property and returned to the highly unnecessary task of painting the lily—if such a phrase can be applied to the efficient blacking of a shoe. Finally he picked up his boots and departed, to endure a pom-pomming of the most whole-hearted description on his appearance at the breakfast-table.

But henceforth he found his way to the boot-house every morning at seven-thirty, where, despite his hostess's protests, he grimly carried out his expressed intention.

This was the only occasion, however, on which he asserted his will with Daphne. In all else she found him perfectly amenable. He permitted her without protest to overhaul his wardrobe, and endured meekly a scathing lecture upon the negligence apparent in the perforated condition of some of his garments and the extravagance evinced by the multiplicity of others. In short, Daphne adopted Juggernaut as only a young and heart-whole girl can, whose experience of men so far has been purely domestic. She felt like his mother. To her he was a child of the largest possible growth, who, not having enjoyed such advantages as she had all her life bestowed upon the rest of the flock, must needs be treated with twofold energy and special consideration. He was her Benjamin, she felt.

Juggernaut was to depart

to-morrow. His socks were darned. Items of his wardrobe, hitherto anonymous, were neatly marked with his initials. His very pocket-handkerchiefs were numbered.

"You are sending me back to work thoroughly overhauled and refitted," he said to Daphne, as she displayed, not without pride, his renovated garments laid out upon the spare bed. "I feel like a cruiser coming out of dry dock."

"Well, don't get your things in that state again," said Daphne severely—"that's all! Who looks after them?"

"My man."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself, then. By the way, there is a dress waistcoat of yours with two buttons off. Can I *trust* you, now, to get them put on again, or had I better keep the waistcoat until I can get buttons to match?"

"You are very good," said Juggernaut, bowing before the storm.

"That's settled, then. Where shall I send it to?"

Juggernaut thought, and finally gave the address of a club in Pall Mall.

"Club—do you live in a *club*?" inquired Daphne, with a woman's instinctive dislike for such a monastic and impregnable type of domicile.

"Sometimes. It saves trouble, you see," said Juggernaut apologetically. "My house in town is shut at present. I spend a good deal of time in the north."

"Where do you live when

you are in the north?" inquired Daphne, with the healthy curiosity of her age and sex.

"I have another house there," admitted Juggernaut reluctantly. "It is called Belton."

"How many houses have you got altogether?" asked Daphne, in the persuasive tones of a schoolmaster urging a reticent culprit to make a clean breast of it and get it over like a man.

"I have a little place in the Highlands," said Juggernaut humbly—

Daphne rolled her brown eyes up to the ceiling.

—"But it is the merest shooting-box," he added, as if pleading for a light sentence.

"Is that all?"

"Yes—on my honour!"

"And—you live in a *club*!"

Then came the verdict—the inevitable verdict.

"What you want," said Daphne, regarding the impassive features of the prisoner at the bar, "is a wife. It's not too late, really," she added, smiling kindly upon him. "Of course, you think now at your age that you could never get used to it, but you could."

"Do you think any girl would marry a man practically in his dotage?" inquired Juggernaut respectfully.

"Not a girl, perhaps," admitted Daphne, "but somebody sensible and good. I'll tell you what—don't you know any nice *widows*? A widow would suit you top-hole. She would be used to men already, which would help her a lot, poor thing! Then, she would probably let you down more

easily than an old maid. She would know, for instance, that it's perfectly hopeless to get a man to keep his room tidy, or to stop leaving his slippers about on the dining-room hearthrug, or dropping matches and ash on the floor. Do marry a widow, Sir John! Don't you know of any?"

Sir John smiled grimly.

"I will consult my visiting-list," he said; "but I won't promise anything. In spite of the apparent docility of my character, there are just one or two things which I prefer to do in my own way."

"Still, I don't despair of you," said Daphne. "Old Martin down in the village married only the other day, and he was seventy-two. Nearly bedridden, in fact," she added encouragingly.

That evening after supper the Rectory children sat round the table engaged in card games of a heating and complicated nature, Miss Vereker as usual doubling the parts of croupier and referee. The guest and the rector were smoking in the study.

Suddenly the door of the dining-room opened, and Brian Vereker appeared.

"Daphne, my daughter," he said, "can you leave these desperadoes for a while and join us in the study?"

"All right, Dad. Ally, you had better be dealer. Nicky, if you cheat while I am away you know the penalty! Come with me, Dawks. So long, everybody. Back directly!"

But she was wrong. Game

succeeded game: the time slipped by unheeded by all except Nicky and Tony, who, because it was past their hour for going to bed, noted its flight with special and personal relish; and it was not until the almost tearful Cilly had been rendered an old maid for the fourth consecutive time

that the family realised that it was nearly half-past ten and Daphne had not returned.

"Of course," said Nicky, wagging her head triumphantly, "we all know what *that* means!"

And for once in her small, scheming, prying life, she was right.

CHAPTER SEVEN.—THE MATCH IS STRUCK.

Daphne sat rather dizzily by her father's side, holding his hand tightly and gazing straight before her. A sudden turn, and lo! before her lay a great break in the road. She had arrived at one of life's jumping-off places. No wonder she gripped her father's hand.

Now, for a young girl to consent to a marriage with a man considerably older than herself, a man whom she hardly knows and does not love, is rightly regarded as a most unromantic proceeding; and since romance is the sugar of this rather acrid existence of ours, we are almost unanimous in discouraging such alliances. And yet there are two sides to the question. A loveless marriage may lead to the ruin of two lives: on the other hand, it introduces into the proceedings an element of business and common-sense all too rare in such enterprises. It is true that the newly united pair dream no dreams and see no visions. Each comes to the other devoid of glamour or false pretences. But if a couple find marriage feasible under such circumstances, the chances are that they are of a type

which stands in no need of that highly intoxicating stimulant, Passion. They are simply people who realise at the outset, instead of later on, that life is a campaign and not a picnic; and each sees in the other not so much an idol or a plaything as a trusty ally. For such, mutual respect cannot but spring into being, and will in all likelihood grow into mutual love; and mutual love which matures from such beginnings as these is ten thousand times more to be desired than the frothy headachy stuff which we quaff in such reckless magnums in our thirsty youth.

On the other hand, marriages made on earth (as opposed to what are popularly regarded as the celestial variety) can and often do lead to shipwreck. Granted. Still, marriage is a leap in the dark in any case, and humdrum philosophers must at least be excused for suggesting that one may as well endeavour to illuminate this hazardous feat of agility by the help of the Torch of Reason as not. But of course no one ever agrees with such suggestions. Romance and Sentiment

ory, "Never! Shame! Monstrous!" and most of us very humanly, naturally, and rightly associate ourselves in the most cordial manner with the opinions of this old-established and orthodox firm.

We left Daphne gazing into the study fire, with a silent man on either side of her and Mr Dawks' head upon her knee. She looked perfectly composed, but something was rocking and trembling within her.

It is certainly disconcerting, even for the most self-possessed of maidens, to realise, suddenly and without warning, that there are deeper things than the domestic affections. It is still more disconcerting when an individual whom Nature might with perfect propriety have appointed your father, and whom you with feminine perversity have adopted as a son, suddenly kicks over the traces and suggests as a compromise that he should occupy the intermediate position of husband.

Brian Vereker sat smiling, happy and confident. The fact that Sir John Carr was forty-two and Daphne barely twenty had not occurred to him. All he realised was that the little boy who had been his fag at school, who had lit his fire and made his toast in return for occasional help with *cæsuras* and quadratic equations, had grown up into a man, and desired to marry his daughter. The whole thing seemed so natural, so appropriate. He glowed with humble pride that Providence should so interest itself in his little household.

He beamed upon the young people.

Suddenly Daphne turned to him, and released her hold on his hand.

"Dad, will you leave us for a little?" she said. "I want to talk to Sir John."

The rector rose.

"By all means," he said. "Now I come to think of it, the presence of a third party is not essential to a proposal of marriage. I am *de trop*! I shall be upstairs."

He laughed boyishly, and left them.

When the door closed Daphne turned to her suitor.

"So you want me for your wife?" she said, with the air of one opening a debate.

"I do," said Juggernaut. It was the first time he had spoken since she entered the room.

"And you went and saw Dad about it," continued Daphne, rather unexpectedly.

"Yes. As I understood you are not of age, I asked his permission to speak to you. He rather took the words out of my mouth by calling you in and telling you himself."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Daphne. "I thought at first the thing was being arranged over my head, and that I wasn't to be consulted at all. But you *were* going to ask me properly, weren't you? We prefer that, you know." She spoke for her sex.

Juggernaut nodded.

"Only Dad rushed in and spoiled it—eh?"

"That is correct," said Juggernaut.

"Well, begin now," said Daphne calmly. "A girl doesn't like to be done out of a proposal. It would be something to tell the kids about afterwards, anyhow."

Juggernaut became conscious of a distinctly more lenient attitude towards the Rector's precipitancy.

"Now that you *know*," he began, "a formal proposal would sound rather dull and superfluous, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Daphne, half regretfully. "Dad has spoiled it for me, after all!"

Presently—

"I wonder *why* you want to marry me," she mused, fondling Mr Dawks' ears. "I suppose you have come to the conclusion that it is time you had some one to look after all those houses and servants of yours. Is that it?"

Juggernaut regarded her curiously for a moment.

"Perhaps," he said.

"You are not in love with me, of course," continued the practical Miss Vereker, ticking off the unassailable features of the case. "At least, I suppose not—I don't see how you possibly could be. It's rather hard for me to tell, though, because I don't quite know the meaning of the word. I love Dad and the boys, and Cilly, and Nicky, and Mr Dawks—*don't* I, Dawks, dear?—and I would do *anything* to save them pain or unhappiness. But I suppose that's not the sort of love that people call love. It seems to have been left out of my composition, or perhaps it hasn't

cropped up yet. Now Cilly—I am her exact opposite—Cilly is always in love with some man or other. By the way, she told me last night when I went to dry her hair that she had just fallen in love with you, so evidently you aren't too old after all! Would it do as well if you married Cilly?" Daphne inquired tentatively.

"I'm afraid not," said Juggernaut.

"Well, perhaps you are right. Cilly's a darling, but she is very young yet," agreed the time-worn Miss Vereker. "But"—she broke off short—"it seems to me that I am doing most of the talking. Would you care to address the meeting—say a few words? I think I *should* like to hear a bit of that proposal after all. So far, all I know is that you want to marry me. And *that* I got from Dad. Now—I'm listening!"

Daphne leaned back in her big chair and smiled upon her suitor quite maternally. There was something pathetic in her childish freedom from embarrassment or constraint under circumstances which usually test the *sang-froid* of man and maid alike. Perhaps Sir John was struck by this, for his eyes suddenly softened and the lines about his mouth relaxed.

"You needn't say you love me, or anything like that, if you don't," supplemented Daphne. "I shall understand."

Sir John's eyes resumed their normal appearance.

"As you seem to prefer to keep matters on a strictly

business footing," he said, "I will come to the point at once. If you will marry me I think I can make you tolerably happy and comfortable. I am a prosperous man, I suppose, and as my wife you would find a certain social position awaiting you. Any desires of yours in the way of houses, clothes, jewels, and so on, you could always gratify, within limits, at will. I mention these things, not because I think they will influence your decision—I should not want you for a wife if I thought they would—but because I feel that every woman is entitled to a plain statement of fact about the man who wishes to marry her. Too often, under the delusion that the sheer romance of a love-affair wipes all mundane considerations off the slate, she puts up with the wildest of fictions. However, I may point out to you that acceptance of my worldly goods would enable you to carry out certain schemes that I know lie very near your heart. You could send Ally to the University. You could have Cilly finished, or whatever the expression is, and bring her out yourself. And you could pay for a curate for your father. You can have all the money you want for these enterprises by asking for it; or if you prefer something more definite I would settle an annual sum upon you—say a thousand a-year."

A thousand a-year! Daphne closed her eyes giddily. Before her arose a vision of a renovated Rectory—a sort of dimity

Palace Beautiful—with an enlarged kitchen-boiler, new carpets, and an extra servant. She saw her father bending happily over his sermon while a muscular young Christian tramped round the parish. She saw Ally winning First Classes at Cambridge, and Cilly taking London drawing-rooms by storm. Her pulse quickened. But Juggernaut was still speaking.

"On the other hand, I ought to warn you that I am a hard man—at least, I believe that is my reputation—with somewhat rigid notions on the subject of *quid* and *quo*. I would endeavour to supply my wife with every adjunct to her happiness; but—I should expect her in return to stand by my side and do her duty as my wife so long as we both lived. They say of me that I never make a mistake in choosing a lieutenant. Well, the instinct which has served me so often in that respect is prompting me now; and it is because I see in you a woman who would stand by her husband as a matter of duty alone, quite apart from"—he hesitated—"from inclination, that I ask you to marry me."

Daphne gazed at him. Her heart was bumping gently. There was something rather fine about this proposed bargain—a compact between a man and a woman to stand by one another through thick and thin, not because they liked doing so but because it was playing the game. Daphne felt proud, too, that this master of men should have adjudged

her—a woman—to be of the true metal. But she was honest to the end.

"You would give all that to have me for your wife," she said.

Sir John bowed his head with grave courtesy.

"I would," he said simply.

"I'm not worth it," said Daphne earnestly. "I am only accustomed to looking after our little Rectory and the family. I might make a fearful mess of all your grand houses. Supposing I did? What if I wasn't up to your mark? How if your friends didn't like me? It would be too late to send me back," she pointed out, rather piteously.

Sir John's features did not relax.

"I am willing to take the risk," was all he said.

There was a long pause.

"Let me think," said Daphne suddenly and feverishly.

She slipped out of her chair on to the hearthrug, and lay before the twinkling fire with her arms clasped round the neck of the ever-faithful Mr Dawks, and her face buried in his rough coat. There was a tense silence, accentuated by the amiable thumping of Dawks' tail. Sir John Carr sat in his chair like a graven image, looking down upon the slim

lithe figure at his feet. Daphne just then was a sight to quicken the blood in a man's veins, but Juggernaut never moved. Perhaps he realised, for all his lack of lover's graces and his harsh methods of wooing, something of the solemnity of the moment. A child, without experience, with nothing but her own untutored instincts to guide her, was standing at her cross-roads. Would she go forward with the man whose path through life had so suddenly converged on hers, or fare on alone? And the man—what were his feelings? None could have told by outward view. He simply waited—sitting very still.

At last Daphne sat up, and shook back her hair from her eyes.

"We'll leave it to Mr Dawks," she said. "Dawks, old boy, shall we *do it*?"

The house waited in breathless silence for Mr Dawks' casting vote. That affectionate and responsive arbitrator, hearing himself addressed, raised his head, licked his mistress's hand, and belaboured the floor with his tail in a perfect ecstasy of cordiality.

Daphne turned to the man in the chair.

"All right!" she said. "It's a bargain. I'll marry you."

CHAPTER EIGHT.—"MORITURA TE SALUTAT."

On a bright spring afternoon three weeks later the Rectory children sat huddled together like a cluster of disconsolate starlings upon a five-barred

gate leading into Farmer Preston's big pasture meadow.

It was the eve of Daphne's wedding-day.

To those readers of this nar-

rative who feel inclined to dilate upon the impropriety of marrying in haste, it may be pointed out that the bride possessed no money and the bridegroom no relatives. Consequently there would be no presents, no *trousseau*. The principal incentives to what Miss Veronica Vereker pithily described as a "circus wedding" being thus eliminated, the pair were to be married quietly next day in the little church where Daphne had been christened and confirmed, and under the shadow of which she had lived all her short life.

As noted above, the bride had no *trousseau*, for her father could not afford one, and she flatly declined to take a penny from her *fiancé* until he became her husband. The little village dressmaker had turned out a wedding-dress over which Cilly hourly gloated, divided between ecstasy and envy; and this, together with an old lace veil in which her mother had been married, would serve Daphne's needs.

In truth, she had little time to think of herself. She was relinquishing a throne which she had occupied since she was eleven years old, and the instruction and admonition of her successor had occupied her attention ever since the date of her wedding had been fixed. Keys had to be handed over, recipes confided, and the mysteries of feminine book-keeping unfolded. There were good-byes to be said to bedridden old women and tearful cottage children. The bridegroom too, she felt, had a certain claim upon

her attention. He had departed the morning after Daphne had accepted him, and was now very busy preparing his house in London for the reception of the future Lady Carr. But he had spent a good deal of time at the Rectory for all that, coming down for week-ends and the like; and Daphne, mindful of the duties of a *fiancée*, devoted herself conscientiously to his entertainment whenever he appeared.

But now the end of all things was imminent. To-morrow the management of the Rectory would pass into the hands of the dubious and inexperienced Cilly.

Meanwhile the Rectory children continued to sit disconsolately upon the gate. They were waiting for Daphne, who had promised to spend her last afternoon with them. Sir John, who was now staying at Kirkley Abbey,—to the mingled apprehension and exhilaration of the chief bridesmaid, Lord Kirkley had offered to act as best man,—was to come over that afternoon, but only to see the Rector on matters connected with settlements and other unromantic adjuncts to the married state.

The gate proving unsuitable for prolonged session, the family abandoned their gregarious attitude and disposed of themselves in more comfortable fashion. Ally, home on two days' special leave from school, lay basking in the sun. Cilly sprawled on the grass with her back against a tree trunk, her brow puckered with the gradual realisation of coming responsi-

bility. Stiffy, simple soul, with his knees clasped beneath his chin, sorrowfully contemplated to-morrow's bereavement. Master Anthony Cuthbert, perched on a log with a switch in his hand, was conducting an unseen orchestra. Nicky, soulless and flippant as ever, speculated at large upon her sister's future.

"It'll be pretty hot for Daph living down there at first," she mused. A joke lasted Nicky a long time: the humorous fiction that the bride-elect would to-morrow be carried off to reside permanently in the infernal regions was still as a savoury bakemeat to her palate. "Of course, Polly"—this was her abbreviation for Apollyon, adopted as soon as that gentleman had ascended from the grade of familiar friend to that of prospective relative—"will be glad to get back to his own fireside, but Daph will feel it a bit, I should think. Perhaps he will let her use a big fire-screen to begin with! . . . I wonder what housekeeping will be like. I suppose the cook will have horns and a tail, and all the food will be devilled. I should like to see Daph ordering dinner. 'Good morning, Diabolo!' 'Good morning, miss! What would you like for dinner to-night?' 'Well, Diabolo, what have you got?' 'There's a nice tender sinner came in this morning, miss. You might have a few of his ribs; or would you prefer him served up grilled, with brimstone sauce? And I suppose you would like devils-on-horseback for a savoury.' 'That will do very nicely, Diabolo. Oh, I

forgot! It's possible that the Lucifers will drop in. Perhaps we'd better have yesterday's moneylender cold on the side-board in case there isn't enough to go round. And we must have something special to'—Ally, what do people drink in Hades?"

"Dunno," said Ally drowsily; "molten lead, I should think."

"Only the *lower* classes, dear," said Nicky witheringly. "I am talking about the best people."

"Sulphuric acid?" suggested Ally, who was beginning to study chemistry at school.

"That will do," said Nicky, and returned to her dialogue. "'Diabolo, will you tell the butler to put a barrel—no, a *vat*—of sulphuric acid on ice. You know what the Lucifers are, when'—hallo, here's Daph at last!"

The bride-elect approached, swinging her garden-hat in her hand, and followed by Mr Dawks.

"Well, family," she said, "I'm yours for the rest of the day. What shall we do?"

"Where is John?" inquired Ally. (John, it may be explained, was the name by which the family, with the exception of Nicky, had decided to address their future brother-in-law.)

"In the study with Dad."

"Has he arranged about having the five o'clock train stopped to-morrow afternoon?" inquired the careful Stiffy.

"No. We are going in a motor all the way to London,"

said Daphne. "Jack was keeping it as a surprise for me. It's a new one, a——"

"All the way to *where*?" inquired that economical humourist, Miss Veronica Vereker.

"London."

"H'm! Yes, I *have* heard it called that, now I come to think of it," conceded Nicky; "but it seems a waste of a good oar, especially if it's a new one. Unless it's made of some special — Stiffy, what's the name of that stuff that won't burn?"

"Asbestos?"

"That's it — asbestos. I didn't expect to see you drive off down the road, somehow," continued Nicky in a somewhat injured voice, "just like an ordinary couple. I thought Polly would stamp his foot on the lawn, and a chasm would yawn at your feet, and in you'd both pop, and you would be gone for ever, like—Ally, who were those two people in the Latin book you had for a holiday task?"

"Don't know. Strikes me you're balmy," responded Mr Aloysius Vereker. "Unless you mean Pluto and Proserpine."

"That's it — Proserpine. Well, Proserpine, what are you going to do to entertain your little brothers and sisters this afternoon?"

"Anything you like," said Proserpine, endeavouring to balance herself on the top bar of the gate. "How about making toffee down in the Den?"

There was a chorus of approval. Nursery customs die hard. Even the magnificent

Ally found it difficult to shake off the glamour of this youthful dissipation.

"I'll tell you what," continued Daphne, warming up to the occasion, "we'll have a regular farewell feast. We'll send down to the shop and get some buns and chocolates and gingerbeer, and—and——"

"Bananas," suggested Tony.

"Nuts," added Cilly.

"Cigarettes," said Ally.

"Who has got any money?" inquired Nicky.

The family fumbled in its pockets.

"Here's threepence—all I have," said Cilly at length.

"Twopence," said Ally, laying the sum on Cilly's three-penny bit.

"Awfully sorry," said Stiffy, "but I'm afraid I've only got a stamp. It's still quite gummy at the back, though," he added hopefully. "They'll take it."

Tony produced a halfpenny.

"You can search *me*, friends!" was Nick's despairing contribution.

"I have fourpence," said the bride—"not a penny more. I handed over all the spare housekeeping money to Dad this morning. That only makes tenpence-halfpenny, counting Stiffy's stamp." She sighed wistfully. "And I did so want to give you all a treat before I went! Well, we must do without the nuts and chocolates, and——"

Nicky rose to her feet, swelling with sudden inspiration.

"Daph, what's the matter with running along to this millionaire young man of yours and touching *him* for

a trifle?" she inquired triumphantly.

Daphne hesitated. True, tomorrow she would be a rich man's wife, able to afford unlimited gingerbeer. But the idea of asking a man for money did not appeal to her. Pride of poverty and maidenly reserve make an obstinate mixture. Yet the flushed and eager faces of Nicky and Tony, the polite deprecations of the selfless Stiffy, and the studied indifference of Cilly and Ally, were hard to resist.

"I wonder if he would mind," she said doubtfully.

"Mind? Oh, no. Why should he?" urged the chorus respectfully.

"Have a dart for it, anyhow," said Nicky.

Daphne descended from the gate.

"Righto!" she said. "After all, it's our last afternoon together, and I *should* like to do you all proud. I'll chance it. The rest of you can start down to the Den and collect sticks, while I run along to the house and ask him. Nicky, you had better come with me to carry down saucepans and things. Come on—I'll race you!"

Three minutes later Sir John Carr, smoking a meditative cigar upon the lawn, was aware of a sudden scurry and patter in the lane outside. Directly after this, with a triumphant shriek, the small figure of his future sister-in-law shot through the garden-gate, closely followed by that of his future wife. Mr Dawks, faint yet pursuing, brought up the rear.

The competitors flung themselves down on the grass at his feet, panting.

"We have been having a race," explained Daphne rather gratuitously.

"I won!" gasped Nicky. "Daph has the longest legs," she continued, "but I have the shortest skirts. Now, my children, I must leave you. Wire in!" she concluded, in a hoarse and penetrating whisper to Daphne.

Her short skirts flickered round the corner of the house, and she was gone. Daphne was left facing her *fiancé*.

"I say," she began rather constrainedly—"don't get up; I'm not going to stay—do you think you could lend me a little money? I—I'll pay you back in a day or two," she added with a disarming smile. "The fact is, we are going to make toffee down in the Den, and I wanted to get a few extra things, just to give them all a real treat to finish up with, you know. Will you—Jack?"

Juggernaut looked up at her with his slow scrutinising smile.

"What sort of extra things?" he inquired.

"Oh!"—Daphne closed her eyes and began to count on her fingers—"buns, and chocolates, and nuts, and gingerbeer. And I wanted to give Ally a packet of cigarettes. (After all, he's eighteen, and he does love them so, and they are only ten for threepence.) And if you could run to it, I should like to get a few bananas as well," she con-

cluded with a rush, laying all her cards on the table at once.

Juggernaut leaned back in his chair and looked extremely judicial.

"What will all this cost?" he inquired.

"One and eleven," said Daphne. "Jack, you dear! We shall have a time!"

Juggernaut had taken a handful of change out of his pocket.

"One and eleven," he said; "I wonder, Daphne, if you will be able to purchase an afternoon of perfect happiness for that sum in a year's time."

He handed over the money.

"May I have a receipt?" he asked gravely.

Daphne took his meaning, and kissed him lightly. She lingered for a moment, anxious not to appear in a hurry to run away.

"Is there anything else?" inquired Sir John at length.

Daphne ran an inward eye

over the possibilities of dissipation.

"No, I don't think so," she said. "Thanks ever so much! We shall be back about six. So long, old man. Don't go to sleep in this hot sun."

She flitted away across the lawn, jingling the money in her hand. At the gate she turned and waved her hand. Juggernaut's eyes were fixed upon her, but he did not appear to observe her salutation. Probably he was in a brown study about something.

Daphne was half-way down to the Den before it occurred to her that it would have been a graceful act—not to say the barest civility—to invite the donor of the feast to come and be present thereat. But she did not go back.

"It would bore him so, poor dear!" she said to herself; "and—and us, too!"

Next day they were married.

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE UNDERGROUND.

EASTWATER is one of those mysterious openings in the ground, called by the Somersetshire people "swallets," which carry streams down from the surface into the limestone entrails of the hills. A swallet is not much to look at. Eastwater itself, though it develops into one of the most formidable cave-systems in Britain, begins as a small sink-hole, where a brooklet hides itself like a rabbit under a crag. But the brooklet, disappearing on the top of Mendip, comes to light again only after three miles, at a point 700 feet nearer sea-level, and in between there is a region of marvels. Imagine a network of underground canyons, broad, low chambers like bakers' ovens tilted up, and fissures of unknown height and depth, all sloping at a general angle of 45 degrees. Such is the interior of Eastwater, a huge water-system carved out of the solid limestone by the persevering work of this small stream through untold ages.

The sink-hole is too small to shelter a fox; but ten years ago a party of explorers made an opening in the loosely cemented rocks and forced their way in. Exploration has been going on ever since. The maze of passages has been traversed for enormous distances (as cave mileage is measured), and a perpendicular depth of 600 feet below the surface has been reached,—a much lower point than the farthest attained in

Gaping Ghyll, the deepest pot-hole in Yorkshire. But the route of the underground waters onward to Wookey Hole, where the brooklet after many wanderings, swollen by tributaries to a river, begins life anew as the Axe, still defies investigation. Startling discoveries are made from time to time; floods reopen choked fissures, old streams take new channels; the geography even of the explored parts is not by any means unalterably fixed. In re-entering this strange labyrinth, one always seems to be on the brink of unparalleled experiences.

A party of men physically fit to carry out a safe descent of Eastwater, and prepared to face the hardships of a day's navvying underground at their own charges, cannot always be got together. Two expeditions had been down in the summer, and we were minded to follow up their discoveries, but these stalwarts were scattered, and T. and I gladly enlisted some officers of the Northamptonshire Regiment in the adventure. They were encamped hard by on Mendip, engaged in army manoeuvres, and had joined us in a visit to some newly found galleries in Wookey Hole. But we rashly parted without mentioning that caving is a sport peculiarly dependent on the weather!

It was raining heavily on the morning of our tryst. I had resigned myself to a day in the bungalow, when to my surprise

T. arrived with the news that two of our men had started and were gone on ahead. We cycled after them through the downpour and the wind, picking up another enthusiast on the way, undecided whether we ought to put a stop to the thing at once, or take the opportunity, by going down a short distance, of seeing what the cave looked like under such conditions. At Eastwater Farm we learned that the four officers had punctually kept their appointment, and our friends had entered the swallet with them, leaving certain coils of rope for us to bring down. Thus, very much against our better judgment, nine of us, men of mature age and some discretion, committed ourselves to an undertaking which on such a day was foolhardy in the extreme. The Eastwater brook was as yet not much bigger than usual; and if the thought struck us of the scores of streams which must converge presently from the saturated hills upon the waterways below, we preferred to dismiss it.

The first part of the route is through the Ruckle of Boulders, a vast confusion of shattered rocks of all shapes and sizes, wriggling among which the explorer feels like a beetle crawling about inside a heap of road-metal. Showers of water fell from every crevice. At the far edge of the boulders a waterfall tumbles into a canyon, called "the 380-foot way," because at that distance from the mouth it comes to an end as a practicable route in an accumulation of stones and

gravel. It runs roughly parallel to the main cavern, our present object, which descends from the other side of the Ruckle of Boulders, and is reached by a more intricate path. Crouching among the rocks which are wedged and poised behind the waterfall, the entire party halted at equal distances to pass on the ropes and other baggage, and then followed each other slowly through the complicated holes leading to the Boulder Chamber, the first big cavity. Since these holes are a tight fit for a man of ordinary slimness, and their sides are jagged slabs of limestone, many of them loose and dangerous, and all now streaming with water, the passage was a protracted one, especially as the drop into the chamber beyond had to be performed over a block insecurely wedged, which it was forbidden to touch, although it was the only obvious means for climbing down.

A waterfall was thundering down from the roof into the Boulder Chamber, a thing we had not seen for years. This portent should have turned us back, but in the excitement we went on through the low tunnel, which is the connecting link with the lower series, and soon were at hand-and-foot work in the Canyon. There is many a ghyll on Scawfell and Great Gable steeper than the Canyon, but we do not try conclusions with Cumberland ghylls on a pitch-black night, with a candle in one hand, a coil of rope hitched over the other arm, and ruck-sacks of miscellaneous luggage to be

slung from point to point at intervals. Our military friends learned that there are ways of marching in which the arms and divers muscles near the root of the spine play a more effective part than the feet. And when, in the course of time, we reached the lower tunnel, the sinuosities of which culminate in the S-bend, still wilder modes of locomotion were revealed to them.

Two hours and a half after our entry into Eastwater, we stopped for lunch in the great Rift Chamber, 300 feet down. No eye has seen the top of this strange fissure, the walls of which ascend as if they would never meet in the darkness overhead. To reach the farther end, where a drinking supply can be gathered from the perpetual drip, one has to scale a great wedge of rocks, and, high above the floor, squirm across a deep cavity, with feet on one side and back against the other. Wide regions of bedding-chambers and rifts, galleries and pot-holes, can be reached to right and left of the Rift Chamber; but these and a number of lateral openings already passed were not in the programme to-day. As we sat here, a hoarse buzzing, a vibration felt rather than heard, came from some far-off spot beyond the rocky walls, and it dawned upon us that a tremendous mass of water was falling somewhere into the bowels of the earth.

The onward route starts from a side passage a little way back from the Rift Chamber. A low cave, too small to accommodate

more than half the party, gives on to the first vertical drop. We lashed a 100-foot rope to a point of rock and let the end down. A second rope, to be used as life-line, was tied round the waist of each man descending, and paid out by hand. My turn came first, and candle in one hand and gripping the fixed rope with the other, I slipped through into the chasm. It is a wide, irregular fissure, altogether about 100 feet deep, but our route did not take us quite to the bottom. By clinging to the ledges of the nearer wall, one descends obliquely, until, at a depth of 60 feet, a side passage is reached leading on towards the final vertical. For the best part of an hour it was my business to stand on the lip of this passage and guide the novices across the 40-foot pit underneath, which seemed to have a deadly fascination for our guests—at any rate, my expostulations when they used the rope as a plumb-line and took a too perpendicular course were mere waste of breath, until they found themselves oscillating over the cavity. It is certainly hard on a beginner in the art of climbing to send him down a black gulf, with one hand employed in grasping convulsively a slippery rope, the other in keeping a candle alight, and only his lower limbs free to grapple with the rocks. Sixty feet up, but apparently remote as a star, flickered a gleam from the candles of our friends paying out the life-line; the chaotic shapes of impending

rocks revealed themselves dimly on either hand; below, a patch of concentrated shadows marked the 40-foot pit. The sound of the unknown cataract had come nearer, filling the place with a dull throbbing, like the distant roaring of Behemoth. No doubt remained now that it came from below the second vertical, where a big stream must have made its way in, falling from some considerable height into the water that runs down a long staircase of pot-holes. We had proposed originally to descend this second vertical and the series of pot-holes, in order to see what changes had taken place during the two years since the last visit to the bottom of Eastwater. But, fortunately or unfortunately, one of our men had failed to bring a third rope, and the intention had already been abandoned. We had to be contented, the five of us who had come down so far, to push on to the top of the second vertical and enjoy a look over into this gruesome cavity.

For some distance our road lay along a kind of 18-inch drain-pipe, lined at the bottom with sharp scree—a most unaccommodating surface for crawling on. Five minutes of anguish lands one in a kind of loophole, opening at right angles into a deep fissure. Down the wall of this we climb, then squeeze along at the level of the floor until the floor slips out of reach, the fissure tapering away beneath our feet, and getting so narrow everywhere that in places it is impossible

to look round because of the nose on one's face. Suddenly the fissure ends, the wall on one side breaks away, and over the broken edge we peer into the abysmal darkness of the lower cavity. Perched here at the top of it, we were about 400 feet below the fields on Mendip. A hundred feet below us the flight of thirteen pot-holes begins, big rock basins with fractured sides, emptying one into the other and carrying down a torrent which reaches this point by some course quite independent of the route we have followed. Below the pot-holes, in a cavity half-filled with mud and sand, the torrent at normal times sinks away. We once penetrated beyond this to a still lower cavity, and there could get no farther.

But there was no chance to-day even of getting down to the pot-holes, and the inclination to get there was somewhat dulled by the appalling roar coming up from the depths. The steady sound of a waterfall on an open mountain-side is quiet compared with the deafening uproar when all the echoes are crashed back by the vaulted walls of a cavern. We dropped long strips of flaring magnesium wire over the edge, but they only made the darkness more visible: not a gleam could we catch of the enormous flood tumbling from some unknown gap into the inferno of waters far below. Something beyond all our calculations had happened overhead. Nothing short of a heavy cloud-burst on Mendip could have created

this new torrent; and how could such a flood reach this depth without sweeping all before it in the passages through which we must make our way back to the surface? We had to confess to the three of the Northhamptons who had accompanied us to the bitter end, that we had heedlessly led them into a serious scrape. At any rate, we were in the same boat ourselves; they would not hear of our apologising, and cheerfully trusted to us to get them out.

Whatever had occurred, the mischief was hundreds of feet above our heads, and the flood would have to run its natural course. There was a remote chance even—Eastwater still remained such an unknown complexity—that the inundation had come from some other direction, and missed our route altogether. Anyhow, we stayed a long half-hour at our post of vantage on the subterranean cliff-top enjoying one of the biggest thrills of our lives. We took immense trouble to extract some big stones from the floor of the rift, and levering them up to the edge pushed them over. The biggest of them, hurtling down the cliffs beneath us and crashing into the pot-holes, certainly added to the blood-curdling din. We were, like Bunyan's pilgrims, listening at the mouth of the Byway to Hell to the horrible rumblings in the place of torment; but our way was not quite as plain as theirs to the safety and comfort of the Hill Clear. When we turned home again

we had been inside the cave four hours and a half; our soldier friends were due in camp at six, leaving two hours for getting out, on the supposition, now very remote, that all would go well. One hour was spent in returning to the top of the first vertical and coiling up the tackle. The four who had stayed behind at this point started on the upward journey without delay.

In the Rift Chamber there were ominous signs of tribulation awaiting us higher up. At lunch time there had been enough drip to make things uncomfortable: now every driblet was a small cascade, and streamlets were noising everywhere. A pool of dirty water added to the amenities of the S-bend; and when eight men had each mopped up his share of the moisture, the ninth did not find the passage perceptibly drier. We got more and more wet all the way up the Canyon, a bountiful drip pattering on our heads, the rocks we crawled on streaming. But these were trifles in the excitement of wondering what lay in store for us in the Boulder Chamber, below the great Ruckle. At half-past five we emerged one by one from the last tunnel, scrambling with rare celerity through a sea of spray, which burst against the exit. The whole of the Boulder Chamber was alive with streams. Thrilled with suspense, we clambered up towards the hole leading into the Ruckle of Boulders. The fall from the roof which we had dodged

in the morning was now a sheet of foam, twenty feet wide; the hole through which we had wriggled and every opening near were vomiting as much water as they could carry. T., the longest man in the party, with an electric-lamp belted on and a big acetylene in hand, climbed up as far as he dared to see if the flood could be rushed. He could not stay there many seconds. Escape this way was barred.

One hope remained, - the Traverse, and even that was extremely doubtful. To save encumbrance, we stowed the tackle out of the water, to be retrieved on some future occasion. Then we wriggled back through the tunnel into the comparative dryness of the Canyon. By a stroke of luck, which we now realised at its true value, we had only two weeks ago, after all these years of exploration, discovered this cardinal member of the East-water system, the Traverse. It is a complicated passage through an intermediate region connecting the main series with the parallel channel already alluded to as the 380-foot way. The way is long and difficult; it would take a good two hours to get across; but there was just a possibility that the flood in the 380-foot way would be a little less intractable.

The first part of the Traverse actually crosses the Canyon, tunnelling through the rocks overhead. A climb up wet crags leads to a twisting hole, which to a man of any girth rivals the most ingenious instru-

ment of torture ever devised. I got through somehow, and sought out the most hospitable spot in the drizzling chamber beyond, waiting for the next man. First one and then another tried the hole, and got hopelessly jammed. There was an alternative route, which we had avoided to save time and trouble. T. sent back to the Boulder Chamber for one of the ropes, and, selecting the slimmest man in the party, sent him through to join me. The pair of us crawled up to a point fifty feet above the Canyon, where a slit in the floor goes right through. The rope was let down, and we began hauling our friends up one by one. It was mighty hard work, for the slit being narrow we were pulling against friction as well as gravity. Meanwhile, one of the Northampton had stripped off his khaki coat and contrived to force himself through the other hole. Leaving the two already up to carry on the hauling, he and I now set off in advance along the Traverse to ascertain the condition of the 380-foot way.

If it were horizontal, the vast bedding-chamber of the Traverse would not afford great facilities for locomotion, since the traveller, stretched out at full length, is tightly wedged nearly all the way between floor and roof, two fairly even and parallel surfaces. Both being tilted at an angle of 45 degrees, a species of compulsory exercise is furnished which deserves to be brought to the notice of those interested in

physical culture. Your feet kick about helplessly in the emptiness below, and the arms are of less service than the muscles developed by long subterranean training in the back, chest, and neck. The unusual lubrication caused by the inrush of water in the adjoining fissures was, on the whole, rather against us. From all sides came the noise of new streams; but as we approached the 380-foot way we recognised that the most persistent note in the dismal symphony came from that quarter. Our hopes had melted away by the time we crawled out from the Traverse; and the moment my head came from under the low arch, out went our lights, and I found myself in a tornado of waters. The little stream had become a howling torrent; the space above it filled with the rush of foam and the downpour from the roof. Nothing could live in the 380-foot way; and, convinced that we were cut off from our fellow-creatures on the surface, we crawled back along the Traverse to where the rest of the party had made their way up from the Canyon.

A keen discussion now took place. T. declared that it was pure waste of time to risk another attempt from the Boulder Chamber, and proposed that we should take refuge and watch events in the Lunch Hole, a sheltered nook near the 380-foot way, where we might bivouac in moderate security until the flood abated. Our military friends were con-

fident that with 15,000 men encamped overhead, a rescue party would soon be on its way down, strong enough to overcome any obstacles. Neither human effort nor the resources of science would be spared to save the valuable lives of four King's officers. For our part, we knew very well that the Ruckle of Boulders, through which succour would have to come, was now a mere network of siphons and culverts, completely glutted with rushing water. They assured us that a regiment would certainly be turned out shortly to build a dam. Knowing the ungovernable nature of limestone streams, we held our peace, fervently hoping that nothing of the sort would be attempted—we did not want the materials of a big dam hurled on our heads, and as the swallet was the only exit from the drainage area above, we knew that any obstruction would have to go sooner or later. There was, unfortunately, nowhere to divert the water.

About the hour of evening mess in camp, we made ready for what seemed the inevitable, by pooling our provisions, serving out a small ration, and leaving enough to last two days with careful husbandry. There was a fair quantity of carbide left, and we put out all illuminants but two acetylenes,—half a stone of candles which remained might come in useful for a double purpose. The experienced cave-men had on stout overalls, with woollen

sweaters underneath; but the other four had come in old khaki uniforms, which now scarcely hung together, and they were not too well protected against the depressing chilliness of the cave. A dry spot was impossible to find, and the draught from the flooded passages was piercing. In fact, we did not fear that we should drown so long as we kept away from the main channels, or that we should die of starvation; but the risk from exposure was serious. Crouched on the mud beneath the incessant drizzle, drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, we remembered, as we hugged our acetylene lamps to extract a little warmth, that several men in the camp had died of pneumonia during the last few days, doubtless under conditions not to be compared with ours.

The long journey to the 380-foot way and the Lunch Hole was more tedious than ever, with nine tired men crawling on each other's heels. Some two hours had elapsed since I and my fellow-scout had returned; and now as we approached it again we seemed to detect a difference of key in the sound of the torrent. Had the flood gone down a bit already? Much encouraged, I pushed on in front, and sure enough an astonishing change had taken place. The water had shrunk to a tithe of its former volume, and was not so very much bigger than the normal. There was a general cry of relief. But the thought incontinently struck me that

our friends had guessed aright, and that the authorities must have had a dam built. If so, it behoved us to get out of harm's way speedily, in case anything gave. We were now on the opposite side of the great Ruckle of Boulders to the route from the Canyon through the Boulder Chamber, and the waterfall on this side was for the time being, at all events, in a manageable condition. T. and I scrambled up through the water without much trouble, and got the rest of the party up safely on the rope. Half an hour later we emerged from the mouth of the swallet beneath a clear, star-sown sky, and found most of the regimental staff waiting for us with a variety of restoratives and a pressing invitation to submit to further treatment in camp. Their comrades looked anything but a credit to our reputation as expert guides. They were in rags from head to foot, muddied up to the eyes, squelching dirty water at every movement, and feverishly anxious to reach their quarters with as little observation as possible.

All the afternoon and evening there had been a deluge, the heaviest rainfall—so it was recorded—that had been known on Mendip for thirty years; the Eastwater brook had rapidly become a river, and for hours had been pouring like a mill-race straight into the swallet. The artificial shaft had been submerged under a swirling pool. There had been great anxiety as to

our fate, and half a battalion had turned out with pick and shovel to make a dam; but our old friend, the farmer at Eastwater, who knew something about the vagaries of limestone swallets, had dissuaded the authorities from going on with this perilous scheme. About nine the rain had stopped long enough to relieve us. It did not stop for long. The floods which ensued were disastrous all over northern Somerset. Down the sides of Mendip the waters rushed through orchards and farm buildings, flinging down walls, ploughing clean trenches in hard macadam, filling the tourist caves at Cheddar to the roof, and creating a number of new swallets and caves of a temporary nature. A lake six miles long and more than a mile wide made its appear-

ance along the foot of the hills.

Two men tried a fortnight later to recover the rope which we had left in the Boulder Chamber, but failed to get through. A second attempt was made later on with more success; but the boulders in the great Ruckle had been left by the flood in a threatening state, and big cavities had opened in the chamber below. Their journey to and fro had been so risky that it was decided to fire a charge among the boulders, in the hope of shifting those most dangerously poised. A bomb was exploded with inconsiderable results, but no one has been in any distance since. The next visit to the bottom of Eastwater, if it is still possible to reach it, will be of unusual interest.

ERNEST A. BAKER.

COPTS AND MOSLEMS IN EGYPT.

THE Copts, or Egyptian Christians, constitute about one-twentieth part of the native population of Egypt. The majority of them live in Upper Egypt, a considerable number are found in Cairo and Alexandria, but there are extremely few resident in the Delta. In the Upper Egyptian villages they often dwell side by side with the Moslem peasantry, usually, of course, in an extreme minority; but here and there an entire village is Coptic. In the cities, such as Assiout, Akhmin, and Girgeh, the Copts form a considerable part of the shopkeeping and middle classes, while almost all the wealthy families are of that community. Palatial houses are erected for these latter in a florid European style, and are sumptuously furnished with gilt and plush chairs and sofas, rich carpets, brocade curtains, and many mirrors. They drive about the town in smart carriages; they dress in the height of European fashion; they speak English or French fluently, as well as their native Arabic; they take their meals in the European manner, usually to the strains of a brass band reproduced upon the gramophone; and, in a word, they have an air of bedizened opulence about them which is suggestive of the most adroit handling of stocks and shares and landed property.

In Cairo and Alexandria the resident Copts are mainly employed in Government offices, or as doctors, solicitors, and ac-

countants. They generally have incomes which range from £100 to £500 per annum; they dress as Europeans, speak at least one European language, and are wont to congregate in cafés in the manner of bourgeois French. They are not more strictly religious than the Muhammedans; they are quite as prone as their Moslem countrymen to political intrigue; and the making of money, as in the case of all Egyptians, is their highest interest. While the Coptic peasantry live on fairly good terms with the Moslem fellahin, the city-bred Copts are constantly wrangling with their Muhammedan colleagues, though they are friendly enough on the surface. The difference in religion between the two factions forms an insuperable barrier which is not likely ever to be broken down.

The name Copt has a common origin with that of Egypt itself, being derived from the Greek *Αἰγυπτος*; and they may claim, thus, to be truer Egyptians, in name at all events, than their Moslem brothers. This fact has led to the very general belief that the Copts represent the Ancient Egyptians, while the Moslems are the descendants of those Arab conquerors who imposed Muhammedanism on the country in the seventh century. One constantly hears the Egyptian fellahin spoken of as Arabs. This is totally incorrect. The Copts and Moslems in Egypt are anthropologically

similar, as has been shown conclusively in recent years: they are both descendants of the Ancient Egyptians. Neither of them have any Arabic blood whatsoever, for it would appear that the Moslem conquest introduced no new features into the Egyptian race. The Copts may not thus claim to be of purer descent than the Moslems, as they often do; nor may the Moslems pride themselves on being the conquering race, as they are wont to declare. The difference between these two sections of the population is purely attitudinal.

For some centuries previous to the Muhammedan invasion Egypt had been a Christian country, but when the great wave of Islam broke over the land the majority of the inhabitants adopted the new creed, some from conviction, others from fear. A minority, consisting of those people who are now known as Copts, alone stood firm in the old faith, and through the ensuing centuries held to their religion with surprising tenacity. But while the persecution to which they were often subjected must have hardened them in bearing sufferings, and probably even ennobled them ethically, it had the effect of introducing into their superficial character something of furtiveness and stealth. The Copts, while as proud as the Moslems, became less dominant in manner; and as the years went by a certain air of servility developed. Ages of subserviency made them obsequious; they became unctuous and somewhat sycophantic, though there is no

reason to suppose that their actual temperament was altered under the continuous strain. Their precarious existence forced them to depart from the truth on so many occasions that lying became somewhat more habitual with them than it was with the Moslems. In the Middle Ages the Copts were not permitted to walk upon the pavement in the streets of the cities, but were obliged to make their way as best they could in the gutter. It would be absurd to suppose that this kind of treatment would have no effect upon their manners, even if it had none upon their real character. Were a Copt to be brought up from childhood in a Moslem family he would, without doubt, be indistinguishable from his foster-brothers; but when in his youth he is educated amongst persons who are conscious of being a minority living on suffrance, he cannot fail to develop certain mannerisms and characteristics which mark him at once as a Copt.

Another difference between the two sects developed. Muhammedanism taught the Moslem that it was a sin to let money out at interest, and to this day a money-lending Muhammedan is an extreme rarity. When a Moslem puts his money in a bank he usually refuses to take interest upon it; and the petty investor only takes his $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent from the Postal Savings Bank after receiving a statement which declares that his money is placed in dividend-paying concerns, and has not been merely put out at interest.

Now, the borrowing of money is a necessity: somebody has got to lend it. Hence the Copts, whose religion makes no definite pronouncement on the subject, have become the money-lenders of the country. Moreover, while the whole training of the Moslem has taught him to do no more than amass cash, "to add to golden numbers golden numbers," the education of the Copt has taught him to study money scientifically and to know the subtleties of compound interest. Thus the Copt has developed a faculty which in the Moslem has lain dormant, and he is now the best financier in the country.

This fact was clearly and somewhat sardonically appreciated by Muhammed Ali and Ismail. Under the former the financial affairs of Egypt were in the hands of a Copt named Moallim Ghali, while many Copts were placed in administrative positions where taxes had to be collected and other financial work executed. In the reign of the latter, Wahba Bey Gizawi, Arian Bey Todros, and Dimian Bey Gad, all Copts, managed the finances of Egypt for some years; and, remembering the acts of extortion and crafty seizures of money which were then customary, one must feel that such appointments materially assisted in giving the Copts their not altogether enviable reputation for masterly handling of money.

A further point of difference is to be noticed. The law of Islam prohibits a man from drinking alcohol in any form,

but that of Christianity, on the authority of St Paul, does not forbid it. Previous to the Muhammedan invasion the Egyptians are said to have been a hard-drinking race, and Athenæus tells us that they were a nation addicted to systematic intemperance. The Copts have to some extent carried on the old tradition, and there is unquestionably more insobriety amongst them than amongst the Moslems. Thus the Muhammedans have about them an air of healthiness that the Copts often lack.

When the English came into the country in 1882, they adopted, it must be admitted, an attitude of mistrust towards the Copts, not unlike that felt in Europe with regard to the Jews. This attitude becomes exaggerated when put into words—it is so undefined and unexpressed; but there can be no doubt that it did, and still does, exist amongst English residents as a whole. The somewhat servile manner of some of the Copts annoyed the British official: in many cases they had neither the dignity nor the impudence of the Moslem. By reputation, if not always in actual fact, they were too fond of strong drink. Sometimes a Copt seeking employment in the office of an Englishman would make his petition in the name of that Saviour Who died for both of them: a peculiarly distasteful means of approach, the substance of which on first thoughts the Briton was inclined to deny with some heat. Moreover, it was felt, not entirely in jest, that while the

Moslem Egyptian never told the truth except when he intended to deceive, the Copt omitted to tell it on all occasions.

People in England do not always have opportunities for realising how extraordinarily loyal the British are by nature. An Englishman who is officially employed in Egypt, and takes his pay from Egyptian taxes, is unconsciously and unaffectedly loyal through and through to the Egyptian Government. Its interests become his interests, its honour his honour. He adopts, voluntarily, the *tarboush*, and wears it upon his head during office hours; he observes Friday as the only holiday in the week, because it is the Muhammedan sabbath, and it is a Muhammedan land in which he is working; he punctiliously honours the Khedive, rises to his feet when the Khedivial hymn is played, and flies the Egyptian flag over his official quarters. He identifies himself with the Government, and his invariable desire is that the fact of what he believes to be his superior nationality shall not be forced down the throats of his Egyptian colleagues, nor that the religion which he professes shall be given any ascendancy over that of the prince from whom he nominally takes his pay.

This being so, the British official started out with a desire to show no partiality to those Egyptians who were Christians, and who, although forming an integral portion of the nation and serving in the Government in many cases,

were yet almost as distinct from it as were the English themselves; and since the Copts made an even less favourable impression upon him than the Moslems, he found himself unknowingly a trifle more short-tempered with the former than with the latter. It must be repeated that this feeling towards the Coptic Egyptians becomes far more defined when thus recorded in words than it is in actual fact: it is to be understood as a vague, unconscious thought, never in the front of the mind. It never was strong enough to influence the judgment, for example, in cases where appointments had to be made for which both Christians and Moslems of tried character were eligible; but it certainly was, and is, potent enough to prejudice a case in favour of a Muhammedan candidate for an administrative post when nothing is known of either party. If, for instance, an army officer were required for the post of superintending certain urgent works in the desert, and two candidates were selected at random, the one being a Copt and the other a Moslem, the Englishman in command would be likely to select the latter, should the appearance and record of both be equally good. He would assume, without analysis, that the Moslem was the better man, because he was more likely to have been trained in the art of domination, because he was less aware of the charm of money, because he was probably less tempted by the pleasures of insobriety,

and because he would have a common religion with the vast majority of the people with whom he would be likely to come in contact. But since a case of this kind is naturally rare, and a judgment can nearly always be based on proven merits, this slight tendency to belittle the Copt has almost no effect in practical work, and it is only recorded here as a matter of psychological interest. There are, after all, so many excellent Copts and so many thoroughly bad Moslems, that it is impossible to do more than generalise, and to refer to this slight prejudice in a quite vague manner.

The impartiality of the British is proverbial, but their love of efficiency is also marked. A short time ago some trouble was caused by the fact that the vacancies for executive posts in the Coast Guard service were filled by Moslems only, Copts being informed that they need not apply; and there were those who attributed this policy to the prejudice which has just been noticed. It was, in truth, only due to the fact that Copts, by actual experience, had been found unfit to fill these difficult positions. On the other hand, the clerks in the General Post Office, to give one example, are almost invariably selected from the Coptic community, the work which they are there called upon to do being well suited to their talents. Thus there is no real partiality in the attitude of the British officials,—a statement which,

indeed, can be readily proved by the fact that the late Prime Minister was a Copt, being selected for this, the highest position in the land, simply because he happened to be a slightly better man than the other candidates for the office.

During recent years the Copts have considered that they had a grievance against the Government, and in their newspapers they have stated their case almost continually. There are five main complaints. Firstly, there is this trouble as to the efficiency of the Copts to hold certain executive posts, and they complain especially that they are debarred from holding the position of Mudir, or governor of a province, or of Mamur, or chief administrative magistrate of a district. Secondly, the Copts employed by the Government do not wish to work on Sunday, which at present they are obliged to do, since Friday is the Muhammedan sabbath. Thirdly, they find that the Coptic community is not properly represented upon the Government councils and committees. Fourthly, they object to paying in taxes for the support of schools wherein the religious teaching is solely Muhammedan. Lastly, they do not consider it just that Government grants should be made towards the support of Muhammedan, and not towards that of Coptic, institutions.

There can be no question that the Copts have honestly believed that they were being unfairly treated, an attitude

which, to some extent, is quite understandable. They have been subjected, moreover, to the most objectionable insults in the Moslem press; and abuse of an exceptionally gross and even fanatical character has been heaped upon them. There have been constant rumours of the massacre of Christians, and dates for these events have been circulated, with the result that the better class Copts at those periods actually armed themselves in preparation for the fray.

In Egypt the most important political party is that of the Nationalists, who desire self-government and a cessation of the Occupation. This party consists entirely of Moslems, and regards the Copts as a permanent menace to that unity of action wherein their strength should lie. It was therefore a considerable blow to them when Boutros Pasha, a fine old Copt, was appointed Prime Minister of Egypt, and all their endeavours were directed towards his overthrow. Their machinations so worked upon the mind of a certain young Moslem named Wardani, that, in February 1910, he assassinated the Premier, for which act he was hanged. The crime was neither entirely political nor entirely religious. Boutros Pasha was murdered undoubtedly because the Nationalists believed his conduct of affairs to be detrimental to their interests; but the original mistrust which led to this belief, and the subsequent hatred which put fire into their political enmity, was due to

the fact that the Premier was a Copt. The crime caused consternation amongst the Coptic community, and more than ever they felt that their interests, and even their lives, were in danger.

Under these circumstances it would have been wise for them to have sent a responsible deputation, embodying no Copts who held any consular appointments (as so many of them do), to the British Agent; and, probably without giving offence, they might at the same time have published in English and Arabic a sober statement of their grievances, which could have been circulated as a record of the points to which they had called the attention of the Agency. Instead of this, however, they acted without proper reference to Sir Eldon Gorst; and, after various attempts at publicity, a small body of influential Copts convoked a congress, which was announced to be held at Assiout, in Upper Egypt, in March 1911.

The Government urged them to refrain from thus exposing themselves to the danger of Moslem reprisals; and the Patriarch, who is the head of their religion, was induced to send them a pontifical letter written in similar strains. It was felt that by holding a congress of this kind and giving such public expression to their opinions, they would do little more than arouse religious animosity, and would awaken much opposition to their cause which might otherwise be avoided.

The Agency was anxious to assist them in solving those difficulties which appeared to justify attention, but its ability to do so would be severely handicapped by the inevitable results of a congress. It has been said that a sympathetic Agent would have encouraged a deputation in the first instance, and would thus have given the Copts no cause to call a congress; but it is to be remembered, firstly, that it was a minority of them which desired the congress; and secondly, that it is necessary to work slowly and tentatively in a country such as Egypt, and the Coptic grievances were under consideration when matters were precipitated by the murder of Boutros Pasha. The congress was therefore held, and for three days it sat at Assiout, conscious that the eyes of the world were upon it.

The tone of the speeches was moderate, sober, and earnest, and those who read the translations which have been published in pamphlet form will be surprised at their temperance. They are, in fact, so full of pacific sentiments, and they speak so often of "our dear Moslem brothers," that they give the impression that the Copts were in no fighting mood when they made them. The five complaints were reiterated, and in a very remarkable address by Maitre Mikhail Effendi Fanous the relations between Copts and Muhammedans were discussed. A few paragraphs from it must here be quoted.

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"I am asked," he said, "to speak to you about the relations between the Copts and Moslems. On this depends all the welfare of the whole population of Egypt. If these relations are good, the structure of the State is firm, the happiness of Egypt and its peace and honour are thereby secure. On the other hand, if such be not the case no prosperity is possible. The Egyptian Nation differs from other nations which are likewise composed of various elements, inasmuch as, while in the others the divers component parts retain their varying customs, the people of Egypt are homogeneous, and have been so for thousands of years. The foreign element never mixed with them nor was blended except in exceedingly small numbers, and these became utterly merged in the mass of the people. Furthermore, the manners and customs of the Egyptians are absolutely similar, and from Alexandria to Assouan, and in the remote hamlets and villages, the Egyptians present a peculiarly united ethnic appearance. Among them the Copt and Moslem cannot be distinguished, their appearance is so uniform. I have often tried, as have many others, to detect, if possible, any distinguishing difference in facial traits between Copts and Moslems, but in every case it was quite impossible to find any characteristic difference between the two elements of the population. They have indeed been divided, yet really they are one and united, and the only difference is one of faith. From this point of view they cannot justly be looked upon as distinct elements. Whatever they may be called, they are the veritable descendants of the People of Egypt of seven thousand years ago."

He then pointed out that the Copts and Moslems lived in perfect unity in the towns and villages, and he gave several instances of this friendly intercourse.

"Let us ponder well on these things," he said, "that we may fully realise that religion belongs to God alone, and in man's dealings with

man trust and confidence are needed. Heaven is the province of the Almighty, and He can bestow it upon whom He pleases. . . . It is not religion but nationality which makes the unity of a country. That is the whole point. . . . We want to come to an understanding, and to let the whole world know that we are Egyptians before everything else. We want men to be friends and to realise that our fatherland is the country of all Egyptians, where their forefathers lie buried, where they and their children will find a last resting-place. This is the main object of our meeting, and we wish all the world to know it. We openly declare that we want to see all Egyptian brethren united by the bonds of nationality and patriotism. We do not lay claim to any privileges or ask for gifts, but we want to find some way whereby peace may prevail between our brothers and ourselves, so that everyone of us may know that we are one and united. . . . We desire nothing but good relations to prevail in this country. We do not desire that any individual Copts shall obtain the posts of Mudirs for the sake of a few thousand pounds,—that is far from our object. But we wish to banish the idea that we Copts constitute a separate sect, apart from the rest of the nation, for, once the principle of equality is established, no more importance will be attached to the mere acquisition of posts; the words Moslem and Copt will be forgotten."

While the tone of this address was conciliatory and highly commendable, the sentiments expressed are not such as will have much effect upon the situation, though they will undoubtedly make their appeal to the British public. Nationality, strange as it may seem, is *not* such an important matter as religion in the affairs of an Oriental country. "(Religious) toleration," says Lord Cromer in his 'Ancient and Modern Imperialism,' is, from

a political point of view, but a poor substitute for identification (of religions). It does not tend to break down one of the most formidable obstacles which stand in the way of fusion." There is little hope that the Copt and Moslem will ever set aside their religious differences sufficiently to enable them to look upon each other without mistrust. Sir Alfred Lyall goes so far as to say that it was actually Christianity and Islam which divided up the nations and first introduced religion into politics; and our Lord Himself told us that He had brought not peace, but a sword, into the world. The endeavour of the Government must be to prevent at all times the open quarrels and actual affrays between the two parties: no more than this can be done for many years.

Shortly after the holding of the congress Sir Eldon Gorst's yearly report was published; and it will be best now to discuss the main Coptic speeches in conjunction with the British Agent's statements.

The congress was addressed by Dr Aknoukh Effendi Fanous on the subject of the observance of Sunday.

"You are aware," he said, "that our forefathers embraced Christianity, through St Mark, in the first fifty years of this era, eighteen and a half centuries ago. Christianity spread rapidly, and the first Coptic Patriarch, Amba Youhannes, was appointed in A.D. 62. We have, therefore, been Christians for very many centuries, and, indeed, we are one of the most ancient of all Christian communities. Our forefathers suffered much when they first became Christians, their lives were in

danger, and they were frequently sacrificed before heathen altars, but eventually our faith triumphed throughout the land, and the whole population became Christian."

He then went on to repeat God's commandments as regards the keeping of the sabbath, and to point out that that sabbath fell on Sunday for Christians. Then in a passage of considerable power he said—

"The security and progress of the world come, in my opinion, through human beings obeying the commands of their religion. I have no fear of a man who obeys the commands of his religion; but on the other hand, I do fear a man who has no religion, or, having a religion, neglects it. . . . It is the most important consideration, both for humanity and for Governments, that people should obey the commands of their religion, because a religious people is always the least inclined to crime and the most careful of the rights of others, and a Government can always feel confidence in such a people. We Copts, unfortunately, have come to a very dangerous pass as regards the morals of our young people. So shamefully have we neglected the precepts of our religion that, with the exception of a few amongst us, we fail to keep the Sabbath Day, without even considering what a crime we commit thereby."

He pointed out that the Mixed Courts, *i.e.*, the courts for dealing with cases wherein foreigners are concerned, adjourn on Friday for the sake of the Moslems, and on Sunday for that of the Christian Europeans. And again, he reminded his hearers that the Sultan has long adopted the custom of closing Government offices at Beyrout in Syria on Sunday as well as on Friday. He then went on to show that, according to Muhammedan

law, all religious communities have to be protected and allowed to obey the commands of their own religion. In support of this he made several quotations from Muhammedan writers, including one from a work entitled 'Manahij el Elbab,' by Rifaa Bey Rafia, which must here be given:—

"Civilisation depends on character, habits, and morals, so far as religion and law are concerned, and it is owing to this that civilised communities, whether known by the names of their nationality or of their religion, have so developed. Thus, he who tries to cut off a community from its religion, and prevent it from obeying its religious injunctions, which are legally protected under the Moslem law, will actually be protesting against God, Who has suffered every community to have its own religion. Had God so willed it He would have made all mankind of one faith and one nation."

Sir Eldon Gorst sums up the matter tersely in his report.

"It must be obvious," he writes, "that the cry for Sunday as the Coptic day of rest in the Government offices and schools is unreasonable; official business would be entirely disorganised by a cessation of work on two days in the week; and since it is therefore necessary to choose one day, that of the Moslems, who form an immense majority of the population, must obviously be observed."

It cannot be denied that, on the face of it, the Coptic desire to worship their God on the Christian sabbath is not only just but laudable; yet it is not a demand with which the British authorities can comply, so long as they only represent the occupying power. Muhammedanism is the state religion of Egypt, and since the

officials have too much work to do to be able to adopt the Beyrout system, there is nothing for it but to continue the observance of Friday as the only day of rest in the week. The case of the Mixed Courts does not help to solve the difficulty, for the observance there of Sunday as a *dies non* is to be regarded as a Muhammedan courtesy to the representatives of foreign countries, just as the courts themselves are an Egyptian comity to the rest of the world. In the case of the Copts, however, one is dealing not with foreigners but with the Khedive's own subjects, and thus there is no precedent nor parallel. Should the British public feel that the observance of Sunday was essential to the good character of the Copts, and should the Muhammedans themselves accept the declaration of Rifaa Bey Rafia that a Moslem is wrong to prevent a community from obeying its religious injunctions, then the British Agency would have to consider the possibility of making some change in the present system. It is true that the business of the British authorities is to see fair-play between all parties in Egypt: but in the first place, it is a grave question as to whether they have the right to interfere in religious matters of this kind, or whether it would be wise to do so; and in the second place, it may be asked whether they would be justified in contemplating for a moment the laming of the Government by the amputation of one of

the six limbs of its week's work.

A speech was made at the congress by Maitre Tewfik Bey Doss in regard to the question of Copts holding high administrative posts. It must be remembered that a large number of Copts are employed in Government offices,—far more, in fact, than their numbers strictly justify. The average salary per Copt, however, is slightly less than that of the Moslems, owing to the number of minor clerkships held by the former community.

Our complaint, gentlemen, is not of the text of the law, but of the manner in which it is carried out. We complain, not of the Government's theory but of its practice. To prove my point, I will explain to you the manner in which certain posts are distributed amongst the native subjects of the Government. In the Ministry of the Interior, for instance, the following posts are barred absolutely for Copts, and are given exclusively to one section of the subjects of the Khedive. The posts I refer to are the administrative posts, such as those of Mudir, Sub-Mudir, and Mamour in the Provinces, and those of Governor and Sub-Governor in the Governorates. These are very important posts, and they are given only to the members of one of the two great communities in this country. . . . Apart from the Ministry of the Interior, in the Ministry of Public Works we find the posts of Inspectors of Irrigation, Chief Engineers, and all high offices of the Ministry, given only to one community. In the Ministry of Education we find that all the posts which are held by natives, such as those of Inspectors, Members of the Executive Council, Heads of Departments at the Ministry itself, Headmasters of the Government Schools, &c., are without a single exception all given to one section of the Egyptian nation. At the Ministry of War no officer of the rank of Lewa or Mirali but is taken from the same community."

He then pointed out that previous to 1882 several Copts held high posts, such as that of Mudir. In answer to the contention that such officials had to attend certain Muhammedan religious functions, to do which would ill befit a Christian, he declared that any function of this kind could be conducted as well by a Copt as by a Moslem, and he instanced the case of two Christian Prime Ministers of Egypt who presided at the Moslem ceremony of the Mahmal, kissing the rope around the neck of the sacred camel, and so forth. As to the influence of a Copt being diminished by the fact of his religion or his authority impaired thereby—

"I hope and believe," he said, "that all Egyptians are prepared to live under the rule of any properly qualified man of their own nationality, without distinction as to faith. I believe the Egyptian Moslem, if left to himself, is of such an amenable disposition that he can be relied upon to live in harmony with his brother Copts under the rule of Moslem, Christian, or Jew, provided that ruler be a capable Egyptian. The Coptic and Jewish inhabitants feel the same. Then why all this pessimism, these needless protests?"

Sir Eldon Gorst's reply voices the opinion of practically every British official in the country. It is generally felt that while a Copt may hold high office as a minister, where only his brains and character, and not his power of displaying authority over his men, are needed, he would be a complete failure in a position where his influence depended upon the respect and obedience of his subordinates.

"The Copts," writes Sir Eldon, "are represented in the Civil Service, both as regards numbers and salaries, to an altogether disproportionate extent. Their only possible grievance lies in the fact that the posts of Mudir, Sub-Mudir, and nearly all those of Mamour (heads of the administrative sub-districts of provinces), as well as the chief commands in the police force, are occupied by Muhammedans. I think it is fair to say that in this case as elsewhere the tests of capacity and natural aptitude are applied. . . .

I do not attach much weight to the consideration that the Mudir represents a Moslem Government, and has to attend various Moslem religious functions in that capacity; but I do to the fact that he is responsible for law and order in his province, and must deal promptly and energetically with any emergency that arises. For this he must be a man of action, and must command the ready obedience of his subordinates and of the population. Experience has shown that the Copt, however capable and efficient in certain departments, does not usually possess these qualifications. He has proved a failure in the executive branch of the Coast Guards, from which he is now almost totally excluded, although he still predominates in the administrative section of that service. In the Prisons Department he has also been a success. . . . Were he to be placed in a high executive post, in addition to his lack of natural aptitude for it he would find a majority of the population animated by antagonistic feelings towards him, and he could not count on ready obedience and co-operation. The position of a Coptic Mudir would not be an enviable one, any more than would that of the authorities who had to support him. I do not say that an exceptional Copt might not be found who could overcome such difficulties, but at the present time I do not know of one."

Another important speech was made at the congress by Maitre Marcos Hanna, who dealt with the proposals for creating an electoral system

in Egypt which would secure the fair representation of all Egyptian elements. At present the Provincial Councils and General Assembly are elected by landowners in the usual way, and, the majority of voters being Moslems, very few Copts are chosen.

He described the system obtaining in Belgium, and urged that it should be adopted in Egypt. This system is one of proportional representation. The two main features are: (1) that every male member of society, of whatever creed, has a vote, and if his income is above a certain amount he has two votes; and (2) that any community of whatsoever sect or persuasion which produces 40,000 votes has one representative, scattered communities being allowed to register themselves as belonging to one locality, for the purpose of consolidating their votes.

If the system were applied to Egypt, where the Copts form a wealthy class, a large number of them would be entitled to two votes, and their voting capacity would be much increased. Now their excess of wealth is often said by the less opulent Moslems to be due to the fact that they take heavy interest on their money, whereas the Muhammedans do not; and hence one would come up against the religious difficulty once more. The Moslem, suffering for the profession of his faith, could find cause for resentment against the Copt, and further religious animosity would ensue.

It is possible that arrangements might be made whereby

the Coptic community should be represented by some method more favourable to its interests; but the reform would have far-reaching results, and it is a question whether it would not endanger public security for some years. In any case, however, the Copts would always be in such a minority upon the Councils that their opinions would have no weight, and they would gain little by the change. On the other hand, if when they have a serious cause of complaint they would present it in a decorous manner to the British Agency, it is to be supposed that their demands would be listened to with attention; and this method of procedure is as open to them now as it would have to be then. Two things are to be remembered in this connection, —firstly, that the word of his Majesty's representative in Egypt overrides, when necessary, all opinions, decrees, judgments, and verdicts in the land; and secondly, that his main business is to see fair-play, and to avoid causes for complaint.

Sir Eldon's views on this subject are summed up in his report, as follows:—

"I am of opinion that the desire of the Copts to discover some method by which the minority may be represented in exact proportion to its numbers in the various representative bodies is practically incapable of realisation at the present time. Though the principle of popular election has been introduced into Egypt, it is hardly possible to devise any system whereby the scattered Coptic elements could be specially represented in cases where the choice of members of their community cannot be secured by the ordinary electoral

methods. The Copts must in any case be in a minority on the governing bodies, and they should be ready to trust the British control to see that no substantial injustice is done to them."

The next subject of discussion at the congress forms, perhaps, the most important of the points raised by the Copts. It deals with the question of religious instruction in the *kuttabs*, or village schools. The Copts do not now raise any grievances in regard to the large Government Primary Schools, where, since 1907, Christian as well as Muhammedan religious instruction is given at State expense; but they complain only that whereas they pay in taxes towards the upkeep of these village *kuttabs*, their religion is not taught in them at all. It has to be remembered, however, that originally these schools were purely Muhammedan institutions, in which a worthy villager taught the little children to recite the Koran. Nowadays they are aided by the State, and elementary instruction is given in them, combined with the reading of the Koran, which is the basis of Arabic literature. For the support of these schools the Provincial Councils are allowed to levy a tax equal to 5% of the total amount of the general taxation; and the Copts declare that, since they pay this tax, either their priests must be allowed to give Christian instruction in the schools, or else special Coptic *kuttabs* must be created side by side with the Moslem schools.

"We desire," said Maitre Habib Doss in his speech to the congress,

"to open all *kuttabs* and schools to the children of Moslems, Christians, and Jews, and to give religious lessons to every section at the end of the day, as is done now in the Government elementary schools. This is our demand, and this is the proposal which I submit to you for approval and subsequent communication to the Government. We make this demand in a spirit of loyalty and real patriotism, and with the object of creating union and fraternity among the different sects of our dear nation. If our countrymen refuse our views and insist upon refunding monies collected from Copts, to be expended by us on Coptic *kuttabs*, then we acquiesce in the arrangement proposed by them with extreme and genuine regret. Our regret is certainly not caused by the fear of loss, nor by the idea that the amounts thus refunded to us will not be sufficient to do for us what the amalgamation with the other party would do; for we pay 32% of the whole amount of the taxation in the province of Assiout, 22% in Girgeh and Keneh, 18% in Assouan, 15% in Fayoum, and 3% in the Behera. It will thus appear that we pay a very large part of the taxes in proportion to our numbers, whilst other Christian communities and foreigners pay a correspondingly large share, which cannot, in justice, be entirely devoted to the teaching of the Muhammedan faith."

Sir Eldon's reply in his report gives expression to the opinion of almost all those who are competent to judge. "I fear," he writes, "that the day has not yet arrived in Egypt, though I do not say that it never will, when the sheikh and the priest could safely be allowed to impart rival religious instruction to children of the lowest class simultaneously and in the restricted space of the *kuttab*, which, in some cases, consists of not more than one or two rooms." The Provincial Councils have voted

against joint religious teaching, and there can be no doubt that the Government is justified in disallowing it.

Special Coptic kuttabs are already numerous, and are being erected wherever the numbers of the Coptic pupils justify it, the funds for their erection and support coming from the above-mentioned 5% tax. In the province of Assiout, for example, there are 70 Moslem and 9 Coptic schools; in the province of Sohag the council devotes 20% of the 5% tax to Coptic kuttabs; and in Benha "the sums," writes Sir Eldon, "to be expended on Coptic pupils, both in schools and special kuttabs, considerably exceed the ratio to which their numbers or contribution to the tax entitle them." It is to be understood, of course, that Coptic pupils are allowed to enter all Moslem kuttabs; and the only objection which the Copts raise is that they cannot receive Christian instruction at State expense except where the size of the Coptic community justifies the creation of a Coptic kuttab. In conclusion, Sir Eldon writes: "The Government will always be ready to listen to claims of a practical nature for larger facilities in this respect than the resources of the educational authorities have hitherto been able to furnish;" and no more than this, surely, can be said.

The five main grievances were thus dealt with, and the Coptic attitude was summed up by Maitre Marcos Fehmy in the following temperate words:—

"I am confident that we shall gain a recognition of the principle of equality amongst all members and sections of our nation, even though existing circumstances may not be in accordance with that principle. I again state that it is clearly your duty to claim the principle of equality, and insist upon its acceptance and recognition as the civil basis for universal nationalism, without insisting upon its application or its execution in every special case, because practical equality is a chimera and an impossibility. Men should all be equal before the law, but amongst individuals there are always the differences of class and fortune. So let the principle of equal rights be once accepted and recognised in the hearts of the people, and not by the letter of the law, and no one will afterwards care to ask that the principle be put into practice in every special case. No one will care whether posts of mudirs or others are filled from the members of this sect or of that. But if this principle is not admitted, if people insist upon saying that a certain section of the Egyptians is unfit for a certain class of posts, ill-feeling and heart-burning are sure to result. Say, with all sincerity, that we are all equal in rights and capacity, and we will not, after that, complain that public appointments are denied to us. It is a question of principle, and not of the actual acquisition of posts. The Copts do not wish to be regarded in their country as are the negroes in the United States."

The tone of these remarks is so mild and so lacking in the spirit of battle, that Sir Eldon Gorst is perhaps justified in stating that the Copts are not, after all, in so bad a position as they are inclined to suppose.

"Regarding their situation as a whole," he writes, "it compares very favourably with that of the Moslem population, and I have no hesitation in stating that at the present moment the Copts have no real grievances of any importance."

"Should, however, a tendency ever manifest itself to deal unfairly with a minority which forms an integral and important section of the Egyptian people—a contingency which under present conditions I do not in the least anticipate,—his Majesty's Government may rest assured that those responsible for the existing state of affairs would take prompt measures to check the commission of any possible injustice."

At the same time, however, it is apparent that the Copts have really felt that they had cause for complaint, and some of their remarks have much justice. Sir Eldon shows plainly in his report that he is annoyed with them, and there is a lack of sympathy apparent which indicates clearly how much he has resented the holding of the congress. His fears that a meeting of this kind would tend to widen the breach between the two factions were amply justified. A counter-congress was organised by the Moslems, and speeches were there made which were as antagonistic to the Copts as they were devoid of sound sense and temperance. The speeches were contemptuous and hostile in tone, and are not for a moment to be ranked with the polite utterances of the Copts. They possess little debating value; and the Copts at least may derive this satisfaction from them, that they cannot possibly have weight with the British Agent, whose course, indeed, as will have been realised from the above pages, is fairly clear.

Much has been written lately on this subject of the Coptic grievances, and Sir Eldon Gorst has been somewhat severely criticised for adopting the attitude which he has set forth in his report. If he has dealt sharply with the community, however, it may be regarded as a merited rebuke to them for that incorrect procedure which has caused so keen a revival of religious animosity in Egypt. It is a fact that one month after the holding of the congress the Copts and Europeans of Assiout were so convinced that they were about to be massacred, that representations were made to the consulates and to the Ministry of the Interior for protection, and steps had to be taken for their security. If the subject, however, after the very full airing that it has received, is now allowed to rest, no further danger to public security need be anticipated, and a certain amount of friendliness may develop once more between Copts and Moslems. It is not to be expected that the two parties will ever fraternise to any large extent; but it is not too much to hope that mutual respect will form a basis of future compromise. Certainly it is now the business of the British authorities to encourage that respect, and, by indirect means, to moderate the tone of the Moslem press on the subject of the Copts. Further concessions may then be made, perhaps, which would now but cause trouble.

W.

PREJUDGED.

JOHN CLUTTON was not altogether happy in India. His brother officers would probably not have withheld from him their stock designation of "not a bad fellow," the hall-mark of the young subaltern's approval. But John Clutton was quite unable to avoid what, in the eyes of Indian society, is an unforgivable sin. In short, he had been brought up in India and clipped his words. His features, too, were dark enough to give a handle to ill-natured talk. That in spite of all this he was held "not a bad fellow" shows that he must have had qualities, for a prejudice like this Indian one requires a heavy makeweight. He was not, as I say, altogether happy. He found that although he was accepted in the regiment with a kindly tolerance, he was yet most terribly alone. His tastes, too, were less sporting and more serious than those of his companions, which emphasised his loneliness the more. His mind was filled with speculations about literature, about life, about the future of the Indian races, which he had to keep to himself for fear of exciting the bored yawns of his messmates. His father had been of the same opinion as the gentleman in Fielding's 'Amelia,' who, "though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead"; but it is perhaps doubtful whether Clutton would not

have been a happier man, as things turned out, if he had been considerably less of a student. If he was accepted in a general sense by all his brother officers, it is equally true that he was accepted by no one of them in particular; and when the others paired off for this or that shooting expedition or other amusement he would find himself generally left in the lurch. No slight was intended. The simple truth was that no one had thought of him; and he would go his solitary evening walk filled with an oppressive sense that the world, although he could not make many particular charges against it, treated him on the whole very harshly. At length he determined to get out of these surroundings into the free air of a new country: and this was why John Clutton was seconded from his regiment to become a political officer in one of the most remote of our African Protectorates.

I did not know him in India. My first introduction to him took place some years ago in Africa, when I was sent to his station with a detachment of twenty-five native soldiers, whose duty was to guard the Government money and the countless cloths and strips of cotton which had been brought in by the surrounding pagans in payment of their taxes. It was also their business to form his escort where any danger might be anticipated. On the

morning of my arrival I found him engaged in the intellectual occupation of counting and valuing a number of blue and evil-smelling native cloths. I expressed some amusement both at his occupation and the earnest attention which he gave to it.

"Look at this one," he said, holding up an undersized blue cloth, more dirty and battered-looking than any of the rest. "This, I suppose, is only worth threepence, and can't be taken for sixpence like the others! In earnest you think I am? Well, it's got to be done, but you see to what base uses we political people come."

I noticed at once the clipped word-endings, but they were corrected for me by the charm of his puzzled smile as he spoke of his work.

"One has got to try and see what things lead to when working out here," he continued. "If we didn't we'd go mad sometimes with the drudgery of it. I try to connect this, for instance, with the last report of the Cotton Association, and see in each of these wretched sixpenny cloths, and even in this threepenny one" (he held it up pathetically between the tips of his fingers), "the possibility of a future supply of raw cotton which will be of enormous benefit to England. And then each cloth, you must remember, represents part of a tax paid; and taxes paid, at any rate by such primitive tribes as those in my district, mean that we are getting into touch with them, that they are beginning to acknowledge our right, or at any rate our

power, to stop their tribal wars and slave-hunts and cannibal orgies,—that they've taken the first step, in fact, in social progress."

"There is another white man in the station, isn't there?" said I presently.

"Yes," he answered, "the Doctor. He came in here from the Provincial Headquarters a week ago, and goes away every few days to teach the people round about how to keep their towns clean. Breaks their old pots, and tells them to buy new ones; makes bonfires of rubbish, covers up wells—you know the sort of thing! He'll probably stay in this Division for a bit yet—until we go down to Kwannu. There's trouble there—tell you about it some other time! I've been squabbling with him. I wish the sun wasn't so hot and irritating, or else that I could remember a piece of advice once given me—if you feel inclined to quarrel over an official matter in the Tropics, don't act at once but take a dose of calomel and go to bed."

"What have you been squabbling about?" I asked.

"Oh, the house I'm living in. It was built by the man from whom I took over this District, and I've always thought it the best in the station,—about as good a place to live in as can be made without anything better than mud and thatch to work with. This new doctor-fellow condemns it officially,—says it's not fit to live in. But where the devil I'm to get the money to build another I don't know."

I left him to his cloths and paid a visit to the Doctor. I found the latter took a much more serious view of the quarrel. Clutton's, or rather his predecessor's, tax-animals were the origin of it. They had formerly been placed in lines near the house which was the subject of dispute, and the Doctor said they had been kept there so long that the place smelt abominably, and was quite unfit for habitation. Clutton had apparently refused at first to take the protest seriously, and the Doctor had therefore written him an official letter demanding that the house should be destroyed. At the foot of this letter Clutton scrawled the words "Diddums, then!"—a remark not intended for the eyes of the Doctor, to whom indeed he wrote the politest of official answers. Unfortunately, in a moment of inattention—such lapses are frequent in the Tropics—he put the Doctor's letter, and not his own answer, in the envelope that was to contain his reply. The Doctor noticed with tropical fury the flippant postscript, and informed Clutton that the letter with its comment would be sent to headquarters, to show what difficulties medical officers have to contend with when they endeavour to improve sanitation at out-stations.

Clutton had eventually been at great pains to move to a more distant spot the lines where animals, sent in as payment of taxes and still unsold, were kept, and had asked that on their removal the Doctor should retract his condemna-

tion of the house. I asked the Doctor why he declined to do so. He said the situation was in any case unhealthy. It appeared from his account that in a final discussion of their differences the two men had both lost their tempers, and Clutton, the cleverer of the two, had let his tongue run away with him and had asked the Doctor why he did not condemn the whole country, since its reputation for unhealthiness was notorious.

On the top of this, and after my arrival, Clutton's transport bullocks, wandering, as is the nature of these beasts, into places where they were least wanted, made a gaping rent in the new hedge which the Doctor had planted round his temporary quarters. The Doctor wrote a note at once—

"DEAR CLUTTON, — Your d—d cows have broken down my hedge. If they are not removed at once, I'll put them in pound."

(The reader must understand that "cow" is the word used in pigeon-English for all kinds of cattle, and white men in the country frequently follow this curious nomenclature.)

Clutton, having first assured himself that his bullocks were safely got out of the Doctor's clutches, replied as follows:—

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I cannot understand your note. I haven't got any 'cows.'"

To the Doctor, from whom I had the story, I endeavoured

to point out that Clutton's reply was only a humorous way of stroking him down, and that they had much better make friends and have a good laugh over it. His answer was instructive.

"It's funny enough, no doubt," he said, "but I am not going to be spoken to like this by a confounded Chee-Chee from North India."

So here was the root of it all, thought I, and Clutton, who had left India hoping to get up and away from the associations which handicapped him there, had unfortunately been obliged to carry with him to his new work both his dark colouring, his ugly surname, and his tell-tale stock of clipped endings. Under every sky the obstinate classifying prejudice pursued him.

I had much talk with him during the next fortnight, and—for men who have anything in common become quickly intimate in these lonely places—he spoke to me frankly of his reasons for leaving India, and of what he called the blight upon his life. He told me how gloomy it made him to find that nowhere in the world will people judge of a man on his merits as a separate and real individual, but always insist on bringing with them the disfiguring glasses of their general ideas and prejudices. My sympathies, indeed, were all upon his side. The Doctor seemed to me a venomous little creature. One night, as he smoked his pipe after dinner, I actually heard him singing in the quiet starlight, evidently

for Clutton's benefit, a maliciously worded song in which the words "the Chee-Chee wallah" periodically recurred.

In a country which still receives a large subsidy from Parliament, and in spite of that subsidy is at desperate shifts for money, detachments of soldiers are not stationed under the charge of a European for nothing, and I was not long to remain a comparative idler in my new quarters. Four days distant from us was a town of some ten thousand inhabitants,—a very big town indeed, as native population goes. The king of one of the tribes in Clutton's District lived there. This was the town of Kwanu, of which he had spoken to me on my first arrival. The king, although loyal himself, had not been able to bring his tribe under the white man's orders, owing chiefly to the evil influence of his councillors, among whom his desire to obey the political officer had made him extremely unpopular. Bashir, his natural successor, was notoriously an enemy to British rule, and Clutton had several times said to me that he was afraid the present king might at any moment be driven out. One day news came that Bashir had seized the king and put him in irons. We had intended to visit the town a few weeks later, when the rains would be over; but it now became necessary that we should go down at once and attempt to put things straight. As is usual in cases

where there may be danger, the Doctor accompanied us, and after three days of longish marches we reached a village some five miles distant from the refractory town.

We were tired with our long treks, and Clutton, who was something of an epicure, produced nine very dainty-looking baby bottles of champagne,—not the usual dateless African tippie, but a brand of a famous name and year. Our tongues were soon loosened,—Clutton, in spite of the silent hostility of the Doctor, waxing eloquent upon the variety and interest of work in the Protectorate. He talked volubly and joyfully, with more than a touch of enthusiastic exaggeration. He seemed unnaturally happy, like one standing upon a pinnacle from which he might at any moment fall. I thought of my old Scotch nurse and her stories of people who were “fey.” I suggested that work in West Africa was no doubt neither a big nor an unpleasant price to pay for a livelihood, but that it *was* a price all the same. For my part, I was willing to acquiesce, and didn’t grumble about having to pay it. But the wine had warmed Clutton’s soul more readily than mine, probably because his usual habit was more temperate.

“Acquiesce!” he exclaimed — “how I hate the word ‘acquiesce’! This country is worth more than acquiescence. It’s worth enthusiasm!”

The Doctor, however, was of a different opinion, and was just explaining to us what a dog’s life white men lead in the

African bush,—how they come out here and waste the best years of their life only to purchase for themselves a distempered and fever-stricken old age,—when a breathless messenger ran up to the tamarind-tree close to which we were dining.

“They done kill that king, sah!”

“The King of Kwanu?”

“Yes, sah!”

“The devil they have! Tell us more about it.”

“They hear white man done come, sah. Bashir he tell the king to fight, sah! The king say he no go fight. Bashir kill him one time.”

The information was scanty, but to the point. Clutton turned to me.

“There’s only one thing to be done, Walker. We must ride there at once and catch this rascal!”

We had been compelled to leave a few men behind to guard the station, and I had only eighteen men with me. It seemed a small number with which to effect an arrest against the wishes of a town with ten thousand inhabitants. Soldiers are always more cautious than civilians on these occasions, having more knowledge. But Clutton had been a soldier too. He knew native ways better than I did, and while hinting at my misgivings I did not take up a strong line in opposing him.

“It’s perfectly true, what you say,” said he. “If we ride into them with eighteen men and attempt to fight

them, we may get the worst of it. What we've got to do is to bluff them. In any case, let's get to the town and look about us."

I felt inclined for an adventure, and I consented. The Doctor, who with all his defects did not lack pluck, rose up and called for our horses. I ordered my men to get ready. We rapidly divested ourselves of our pyjamas, in which costume it is the custom of bushmen to dine, and put on the more workmanlike khaki. In ten minutes we were under weigh.

There is something very eerie and exciting about a march by night with a prospect of danger ahead. Abject cowering fear is perhaps an unmixed pain, but excitement tinged with something which, if not fear, is closely akin to it, is one of the Gilbertian pains that is almost if not quite a pleasure. As we rode along I experienced a kind of exultation, and I actually rejoiced in and encouraged the thought that the rustling of the grasses might be due, not to the night wind, but to the stealthy movements of an enemy. The moon shone upon our ride, though obscured from time to time by the shifting clouds. A tornado threatened to break over us, but no rain fell, the wind serving only to clear and freshen the air, — the best tonic imaginable for people engaged on an exploit like ours. Our pace was slow, for our horses were often knee-deep in mud and water. The late rains, too, had drawn

out of the deep black cotton soil a stench of a kind remembered and detested by all who have travelled in Africa. Nevertheless, I enjoyed myself, and I am sure that Clutton did. He gave me the impression of a man who had put off for the time being all the load of bitter disappointment he was wont to carry about with him,—of one whose heart was centred solely upon doing one single thing successfully, that one thing being the arrest of a murderer in a remote corner of the British Empire. It never entered his head, as I believe it once or twice did mine, that to be stuck in the gizzard by a native spear or hit by a poisoned arrow in an obscure African town is a very unsatisfactory way of dying, and that the danger of it is for that reason a harder thing to undergo than to march gloriously to death with the eyes of the world upon you in a great war. If I had such a thought, however, it was soon driven out by the loud drumming which struck upon our ears as we neared the dead king's town. The monotonous continuing sound took hold of us,—seemed to sweep the brain clear of conscious thought and hypnotise us until every idea left our minds save that one thing we had ridden out to do. Not for nothing does the African beat the *tem-tom*. After an hour of it, the inhibitory centres give way, and the mind is an instrument upon which the single-hearted emotions of war or religion can play at will.

When we reached the outskirts of the town we found them deserted. All the inhabitants, to judge by the direction from which the sound of the drumming came, were gathered round the king's house. We stopped for a moment to consult. Clutton said he wished to go straight up to the king's house with his interpreter and disarm hostility by his confidence. It was a proposal in keeping with his elated mood.

"If they see the soldiers," he said, "before we've effected the arrest, they'll begin to fire arrows, and we won't get out of this without the loss of fifty or sixty lives, including probably our own. Once we've got our prisoner, your eighteen men are enough for defence if they get nasty. But it's no good using the men for making the arrest. I'll go alone. It's the only way to do our job without unnecessary slaughter."

"Well, then, let's go together," said I.

"Of course it's perfectly obvious you must stay behind," put in the Doctor. "If anything happens, Clutton can fire his revolver, and then you can run up with your men. There's the difficulty how best to act when you do run up. Everything will depend then upon the soldiers, and you can't leave that either to a native corporal or an ignoramus of things military like myself. I'll go with Clutton, and if anything goes wrong we'll fire."

"The Doctor's advice is obviously right," was Clutton's comment.

I could not but agree. The lives of those making the arrest might very probably depend upon the men being under the command of their own officer. I stayed therefore in a compound about a hundred and fifty yards distant from the place where we saw the people assembled round their fires. Clutton and the Doctor started. I do not believe any of us thought seriously of the risk of failure.

I had only to wait five minutes. No very definite change occurred, so far as I could hear, in the sounds that came from the big market-place in front of the king's house. The drumming seemed to be a little fainter on that side of the market-place through which my companions had decided to pass, but there was no evidence of any universal alarm. Presently I thought I heard Clutton's voice thunderously cursing some one or other. The next thing that attracted my attention was the appearance of Clutton in person, the Doctor following behind him, while in front, pushed along by the interpreter and two or three natives of the town, was a black gentleman in gorgeous clothes who proved to be the refractory usurper of whom we had come in search.

"I have the honour to hand over to your charge the lately crowned King Bashir of Kwanu," said Clutton, laughing, with a glint of amused triumph in his eye. "We'd better get away as soon as we can. It's touch and go.

They're awfully excited—those few, that is to say, who yet realise what's been done. If we wait here, the whole town may collect their senses and go for us."

We clapped a pair of irons on the prisoner's wrists, placed a man with a rifle on either side of him, set him in the middle of our caravan, and made off for our camp. As we went along, Clutton and the Doctor described their adventure to me. They had found the people crowded round fires, drumming and singing for all they were worth. They had made their way through the market-place to the gate of the house unnoticed, the light of the fires throwing into obscurity the passages between. They found the gate open and walked in. The murderer was sitting in great state, chewing kola-nuts and listening to the praises of his singers. The interpreter clapped him on the shoulder, whereupon he started up and saw for the first time the figures of two white men standing by him. He was told he must come along at once. It seems he obeyed mechanically, both he and his men being utterly dazed by the sudden *contretemps*. Outside the gate, however, there was very nearly trouble. A large group round one of the fires got wind of what was happening, a few arrows were flicked off, amidst much shouting, at Clutton and the Doctor, and things began to look threatening. Clutton continued his policy of bluff, advanced

with his raised whip of hippo. hide towards the shouting group, volubly abusing them the while, and habitual awe of the white man and his magic "medicine" did the rest. The group of natives scattered, some of them even helping to propel out of the market-place the unwilling prisoner. Such was the arrest of Bashir. That night Clutton's natural bravery and daring was the first element in our success.

Alas! the evening was not to end so successfully as we thought. I had noticed that Clutton, although usually fond of indulging his powers of vivid description, had left the Doctor to tell the chief part of the story. I attributed his silence to an access of modesty, and chaffed him about it a little.

"I feel a bit dizzy," he answered; and then fell behind a little. The Doctor did not hear his remark, and I thought nothing of it. A few moments afterwards I heard cries of consternation from the natives behind us. Clutton had fallen heavily from his horse.

We went back, the Doctor and I, to where he lay. In the moonlight his face looked ghastly white. He spoke with difficulty.

"I'm afraid I'm done for, you fellows."

"You've not broken any bones, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"No, no, it's not the fall from my horse. Look at my thumb! I didn't notice it at the time. I was too much excited."

There was a scratch on his thumb with a little blood upon it. It seemed a small thing.

"Not one of the arrows they flicked?" asked the Doctor in a tone of utter dismay.

"Yes, that's it. Just a scratch! so small I didn't feel it at the time. But it's had twenty minutes' start, and the brutes use *Strophanthus*. I noticed the blood a few minutes ago, and thought I must have barked my thumb somewhere. But I'm afraid it's an arrow scratch all right. Well, it'll serve."

I felt angry and miserable. Why had I been so thick-headed as not to see the possible meaning of his dizziness!

The Doctor did what he could for him with tannic acid and brandy, but it was too late: *Strophanthus* is a quick destroyer, even when, as probably in this case, the arrow-tip has not been freshly dipped in the poison. Poor Clutton's troubles, elations, and disappointments were nearly over.

He lay on a soldier's cloak, looking straight up at the moon with a faint smile upon his face. He reached out weakly for my hand.

"I've only known you for a fortnight, Walker, but you've been just about the kindest friend I ever had. I could

tell you everything. I felt it the first day you spoke to me. You seemed to understand."

I pressed his hand. My eyes filled. He was a brave fellow, and I had come to like him very much in the course of our long evening talks. He seemed to become unconscious for a few minutes. Then, evidently now in the very grip of death, he heaved himself up with a struggle from the ground a little. His words were just audible to me as I knelt beside him. They were three times repeated.

"Clutton!" he whispered. "Clutton! a Chee-Chee!"

Poor fellow! I believe his last thought was one of satisfaction that both the Doctor and I should have seen how one of his race and upbringing could die. I described how on our ride the thought came over me that such a death was a poor way to leave the world. But I felt now that there was one man who perhaps welcomed it in his dying thoughts as an irrevocable refutation of hundreds of things said which had pierced his sensitive soul, as a final justification of his own constant and self-respecting belief that he was as good a man as those who twitted him with what he could not avoid.

W. BANNATYNE THOMSON.

THE TWYMANS.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER LVII.

NOW that the wanderer had at last had speech with his princess, he found all things easy—even the confronting of that venerable monarch, her grandfather. This was a pressing matter, yet it did not seem to press upon Percy. In the garden, to which, towards the hour of dusk, Althea and he had once more escaped, they let a good deal of time slip by before they spoke of the future: the past was so much more interesting, for they had two separate, though parallel, versions of it to compare.

"And now," said Percy at last, "what comes next?"

"Oh! clearly," she replied, "Sir comes next."

"Why not Edward?"

"Well, Edward . . . you see, Edward may have guessed something already."

"Very unlikely," he replied, and they both laughed.

"I expect," she said presently, "you wish it were over."

His head went up confidently. "Not a bit; but isn't it just possible your grandfather may have guessed too?"

"I should say just possible." They laughed again, and she continued, "But it doesn't follow . . ."

"If he knew, all this time, he can't make difficulties now."

"Oh! can't he!"

"Well, then, if he will, he must—there's no use in thinking about it."

So they ceased to think about it. Perhaps they almost ceased to think at all, for in spite of what Socrates proved in his lecture to Philebus, lovers still at times take emotion and not intellect for the true source of pleasure. Perhaps they felt, as many like them have felt, that such thinking as may be necessary to the situation has already been done by the poets and left ready in this House of No-abiding for the use of all who come after them.

"I wonder," said Percy, mocking a favourite phrase of his beloved.

"What do you wonder?"

"I wonder, by my troth, what you and I Did till we loved."

Her eyes flashed into mischief. "We know what you at anyrate did: you loved Another."

"Oh! if you call that loving! And if it was, I loved an idea, not a reality."

"Her name was Nelly," said the lady relentlessly.

"I was eighteen."

"What was she like?"

"I hardly remember."

"What was she like, sir?"

"Oh! well . . . she was tall."

"Taller than me?"

"Oh Egypt, Egypt!" he

cried, "how Shakespeare knew! That was always my favourite play." He was extravagantly delighted.

"I don't think I like the part of Cleopatra."

He made a suitable apology, and was received back into favour. Then he began again. "You haven't answered my question—seriously."

"I can't, unless you tell me when . . . we first loved."

"I'll answer for myself, if you will do the same—honestly."

"Of course."

"With me it was the first day, the first possible moment, that afternoon on the College barge: do you remember?"

"Perfectly."

"And you?"

"With me," she said, "it was yesterday."

"Oh!"—his face fell—"yesterday! not till yesterday?"

"You speak as if you had something to complain of."

"No, no," he answered, but still regretfully.

"No, indeed," she said with wicked enjoyment, "it is I who ought to complain. You waited years to inform me of your feelings; I told you mine within twenty-four hours after I knew them."

Again he submitted and was forgiven. This time the sound of a bell broke in upon the ceremony. He sprang to his feet and looked up at the house as if with a defiant consciousness of power.

"We must go in," he said; "I should not be afraid now if you had ten grandfathers."

"It is not as bad as that," she replied, glancing up at him.

That look was now his own, his only, like everything else in the world that was most beautiful. His heart became the heart of a giant: it beat like the hammer of Thor.

CHAPTER LVIII.

That night Sir William and Percy sat alone together, finishing the last glass of Grumello slowly and contentedly, a stranger might have thought. But they both knew where their conversation must take them before it ended: and both felt confident in the possession of superior ground. It was evidently for the younger man to attack, and in spite of his previous determination to do it in deliberate and masterly fashion, Percy, after waiting too long for an opening, ended by rush-

ing to close quarters with ungraceful directness. "Sir William," he said after a chance pause, "I have something to tell you which I hope will not altogether surprise you. This afternoon I put the happiness of my life entirely in Althea's hands."

Sir William's round eyes turned full upon him. "Indeed," he replied, "and what was your object in doing that?"

Percy was staggered. "My object? I hoped that my happiness and hers might be

the same. If not, of course hers would come first."

"Naturally. But we have not got the definitions quite right yet. When you speak of your happiness, you include your interests of all kinds, your welfare generally?"

"Certainly," Percy replied with conviction. "It is simply everything to me—I ask for nothing more in life."

"But when you speak of Althea's happiness—you may have good grounds for speaking of it—I imagine you mean rather her feelings than her interests?"

Percy was silent: from the point of view now presented to him the match did not look a very equal one. But he kept his head and reflected that if this had been a real disability, he would long ago have been reminded of it. His fault must be that he had spoken.

"I see that I must appear to you to have acted inconsiderately," he replied. "I can only say that when I came out here I did not intend to do this."

"And I did not intend that you should," said Sir William. His power of assuming a tone of great gravity, without in the slightest degree altering the genial quality of his voice, made him a very formidable antagonist. He wished now to be magisterial, to make Percy feel that there was no room for argument or pleading, that he had been called up for judgment and must bow to the sentence, whatever it might be. He very nearly succeeded

—for the first few moments. "I think it will be better," he said, "that I should tell you my view of the whole situation at once. We made your acquaintance in the ordinary way: you came to us as a friend of Edward's, and we were almost immediately able to accept you as a relative. Your position, your opinions, your prospects were, from that point of view, satisfactory: and you succeeded, if I may say so, in making the new connection agreeable to all of us. But, for me, there were two other aspects of this connection: I had to consider your relation to us as a claimant of the family property, and as a suitor for my granddaughter. You probably were not aware of the fact, at any rate in the earlier days, but you pushed your advance almost as openly in the one affair as in the other.

"You will perhaps say that as you made your intentions clear, I ought to have taken some opportunity of explaining my own. My answer to that is that I have done my best—I have been at a good deal of pains to control the development of this double situation. My intentions have not been hostile, but dilatory—I wished not to thwart your intimacy with my granddaughter, but to keep it back, to prevent it from ripening before the fitting time. I am speaky frankly to you. My intention was, and I think you realised it, that you should get the one claim settled before you put forward the other. But my

intentions have been defeated all through: from step to step my wishes have been overruled. You were informed of your position against my advice, you spoke to Edward in spite of my stipulation to the contrary, you have now taken a still graver step without asking my consent. And all this time you have resisted or disregarded my urgent desire that the question of the property should be disposed of. The result is that I do not yet know with whom I am dealing. I do not mean merely that I do not know whether you are a rich suitor or a poor one: I mean that I have not yet had the opportunity which I am entitled to, of judging your character by your conduct of a very unusual claim."

Five hours ago, when he was still single-handed, Percy would have hastened to give assurances on this point which would have amply satisfied his opponent. Sir William was probably quite aware of his feeling about the claim, and perhaps looked for a formal declaration of it: but if so, he was disappointed. Percy was no longer alone, his ship carried Althea and her fortunes. This did not change his resolution, but it enhanced his pride and forbade him to surrender at discretion, however much inclined he might be to abandon the contest at his own time.

"I admit, sir," he replied, "that I have acted upon impulse, more than once. I beg you to forgive that, and give me an idea of your wishes for the future."

Sir William was conscious of the resistance, and made one more attempt to bear it down by sheer weight.

"I certainly think that I ought now to have a voice in the matter, and I am glad that you take that view. My proposal is that things shall go on as if this impulsive move had not been made. You will return to England at the time originally intended—next week, I think you said—you will be called to the Bar in due course, and in the meantime you will get legal assistance and proceed with the investigation of your claim. Althea and you will remain upon your own terms of friendship: I have no desire to interfere there. During my lifetime I have no fear of her marrying without my consent: and if I am asked to give her to you, I shall require to know first exactly how you stand."

This decision was in no way disappointing to Percy. Marriage had not been in his thoughts as a possibility of the immediate future—the idea of that would rather have alarmed him. He wanted permission to love and be loved, to go on and on through the enchanted forest, holding his princess by the hand that she might share or at least witness all his adventures. But glad as he was to receive this permission, he did not like the words in which it was conveyed. They seemed derogatory—his lady was not to be "given" by any will but her own.

"Very well, sir," he replied, with a gravity almost as dig-

nified as Sir William's own manner, "I accept your proposal. But you must allow me to say that I shall never ask you to give me anything. The only thing in the world that I could ever ask for has been given me already."

Sir William looked at his wine-glass, still half full of the deep red wine, and for three or four minutes he made no answer. He may have been controlling an inclination to resent Percy's attitude: but he was a wise old man, and it is more probable that he was quietly recognising the irresistible alliance of youth and love. What power was his but the

power of the purse?—a right which he could not exercise without losing all that he most desired to keep in the few years that were left to him. He finished his Grumello and looked at his young challenger, not unkindly.

"If I told you," he said, "that Althea will have little or nothing to call a fortune . . ."

"She will have mine," answered Percy, "the fortune I am going to make."

Sir William smiled to himself—he had got nearly, if not quite, all that he wanted. "Go and tell her about it, then," he said; and Percy went.

CHAPTER LIX.

Every enchanted forest has somewhere its wide and dreary spaces of marsh or sand. Percy's adventure had now brought him into one of these. When he came to London in October, and entered the dingy pupil-room in Lincoln's Inn, where he was to be put in the way of seeking his fortune, the desolation of the prospect almost turned him back. He had no dislike of being taught, even from the beginning, even where he was at first a lame duck among companions whom he must one day leave behind. It was, of course, baffling and rather humiliating to come down suddenly from the eminence of the Fourth-year-man's position at Oxford, from the Scholar's Table and the Union Front Bench, into the vast dark warren of the

Inns of Court, where only giants were visible at all, and long years must be spent in obscurity before gianthood could be reached. But what was more immediately depressing was the nature of the work. To begin with, there was waiting for him, at the end of some eight months, an arid and perfunctory examination; a trial in which honour could be lost but not gained, a test which was no real preparation for what was to follow, and which was at once too easy to be stimulating and too difficult to be taken easily. Then there was the daily task of the pupil-room, the actual cases and drafts at which his unskilled hand was to labour under the guidance of the equity lawyer to whom he was apprenticed. Property,

property, property, that's what the work seemed to say. But upon a closer view it appeared that property was something very different from anything that you could have supposed it to be. Its material aspect was not visible from Lincoln's Inn at all: what the novice was to look for was a tangle of relations, obligations, devolutions, and contingent interests, shadows of fantastic size and shape which bore no proportion to the substance that appeared to cast them. Land was especially subject to this strange process of distortion: it ceased to be any part of the inhabited earth, the home of men, any part of the historic England, any part of the landscape visible to-day: it became either a legal estate or an equitable interest, a fee-simple or a lease for lives, a servient or a dominant tenement. It made itself plain, even to the eye, when that was necessary, but only in the flattest and least realisable form, in a map, or a plan, or a section—never as a picture that could be grasped by the imagination. The concrete being wholly absent, there was nothing for poetry to grow upon, and without poetry, Percy felt as much defrauded as he would have been in a garden that was all gravel and no flowers.

But as time went on he became more content, more at home in this curiously abstract world. As time went on, it seemed to him less and less unnatural to think of posses-

sion, the fact and the mode of possession, as of more importance than either the person possessing or the thing possessed. He began to find that pleasure in the law which we find in our games—a pleasure derived not from the scene in which we play, or any useful result which we attain, but merely from the rules which limit our activity with so many checks and counter-checks. He was fairly on the way to become a Conveyancer.

The deadness of this period was greatly increased by his prolonged separation from Althea. Edward was now pronounced by the doctors to be entirely recovered, and Percy hoped anxiously to hear that the whole party would return to England. But Sir William had learnt to keep his distance: he was determined that there should be no more opportunities for impulse, and decided accordingly to winter still farther away in Egypt. Not only were the lovers effectually kept apart by this move, but their correspondence was cruelly diminished: they began at once to starve on a five days' post, and afterwards, when Sir William's dahabeah started on its slow voyage up the Nile, supplies came at longer and longer intervals, until Percy was brought low in spirit from sheer lack of nourishment. The corn of Egypt was life and strength when it reached him; but he had at times to make a single ration of it last him for a fortnight's march among the sandhills.

This was perhaps the most Roman period of Percy's life: it was Mr Mundy's chance, if he had only known it. Amelia did know it, by some feminine instinct, and contrived, while sympathising with all the feelings that her son confided to her, to drop into every comforting draught a pinch of the remedy she most firmly believed in. Her hints were almost unperceived, and wholly unresented. That they had

some effect is certain: for a day came when Percy, resting for a moment not ill at ease among his sandhills, saw the road before him in a new light. He perceived that the fortune he was seeking lay too far off for practical purposes, and must look to all the world much less solid and acceptable than an estate in tail in remainder expectant on the termination of a life already failing.

CHAPTER LX.

In this hungry time, with its alternating periods of inanition and recovery, the tonic influences which did most for him were those of poetry and politics. The two are not associated in all men's minds: but the statesman can differ little from the party hack or the old Parliamentary hand, if it is not his perpetual care to substitute insight, ideals, and enthusiasm for routine, materialism, and the marshalling of selfish interests—in other words, to replace the antique-modern method by the chivalrous, the prosaic view by the poetical. It was Percy's good fortune to come to full age in a day when the young men of both parties were dreaming dreams. Since then they have now and again run into characteristic extravagances: these have strained towards an irresponsible idealism, those towards an overcombative patriotism. Yet they have done well, for they have grown up on both sides in the spirit of service, without

which our political life might have become only a noisy squabble between richer and poorer: a spirit so vital and sympathetic that if he is once seen to be possessed by it, forgiveness may be found even for the most unscrupulous of mob-orators.

But in that day, as in this, there was one huge impediment which threatened to exhaust the nation's political energy and block the advance of all its chivalry, liberal or conservative. Percy and his contemporaries were called away from their dreams to fight over the question of the government of Ireland, as they might have fought in a closely blocked street, where there could be neither victory nor surrender. A united effort might have cleared away the barricade, but united efforts are not common in politics, and men were bewildered by their leaders' rapid changes of front. They had no time to distinguish certain from only possible

dangers: some would fight desperately against what others on the same side could have accepted. Percy was one of a large contingent who would have risked an experiment in the retention or non-retention, or even the partial retention, of the Irish members at Westminster,—though he suspected it to be a problem “passing the wit of man,”—but the abandonment of the landlords or the raising of a vast sum to buy them out seemed to him equally impossible. We had not then learned to spend by the hundred millions. Upon this point, perhaps the only one now obsolete, he took his resolution, and was soon shouting as hotly as the rest. Several of his Oxford contemporaries were selected as candidates for the election which was imminent: he went about speaking for one of them, and envied him as he had never envied any one before.

In the middle of this turmoil the travellers returned. Percy and Althea met for a single afternoon in London: Sir Wil-

liam had gone straight on to Hampton, feeling shaken by his homeward journey. He wished to see Percy as soon as possible, and hoped to hear from him the result of his consultation with the lawyers. Percy went down on the following Saturday, but empty-handed: the very eminent Queen's Counsel on whose table his case had been lying for some weeks was now in the forefront of the election battle, and could not even sign an opinion, much less make an appointment for a consultation. Sir William took the delay seriously: he foresaw that nothing more would be done till after the Long Vacation. His disappointment impressed Percy, but only for a moment: Althea and the campaign had all his thoughts. He barely found time to be sorry for Edward, who was as keen as himself, and in vigorous health, but forbidden, as a final precaution, to try his newly recovered powers upon the platform.

CHAPTER LXI.

In October, a day or two before his return to London for the beginning of term, Percy received an urgent letter from Althea. Her grandfather, who had been ailing ever since his return, was now taken with a fit of depression, very unusual with him, and in his own opinion a dangerous symptom. He was entering his eightieth year, and could not forget the fact: his dim-

inished force was being further exhausted by unnecessary anxieties. Among these were the questions connected with Percy's claim, and it would be a relief if progress could be made at once towards settling them.

Percy read part of this letter to his mother, and she did not fail to give it its full significance. She was certain that the crisis was at hand, the

moment she had been waiting for these fifteen years. She exhorted Percy to get ready for it with all possible haste: she made him write and telegraph in all directions, until the long-intended consultation was fixed, and Mr Mundy and the Commander engaged to attend it with herself and her own lawyer.

At a quarter-past four, then, on the appointed day, the whole party, under the guidance of the family solicitor, entered Lincoln's Inn, ascended a grimy stone staircase in Old Square, and were admitted to the presence of Mr Randal Riggs, Q.C., M.P. Mr Riggs was a large quiet man, larger and quieter even than Mr Mundy, but as dominating and self-confident as the other was gentle and modest. He shook hands with every one of his visitors, and directed them to chairs with a terse politeness which proclaimed that he intended to be master of the situation, and that there would be no time whatever to spare for trifling or discursiveness.

When they were all placed in a semicircle round the opposite side of the room he took his seat at the table, opened a bundle of papers, spread one of them out before him, and began to speak in a voice that was neither genial nor cold, courteous nor discourteous, persuasive nor repellent, but simply colourless, untinged by any shade of personal feeling, the perfection of scientific impartiality. "I have written an opinion," he said, looking towards the solicitor,

"upon the questions submitted to me: but your clients will probably understand the position better if I explain it in slightly different language." He turned to Percy. "Your case, Mr Twyman, is this"—and at the sound of the words Percy felt himself singled out from all the inhabitants of his own world and invested with a kind of public dignity. "You are descended from a common ancestor with Sir William Twyman. Sir William is the heir male of the body of that ancestor, and he is also admittedly in possession of estates originally acquired by that ancestor and handed down from him. It is further admitted, and has, I understand, been proved in the College of Arms, that upon the death of Sir William, if he should die without male issue, you will succeed to the position which he now occupies, of heir male of the body to your ancestor. The question is whether this is a bare legal position, a mere genealogical fact, or whether it carries with it the right of succession to the estates. In Sir William's view it does not. He maintains, and has always maintained, that he became possessed of the property as tenant in tail under a deed of the ordinary kind—I purposely use a vague expression here,—and that by executing a disentailing deed he has become the absolute owner of the fee simple, with the power of giving it or leaving it by will to whomever he pleases.

"Your claim is that the estates cannot be so disposed

of—that they must continue to follow the strict line of male descent. To make this good you assert that the lands in question were inherited under no ordinary deed, but under a grant from the Crown to your ancestor, a grant in tail male, made before a certain year of King Henry VIII. for public services, and therefore not capable of being defeated by a disentailing deed. In my opinion this claim, though a very unusual one, is not in law an impossible one. It is, in fact, not unprecedented. In the case of *Williams v. Williams*, hardly fifty years ago, a similar claim was made, and failed.”

“Failed?”—the interruption came from Amelia, and her voice was alive with disappointment and indignation. “And why, may I ask?”

“That failure,” continued Mr Riggs, “in no way prejudices your case, but is rather instructive. The plaintiff then asserted the existence of a Crown grant, but he could furnish no particulars of its contents. He believed the original deed to be in the defendant’s possession, and asked for its production. This method is what is known as a fishing inquiry, and it is not countenanced by the Court. His statement of claim was therefore struck out, and the action could not proceed.”

“It seems to me,” said Percy, “that I am in precisely the same position.”

“You are certainly,” replied Mr Riggs, “under the same necessity of getting up your

own case—that is, of obtaining information as to the existence and contents of the document under which you propose to claim. I understand that you have had searches made at the Record Office without result.”

“Of course,” exclaimed Amelia, “the deed is at Hampton: I am certain of it.”

“Is it not probable,” asked Mr Mundy, covering her vivacity with his grave confidential manner—“is it not very probable that Sir William has the deed?”

“I cannot make any conjecture,” replied Mr Riggs. “I do not know the gentleman. The possibilities are these. Assuming the correctness of the tradition that it once existed, it may still be at Hampton, under lock and key, or it may be lost, or it may have perished at some past time, or it may even have come to Sir William’s hands and been destroyed by him.”

“That would be simply immoral,” cried Amelia.

“Very likely, madam,” said Mr Riggs impartially, taking out his watch and glancing at it.

“One moment!” This time it was the Commander who spoke, and Percy knew instantly what he was going to say. “Would it not be quite as immoral to bring such an action—to take advantage, I mean, of an obsolete point of law to rob a man’s own grandson of his inheritance?”

Amelia turned away and shrugged her shoulders with a look of indignant patience. But Mr Riggs’s face relaxed

for the first time: he seemed almost amused by the question.

"I fear I must demur," he said, "to all four of your terms. The law cannot be 'obsolete,' since it is still the law: no one can 'rob' another by legal process; property to which a man is not legally entitled is not his 'inheritance'; and until Sir William dies we cannot know whether he will leave a will or name his grandson in it."

The Commander was crushed—justly so, it appeared to everyone but Percy. To him the criticism seemed an empty cavil.

"He is right all the same," said the Crusader in his heart.

Mr Riggs was shaking hands with his dispersing clients. Percy and the family solicitor came last.

"This is all you have to remember," said the great man; "you can do nothing till you know the contents of that deed. But when you do know them your claim is alive, and you will have no further difficulty with the moral question. Good morning."

Percy wrote to Althea the same evening, enclosing a short note of Mr Riggs's opinion.

CHAPTER LXII.

It is beyond question that events and discoveries have a way of clustering at certain points upon the thread of life. It is not that the unusual or the unlikely has happened, but the ordinary things that any one might have expected have all happened together, and produced an effect of intended co-operation—they seem to have been focussed, as a concerted movement is focussed by agreement or by order of an unseen Commander-in-Chief. The commonest experience of this kind is the case of simultaneous correspondence. You write a letter, upon a sudden impulse, to a friend who has no reason for expecting to hear from you, perhaps no particular reason for thinking of you at all. Next day, the first envelope you receive bears his handwriting upon it, and the contents answer your thoughts

—his impulse has coincided with your own. In many such cases the explanation is easy to be seen: in others, where it is not traceable by us, it will probably be plain enough to a future generation, when telepathy has been transplanted from the tangle of charlatanism and superstition and given a place in the experimental garden of science.

What now happened to Percy was not perhaps unaccountable, but it had upon him the intense effect naturally produced by focussing. When he entered the pupil-room in Lincoln's Inn on the morning after the consultation with Mr Riggs, he found a letter from Althea lying on his table. It was a little surprising that she should have addressed him there, and not, as usual, at his rooms in Eaton Terrace. Also the envelope was a large one,

containing evidently something more than an ordinary letter. He had reason enough to feel, as he opened it, that he should come upon something unexpected within: but he always believed afterwards that his feeling went further, that he knew what he should find,—knew it for one distinct moment before he found it.

The first sheet was from Althea herself. "I cannot write to-day—you will understand why, when you read Edward's.—Your A."

But he did not read Edward's letter next: with it was enclosed something more interesting—a double sheet of fine old paper, musty and yellow, creased with half-tattered folds, and covered inside with columns of neat writing in faded brown ink. The first column was headed "Documents of Title to Lands now in the possession of Sir John Twyman, Baronet." The first item in that column ran as follows:—

"1517, Aug. 24. — Deed of grant from King Henry the Eighth of the Manors of Hampton St George, Hampton St John, Harnwood, Redstock, Combe Vassal, to Sir Edward Twyman, Knight, and the Heirs Male of his Body, failing whom to the Heirs of the Body of the said Sir Edward Twyman, with an ultimate Remainder to the right Heirs of the said King Henry."

Percy read it again and again; his pulse quickened and a smile played round his lips. He had been far from

desiring the prize of victory, but he would have been less than human if he had not enjoyed winning the game. It was a triumph worth having for its own sake; and, moreover, it freed him from that gibe of Edward's—that good-humoured but unforgettable picture of him as "a disappointed man for life," or even "a detected burglar." Whether the paper he now held in his hand was in itself sufficient for success he did not know, nor did he care; it was enough for him that it proved his claim to have been neither a delusion nor a fraud."

He laid it down at last and took up Edward's letter.

"My dear P., here's a game—doose-an-all of a game. Looks remarkably like as if you were going to be the one and only Twyman of Hampton in spite of everything. I suppose you've done your consultation by this time. Never mind, you can go round again to old man Riggs with this little document, and fire it off in his ear. I wish I could be there to see him jump. I jumped myself when I found it; we had finished our search and I was just rummaging in Sir's own bureau for elastic bands to do up some of the *débris*—stop. I tell this tale vilely. I must start again. The way it began was this. Sir, under the melancholy illusion that he was ill—he's as sound as a roach, really—gave me a sort of final - confession - and - last-wishes interview two days ago, mostly about your affair. He told me—I say, by the way,

this is most Secret and Confidential, and if confronted with my own handwriting I'm prepared to denounce it as a forgery—he had always believed the Grant to be in existence and in the house. He thought he had seen it and handled it many years ago, when he first succeeded—it was of no importance then, because he might have had a son of his own any day. Latterly his one idea was to find it again, and (evidently, I thought) to put it in the fire, on strictly moral grounds. He says your claim is a technical one, in the deplorable Tudor style, now quite out of taste in decent society. I agree with him. He thinks he is entitled to meet it by any stroke that's not illegal. Now it can't be illegal for a man to destroy his own title-deed—I suppose that is so?—and, anyhow, if Henry VIII. has been inadvertently giving my house and home to you, it is always lawful to prevent injustice. Therefore, with all the spirit of a righteous cause, he instructed me to hunt this document down and burn it at once. Of course he didn't say that, but there is such a thing as trusting to sympathetic interpretation. So Thea and I had a grand turn-out. We looked in all the oak chests and wainscot cupboards and other novelistic places, and we made a thoroughly good

job of it. Finally, we concluded that there ain't no deed to find. I do believe there ain't, but there was once—see enclosed! I don't know if an entry of this kind will do the trick for you, but it has an ancient and unprejudiced look about it. I should guess it slipped down between those drawers a century ago—probably before the original went up the chimney.

“You may wonder why I didn't do as the Wicked Baronet meant, and send this memorandum to the same Safe Deposit. Well, I thought I was going to, and then I thought I would give it him and let him do it, being a little too nearly concerned myself to see quite straight in the case. Then I fancied that looked rather a shuffle, because it would certainly come to exactly the same thing. So I consulted Thea, and first she said Sir was right, and then she said I was right, and then she said you were right, and then she cried. But I gathered that she didn't like the idea of anything being bottled, so I hand you the nut to crack, and sincerely hope it may turn out a deaf 'un.—Yours very foolishly,

“EDWARD TWYMAN.

“P.S.—You might wire to me what Riggs says—now I've told you I can't go on keeping it from my own side.”

CHAPTER LXIII.

Percy spent much time over Edward's letter that day, and suffered many alternations both

of thought and feeling. There were two points to think upon: he was anxious to be quite

sure that he had understood Althea's wishes, and there was also the legal question of how far the new evidence really carried his claim. The paper was unsigned and unattested, it was not even a full copy of the deed it recorded: but it did contain all the information for lack of which the plaintiff in that other case had failed. Was it just this and nothing more—a *sine quâ non*, but not in itself conclusive? He would much have liked to run across Old Square and put the question to Mr Riggs. But while that would have satisfied the curiosity of his intellect, it would have involved, he knew, a train of other consequences from which his heart shrank. Mr Riggs took a very plain view of the choice which he, Percy, had long ago decided against himself and his own family. That decision was unshaken, but it was not unshakeable: he was aware that his claim had become more interesting from the moment when it had appeared more substantial, and he did not wish to put his resolution to any further strain. He pictured himself, as it were, drowning by inches, helplessly entangled in the weeds of law and common-sense.

Mr Riggs then must be avoided—and after all he himself could give an opinion on this case which would weigh more heavily than anything Mr Riggs could say. Yes, to-morrow at Hampton—but in the meantime there was this evening, there was his mother to be told. She was

staying with him for one night more at his rooms in Eaton Terrace, and they were to dine together and go to the play. After that would come his opportunity, and he knew how he meant to use it.

It was half-past eleven when at last they were alone over the fire. For a few minutes, while the cocoa and sandwiches lasted, they discussed the play they had just seen: then, before Amelia could make the final move to leave him, Percy drew the long envelope from his pocket, took out Edward's letter and handed it to his mother with a serious business-like air.

"I wish you would just look at this: I shall have to act upon it to-morrow."

He thought his voice was steady and commonplace, he was sure she could not hear the thumping that was going on beneath his ribs, and probably he was right. But some women have more senses than five, and Amelia was certainly one of them. She knew on the instant that he was excited, and that his excitement was due to no ordinary cause. When she had read five lines of Edward's letter she had guessed everything.

"Where is the document?" she asked, her eyes flashing and her voice quick and peremptory with eagerness.

The tone and all that was implied in it jarred upon Percy. But he was prepared to find this scene a trying one in its earlier stage—the end would compensate him if he could only be patient and

bring it off as he intended. He held out the faded and tattered sheet of paper without a word: it annoyed him to see, as he did so, how genuine and convincing it looked.

Five lines of this, too, Amelia read, and no more. Then her hands fell to her lap, and she looked at Percy.

"Well! . . . Then you've won!"

"Not necessarily."

"Not necessarily! What do you mean by that? I heard all that Mr Riggs said, and you needn't think because your mother's only a woman that she doesn't understand. Am I right or wrong? Isn't this exactly what was wanted?"

"It comes to this," he replied grudgingly, "there's material for a fight now, which there wasn't before."

"Ah—h!" Ruthless determination, triumph, ecstatic thankfulness—a whole Song of Deborah sounded in that monosyllable. Percy was terrified into self-control,—he had to tame passions fiercer than he could have believed to exist in so tender a nature.

"My dear mother," he said very gently, "you must remember . . . you do know, don't you, that a fight is just what I want to avoid?"

"My dear Percy," she retorted with decision, "you are making a very great mistake. You haven't lived in the world as long as I have. People don't think less of a man because he fights—they respect him the more. And let me tell you this. You imagine

you have got all that you want, that you would only be fighting for something further that you don't want. You never made a greater mistake. So long as you can defeat them, so long as you have even a chance of defeating them, you are somebody, you may come and go as you please among them, you may become engaged to their daughter. But once you give them to understand there will be no fighting, and where will you find yourself?"

"I'll take my chance of that," he replied with an attempt at a light touch. She took it for flippancy.

"Oh! my dear boy, do be prudent, do be serious, do listen to reason. I know you love Althea, I know you are set on marrying her."

"I'm not set on marrying Hampton St George."

"Of course not—you would never be worldly—but you can't take the one and give up the other: they go together, as I have told you."

He refrained from contesting this point, and she thought she was making an impression.

"Oh! do think," she urged. "This means everything for you, and for me too: you would be settled for life."

Her voice was no longer eager, it was wistful—it had in it the memory of past hopes. Percy heard it, and was touched with a great tenderness for this wrong-headed, obstinate, devoted little mother. He could not bear to go on flinging answers at her across a gulf. "My dear," he said, taking

her hand in his, "I know you wish me all that is good: but to be settled in life is not good—for me. Althea and I are not settlers, we are pilgrims. We want to make a journey together. We don't know where we are going, exactly, and we don't know what we shall do when we get there. We admit that we don't even know what we shall find to eat by the way. But the journey is the only thing for us, because it's the only way of life that doesn't end. Settlers have to turn out at last, and go into exile: a pilgrim can't be exiled, because the only country he cares about is always ahead of him."

"You mean that it wouldn't suit you to be a great landlord—I think you'd do it beautifully."

"Oh! that! I suppose I should do it decently for a year or two: then I should get bored like the rest, and hate it."

As he spoke the word, all those other hates came back to him—the many rebellions of his soul against his intellect, against a world of knowledge without beauty, of law without personality, of possession without mystery. He caught a glimpse of his real necessity: his right hand quietly crushed the papers it held into a meaningless lump.

"I hate it now!" he said.

"I wish it all in blazes!" and threw the lump into the fire.

For a moment Amelia saw only the act and not its significance. Percy still held her hand, and they pursued their own thoughts, silently watching the fire darken and expand the paper ball. But when at last it broke into flame and the name of King Henry shone out clearly as it perished, she started up involuntarily. It was too late. She turned to Percy, and to his astonishment, though she was deeply moved, there was resignation in her voice, and even pride.

"Oh! Percy, Percy! . . . But I always knew you would do it. You are just like your father. The Twymans are the noblest family in the world."

No belief could be more gratifying to Percy, so long as it was unacknowledged: to hear it put into words rasped his most sensitive fibres. He almost snapped—

"My dear mother! why will you say such things?"

"Why shouldn't I say them, if they're true?"

"They're not true—at any rate of me. I've been in two minds all along."

"Never mind! you are a Twyman through and through."

"Very well—perhaps that's only another way of putting it."

CHAPTER LXIV.

Three days afterwards Percy and Althea were once more sitting in their old place under

the thatched wall. In these three days a good many things had been happening to Percy:

an interview on legal affairs with Sir William, two midnight conversations with Edward on things in general, and a dozen long talks with Althea on subjects less irrelevant. Amelia and Molly had been invited to Hampton, and had arrived: a flight of letters had been sent off and some answers received: a formal announcement had been despatched to the Press. This bubbling of small events affected the lovers less than their friends, but it was pleasant enough in its way: like the effervescence of wine it seemed a natural, though not an essential, quality of the exhilarating draught at their lips.

The October morning was bright and very calm—as bright and calm as that other day of a hundred years ago, when the place in all its beauty had been only the drop-scene of a deserted stage. To-day the garden looked more like a painted scene than ever—its loveliness seemed no longer to be born of growth or ripening, but to be all one piece of made perfection, inanimate and changeless—only now there was a sense of life and expectation behind the curtain.

"Darling," said Percy in the low voice that is like a touch, "do you remember our talk about dramatic and idyllic places? I think I agree with you now."

"How fortunate!"

"But I mean it. I used to think nothing was dramatic unless it was 'tuppence coloured.'"

"Whereas now?"

"Now I'm inclined to think that there's no effective colouring except what we put on for ourselves."

"How true!"

Her mockery was the most delicious irritant he had ever known; he felt himself delicately corrugated with laughter, like sand beneath the small irresistible ripples of a sparkling tide. The next moment he perceived his mother and sister advancing from beyond the sundial, each with a newspaper in hand.

"Well," cried Molly, "you are announced all right, but you can't think how absurd you look."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you're both engaged to people of the same name—with all the directory to choose from! It's like the peas in Hans Andersen—they were green, the pod was green, they thought the whole world must be green."

"Now, when you've done chattering," remarked Amelia, "I've got some letters to show Percy."

"Oh! please, not now," he cried. "Althea and I were just going for a walk."

"Certainly not," said Althea. "I particularly want to hear those letters."

"But couldn't they wait till lunch-time?"

"Percival!" said Molly severely, "what do you suppose Thea took the place for, if it was not for the perquisites?"

"This is what Mr Mundy says," began Amelia, but upon second thoughts she handed

the letter over to be read in silence.

"Your letter almost took my breath. Two such pieces of news at once have seldom come my way. But I suppose they are in reality one—or at least two counterbalancing terms in the same treaty, if the young people will forgive me for using such a word. I am sorry you thought that I should not be pleased with the arrangement, and I hasten to assure you of my cordial sympathy and approval. Sir William seems to have behaved quite as generously as any one could have expected. The sum you name is a very substantial acknowledgment, and will relieve Percy of any feeling of inequality of fortune. He is a lucky young dog, if I may say so, to have caught so solid a shadow in place of the reality he dropped. Of course I cannot help thinking he would have come off still better—a great deal better—if he had persevered with his claim, but when the pinch comes it is always training that tells, and his education has been too much on the old unscientific lines for his choice to be really free. However, since you are satisfied, all is well, and you may be sure that no one wishes him happiness more sincerely than I do, for his own sake and his father's, and perhaps even more, my dear Amelia, for yours."

Percy and Althea looked at one another: their eyes, like heliograph mirrors, exchanged messages, and the messages seemed to be full of humour, but not a word was spoken.

"Well, Percy," cried Molly, "what do you think of Father Mundy?—hits you off to a dot, doesn't he?"

"Dear Mr Mundy!" said Amelia, with sympathy for everybody, "but he doesn't quite understand, does he Percy?"

"He is right about one thing," Molly insisted, "Luck's the word: it isn't often that a dog can drop his bone *and* have it."

"My dear child," said her mother, "Percy did what he thought right, and those who do that always have their reward."

"Most unfair, I call it," retorted Molly. But she failed to draw Percy, who was already beginning his Uncle Roland's letter.

"Your news is good hearing, and your comments on it even more so. If happiness can be obtained in this world, Percy has gone the right way to find it, and deserves all he gets. He has had plenty of difficulties—wrong notions suggested to him at every turn—the way he has checked his bearings and come through the fog is worthy of his father. It is born, not taught,—that eye for the stars. I'm glad he is going into politics—very glad that he is escaping from the Bar, and from Mundyism too. No doubt there must be lawyers and men of science, but who would be an umpire or a ground-man if he had a chance of playing in the game himself? Not Percy, at any rate—life is his job. I wish him joy of it with all my heart."

Again the lovers looked up

from their reading: again their eyes met, but this time Althea's were full of something tenderer than humour. That phrase about the stars sounded a note to which her own thoughts had more than once vibrated. She gave the letter back to Amelia and glanced again at Percy, this time in readiness to be gone. In both of them the impulse was quickened by the sound of yet more voices approaching,—Sir William and Edward were coming through the doorway in the wall that led from the other garden.

"I hope you will let my grandfather see those letters," Althea said, as she began to move away in the opposite direction, "then we could all talk about them—later."

Percy followed her quickly and silently along the green alley: past the sundial they went, across the courtyard and through the house. No voice recalled them, but they did not feel safe until they had closed the iron gates of the forecourt behind them and were making for the high ridge of the down.

Percy walked with a kind of expanding energy, as if a spring had been released within him: from time to time he looked at Althea and smiled with a wordless invitation to share his outburst. At last she spoke.

"I don't exactly know why we are running away."

"I do — for the joy of escaping."

"Yes, but escaping what?"

"Everything, everybody, the world!"

"The world we are to live in?"

"We are not! We are going to find a new one of our own. Come along!" and away he went up the hill faster than before. Under the brow stood a huge stack, with loose straw at the foot of it. He threw himself down and she sat beside him. Below them lay the house they had left, its quiet grey front shining softly in the misty October sunlight, small and perfect.

"How far away it seems already," she said.

He did not answer her immediately: his memory was busy with all the to and fro of the emotions which that house had brought upon him—it seemed too distant and too much like a painted show to have ever set in motion the swinging tides of life and purpose. His mood fell to quieter and quieter reflection.

"Yes," he replied at last, "it is not a place at all, it is just a poem. What would you have done if I had succeeded in making prose of it?"

"I wonder," said Althea.

THE END.

THE R. P. IN FRANCE.

THE battle for the R. P. (the proportional representation in Parliament of all political parties in the country) has been commenced in earnest in the French Chamber. It has already resulted in the overthrow of the Monis Cabinet, and may cause the downfall of others. It is true M. Monis was not placed in a minority for opposing that reform, as he had from his bed sent a declaration to the Chamber adhering to the principle of the R. P., and the Ministers' votes were counted in the majority of 341 Deputies who rejected M. Malavialle's amendment, raising the previous question, supported by only 223 "Arrondissementiers" (the partisans of the maintenance of the small district voting). The victory of the proportionalists, including the members of the Government, was all the more unpalatable to the arrondissementiers because these latter had hoped to the very last moment that M. Monis, who was well known to draw inspiration from M. Combes the ex-Premier, and the most determined adversary of the R.P., would remain faithful to his previously expressed hostility to the reform. However, in his anxiety to retain office he unhesitatingly threw his opinions overboard in the same way as he had a few days before modified them on the question of the reintegration

of the revolutionary railway strike leaders in the posts they formerly occupied. M. Monis gained the victory with the proportionalists as his allies, but only a couple of days later he was placed in a minority by the arrondissementiers on the question of the supreme command of the army, concerning which no one took any special interest. It was the revenge of the arrondissementiers, who had on all matters except the R. P. constituted a considerable portion of the Government majority. The determined opposition of the arrondissementiers to the adoption of the reform has created a dangerous situation from which, in the opinion of many politicians, no issue but the dissolution of the Chamber can be found. However, in reality the deadlock for useful legislation already existed previously, and had been clearly demonstrated by the fact that Parliament had not succeeded in even voting the budget for the present year, though it should have been adopted before the end of 1910. The 341 proportionalists who voted against the Malavialle amendment comprised Radicals, Radical - Socialists, Unified Socialists, and pure Socialists, usually supporting the Government, as well as moderate Republicans, Royalists, and Imperialists. The new Cailiaux Ministry, representing what is called "republican

concentration," must depend for its existence on the votes of a large fraction of the proportionalists, and yet it must content the arrondissementiers, because they are for the most part members of the Government majority. To satisfy them the Government must repudiate the R. P., but if it should do so it will lose the support of men whose votes are indispensable to its vitality. That is the dilemma which causes so many people to declare the dissolution of Parliament is necessary.

But the arrondissementiers are not at all in favour of that solution. They know, in the first place, that of the thirty-three Deputies who abstained, for one reason or another, from voting on the Malavialle amendment, the greater number are proportionalists; and, in the second place, that an appeal to the country being made on the question of electoral reform would lead to their ranks being considerably thinned. It being, from their point of view, above all things necessary to avoid a dissolution of Parliament, they had—on the pretext that so important a reform could not be effected without the union and willing collaboration of all Republicans after the rejection of the Malavialle amendment—recourse to the reconstitution of the union of the four Republican groups, comprising both partisans and adversaries of the R. P. They no longer demanded the maintenance of the present small district system of voting, and

yielded so far as to accept the idea of what they called the fair representation in the Chamber of the political minorities in the country. The plenary meeting of the four Republican groups nominated sixteen delegates to seek a compromise acceptable to all Republicans. The outcome of the delegates' deliberations was the almost unanimous adoption of a resolution to demand the modification of Clause 1 of the Electoral Reform Bill, which stipulated, "The members of the Chamber of Deputies are elected by Scrutin de Liste with proportional representation." The delegates opposed to the R. P. objected to the words "proportional representation," which were, it is true, incorrect, because the Bill, as presented to the Chamber, conferred advantages on the majority. It was therefore decided unanimously, with the abstention of M. Millerand, by the sixteen delegates, to propose to the Republican groups, to the Government, and, lastly, to the Chamber, to substitute in Clause 1 the words, "with the representation of the minorities in conformity with the following dispositions," for the words, "with proportional representation." That text was at once submitted to M. Caillaux, who accepted it without hesitation; and when, the same afternoon, it was on 3rd July discussed in the Chamber, it was adopted by 303 votes against 244. Clause 1 thus amended, and embodying the principle of the electoral reform, was then

adopted by 566 votes against only 4. The alteration of what may be called the title of the Bill was in itself justified, as it is undeniably a more correct announcement of the stipulations of the projected measure. However, there are good reasons for believing the Republican anti-proportionalists will, during the discussion of the other clauses of the Bill, seek to obtain other and more important concessions in favour of the majority, and thus "saboter" the reform.

Ever since the promulgation of the Republican constitution of 25th February 1875, the electoral law has been a stumbling-block to the harmonious working of the democratic institutions of France. So early as 1880 the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* (voting by small districts) established with the Republic, and by which each Deputy represents nothing more than a small constituency, was found so detrimental to the superior interests of the country that M. Bardoux presented a Bill to the Chamber for the re-establishment of the *Scrutin de Liste* (voting by departments). At that moment the Chamber was so divided on the question that when, after long delay, the measure came on for discussion in 1881, it required all Gambetta's eloquence to obtain the comparatively small majority of 65 votes in its favour. The victory was not, however, definitive, for the Senate, by 184 votes against 114, refused even to pass to the discussion of the clauses of the Bill. That check created no great astonishment,

because M. Barodet had just presented to the Chamber a proposal for the revision of the constitution, with the avowed object of obtaining the suppression of the Upper Assembly. It was, nevertheless, only a temporary check, due to the strained relations existing between the two legislative bodies.

The pernicious effects of the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*, which led Deputies to allow local considerations to determine their votes on questions of vital general interest, becoming every day more and more apparent, M. Constans in 1884 represented M. Bardoux's proposal for the establishment of the *Scrutin de Liste*. During the debate in the Chamber the measure was opposed chiefly on account of the dangers attending its application. Many departments of France were far from being republicanised, and it was argued the Imperialists and Monarchists would probably seek to profit by the *Scrutin de Liste* to make a sort of plebiscite in favour of their respective pretenders. The Bill was, however, adopted in March 1885, with the overwhelming majority of 402 votes against 91. After being modified in some comparatively immaterial details by the Senate, the reform, such as it had been voted by the Upper Assembly, was ratified by the Chamber almost without debate, with the majority of 305 votes against 71, and promulgated as law on 16th June 1885.

Events soon showed the fears to which expression had

been given in Parliament were not chimerical. The Imperialist and Monarchical agitation assumed such threatening proportions that a law banishing from the country the chiefs of families having reigned in France, and prohibiting all the members of those families from serving in the Army or Navy, was promulgated on 23rd June 1886. At that moment General Boulanger was already War Minister. Professing to be actuated by the most elevated republican principles, he sought to increase his popularity by expelling the Duc d'Aumale from France on the ground that he had insulted the President of the Republic by addressing him a letter in which he said, among other things, it was beyond the President's power to deprive officers of their military grades, and that consequently in spite of all he remained "General, Prince Henri d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale." It is needless to relate the rapid march of events which led to General Boulanger—soon, in spite of this incident, suspected of at least connivance with the Monarchists—presenting himself as candidate for election as Deputy in so many departments at the same time in the autumn of 1888, and a little later, on 27th January 1889, in Paris, where he was elected by 244,070 votes against 162,520 polled by the republican candidate, M. Jacques. That was the culminating point of the General's career, and had he on that Sunday evening marched on the Elysée

at the head of the immense multitude who acclaimed him, it is doubtful whether the Republic would have survived the blow. However that may be, the Senate and Chamber hastened to repeal the electoral law instituting the *Scrutin de Liste*, which had facilitated the plebiscitary movement, and to substitute for it the discarded *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*. That measure, which was voted by the Chamber on 11th February 1889, and quickly ratified by the Senate, also provided against any renewal of the attempt at a plebiscite by prohibiting candidates from presenting themselves for election in more than one electoral district at a time.

Since then the Republic has been so greatly consolidated in France that none but small minorities refuse to regard it as the definitive form of government. However, it is curious to note that if its continued existence runs any danger, the peril comes from the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*, the mode of electing Deputies which may be said to have been readopted in 1889 to ensure its prolonged existence. Little by little, and especially during the last ten or dozen years, the corruption and favouritism it engenders have assumed such proportions that discontent has become general. And that is not astonishing, because, thanks to it, the anti-religious Masonic majority in Parliament maintain their creatures in power though they do not represent the majority in the country. Their tactics are as simple as they

are disgraceful to the *régime*. Every Prefect, Sub-Prefect, and Government official, whether he be a high magistrate or a simple schoolmaster or postman, is expected to work each in his sphere for the success of the candidate promising his support to the Government, and there are very few who fail to do so, because they all know the continued possession of their post, or their promotion, depends on their zeal for the masters of the day. And then each of those official candidates, to secure a seat in the Chamber, and the enjoyment of the annual stipend of £600 attached to it, indulges in all sorts of promises to his constituents, who are careful to remind him of them when he is elected. The promises mostly concern local or private affairs, and if they happen to clash with the general interests of the country, the Deputy must either risk losing his seat at the next election or sacrifice his country to his little electoral district,—that is to say, to his private interest.

Then the reform of the administration is rendered impossible by the Scrutin d'Arrondissement, because every deputy knows that to vote the suppression of a single useless post might cost him his seat in Parliament. Moreover, he has almost always to provide berths for the sons of influential electors, and however gross the fault of, say, a schoolmaster, police official, or postman, he dare not interfere or demand his removal. With the existence of the Scrutin d'Arron-

dissement there can be no hope of effecting the long-talked-of reform of the suppression of the many hundreds of useless Sub-Prefectures, which are in reality little else than Government electioneering agencies. Indeed the Scrutin d'Arrondissement, which deprives the deputy of his liberty and makes him the slave of his electors, whose private interests he must defend even to the detriment of those of the whole of France, seems to be at the root of all the ills from which the country is so manifestly suffering. A vast number of people seem to imagine that France can be extricated from this deplorable situation, aptly termed "*la mare stagnante*" (stagnant pool), by the method of election practised successfully in Belgium since 1900, and which, while securing the proportional representation in Parliament of the political minorities in the country as well as the representation of the majority, frees deputies from the tyranny of their constituents. The partisans of this system, commonly known as the R. P., contend its establishment will make it comparatively easy to operate the necessary administrative reforms, and to adopt social laws calculated to improve the condition of the working classes, and thus to ensure the internal peace and welfare of the land. Indeed the R. P. is regarded by its fervent partisans as a panacea for all the ills with which France is afflicted, and as destined to usher in a new era of prosperity. It would perhaps be too much to expect all

those high hopes to be realised, but it may not be unreasonable to hope that if the system of a just proportional representation in the Chamber of the political parties in the country be loyally applied, France will be freed from the tyranny of the Freemasons and Jews who, though constituting nothing more than a minority of French citizens, have held the land so long in their grip.

The electoral reform Bill for the introduction of the R. P. now before the French Chamber is due to the initiative and energetic action of M. Charles Benoist. During many months previous to the general elections of 1910 that convinced partisan of the great advantages to be derived from the proportional representation in the Chamber of the political minorities in the country, as well as of the majority, supported by numerous deputies of various shades of political opinion, carried on an active campaign throughout the whole of France in favour of the reform. The success of their preaching was so considerable that even the Government could not afford to disregard it. In his great electioneering address M. Briand, then Prime Minister, was constrained to treat the R. P. as one of the main questions on which Universal Suffrage had to pronounce. His attitude was, however, far from being a frank and loyal acceptance of the projected reform. He declared he accepted the R. P., but the outlines he gave of the Bill on the subject he said he would present to the

Chamber indicated clearly the object he had in view was not to substitute a fair method of consulting the country for the corrupt small district voting, but to disarm the partisans of the proportional representation by adopting the name of their system while perverting it to the advantage of the Government majority. As a matter of fact, M. Briand tried to cajole the electors by proclaiming he accepted the R. P., entailing the adoption of the *Scrutin de Liste* (voting by departments), and by pretending he wished to improve on the method of applying it practised in Belgium since 1900. Without explaining all the details of his plan, he contended it would be necessary to arrange the electoral districts by joining certain portions of one department to parts of others, &c.,—that is to say, to manipulate the constituencies with the ill-disguised aim of favouring the Government supporters. That was, however, of little consequence compared to the other stipulations he made for his support of the R. P., and which tended towards the yet more complete exclusion from Parliament of the representatives of the political minorities in the country.

For the absolutely proportional representation of the electors it is evidently necessary to add together the votes polled by all the lists, and to divide the grand total by the number of deputies allotted to the electoral district. If a department constituting an electoral district has the right to, say, five seats in the Cham-

ber, and the Government partisans, the Conservative opposition, and the Socialists should have presented lists, the total number of votes recorded would be divided by 5, and the quotient would be the divisor to be applied to the totals of each list. It is only in the almost impossible case of the divisor being an exact proportion of each of the three totals that the seats could be allotted with absolute justice to each of the three parties. That could only be done if, for an example, the number of electors recording their votes had been 100,000 and the totals of the three lists, say, 20,000, 20,000, and 60,000. 20,000 being the electoral quotient obtained by dividing 100,000, the number of voters by 5, the number of deputies to be elected, the lists would respectively have the right to 1, 1, and 3 seats in the Chamber. It goes without saying the candidates elected would be those standing the highest on the various lists. In practice, such a case would never present itself, so that there would always be one or more seats remaining to be allotted after the division by the electoral divisor.

M. Briand declared the unallotted seat or seats should be attributed to the list having in the division already secured the largest number of seats; and not content with that advantage for the majority, he contended that the electoral quotient must not be obtained by dividing the number of electors who recorded their votes, but the number of per-

sons inscribed on the electoral roll by the number of deputies to be elected. Now he knew very well that, since the proclamation of the third Republic in France, the proportion of electors going to the poll has, with only one exception in 1876, always been below 50 per cent of the persons possessing the electoral franchise. M. Briand, therefore, while professing to accept the proportional representation of the minorities, in reality proposed to swamp them yet more effectually by attributing all the unrecorded votes to the majority! His method of applying the R. P. would have resulted in the majority obtaining not only all the odd votes, but also the votes of all the abstainers.

In order to secure the support of the candidates at the general elections for his proposal, he tried to bribe them with the suggestion that the reform could with advantage be completed by making the Chamber a permanent assembly renewable by quarters or thirds every two or three years. Fortunately, the success of those manoeuvres was not so great as M. Briand had expected. Of the 597 deputies constituting the present Chamber, the attitude of 3 towards the R. P. at the general elections has not been officially ascertained. However, of the remaining 594 deputies, the official statistics show that 103 made no allusion to electoral reform, 35 demanded the maintenance of the *status quo*, 31 the maintenance of the

small districts, but with as near as possible an equal number of voters in each, 62 the *Scrutin de Liste* alone, 271 the *Scrutin de Liste* with the R. P., and 29 electoral reform without any indication of its character.

In his report to the Chamber, M. Arthur Groussier, speaking in the name of the Universal Suffrage Commission, to which the Government and other electoral reform bills were referred, and which elaborated the present bill, urges Parliament to adopt the *Scrutin de Liste* with the R. P., because of the 8,517,143 voters who participated in the last general elections, 4,442,800 pronounced unmistakably in favour of that method of consulting universal suffrage, whereas only 1,652,522 clearly opposed it. Before quitting power, M. Briand was constrained by the overwhelming majority in the Parliamentary Commission favourable to the just representation of political minorities to make certain concessions. The Prime

Minister nevertheless sought to reinforce the majority by adopting the number of persons inscribed on the electoral roll, and not that of those who record their votes, as the total to be divided by the number of seats to be filled. And not content with that, he demanded that the seats remaining over after the first division be allotted to those candidates who should have polled the largest number of votes after those to whom seats would have been already allotted. It was, indeed, a disguised means of giving the majority the advantage of all the votes of the abstainers. Thus, supposing a department having the right to elect five deputies, and of there being 200,000 persons on the electoral roll, of whom 50 per cent, or 100,000, went to the poll, the figures with three competing lists — the Government partisans, the Conservative opposition, and the Socialists — might well be as follows:—

GOVERNMENT PARTISANS LIST.	CONSERVATIVE LIST.	SOCIALIST LIST.
M. Durand . . . 15,000	Marquis de R. . . 5,000	M. Pataud . . . 6,000
M. Brion . . . 14,000	Comte de B. . . 4,500	M. Jaures . . . 5,000
M. Esnault . . . 11,000	M. de S. . . . 4,000	M. Pelletan . . 4,000
M. Zola . . . 10,500	Duc de W. . . . 3,500	M. Vaillant . . 3,000
M. Tuchet . . . 9,500	M. de X. . . . 3,000	M. Déaéant . . 2,000
Total . . . <u>60,000</u>	Total . . . <u>20,000</u>	Total . . . <u>20,000</u>

The electoral quotient would, by M. Briand's method, be found by dividing 200,000, the number of persons on the electoral roll, by 5, the number of deputies to be elected — 200,000 divided by

5 gives 40,000. Consequently only one seat would be allotted by the division of the totals of the three lists representing respectively 60,000, 20,000, and 20,000 votes, and that seat would be given to M. Durand,

heading the Government list. As by M. Briand's method the four other seats would be distributed to the candidates of the three lists who would have polled the largest number of votes, they would all go to the Government partisans—that is to say, to MM. Brion, Esnault, Zola, and Tuchet. On the other hand, as shown above, by dividing 100,000, the total number of voters, by 5, the number of Deputies to be elected, the result would be a perfectly equitable division of the seats in the Chamber.

However, if it is certainly almost impossible that in practice this latter case should present itself, there can be absolutely no doubt of the result of the application of M. Briand's system. It would inevitably always tend to reinforce the majority. Even after giving way on that point, M. Briand and the few but active adversaries of the projected electoral reform in the Universal Suffrage Commission of the Chamber sought to get the partisans of the R. P. to give to the majority all the seats unallotted by the division of the totals of the various lists by the electoral quotient. It is undoubtedly a difficult matter to distribute those seats in an absolutely equitable manner. Several methods were proposed, but that which was supported by the most faithful partisans of the R. P. was the allotment of the remaining seat or seats to the list or lists having the largest number of unrepresented votes, after deducting those votes already employed for the

election of the Deputy or Deputies allotted to it or them. For example, again supposing five seats have to be filled, and that the total number of voters be 100,000, and that total be divided between three lists, A, B, and C having polled respectively 45,000, 30,000, and 25,000 votes; list A, would by dividing its total by 20,000, the electoral quotient, be entitled to two seats, list B to 1, and list C to 1. The remaining seat would be given to list B because its unrepresented votes would be 10,000, whereas those of lists A and C would be only 5000 each. Thus, lists A and B would both be represented in Parliament by two Deputies and list C by 1.

As neither this method nor any of the others suggested for the distribution of the seats remaining unallotted after the division of the totals of the lists by the electoral quotient was approved, the Commission adopted an amendment presented by M. Painlevé, according to which the lists of a similar political colour can before the election day enter into an arrangement to slump their unrepresented votes together. That method, which has been named "apparentement," however, contains a material concession to the partisans of the system of reinforcing the majority, for it stipulates that if the total suffrages of the allied lists amounts to the absolute majority of all the votes recorded at the election, the unallotted seat or seats are to be attributed to it. Consequently each group of allied

lists would in the first place receive as many seats as the total of their unrepresented votes might contain the electoral quotient, and then the group of allied lists which may have polled the absolute majority of the voters would obtain the still remaining seat or seats. To allot the seat or seats which may have been attributed in that manner to a group of allied lists, recourse is had to the largest average.

The following example will render the working of the system quite clear. In a department having to elect seven Deputies, 105,000 voters go to the poll. 105,000 divided by 7 therefore gives the electoral quotient of 15,000. There being, say, three lists, A, with 35,000 votes, gets 2 seats, and has 5000 unrepresented votes; list B, with 18,000 votes, gets 1 seat, and has 3000 unrepresented votes; and list C, with 52,000 votes, gets 3 seats, and has 7000 unrepresented votes. 6 seats are thus disposed of, but 1 still remains to be allotted. Lists A and B are allied, but their unrepresented votes, 5000 and 3000, making a total of only 8000, cannot claim the seat on the ground that their unrepresented votes are equal or superior to the electoral quotient, 15,000. But the total number of their votes, 35,000 and 18,000, making a grand total of 53,000, or more than the absolute majority of the 105,000 votes recorded at the election, the allied lists are entitled to the remaining seat. To decide to which of the two allied lists the seat thus ob-

tained is to be given, the largest average is obtained by dividing the total of the suffrages polled by each list by the number of seats already allotted to it, plus 1. List A having polled 35,000 votes, and having thus already obtained 2 seats, 35,000 must be divided by 3, which gives 11,666; and list B having polled 18,000 votes, and having already obtained 1 seat, 18,000 must be divided by 2, which gives 9000. List A, having the largest average, gets the seat secured by its alliance with list B. The complete result of the election is, therefore, list A, 3 seats; list B, 1 seat; and list C, 3 seats.

Both M. Monis and M. Cailiaux after him accepted, it may be said reluctantly, the proposal for the electoral reform comprising the adoption of the *Scrutin de Liste*, completed by the proportional representation of all parties, because they knew no Ministry rejecting it could hope for a prolonged existence. The proposed system of "apparentement" is, however, far from satisfying the pure proportionalists, who see in that concession, and especially in the amendment which would permit electors to give all their votes to one man, or to divide them not only between candidates whose names appear on the same list, but between men whose names figure on different lists, a device calculated to deprive the R. P. of all its advantages, and to perpetuate the abuses which for so many years have given French elections the character

of a contest between persons, and not that of a struggle for the victory of ideas. It may be incontestable that it is legitimate that each elector, in voting for a list, should be able to indicate his preferences for one or more candidates whose name or names appear on it; but to give him the power to vote at the same time for men whose names appear on different lists, often representing most contradictory ideas, and to allow him to record all his votes in favour of one man, or to divide them between candidates of conflicting parties, would seem to be the very reverse of an honest and rational electoral reform.

Though contrary to the hope of the proportionalists, the Chamber failed to vote the clauses of the Electoral Reform Bill before separating on 12th July for the summer recess. It nevertheless decided to complete the discussion immediately after the reassembling of Parliament in October next. The Chamber also adopted the clause stipulating that the electoral quotient shall be calculated on the number of persons recording their votes, and not on the number of citizens whose names are inscribed on the electoral rolls. That is a victory for the proportionalists. On the other hand, the *arrondissementiers* succeeded in obtaining a majority for an amendment ordering the division of an electoral district (department) into two parts in the case of its population entitling it to more than seven Deputies. As one representa-

tive in the Chamber is to be allotted to every 70,000 inhabitants, that stipulation will affect 19 of the 87 departments of France, but will not alter the situation in Algeria and the other French colonies which send representatives to the Chamber in Paris. The proposal for the *apparentement* (the faculty of contracting alliances between lists to secure the seats unallotted by the division of the lists by the electoral quotient, as explained above) was adopted.

So far the victory of the proportionalists is therefore mitigated, but their success satisfies M. Charles Benoist, their leader. Writing on the subject in '*The Temps*,' he declares that the modification of Clause I., substituting "with the representation of the minorities in the country in conformity with the following dispositions," for "with proportional representation," is of little importance, because "if we have not the name we have the thing. We have the thing (*R. P.*), because the Chamber decided successively, first, by 341 votes against 223 (*Malavialle* amendment), that the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* (small district voting) is dead for ever; second, by the unanimity of Deputies, minus four, that the method of voting shall be *Scrutin de Liste* (voting by departments), with the representation of the political minorities in the country; and third, this time with complete unanimity, that the electoral quotient shall be fixed by dividing by the number of Deputies to

be elected the number of persons going to the poll, and not the number of citizens inscribed on the electoral roll. By that ascending gradation, and with the constantly growing number of adhesions of persons who were at the outset the determined adversaries of the reform, the corrupt *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* is changed into the representation of minorities, and that representation of minorities is being transformed into proportional representation." In conclusion, after many other pertinent remarks, M. Charles Benoist says: "It no longer depends on any one whether the reform shall be effected or not, but it depends on all French citizens whether it be more or less complete and more or less equitable. Commenced by them, it is for them to achieve it. Towards the end of the summer recess

we shall recommence our campaign. Every Sunday we shall hold several public meetings in the provinces, and every week at least one great meeting in Paris. Three-quarters of the work is done. What remains to be done is nothing." It is to be hoped this optimistic view is justified, and in connection with it, it is important to note that the Parliamentary group for proportional representation, composed of Deputies belonging to all political parties, voted a resolution just before the beginning of the recess, once more affirming its determination to realise the reform without delay, and stating, "The group would consider any Ministry, whatever it might be, which should fail to give effectual and loyal support to the electoral reform as being in disaccord with the national will."

T. F. FARMAN.

THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS.

OF all the picturesque scenes of which Edinburgh was the centre last month during the Royal Visit, there was none that so appealed to the writer as the moment when the King's Royal Company of Archers turned into the gates of Holyrood House Palace as they marched to be, for the first time in their wonderful history, presented with new colours at the hands of the Sovereign it is their duty to guard. The history of the ancient walls of Holyrood House is so essentially the history of Scotland. The background to this historic monument to Scotch tradition and history was so essentially Scotch. The grey of a grey Scotch morning enveloped the Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat in an atmosphere that blended with all the national characteristics in the scene that animated the Palace forecourt. A King's Guard, furnished by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was turning out to salute the Royal Archers. With the cat-like tread of mountaineers, the pipers of the Royal Scots were playing the bowmen to their destination. The *tout ensemble* brought to the imagination the glorious picture of those qualities in manly strife, in fervid loyalty, and patriotic endeavour which is the foundation of the great Scots race.

What of this company of bowmen who, in their holly-

green tunics and eagle-plumed bonnets, so bore themselves with patrician confidence until they serried their ranks in front of Holyrood? It is the history and tradition of the best blood in Scotland for at least 300 years. It is probable that the history and tradition even goes further back than this. There is a pretty story, which, if we salve it from the historian's pedantry, tells us that when they counted the cost on bloody Flodden's field, the dead body of the Scottish king was found fenced in with a ring of slain archers. Bowmen of the King's life-guard, faithful unto death. It is probable that the custom of the Scottish kings of keeping in their service a corps of picked bowmen as a bodyguard is even of greater antiquity than this tradition. This much history will allow us. The custom of maintaining Royal bodyguards of archers, drilled and organised in a manner peculiar to the Scots, spread throughout Europe, so much so that some of the peculiar Scottish titles exist in European countries to this day. The high office of Captain-General, as known to-day in Spanish officialdom, is a relic of the original Captain-General who commanded the Royal Company of Archers in bonnets and kilts, while the London Train-bands also borrowed the style of Captain-General, which survives in the King's office as chief of

the Honourable Artillery Company.

The first genuine record that exists in the Royal Company, however, is a medal affixed to the "Musselburgh Arrow," the most ancient record of the Company. This gives the date of 1603. The oldest recorded Charter, however, dates from the reign of Queen Anne. Archery was apparently at this time in need of encouragement by local officialdom, for a clause in this Charter runs: "Whereanent, and with all that might be objected against the same, we have dispensed, and for us and for our Royal successors, as immediate lawful superiors of the said Royal Company, in free blench-farm for ever, with free ingress and regress to all public butts, plains, and pasturages legally allotted both for shooting arrows with the bow at Random or at measured distances, and that freely, quietly, well, and in peace: Prohibiting by these presents all Magistrates, Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Masters of Butts, and any others whomsoever, to cause any obstacle or impediment to the said Royal Company in the lawful exercise of the ancient arms of Bows and Arrows, whether at measured distances or at Random: Rendering therefor yearly, the said Royal Company, to us and our successors, one pair of barbed arrows at the Term of Whitsunday, if asked only."

This quotation from the ancient Charter House is also made to show the antiquity of the final ceremony at Holyrood last month, when at the close of the Inspection by the King, the Captain-General (the Duke of Buccleuch), on bended knee, presented the "Reddendo" to his Majesty, and the King confirmed the contract which his Royal ancestress made three hundred years before by accepting the "barbed arrows," and said—

"I accept the 'Reddendo' from the Royal Company of Archers, my Bodyguard in Scotland, whose ancient rites and privileges it is my pleasure to recognise and maintain."

Somewhere in the period of 1775 the Royal Company acquired the buildings known as "Archers' Hall," which is still the Headquarters of the corps, and we have for that period the first real record of the fixed uniform of the organised bowmen. There is in the Archers' Hall a valuable Raeburn—a portrait of one Dr Nathaniel Spens,¹ a noted marksman of the day. He is wearing a holly-green coat, a green bonnet with a white-and-green hackle, and has a leather guard on his left wrist to save his sleeve from fraying by the catgut. The leading characteristics in the uniform, painted by Raeburn a hundred and fifty years ago, survive to-day in the appropriate dress of the Archers of the King's Scottish Bodyguard.

¹ 'The History of the Royal Company of Archers,' by Sir James Balfour Paul, William Blackwood & Sons.

They wear a braided tunic of holly-green, piped with a rifleman's scarlet on epaulettes, cuffs, belts, and overalls. The bonnet is finished with the Scots emblem, which fastens in place a rakish eagle plume. The belt is also finished with the same emblem, while attached to the girdle, in which are jauntily placed three arrows, is a scarlet tassel, a survival of the "arrow-wiper" which it was customary for bowmen to carry in war to cleanse shafts that had to repeat their deadly message already successfully performed. A stout long-bow is carried in the hand, which, when white gloves are added, gives the Archer a distinctive character in bearing, dress, and armament, which renders him as unique as the gentlemen-at-arms who perform the same loyal functions at the Court of St James as the Archers fulfil at Holyrood House Palace.

The distinction of belonging to the Royal Company of Archers is one that is highly prized amongst "the best men in all Scotland." The Royal Company includes in its ranks to-day, as it has always, the flower of the aristocracy of Scotland. The Captain-General is the Duke of Buccleuch. Its four captains are Lord Wemyss, Lord Rosebery, Lord Haddington, and Lord Home. As lieutenants it has Lord Elgin, Lord Balfour, Lord Polwarth, and Lord Aberdeen. Its ensigns—and it is worthy of note that it is the sole military body in the world in which the

rank of ensign survives—are Lord Tweeddale, Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, Lord Dalkeith, and the Duke of Abercorn. It possesses another rank, namely, that of Brigadier. Of these latter officers there are twelve, which at the present moment include the Duke of Lennox (Richmond) and the Duke of Roxburghe: The rank and file contain many noblemen of Scotland and the scions of nearly every noble and gentle house. Recruited upon a more or less hereditary basis, it is to-day far more a *corps d'élite* than were the companies of Scottish gentlemen who took service as archers in the foreign courts in the middle ages, or any other organised military body in the service of the King of the United Kingdom and the Emperor of India.

In 1822 the Royal Company acted as bodyguard to King George IV. when he visited Edinburgh. On this occasion the "Reddendo" was offered and accepted. In 1832 William IV. presented the Royal Company with the colours that they surrendered at the Royal function, and which the King referred to as having been borne by them during four reigns. Queen Victoria, although she was so fond of Scotland, but rarely ordered those State occasions upon which the Royal Archers appear. In 1842, however, they formed her bodyguard, and were really of service to her Majesty's person, in keeping off her carriage the crowd which in its inquisitive loyalty at one time became

turbulent. In 1876 the Royal Company was present at the unveiling of the Scottish Memorial Statue of the Prince Consort. In 1881 the late Queen reviewed the Scottish Volunteers in the Queen's Park, Holyrood House, and was furnished with a guard of her Royal Archers. In 1886 the Queen again officially visited Edinburgh, and the Royal Archers were mustered for the occasion. In 1888, when the Queen opened the International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Art at Glasgow, the Bodyguard of Bowmen was again on duty. The late King Edward saw the holly-green tunics on two occasions, namely, when he held the great Volunteer Review that preceded the inauguration of the Territorial

Force, and when he made his official visit to Edinburgh.

Of the patriotism, loyalty, and *esprit de corps* that is locked up in the Scottish hearts beneath the holly-green tunics of the Royal Archers, there was a touching example at the ceremony of the dedication of the Thistle Chapel at St Giles' Cathedral, when the aged Lord Home, the eldest member of the Royal Company, was supported up the aisle of the Cathedral by two stalwart Archers. As the aged officer with tottering steps took his post as King's duty-man, one felt the influence of the magnetism of tradition and patriotism. The Royal Company of Archers is the embodiment of this great magnetism.

R E C A L L E D.

There is an Irish legend that in old times fairies mixed with the human race, and that one or two families owe their beauty to an intermarriage with a fairy.

A LITTLE strain of music came creeping through my dream ;—
I woke, and rose and listened, afraid and very still.
Out of the deep blue darkness I saw the pale stars gleam,
And heard the fairy harping echo from hill to hill.

Then softly as a shadow I stole across my room,
I drew the casement open and looked into the night.
I saw the white moon's circle clear-cut against the gloom,
And all my old time comrades were dancing in its light.

They laughed and caught my fingers, they drew me through
the air,
They bound my neck with daisies and shod my feet with
dew.
"Still half of you is shadow, and you are very fair,
Dance, dance," they cried, "O sister, dance while the night
is new!"

Ah, then I whirled the measure old in the days of Finn,
I sang the spells I whispered when Erin's kings were
young,
And through our sweet wild dancing bats flitted out and in,
And owls, deep in the forest, made answer when we'd sung.

And ever louder, louder, I heard the harp-strings speak,
And ever faster, faster, the magic ring was spun,
Till in the far horizon there came a pale grey streak
That glowed and spread to silver to tell that night was
done.

Then tiny arms enclosed me,—frail threads of gossamer,—
And words like rippling waters were murmuring all around :
"Nay, she shall stay for ever! What need has he of her,
Our little lost companion to-night at last is found."

Their dear, bad magic drew me, I had no wish to stay,
My soul was drifting from me as passing fancies fly,—
I followed, followed, followed, and still they led the way,
When suddenly above me I heard a smothered cry.

The cry that every dawning hears over all the earth,
When young lambs call their mothers and baby birds
awake;
I wept and laughed a little in shamed and tender mirth,
And even as I listened the spell began to break.

The fairy forms grew fainter as one by one they fled,
And soon the sun was shining across the dewy lawn.
Then . . . then I heard the rhythm of rocking over-
head
Whilst I stood there deserted and shivered in the dawn.

Across the hall I hurried, eager and tired and cold,
Up, up, the shadowed stairway, along the polished floor;—
The sun streamed through my chamber, flooding it all with
gold,—
Softly I crossed the threshold and softly closed the door.

He turned and smiled upon me:—"Where have you been?"
he said;
"To hear the thrush sing matins? To hear the hare-bells
chime?
For all the pearls of morning shine on your golden head,
And as you come your footsteps are marked by the scent
of thyme.

"Where have you been, Mavourneen? Your eyes are full of
tears,
Your heart is beating, beating, like muffled drums, my
sweet."
"I dreamt that old enchantment of soulless, loveless years
Had dazed my eyes with beauty and freed my shackled
feet.

"I dreamt my son was crying, crying—as now—for me,
And I so far had wandered I never heard his cries.
I dreamt I found a kingdom that was but phantasy,
That for a night of madness I yielded Paradise.

"But listen, you who won me from out another sphere,
Who quickened me to loving and wooed my blood to fire;—
When in the haunted valleys and on the hills you hear
The little tripping footsteps, the lilt of harp and lyre;

"Then forge my chains yet stronger and draw me closer yet,
And start the cradle swinging the rhythmic song of Home,
For something deep within me can never quite forget
The nights that set us dancing, the moon that bade us
 roam."

MILDRED HUXLEY.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION—THE ABSURDITY OF THE SYLLABUS—
 PAYMENT BY RESULTS—MR HOLMES'S PICTURE—'WHAT IS AND
 WHAT MIGHT BE'—A SCHOOL IN UTOPIA—MR RUNCIMAN'S
 VIEWS—"THE RIGHT ORIGIN"—UNTAINTED BRIXTON—THE
 PROPER TEACHING OF HISTORY—THE TYRANNY OF THE WHIGS
 —MOWBRAY MORRIS—SCHOLAR AND MAN OF LETTERS.

FEW enterprises have ever been undertaken with so light-hearted a dogmatism as the enterprise of compulsory education. It was inspired by the lack of imagination which characterised the mid-Victorian era. The worthy gentlemen who devised the system were filled with the unreasoning zeal of their epoch. They believed in good faith that what in their optimism had seemed profitable for them was profitable for all. They had found a knowledge of geography useful in their counting-houses. Therefore let all the boys and girls in the world study geography. They delighted to quote the wit and wisdom of Charles James Fox at their dinner-tables, and were convinced that there was no remote village in the kingdom where history might not be taught with advantage. In their desire to find new markets for their wares they had discovered the value of foreign tongues, and so they encouraged the invention of School Board French,—a stranger dialect, and more difficult to be understood, than the French of Stratford-atte-Bow. In brief, they resolved to clip and cut all schools, urban and rural, to their own pattern, and they did not know that they were

offering to all the poor victims of elementary education stones for bread.

The mistake they made was the mistake made by all Whig reformers, who confidently believe that their own morality, their own intelligence, their own education, are ideals which every class in the community would do well to realise. When Macaulay went to India, he took with him his mind of inexperience. Under Eastern skies he learned nothing; he forgot nothing. But he was sure that the needs of India were the needs of Clapham, and that since 'Paradise Lost' had been a comfort to him, it should be learned in all the schools of our great dependency. The sin of imposing the Western system of education upon India is now generally understood. The many crimes committed by Indians during the past few years are the direct outcome of half-knowledge, and should be a warning to all those who without thought for the future would inflict their own narrow views upon all and sundry. What Macaulay and his friends achieved in India, the reckless framers of our Education Acts achieved for England. They forgot the infinite variety

of human interest and human talent. They forgot the obvious differences which separate town and country. Uniformity was what they aimed at—uniformity of subject, uniformity of system, uniformity of tuition. They insisted that all children, wise and foolish, big and small, should be driven through their inexorable mill. And with the best intentions in the world they ensured the complete failure of elementary education.

By the cunning device of a syllabus, binding on all schools alike, they did their best to evolve a useless type. The middle-class idea of clerkship was ever before them. They divided their victims sharply from the common necessities of life. The children of the countryside were rendered unfit for their customary occupations. The thatcher and warrener disappeared from our midst, and we were given in his place an imperfectly equipped office-boy, who could neither read intelligently nor write legibly. And to make confusion worse confounded, those children, who proved themselves incapable of profiting by the lessons provided for them, were compelled to waste a longer time at school than their cleverer companions. So absurd a system could have but one result: it vastly increased the number of useless voters, and swelled the ranks of the unemployed.

A worse injustice was done to the children by the economic policy which governed the schools. An age which could

not look beyond supply and demand, rewards and punishments, was naturally convinced that payment by results was a system which descended from heaven. Thus the children were made pawns in the game of greed. Upon their power of dodging the inspector depended the prosperity of their school and their teacher. It is not surprising that education became a farce, that in the scramble for success the welfare of the children was forgotten. They were but the helpless instruments of extortion, and when they had repeated their lesson parrot-wise, and brought money into the till, they had served their turn.

For more than a generation these iniquitous methods were pursued. The uniform syllabus and payment by results, which appeared the last words of wisdom to politicians indoctrinated with Whiggism, did their worst, and turned education to the curse that we know it to have been. Then at last in 1895 better counsels prevailed. The tyrant code was abolished. The hideous torture inflicted upon the children, who were expected to earn their grant, was withdrawn. But it was too late to save the present generation from distress. The stereotyped system could not be shaken off in a year. The teachers were sunk irrecoverably in their groove. The imagination which should vary the lesson according to the talent and temperament of the child, was lacking. And though the inspector was no

longer asked to reward with money the superficial, well-drilled efficiency of this school or that, the examination which should assist the child to climb the famous ladder, leading through the secondary school to the University, still exercises a deadening effect. What wonder is it, then, that the elementary education which is vaunted on platforms and in Parliament has achieved none of the blessings promised by its champions?

That it is impossible to paint the common school in colours blacker than it deserves is evident, if we may accept Mr Holmes's picture¹ as true and faithful. And few living men speak or write of education with Mr Holmes's authority. The many years which he has passed in the inspection of schools have not warped his judgment nor closed the door of his mind against new impressions. None sees more clearly than he the general failure of elementary education. Yet he is not without hope, and presents us with a vivid sketch of a school in Utopia, where nothing is considered save the welfare and intelligence of the children, where the tyranny of systems and examiners lies lightly on the shoulders of the teacher. The question he asks is briefly this: "Does elementary education, as at present conducted in this country, tend to foster the growth of the child's

faculties?" His answer is an energetic negative. He watches the children emerge from the mill, apathetic and inert. It is the teacher's business, he declares, to do everything for the child, to check by every possible artifice the child's courage and sense of initiative. "To drill the child in the mechanical production of quasi-material results"—that is the teacher's hapless ambition, and the task is the less worth attempting because the teacher's "success in doing this will be gauged in due course by an examination." Thus, even in the elementary schools, the end and aim of education is to make a brave show before the examiners. If the teacher can deceive this natural enemy by exaggerating the merit of his scholars, so much the better for him. But what of the children in this useless battle of rewards? It matters not if they are crushed like a filbert in the nut-cracker. They are merely accidents in the sophistry of making the worse school appear the better.

But, as we have said, Mr Holmes is of good hope. To prove that the old and vicious system is not inevitable, he has painted for us a school in Utopia, over whose destinies presides a goddess whom he calls Egeria. It is the purpose of this school to cultivate the faculties of observation, initiative, and independence, which the common school sets out to eradicate.

¹ 'What is and What Might be.' Elementary Education in Particular. Constable & Co.

A Study of Education in General and By Edmond Holmes. London: Constable & Co.

Here there is no constraint, no harsh discipline, no brutal insistence upon an instant and visible result. If we may believe Mr Holmes, it is Egeria's aim to educate the children entrusted to her care in the true sense, to bring out whatever gifts or faculties are latent in them. They learn, we are told, without discipline for the mere love of learning. It is not information they acquire, but knowledge. For them history is a series of dramas which they can enact. Their work is never irksome, since it is devised and carried out in joyousness of spirit. Above all, says Mr Holmes, "the activity of the Utopian child is his own activity. It is a fountain which springs up in himself. Unlike the ordinary school-child he can do things on his own account. He does not wait, in the helplessness of passive obedience, for his teacher to tell him what he is to do and how he is to do it. If a new situation arise he deals with it with promptitude and decision." In brief, he is on the high-road to be a man, and if Mr Holmes can tell us how this method of instruction may become general, he will earn the profound gratitude of his country.

Unhappily the Utopia which Mr Holmes has sketched with sentiment and enthusiasm, depends for its success upon the energy of Egeria. The wisest Department in the world, the best system of examination ever invented, cannot discover many Egerias in this generation of prose. If they be dis-

covered, let them be encouraged by all means in our power. But our system of elementary education, if it is to be reformed at all, must be reformed without their aid. We can use only the instruments at our hand. We can set the elementary education, now released from the tyranny of code and syllabus, as high as possible above the slough of examination. Escaping uniformity, we can harmonise the subjects taught in school with the needs and pursuits of the locality in which the school is situated. We can recognise, above all, that many thousands of children cannot learn the simplest lessons, and that it is better to remove them as early as possible from the irksome waste of an education which is beyond their reach. There are many things less desirable than ignorance, and the instruction which is put on as an enforced veneer is far worse than none at all. If only our rulers would grasp this truth they might save a vast deal of money that is wasted to-day on elementary education, and spend it wisely on the secondary schools, upon which lies the real burden of teaching, and which are starved for lack of funds.

Unhappily, elementary education long ago passed out of the region of common-sense into the mad world of politics. Its chief purpose is no longer to instruct the children of Great Britain, but to conciliate the large and influential body of teachers. Very few of our Ministers remember that, in a

reasonable state, the children are not made for the teachers, but the teachers for the children. How should they remember so simple a truth when the elementary teachers are organised into a compact body of voters, and represented in the House of Commons by eloquent advocates? Obviously the claims of the children, who, poor things, have no votes, are little worth considering. The children, in fact, for whom at the outset the schools were established, are now no better than the playthings of politics. Where shall you find a better excuse for fanaticism than in the children of England? If their parents subscribe to a creed which is not agreeable to the majority of voters, our rulers waste no pity upon the children. That is not the way to keep in office. Eleven judges have decided that the present Government, which likes not voluntary schools, have "provided preferential treatment for the Council Schools in Swansea." That the Cabinet should have put itself in opposition to the laws which it is bound to maintain is grave enough. It is still graver that it should select certain children in Swansea upon whom to wreak its sectarian spite. But it dare not treat the teachers with contempt; they must be approached always on bended knee and with whispered humbleness. There is no one conversant with education, for instance, who does not realise the importance of breaking through the vicious circle. If the intelligence of the children

is not to be wholly strangled, their schools must be inspected by men who have a wider outlook upon the world, and have had a deeper, broader education than the certificated teacher bred in a training-college. To set a teacher to inspect the work of a teacher is to ensure the triumph of narrowness. No disinterested man is likely to dispute the wisdom of the famous circular drafted by Mr Holmes and approved by the Department. Yet no sooner did the teachers choose to interpret it as an insult to their profession, than Mr Holmes was ruthlessly thrown overboard by his chief, and every effort was made to recapture the favour of influential voters.

Mr Runciman's apology made in the House on the Education Vote would be farcical, did not the tragedy of the children underlay it. With a persuasive ingenuity he did his best to prove that the inspectors whom he had appointed were "of the right origin." Thus far has democracy led us on the downward path! The system, which pretends vainly that all men are equal, still insists that the men whom it employs should be "of the right origin." We thank thee, Mr Runciman, for teaching us that phrase. We must not choose the best man for the place. The career open to all the talents is a superstition of the past. What we want to know is the origin of the man. If that be right, then all is right. In brief, let us not forget for a moment that

the true aristocracy of learning is the proletariat.

Yet Mr Runciman's task was not an easy one. Some of his inspectors have been exposed to the unclean contamination of an old University. One there is who has been at Balliol, and has so grossly dishonoured himself as to win prizes and to take a first class. Clearly he is unfit for any employment; he has given proof of industry and intelligence, and he should have been left to starve ingloriously in the gutter, as one who had dared to put his talent above the talent of his fellows. How was it possible to defend such a monster? He is "of the right origin"! In other words, as Mr Runciman proudly said, he "started life in the County Council school at Brixton, and, as far as I know, there is no taint of the upper social classes in Brixton." Brixton, no doubt, is enchanted with the compliment, and the Teachers Union may be satisfied, for all we know. But you may search our annals in vain to match this piece of flunkeyism. The obvious gifts of the inspector are worth only an apology. His connection with Brixton, the untainted, must be trumpeted abroad for the satisfaction of all good Radicals, who, pretending to believe that one man is as good as another, assert loudly that Belgravia is outside the pale of civilisation, and that a mere acquaintance with Oxford and Cambridge disqualifies a man from the service of his country.

Mr Runciman's argument, profitable for his party, is

dangerous for himself. The certificated teachers, having made good their claim to be the only inspectors of schools, will aspire still higher. Why, they will ask, should the Minister of Education have disgraced himself by a sojourn at an old University? And Mr Runciman can find no answer to their question. It is unlikely that he can plead Brixton in extenuation, and the best thing he can do is to step down from his high place and make room for one who has never been west of Bethnal Green or north of Clapham. And in this mad riot of folly what is to become of the children? They don't matter. Even if their success in life depends upon a humaner system of inspection than we can expect of those who have seen nothing of the world save the inside of an elementary school, they must still be sacrificed to the requirements of politics. Nor does the Labour Party, which is most profoundly affected by the prevailing folly, raise a voice in protest. So blinded is it by class-hatred that it would rather the brains of its children were warped and stunted than its schools inspected by men of detached and cultivated minds. It is indeed a black outlook, and it affords the best possible proof that the Government should never have been trusted with the delicate task of education. It has had forty years' experience, and it still regards children as traps to catch votes withal.

The mind of a child is like a

sheet of unsoiled paper, quick to receive impressions, clear or blurred. And as the earliest impressions remain vivid unto the end, it is of the highest importance that they should be sane and truthful. History especially should be taught to the young with care and circumspection, for history is the foundation upon which political opinion rests, and in these days of universal suffrage a false view of history, widely taught, may bring ruin upon a country. The bad feeling against England which has most often animated the United States may be traced, in a large measure, to the manuals of history used in American schools. Again, much of the Radicalism which prevails in England to-day has its origin in the teaching of Macaulay, Green, and other Whigs. By an unfortunate accident English history has been for two or three generations the exclusive province of men blind with the Whig heresy, and unsound opinions acquired at school have done their best or worst to involve us in revolution. At last there are signs that this tyranny of the Whigs is spent. The *History of England*,¹ recently written by Messrs C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, will do a vast deal towards wiping out the reproach incurred in the past. A generation which takes this book for its companion will not grow up despising its own country. On every page there shines the

light of a wise and reasoned patriotism. The authors have a natural pride in England, and this pride they communicate in lucid prose and energetic verse to their readers. It is a fresh experience to read a story of England's growth in which there is no word of apology or shame. So long have we been accustomed to the libels of Macaulay, to the delight of Charles James Fox and his friends in the mishaps of England, that we welcome with the greater enthusiasm this simple record of England's prowess in war and peace. Written in a familiar style, homely — too homely — with slang and catch-word, the book will excite the admiration and quicken the fancy, let us hope, of many generations of boys. And though the tale is told with studied simplicity, it is so well arranged and measured in so just a proportion that it may be read continuously like a story. If Mr Fletcher be responsible for the prose, he may be congratulated on his talent of omission. He admits no superfluous anecdote, no picturesque claptrap to interrupt his narrative, and so wisely has he selected what is essential to his purpose, that in a single reading you may get a bird's-eye view of England's progress that is at once just and consistent. As for Mr Kipling's verses, we wish the schoolboys of England no better fortune than that these shall haunt

¹ 'A History of England.' By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

their memories and instil in their minds a proper sense of justice and patriotism.

Wherever you turn in the book you will find matters of high policy handled with a lucid ease. The rise of Parliament, the purpose of the Lords and Commons, the greater antiquity of the Upper House, are set forth so plainly that a child will understand them. The characters of Tudor and Stuart are sketched in a few vivid lines. The balance between King and Commonwealth is held with an even hand, and the great revolution of the seventeenth century, the one beneficent and well-ordered revolution that the world has known, is touched with romance in Mr Kipling's lines—

“Naked and grey the Cotswolds stand
Beneath the autumn sun,
And the stubble fields on either hand
Where Stour and Avon run,
There is no change in the patient land
That has bred us every one.

She should have passed in cloud and
fire
And saved us from this sin
Of war—red war—’twixt child and
sire,
Household and kith and kin,
In the heart of a sleepy Midland shire,
With the harvest scarcely in.”

Never was the value of sea-power better set forth for the understanding of boys than in this excellent history. Nor have the authors hesitated to take new and wiser views of familiar events. The historians of the past century have delighted to abase their country before America. The rebellion of our American Colonies, the Boston massacre, the infamous

tea-party, the treacheries of Franklin, have all been turned to our dishonour by anxious Whigs. What it is in the English character which takes a pleasure in distorting history to its own disgrace we do not know. We do know that the Americans themselves are at last content to tell the truth, and resent, with great credit to themselves, the attempts of Sir George Trevelyan and others to blacken England at the expense of America. Messrs Fletcher and Kipling prefer to relate the simple facts, and to ascribe the revolt of the Colonies to its proper cause. It was Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham which gave America her independence. Here is the prose of it. “Soon after the peace of 1763,” writes Mr Fletcher, “we began to perceive one result of the conquest of Canada which few people had expected. Our American Colonies, having no French to fear any longer, wanted to be free from our control altogether. They utterly refused to pay a penny of the two hundred million pounds that the war had cost us; and they equally refused to maintain a garrison of British soldiers. They intended to shake off all our restrictions on their trade, and to buy and sell in whatever market they could find. When our Parliament proposed in 1764 to make them pay a small fraction of the cost of the late war they called it ‘oppression,’ and prepared to rebel. ‘We are Whigs,’ they said; ‘Whigs always resist oppression. You

English Whigs did so in 1688.'"
Thus is Mr Fletcher's prose
translated by Mr Kipling into
the irony of verse—

"'Twas not while England's sword un-
sheathed
Put half a world to flight,
Nor while their new-built cities
breathed
Secure behind her might ;
Not while she poured from Pole to
Line
Treasure and ships and men—
These worshippers at Freedom's shrine
They did not quit her then !

Not till their foes were driven forth
By England o'er the main—
Not till the Frenchmen from the north
Had gone, with shattered Spain ;
Not till the clean-swept ocean showed
No hostile flag unrolled,
Did they remember what they owed
To Freedom—and were bold ! "

If the friendship which now exists between England and America is to be anything better than a fraud, it must be established upon a basis of truth, and if we would lay this foundation firmly, we must clear it of the rubble of falsehood and false shame which still clings about the history of the American Rebellion. But not only have the authors of this book shown the past in the light of truth ; they have taught the first lessons of sane and sound politics. The orderly conservatism, of Church and State, the claim of imperial federation to our sympathy, are set forth in such terms as schoolboys will readily understand. There is but one page with which we would dissent, the page devoted to Free Trade and Tariff Reform. The Repeal of the Corn Laws is explained neither fully nor

accurately, and this most important question is dismissed in what seems a spirit of compromise. That, however, is a small blot upon a fair design, excellently carried out ; and the boys, for whom the book is destined, may congratulate themselves that they, unlike their fathers, are at last permitted to study history in an honest book, and will not be compelled in maturer years to clear their minds of Whiggish heresies.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Mowbray Morris, a man of letters and of the world, who had strayed, as if by accident, into this age of bustle and progress. It was not for him to proclaim his performances on the house-tops or in the columns of a curious Press ; rather it is his high distinction to have lived and died unknown to the people, and to have been happily secure in the regard of many warm and devoted friends. For these very reasons his death should not be passed over in silence. His own sincere avoidance of publicity lays upon those who knew him the duty of celebrating his virtues.

Born in 1848, the son of the manager of 'The Times,' Mowbray Morris was educated at Eton and Merton College, Oxford. He left the University without a degree, and spent four years (1869-1873) in South Australia as aide-de-camp to Sir James Fergusson. This was his only sojourn abroad, and it left singularly few traces upon his mind and

character. It is not easy for those who knew Morris in later years to picture him in the backwoods. For the activities of his mind London always seemed the first necessity, and the memory of Australia, long since faded, was kept alive in his brain only by the adventures of a copy of verses contributed by him to 'The South Australian Register' in 1871. These verses, now known as 'A Voice from the Bush,' won a vast popularity in Australia, and the popularity was repeated when, two years later, they were republished in 'Temple Bar.' The sentiment and energy of the ballad have created many claimants for its authorship. It was boldly ascribed by Mr Marcus Clarke to Lindsay Gordon, and has since been given to others less worthy. Mowbray Morris explained the false ascription many years ago, and publicly assumed the verses as his own. But so clear an opportunity of mystification was not to be lost. His plain statement went unregarded, and it is worth while to put it on record that 'A Voice from the Bush' was, indeed, the work of his hand and brain.

Returning from South Australia, Mowbray Morris joined the staff of 'The Times,' and in 1877 was appointed its dramatic critic. The admirable work which he did for the theatre is still remembered, if only in the writings of later critics who, all unconsciously, have stolen his thunderbolts. Mowbray Morris took a very

just view of his craft. Criticism for him was not "the art of enjoying masterpieces." He was not a dilettante, but a judge whose duty it was to condemn as well as to reward. And never did the Press demand a bold, disinterested critic of the drama more loudly than in the dying seventies. A flagrant amiability, the pleasant distribution of "chicken and champagne"—a coinage of Morris's own mint—had made criticism ridiculous. So that Morris came not only in the proper equipment, but in the nick of time. He was a scholar with a fastidious taste and an innate sense of the humanities. He was also a man of courage, who never feared to speak the truth. With equal justice he assailed the pompously established reputation and the new imposture; and it is impossible to turn over his 'Essays in Theatrical Criticism' (1882), the result of his campaign, without perceiving the force and energy of his mind, the depth of his unacknowledged influence.

A dramatic critic, thus disinterested, could not long remain acceptable, and Morris's career in criticism was brief. In 1885 he was appointed editor of 'Macmillan's Magazine,' a post perfectly suited to his talent and his temperament. He took the wise view that it was an editor's business not to write himself, but to edit his magazine. He therefore contributed little to his own pages, being content to inspire and to castigate his staff.

With watchful eye he marked the literary and political tendencies of his time, and many articles, written by other hands, were suggested and even sketched by his ingenuity. Above all, he was a resolute foe to any slovenliness of style or speech. He would not permit within the pages of his magazine the new-fashioned slang of America or the slums. No catchword of journalism escaped his all-seeing eye. In brief, he took a lofty view of the editor's calling, and as long as he sat in the editor's chair he did his utmost to uphold the dignity of letters and to preserve the purity of our English tongue.

We have said that he was a scholar, and he was a scholar perhaps rather by temper than by accomplishment. He left Oxford too soon, he loved life and sport too ardently in his youth to acquire an accurate knowledge of Latin and Greek. Yet, despite this limitation, he had an acute and natural love of the classics. He arrived at their meaning by a kind of intuition. There are few more beautiful versions of Moschus' beautiful lament for Bion than his, and he proved the influence of the classics in every word that he wrote, in all the literary preferences which he acknowledged. Thus nurtured in the school of exact expression, he carried his ideal into the plain realities of life. He never wrote a letter which contained a slovenly phrase, or a foolish abbreviation of word or sense.

For all his love of the classics, there was in his nature a strain

of well-ordered romance. The mere words, "the Spanish Main," had a strange fascination for him. Had he been able to tear himself away from Pall Mall, or to endure the hardships of the traveller, he would gladly have followed in the steps of Sir Henry Morgan, and visited the haunts of the buccaneers, whose savage exploits none has hymned more eloquently than he. So, too, for him Sir Walter Scott was the prince of novelists, and that he had caught something of the great man's Jacobite enthusiasm he proved in his excellent monographs on Claverhouse and Montrose. But though his fancy wandered, he stayed at home with a happy resolution. Wide as were his literary interests, he was in a sense the sturdiest of Englishmen. He was no foreigner who should make every place his home. He had little knowledge, save from books, of the countries of Europe, familiar to most men. France and Germany were as remote from his experience as the South Pole. His noble insularity saw in America a land which no gentleman should visit. Not many years since, he travelled as far as Rome, and felt a kind of discomfort in its unaccustomed sounds and sights. He was even reluctant to walk abroad by himself, as if he might be lost in the unknown city.

On the other hand, he preserved a loyal fidelity to the places which he loved best and knew best—Eton and Oxford and London. Many are the

tributes which have been paid to the antique towers—

“Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry’s holy shade,”

and among them all his is still memorable. “Those venerable buildings so lovingly touched by Time,” thus he wrote in his preface to his ‘*Poet’s Walk*,’ “those incomparable playing-fields shaded by their immemorial elms, and kissed by the ‘silver-winding’ river, will still stand undimmed and un-forgotten, when the memory of many a more famous, many a more splendid scene has passed away. No son of Eton need be shamed to record, though never so poorly, his love for that beautiful and kindly mother.” Assuredly Mowbray Morris was never thus shamed. And his affection for Oxford matched his affection for Eton. For many years he spent his summers at Oxford, every stone of whose colleges he had studied with so fervent a devotion that he was, as he said with no idle boast, the best guide to her beauties. But London was the real god of his idolatry. Though he might sigh in fancy for the green trees and the clean air of the country, Pall Mall was the home which suited him best. He liked to feel the pavement beneath his feet, to haunt clubs, to engage in the conflict of talk, the conflict of which he never tired. His

pleasures, like his virtues, were of an older fashion than prevail to-day. A true Conservative in life as in politics, he preserved in his manner as in his dress a touch of the Regency. A dandy of the true breed, he was punctilious in the matter of coats and cravats. In his club or at a dinner-party, he refused to be separated from his hat, and marked by a hundred small divergences his dislike of modern ease and modern uniformity. The material appliances of life, the laborious artifices which pretend to save labour, were as bitterly distasteful to him as the pertness and vulgarity of popular literature. He disdained unto the end the use of the telephone. He preferred the four-wheeler among public conveyances, and had not yet reconciled himself to the hansom, when the taxi-cab, swift and insolent, burst upon his ear. These are small traits, no doubt, but they serve to illustrate the character of a polished scholar and man of letters, who loved the world as he had loved the hunting-field, and who looked upon literature always through the eyes of life. Thus he lived devoted to his friends and the Muses; and when death came to him, after a long and painful illness, heroically borne, he greeted it with the happy nonchalance of a friend.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A YEOMAN.

THE writer has just returned from Salisbury Plain, after a fortnight's training with a Yeomanry regiment in which he holds a commission; and certain thoughts, at first nebulous under the stress of the Training, have crystallised upon his return to his own fireside, and will not let him be till they have found expression—or explosion.

First of all, then, it appears to him that Salisbury Plain is just about the very worst training-ground in England for Yeomanry, and the last place to which they ought to be sent. If the Yeomanry were ever wanted to fight an invader, it is a thousand to one that the scene of operations would be in enclosed country—in the eastern counties, for instance, where high hedges, small fields, and twisting roads form an exact antithesis to the rolling downs and spaces of wide prospect of the Plain. It would be their business to hold the roads over which the reconnoitring cavalry of the enemy would as a rule be obliged to advance; to delay the invaders, by ruse and stratagem, in a country which particularly lends itself to the devices of mounted rifles who have carefully thought out beforehand a system of tactics suitable to the ground; to gain time for the scattered reservists to join the regulars, for the Territorial Divisions of Infantry to assemble, for the

formation of order out of chaos. For it is tolerably certain that if twenty thousand men suddenly landed at, say, Clacton-on-Sea, the word chaos would accurately describe our condition for at least three days. For these three days it would be “up to” such brigades of mounted troops and cyclists as could be hurried—mainly by road, in all probability—to the spot, to hinder the enemy in his advance from the sea.

Even if the enemy does not land in Essex—and as he is confidently expected to do so he will land probably somewhere else,—it is hardly possible to point to any spot on the coast east, south, north, or west, where an invading enemy would not have to advance through enclosed and cramped country. This being the case, we expensively remove from their own counties different brigades of Yeomanry year after year, and tell them to train themselves in the one kind of country over which, by no conceivable possibility, would they ever have to fight. Amusing enough, if it were not rather serious.

It is true that for the first three or four days of Training some kind of open drill-ground is needed; but as a drill-ground and nothing more. Troops and squadrons, before they can take the field at all, must be able to perform a few simple movements with reasonable speed

and accuracy. But there is no county in the kingdom where such a drill-ground cannot be found; almost any common or park will serve admirably. A fortnight's training is a short enough period in all conscience, and as soon as the troops of Yeomen can right and left wheel, and form squadron without getting into a mess, the precious time should be devoted to that field work in which all Territorials are perforce so scantily instructed. It follows, surely, that this field training should take place in the kind of country in which the Territorial army is most likely to have to fight. It may of course be urged that to instruct a Yeomanry regiment in field work before it can drill properly is to teach it to run before it can walk. To this it can only be said that great as the importance of drill undoubtedly is, yet in such a short time there is no possibility of teaching anything really thoroughly, and therefore it is necessary to try and accustom the Yeoman in some degree to the duties he would have to perform in the presence of the enemy. It cannot be gainsaid that if he and his horse were thoroughly well grounded in the A B C of mounted and dismounted drill, so that it had become a second nature to them both, they would be much more proper subjects for instruction in field manœuvre. But you cannot put a quart of beer into a pint pot, or cram a year's work into a fortnight. The Yeoman may some day have to meet

a highly trained enemy, himself comparatively untrained — it is not a bit of good attempting to emulate the enemy's system of training; all you can do is to try and teach the Yeoman something about the essential things, which may perhaps be of use to him and to his country when ball cartridge takes the place of blank.

Now the argument against the unsuitability of the terrain would hold good even if a Yeomanry brigade in training had the whole of the Plain to themselves. It would still remain unsuitable country, and no amount of experience gained thereon would be of much use in hedgerow fighting. But if the casual tourist visits the Plain during the late spring or summer, he will find it covered with white tents from end to end, save only where there are much-used artillery or rifle ranges, or growing crops, which are of course out of bounds. The camps and the ranges and the crops between them entirely spoil the Plain as a manœuvre area, leaving nothing but certain circumscribed spaces of undulating down which are absolutely nothing but fairly commodious drill-grounds.

The Yeomanry colonel, thirsting for field-work, with his adjutant's assistance and advice, draws up a capital scheme, in which two of his squadrons are to work against the other two. A and B squadrons and the maxim gun leave camp at 7.45 A.M. and disappear into the Ewigkeit of rolling grass-land. C and D move off half an hour later, and take up a

position a couple of miles away from camp. A subaltern and one troop are sent out as a picket with a single Cossack post in front. No need here for a line of Cossack posts, supported by numerous pickets (excellent practice); one pair of eyes can see as much as fifty, and the rest of the squadron can go comfortably to sleep, unless the squadron leader is energetic enough to give them a lecture on some military topic while they are waiting. There is a comfortable certainty that one flank at any rate cannot be turned, as it is covered by the artillery range, over which the shells of the far-off gunners can already be heard and seen bursting. It is true that last year a certain dashing squadron-leader of Yeomanry gallantly led his men well into the danger zone, regardless of the showers of shrapnel which fell around him, and led them out again unscathed; but in the piping times of peace such hardihood is perhaps unwarranted and will assuredly not find many imitators.

The subaltern with the picket yawns, looks at his watch, and begins to see how many different kinds of grasses he can collect from where he sits. He tells them over—perennial ryegrass, Italian ryegrass, crested dog's tail (not much of that), when the adjutant, with the umpire's white band on his arm, canters up and says: "I'm sorry, but you must move your Cossack post. They're in the clover." "Yes, sir." The subaltern gets on his horse and

goes out to his post. He and the sergeant search in vain for any suitable position save the one they are in, and presently the four men of the post are halted where they and their horses show up bold and brave on the skyline—the only place now from which they can see anything.

However, it does not matter much, for in a few minutes there is a rumbling sound, and over the brow of the slope in rear comes trotting one of the other regiments of the brigade in column of troops, doing a little regimental drill. They go by the dismounted squadrons in the hollow, up the hill, and past the subaltern's picket and post, then extend as they go over the skyline, and depart, long irregular lines of swiftly moving horsemen. "That will puzzle A and B," thinks the subaltern; "they won't be able to tell t'other from which."

Ten minutes more go by, and then the third regiment of the brigade, confined to the same narrow strip of country, puts in an appearance: their colonel rides up to the white-banded adjutant, and after a brief colloquy bears away to the left, and presently hands the command over to the squadron leaders for some more squadron and troop drill,—all there is left for him to do.

Meanwhile A and B and the maxim have reached a certain spot, and the major in charge has explained the scheme to his troop leaders. His intention is to amuse C and D with a couple of troops in front, and to turn their left

with his right. Out go his scouts, who almost at once come galloping back with the news that the enemy are advancing rapidly in open order. The order is given "For action! Dismount;" the led horses are hurried to the rear, and a long line of dismounted men lying in the grass open a heavy fire on the advancing horsemen, now only some eight or nine hundred yards away.

Bold riders! Little they reckon of the cracking rifles and barking maxim, but push on, an orderly and undismayed crowd of horsemen. The major in command of A and B has his field-glass to his eyes, and exclaiming, "They're not our fellows at all—they're the South Dumpshires," shrilly whistles the Cease Fire.

Silence falls on the stricken field, and the South Dumpshires go Right About, Close, Troops Left Wheel, and deliver a gallant drill-book attack on an imaginary enemy half a mile to our major's left front, their colonel paying not the smallest attention to the rifles cracking in the grass. Most likely he did not even know he was being fired at.

The major wipes his heated brow, mounts his squadron again, and presently is once more informed of an enemy to his right front. This time he waits till he has seen them for himself, and makes them out to be a squadron engaged in squadron drill. "Can't be our fellows," he says, and dismounts his men to await developments. Half an hour

later—during which time various bodies of mounted troops swim across his horizon and disappear without making war on him—his two troops on the left open fire, and send word of the enemy in force. "Now I have 'em," he thinks, and proceeds to put his design into execution. But what is this? Suddenly there appears his colonel (also umpiring that day) with a trumpeter at his back, who is blowing the Cease Fire as if his life depended on it. The colonel rides up and speaks winged words. "Riding over the crops . . . heavy compensation . . . all fall on the regiment . . . should have remembered . . ." are the phrases overheard by the listening Yeomen.

Well, there is no help for it; the morning's scheme is at an end. A, B, C, and D all unite, practise a few evolutions on their way back to camp, and except for some dismounted drill after lunch the day's work is over—and ruined.

What can you do with a mounted brigade and a battery of horse artillery on a little bit of ground about half the size of Wimbledon Common? On one side the artillery range, on the other, an out-of-bounds area of growing crops; hardly any possibility of a useful field-day—just a drill-ground, only that and nothing more. It was hardly worth bringing the brigade a hundred miles in order to do squadron drill.

It must be remembered that the Yeoman's only weapon is the rifle, and that all the close

order drill, knee to knee, with "pursuing practice," and the rest of it, is gone, together with his sword. Salisbury Plain, say the authorities, is about the one place in England where an old-fashioned charge of cavalry with the "*arme blanche*" is still possible. "The Yeoman" (you may suppose them to continue) "we have deprived of his sword, because we were afraid it might adversely affect his tactics, so we will now bring him to the Plain where we will give him a little strip of open country, three miles long and one broad, wherein to disport himself. In this nice little drill-ground he cannot practise sword tactics, as he has not got a sword, but he must dismount on every possible occasion, and aim at becoming third-rate mounted infantry. Or if he likes to amuse himself by perfecting his mounted drill (for the mounted spirit is strong amongst these plaguy Yeomen), he can do so for all we care. It doesn't matter to us if public money is spent in bringing him to the Plain, as we do not pay the bill; we will put him in his three by one drill-ground and there let him drum. Heaven help the country if it ever has to rely upon *him* for its defence!" It is certainly a case of may Heaven help the Yeoman if he has to rely on such methods of warfare as he will learn on the Plain.

There were no more field-operations on the drill-ground. A long march by day along one of the few roads of the Plain, with a little skirmishing on the

way home for the regiment, and a night-march (which did not begin till it was light) for the brigade, were the only measures of relief from undiluted drill which it proved possible to give. Let it not be imagined that the writer does not recognise the importance of drill as a means of instilling a sense of discipline and solidarity into the men and horses, for which there is no substitute. If the Territorial Army is ever called up for the six months' training, which (according to the sealed official plan) our kind enemies are going to allow us to indulge in before coming to blows, it would probably be a good thing to spend at least the greater part of the first two months in steady troop, squadron, and regimental drill, and formal movements and exercises. How the men (to say nothing of the officers) would hate it! And what a lot of good it would do them!

But when you only have a fortnight into which the whole practice and theory of soldiering have to be crammed, it is a very different matter. Much may be done—far more than some regular officers will be inclined to admit—but only in suitable country, and plenty of it. As far as the Yeomanry are concerned, Salisbury Plain is a useless waste of money, and it is to be hoped that the fact may soon be recognised.

It may very much be doubted whether a standing camp for the whole fortnight of the Training is altogether a good thing. For a week nothing could be better, but during the

second week camp should be broken, and the brigade should go on the trek, working against another brigade which may have started off to meet them at a distance of anything between fifty and a hundred miles away. The men should be billeted each night—a matter of no particular difficulty, but simply of previous arrangement; or if the weather be fine, there will be no harm in letting them bivouac beneath the stars for a night or two. Then when they do meet the enemy they will be fighting in a country strange to everyone, and will be entirely dependent on their maps and their wits. At a field-day in their own country, there is not infrequently so much local knowledge at the disposal of squadron and troop leaders that their task is made too easy. The brigade will gain enormously in march discipline, and in experience (under as easy conditions as possible); of what “the real thing” will be like. If the marches are not too long the horses will take no harm, and the brigade transport will obtain some very much needed practice. The oost would probably be a little greater than that of a second week’s standing camp, but it should not be much greater; and the general gain in efficiency would be enormous. Even if such a march were only carried out once every other year, or during the last three days of the training, it would be a great advance on the present system.

It must be remembered that the Yeomanry are in a very

much better position with regard to recruiting than most of the infantry battalions of the Territorial Army. A little additional open air, or rain even, does not upset a country-bred lad who is used to doing the work of the farm at all times and in all weathers; and even if here and there one man or another might grumble if the Training took the form suggested, there will be found plenty of stout recruits willing to take the grumblers’ places,—if the permanent staff sergeant-major is worth his salt. There is not the slightest need to coddle the Yeoman for fear of affecting recruiting. Some regiments, even in these days of sloppy democracy, have a longish waiting list of likely lads who will join as soon as there is a vacancy for them. Would that it were so in every arm of the Territorial service!

With regard to the subject of recruiting, however, it must here be noted that the Mandarins in Whitehall have lately issued an edict which will assuredly affect recruiting for the Yeomanry a hundred times more than hard work or bad weather. The chief recruit collector for his squadron is the permanent staff sergeant-major—always an old cavalryman of long service and unblemished character. For some occult reason, the pay of these excellent N.C.O.’s has been cut down, and the term of their appointment shortened to three years. There is bound to be a twofold result: first, the best men will no longer try to obtain these billets; secondly,

just as the sergeant-major has learnt his district and made friends with the recruit-producing families in his beat, his time will be up and off he will have to go.

No doubt in certain cases under the old system some of the permanent staff did tend to get old, fat, and lazy, like the rest of us; but an energetic adjutant could easily weed out the "have-beens," and ought to have full power to do so. In most ways the old system worked admirably; the sergeant-major had a permanent billet, and every interest in making himself known and liked in his district. He became the guide, philosopher, and friend of his squadron, knowing the men "at home" and all about them; knowing what young fellows to admit as recruits and cold-shouldering the "wrong 'uns": these men were a credit to the Army and the mainstay of their Yeomanry regiments. Their pay and allowances were far from lordly, and in many cases the squadron leader would sometimes give them financial assistance; but the new scale of pay is inadequate in the extreme, and it will be a flat impossibility for the new men to keep up the social position that their appointment not only warrants, but, to be successful, positively demands. It can easily be understood that, if they are to obtain the right kind of recruit, they must be in a position not only to be entertained by others, but to give a certain amount of modest hospitality in their own homes. It appears hardly

possible that such a stupid regulation as the one referred to can long endure. The old scale of pay will have to be readopted and the appointments made for a very much longer period.

There are many plans for increasing the efficiency of the Territorial Army. Almost every member of the House of Commons considers himself to be a military expert; but of all these schemes there is only one that really commends itself as not only desirable, but practical. Many measures are desirable,—doubtless it would be well if we could compulsorily fill the thin ranks of the infantry, and give all recruits a six months' course of training; it would be well if we could arm the artillery with a modern weapon, and make certain that every Yeoman has a decent horse. All these things would be very well, but are quite out of reach. There is no money for anything but Socialism, or anybody but Out-of-works and Septuagenarians, and neither Party has, or, so far as one can tell, ever will have (till it is too late), the pluck to introduce never so modest a measure of Compulsory Service for Home Defence.

But there is one thing that could be done. Any one who has studied, however lightly, the wonderful battles of the American Civil War, cannot but be lost in admiration of the splendid valour shown on many a bloody field by the few battalions of regular soldiers which the Federals possessed. They kept back the victorious

but undisciplined Confederates at the first Bull Run battle, and were almost the only troops on either side in that scrambling struggle who preserved their cohesion and formation. In the Seven Days, at Gaines Mill, they again prevented a Federal retreat from becoming a crushing disaster, by forming a rallying-point for the disheartened and distracted Volunteers. In the second battle of Bull Run, they alone withstood Lee's and Jackson's tremendous counter-stroke, and once more by their fine example minimised the defeat of their army. It is probable that at this battle (Second Manassas) Pope's whole force would have been captured or destroyed but for their dauntless discipline and courage. There were not enough of them to compel victory, but at least they could stave off the worst horrors of defeat. Can there be any doubt that the Territorial Army, stiffened by a few battalions and regiments of regulars, would give a very much better account of itself than if it were left to its own unaided efforts?

That certain of our soldiers have some such idea in their heads is evident from Sir Ian Hamilton's much discussed "brochure." In it he talks of "a few battalions of Guards," which would be available at home for stiffening our Home Defence after the Expeditionary force has sailed. (*N.B.* — The "sealed pattern" war again.)

As a matter of fact, there would not be "a few" but only two, as has been already pointed out in 'Maga.' But not to labour the point, or to insist upon accuracy in a pamphlet written mainly for political purposes, it is a fact that when the great Expedition has departed there will be some odds and ends of regular troops left in the country. The question arises, how can these fragments be made use of to the best advantage? They could no doubt be formed into a couple of weak Divisions, with an improvised Brigade and Divisional Staff. But would it not be very much better, would not our Army for Home Defence gain enormously in fighting value, if they were broken up among the various brigades of the Territorial force, if possible, before the declaration of war?

The course of events is, we are told, to be as follows. When war is declared, the Territorials are to be called up for six months' training. Reservists will join their battalions, and the Expedition makes itself ready to start. It would assuredly be of the greatest assistance to the Territorials, in any event, to have all the regiments of regulars not required for the Expedition brigaded with them. If the six months of training passed peacefully, can any one doubt that a Yeomanry brigade, say, which had included a regiment of regular cavalry during the time of training, would be very much

more efficient than a brigade which had not enjoyed the advantage of a Regular model upon which to form itself? On the other hand, it is possible that a rude and unsympathetic enemy, who does not care to fall in with the nicely adjusted red-tape patterns of the War Office strategists, will make a raid upon our shores before the six months are over (but perhaps after some vital need has made it imperative for the Expedition to sail). In such a case the country in its need will get far better value from its available Regulars if they are used as a leaven for the Territorial Army, than if they are employed as a body of troops separate and apart from the citizen force.

The thing does not admit of any positive paper demonstration, but must be clear as the noonday to anyone who has ever observed the amazing keenness produced in the soul of the old Volunteer or modern Territorial when afforded a chance of working in combination with Regular troops. Moreover, we have the American Civil War as an object-lesson.

A little leaven will leaven the lump; and the Regulars which are surplus to the Expedition, divided amongst the best brigades of the Territorials, would in a very short time improve the drill, the discipline, the military knowledge and practice of their civilian brothers-in-arms, in a way that would surprise and delight those general officers who might have to

lead these "mixed" commands into action.

One clear, even if subsidiary, advantage of this plan would be, that no necessity would exist for forming a new Divisional and Brigade Staff for the "surplus" Regulars. The Staffs of the Territorial brigades and divisions consist, with very few exceptions, of Regular officers, many of them soldiers of considerable distinction, under whom any regimental commander would be glad to serve.

If the six months of training passes without an invader, the presumption is that at the end of the time the Navy has obtained complete control of the sea. Then the Territorials can return to the bosom of their families, and the "surplus" Regulars be used for filling the gaps in the absent Expedition. That is to say, if all has gone well, and Great Britain has won all along the line. But it is possible that some issue may still be hanging in the balance, and that the gaps in the ranks of the Expedition may be very big ones: armies melt away like snowballs under the hot finger of war. Is there not, then, a strong likelihood that many of those Territorials who have been brigaded with some historic regiment for six months will prefer, will even ask, to accompany their friends to the seat of war, rather than revert to a sedentary civilian existence when the Empire may be at stake? Is there any British General who would not welcome into his depleted ranks a Brigade of British Territorials

trained for six months with, and stiffened by, a Regular battalion?

Of the Territorial Forces as a whole, it is at the present moment very difficult to forecast the future. Any form of compulsion appears utterly impracticable, in that neither political party dares to take it up. Yet the ranks of the Infantry remain unfilled, and the minimum number which we were told was compatible with safety has not been obtained. Things are apparently at a deadlock. The advocates of compulsory training are beating their heads against the brick wall of political indifference, and, at the same time, are undoubtedly affording a salve to the conscience of many men who might join the Territorials, if it were not dinned into their ears so loudly by the compulsorists that voluntary service is useless and has broken down.

That the compulsorists are patriotically minded and speak

much truth is undeniable, but perhaps in this instance the whole truth is harmful. If the best is unobtainable, the second-best must be made to serve. The trouble at the moment is that the second-best is breaking down, the best is out of reach, and there is no returning to the third-best, which was the old Volunteer system, or absence of system. Fortunately, we still have a Navy which is quite unperturbed by the antics of politicians and the vagaries of irresponsible reformers. Even one who, like the writer, has been a Volunteer or a Territorial for more long years than he cares to think about, may be forgiven if, in contemplation of that immense, silent Seeservice, he is at times tempted to blaspheme against his cloth, and to say that the country would get better value for its money if the Territorial Army were to be abolished, and the sum saved devoted to the Fleet!

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“DID HE EAT HIM?”

A YARN OF THE SEA.

THE *Mahratta* was a good ship built to last by Denny. But she was twenty years old, her engines were cranky, her boilers worn and old-fashioned, her speed and tonnage not enough for the new conditions of the trade. We had been two years on the China station. When orders for home came early in May we were neither surprised nor sorry, and the skipper wanted to be off at once. We were to call at Singapore for coal, and at Colombo if there were passengers, and at Bombay, and it was advisable to get out of the China seas before the rough weather began, for the engines could not be trusted to force the ship through the tail of a typhoon.

The company's agent at Shanghai, however, looked at the matter from another point of view. It was his business

to make the voyage pay, and he kept us a fortnight while he collected a cargo of tea. When we left the harbour in the middle of May, we had as much tea as she could carry. Her holds were full and the forward saloon and cabins, choke-full of tea-chests, were shut off from the aft part of the ship, which was given up to the passengers, fortunately not many. There were thirty-six in all, of whom two were ladies and one a sick man, very ill of abscess of the liver. They had a bad time, for the heat was great, as there was no through draught, and the after-saloon and state-rooms were like a stoke-hole without a ventilating shaft. What wind there was was astern and crept along with us. The passengers, all but the sick man who could not be moved, lived on deck, only

going below to dress and eat.

At Singapore we took three passengers, and filled up the bunkers with coal. As for cargo, we could not have stowed a ton more unless we had rammed it down the funnel. Soon after we put to sea again our troubles began. The coal was dirty Indian stuff, making more smoke than steam, and the log did not show more than eight to nine knots. There was no wind and the heat was killing. The skipper was evidently anxious, always looking at the log and speaking from the bridge to the engine-room. Unless we could knock a few more knots out of her we stood to be caught by the monsoon before we could clear the Laccadives, and any little mishap then might endanger the ship. The chief engineer, on the other hand, thought more of his engines and was unwilling to force the pace. Although nothing was said before us it was easy to see how the matter stood. It was a choice of evils. Captain Jones knew his business and thought his best chance was to make all speed.

The result was that the Sidi boys in the stoke-hole were hustled up. The foul smoke poured from the funnels as if they were chimneys of a smelting-furnace in the black country. The chief engineer and his mates danced about in the engine-room like bears on a hot iron floor, oiling here and screwing up there. The engine groaned and creaked, and had to be nursed and

humoured to keep her going at all.

Next day's run was the best we had made. We had not to stop at Colombo, but kept a straight course across the Indian Ocean well south of Ceylon. And for the first three days all went well. Some fifty miles south of Cape Comorin the bearings heated and a crank broke, and the ship had to be hove-to for the better part of a night. When the mischief had been repaired we had to go as slow as any rotten down-by-the-stern tramp forging up the Red Sea against a head wind. We soon lost all that we had gained by forcing the pace. The skipper looked glum. The chief engineer smiled but said nothing. He did his level best all the same, and was hardly ever out of the engine-room. Do what he could, the pace did not improve. She went creaking and wheezing along, seeming to feel her way for all the world like a gouty old admiral trying to swagger down Piccadilly as if his feet were sound. After rounding Cape Comorin the ship's head was kept nearly due west for fifty or sixty miles so as to get clear of the current that runs southward down the west coast of India, and is very strong in the monsoon. The weather was very good and showed no signs of change. The course was altered to the north. If all went well for another twenty-four hours the great danger would be past. We were going slowly, no doubt, but the sea was smooth. The wind was weak,

but it was aft. Things began to look more cheerful.

The sun that evening went down as red as fire, and just as he touched the sea a dark band of cloud showed right across his disc. Early in the night the wind began to freshen from the south-west, and every now and then came a gust which rippled the surface of the sea and made the ship heel over a little.

At this time I was the officer on watch. The glass was falling fast. Although the night was clear, the moon bright, and not a cloud to be seen, every seaman on board knew there would be a taste of weather before the morning. Near midnight the wind fell. The stillness was ominous. As I stood on the bridge I could hear every pulse of the engine and the ripple of the water as the ship cut through the oily sea. The heat had become suffocating. It seemed to wrap me round, to choke me if I tried to breathe, and coated my skin with a clammy moisture impervious to air.

I was walking the bridge, fighting the deadly drowsiness begotten of the heat, when I saw lightning flash low down on the port quarter. Thunder followed after a long pause, and I knew it would not be long before the storm was on us. I ordered the awning over the after-deck to be furled and everything to be made ready to close the hatches. Big dark clouds came rolling up into the clear night, but rushed on without dropping their burdens. The passengers sleeping on

deck were roused, and they went below, grumbling at having to face the heat of the stifling cabins.

The full force of the storm struck us just before dawn. There was little wind at first. The rain fell not in drops but in heavy streams, leaping up again from the decks and making the sea boil. The lightning danced about the ship in vivid forks that seemed to cut into the water. Thunder, no longer in distinct peals, roared continuously. We were steering a little west of north. The storm caught us almost broadside on, when the first rush of wind came and heeled the ship over so suddenly that the captain, who had come on the bridge, and I had to hold on to the rail for dear life. The ship groaned, the engine hammered and creaked, and the screw raced. It was necessary to ease the strain. The captain ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to let her go, and she swung sharply round and went before the wind. At the same time the engines were slowed down a bit. By noon the storm had passed over. Heavy rain still fell, and the great monsoon clouds rolled over us fast and low, with ragged fringes hanging down like the beginnings of waterspouts. So we went all that day and the night that followed it. Before morning the weather thickened. The sea was very heavy now and there was no break in the clouds. The captain was afraid of being carried out of his course too far to the east. But

with the engines going slow her head could not be kept nearer to the wind. After some consultation with the chief engineer the order passed to go full speed ahead.

I was off duty at sunset and turned in. In spite of the heat, which was pretty bad, as hatches were down and ports shut, I was soon fast asleep. How long I slept I do not know. I awoke suddenly with a start. The engines had stopped. The ship was rolling twenty-five degrees. I pulled on my jacket and ran up the companion. The seas were pouring over the side of the ship, and I gained the bridge with difficulty. The captain and the first officer were there. He was talking with the engine-room through the tube, and we could not hear what was said.

"What does he say, sir?" asked the first officer.

"Shake out a sail forward," said the skipper, without answering the question. "We must get enough way on her to steer by."

The *Mahratta*, like most of the steamships of her time, carried some sail and was schooner-rigged. The big sail forward was soon shaken out, and when it filled she answered her helm and steadied herself. "Keep her as close to the wind as she will come," was the order.

It was soon known that the propeller shaft had broken. As we did not carry a spare shaft, there was nothing for it but to do the best possible with the sails. They were of some use to steady the ship,

with a wind astern to help the engines, but to be compelled to depend on them alone was not a cheerful prospect. The *Mahratta* could be brought no nearer to the wind than a Burman craft on the Irrawaddy. She could not be kept to her true course. It was two days since we had been able to see sun or star, and we had only the dead reckoning to go by. So far as that went, we must be nearing some of the Laccadive group. Two of the keenest men we had were put to keep watch in the bows, and during the first part of the night the captain and first officer remained on the bridge, while the second officer and I were allowed to go below.

I relieved the first officer at eight bells, and the second officer came to join me, but the captain would not leave the bridge. The wind had fallen somewhat, which made the ship slower to answer her helm. It was dirty weather. A fog, or rather a thick mist, floated above the water, so that it was very difficult to see more than a few hundred yards in any direction. The captain went below for a cup of tea and a little rest, but just as it was beginning to be light he came up again. At that moment the look-out in the bows called "breakers ahead." The helm was put hard aport. But she did not answer well, and it seemed as if we must drift on the reef. The captain then let her go before the wind straight for the reef. As we must strike, it was better to go bow first and get a hold of the

coral than to roll on sideways with the wind blowing full on the port broadside. So at it we went. The sea lifted her and sent her grating and scraping up the reef more easily than we could have hoped for. We were hard aground fore and aft. It was soon reported that she was not making water. Although every now and then a big sea broke over the ship there was no immediate danger, and unless the weather became very much worse we could certainly hold out until help came. Soon after noon the clouds broke a little and the sun came out, and we were able to determine the ship's position. We were on one of the smaller Laccadives, on the north-east edge of the group.

I was called by the captain.

"Mr Dick," he said, "get a boat out at once. Choose your own boat and your own crew and make the land as soon as you can. Coconada will be your best chance. With luck you should do it in three days. But better take water and biscuits for seven. You will send a telegram to Bombay. We must have a ship to help us. I will write the telegram while you are getting the boat ready."

"Ay, ay, sir," I said, and was off to carry out the orders.

I had no doubt which boat to take. The cutter was the best sea-boat and the fastest. As to the crew, I must have another white man. The ship was manned by Lascars, but we had a few Chinamen who had signed on at Hong Kong to fill up vacancies. I took

four of the best of these and told them to get ready. We carried two British quarter-masters. One was a man from Devon, named Pogson, a sailor born and bred, who could handle a boat with the best. The other was one of those steam-bred landlubbers who had never been aloft to reef a sail in his life. Attfield was his name, or Hattfield as he made it, for he was a thoroughbred Whitechapel Cockney. He called himself a sailor, but it was the worst name he could call himself by. He was fit to polish brass and to fetch chairs for ladies on deck and devil a thing else. I called Pogson, of course, and leaving him and the second officer to see to the provisioning of the boat and to get her ready to lower, I ran down to my cabin to get a few things I might want—a compass and chart, a chronometer, a revolver and some cartridges, a waterproof, and a small supply of money. We thought the ship had settled down on the reef. While I was busy below a big sea came along, lifted her, and threw her over violently to starboard. There was a noise and a scuffle on deck. I ran up and found them lifting Pogson, who had been thrown against the saloon skylight and had broken his leg. This was a bad beginning.

"Cursed luck," I said to the captain who had come down from the bridge; "but it can't be helped, sir: I will take another Chinaman and be off."

"No, no, my boy," he said, "I cannot allow that; some-

thing might happen to you, and the Chinamen might not deliver the message. You must have another white man. I wish I had a better man to give you. You must take Attfield."

I protested I would sooner go alone, but the skipper would not hear of it.

I need not speak of the bother we had to get the boat lowered in the breaking sea. But it was done without further accident, and it was just two o'clock in the afternoon when we shoved off and hoisted sail,—not without anxiety so far as I was concerned, but with a firm courage, not doubting that I should reach the land, send the message, and save the ship.

The wind was now blowing fresh, and the seas when we got away from the island were heavy, but the cutter rode them well. I made Attfield take the tiller, as I wanted to keep myself as fresh as might be for the night, when I did not like to trust him. We had plenty of biscuit on board and a good tarpaulin to keep it dry, and as many beakers of water as six men were likely to need for a week.

But I will not weary you with more details. Every little point is stamped on my memory, but would not interest you.

The night passed without accident. Next day went much the same. I gave the tiller to Attfield, and, after eating a little, I lay down on the bottom of the boat and slept as much as I could. But I had to sleep with one eye

open and tell the quartermaster what to do.

The wind was blowing from the south-west, and did not change much either in force or direction. We had to go well north of the port I wanted to make. If I turned for the land too soon, I might get into the current which runs down the coast at six knots an hour in the monsoon, and then we should have been taken right round Cape Comorin before we could make the land. The second night, like the first, passed without accident, and my spirits began to rise, for the boat was racing before the wind. Towards morning the wind fell somewhat and it rained heavily. The heat was great. I held on the same course. Reckoning from the pace we were going and the time we had been afloat, I made out that we must not alter the course for another twelve hours at least.

The heat that day was killing. Heavy showers of rain alternated with bright sunshine. After noon the wind fell away, and the boat had hardly more than steering way upon her. The heat became as much as a man could stand. I had been very careful of the water all along, allowing no beaker to be opened except by myself, and measuring it out to each man. I would not give them water in the heat of the day, knowing by experience how drinking in the sun begat thirst. We were all thirsty more or less. Attfield, who I suspect drank his full share on shore, felt it more than

any one, and continually asked for water. I would not let him have any, and thereupon he turned sulky and muttered or jabbered to himself.

When the sun went down and gave us a little respite, I served out water and biscuit, and took charge of the boat for the night. The wind had fallen still more and the sea was going down. I had not to be so watchful, and sat steering mechanically in a drowsy state.

It was about midnight, I think, when I pulled myself together with a start. I had heard a noise. There it goes again! Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. By —, it is the sound of water poured from a bottle! I was wide enough awake now. Dropping the ropes, I sprang forward. In three bounds I was over the thwarts and in the bows and had a Chinaman by the throat. He was emptying a beaker into the sea, and had a second by him for the same purpose. Why I did not brain him on the spot I don't know. I did not. Calling for help—Attfield and the other men were, or pretended to be, asleep—I hauled my prisoner aft. He mewed and jabbered like an ape, and could give no account of himself. He had gone mad. Rousing Attfield, I got some ropes and we bound the madman hand and foot, put him in the bottom of the boat, and made him fast to a thwart, ordering the other men to keep watch over him by turns. I took the tiller again, and we got through the night somehow or other.

Fatigue and anxiety were now telling upon me, strong and young as I was. If it had been a question of my own life only, I do not think I could have fought it out. But there was the ship and all aboard of her. There was my good name as a seaman and the trust put in me by the captain. "It has got to be done," I said to myself. "Wait till you get to land and send the wire. You can then lie down and die or get well." Perhaps some of you have made long journeys on foot or on horseback. There comes a time when the body moves mechanically: the mind seems extinguished by fatigue. But the will holds on.

When morning came and I had handed the tiller to Attfield, the first thing I did was to examine the beakers to see how much water was left. We should have had four beakers still untouched. I found only two. Two must have been wantonly emptied into the sea, or the men must have drunk while I was asleep and Attfield steering. It was a hard knock, for we might be two or three days at sea still, and, if the wind slackened, more. It was better not to think about it. I determined to keep the beakers close to me day and night. Luckily, soon after sunrise the wind freshened again; indeed, it blew half a gale and the boat began to move. After noon the clouds gathered and it rained heavily. I had a sail spread to catch the rain, but the strong wind blew the water out of the

shallow cup as fast as it came down. We managed, however, to scoop some up with our hands and mugs and so slake our thirst.

I had had no sleep for some twenty hours. Anxiety had kept me awake, but now I was tired out and felt that if I did not sleep I should break down at night when it was my turn to take the tiller. How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened with a start by the same noise of gurgling water. I sprang up and was in the bow in an instant. The madman had broken loose or had been untied by the others. There he was, leaning over the gunwale and emptying another of the beakers into the sea. I seized him by the pigtail, wrenched the beaker from him, struck him with all my force on the side of his head, and dragged him aft stunned by the blow.

Attfield must have seen all this. He must have seen the madman escaping, but there he sat, with the tiller ropes in his hands, unconscious apparently of everything round him. The three other Chinamen were mumbling to each other in a very excited way. I ordered them to be silent, but to no purpose. Were they also going off their heads? The heat and thirst and exposure were enough to madden the strongest. Hitherto they had done their duty as good sailors. If they failed me I should be left to all intents and purposes without help. My British seaman was a passenger, and bad at that. I was

so angry that, leaving the madman lying at the bottom of the boat, I seized the quartermaster by the collar and shook him roughly.

"You damned fool," I hissed, "do you want us all to die that you sit there and let this madman throw away the water? How did he get loose? Speak, you drivelling brute, or I'll kill you."

"The others let him loose," he whimpered. "I could not leave the tiller to stop them, and they threatened me with their knives. They say you want to do for all of us. Why do you keep her head north instead of trying to make the coast?"

"Why did not you call me?" I said, and, pushing him away, I let go his collar and ordered him to take the madman by the legs while I lifted him by the shoulders. The man was still stunned and made no resistance.

"Now then," I said. "Up with him; heave away!"

He hesitated. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Heave him overboard," I said. "It's our only chance. I am half dead with fatigue, and cannot work the boat all night and watch this devil all day, and you won't do it. Heave away, I tell you. If you don't, I must shoot him, and by G—— I'll shoot you too for mutinous conduct endangering the boat." He saw I was in earnest, and was afraid to disobey, and so we lifted the man,—swung him once, twice, thrice, and over the side with a splash. There

were sharks in our wake, but I did not look astern. "Now," I said, drawing my revolver and speaking to them all, Attfield and the three Chinamen, "I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me or touches the water-bottles without my orders." They answered me with a look of impotent hate, the worst hate of all, and Attfield's eyes told the same tale. I did not fear an attempt on my life, as none of them could navigate the boat. Attfield himself was no better at that game than a taxi-cabman from a London stand.

Well, I need not waste time over the next night and day. We were all suffering terribly from thirst. Fortunately rain came now and again, and the wind served us well. In the middle of the day after we had thrown the madman overboard I was satisfied that I might turn her head to the east and try to fetch the land. There was very little water left now, and I began to doubt if any of us would live through it all. But I was resolved not to give in, and anxiety seemed to give me fresh strength. I felt I could not sleep or rest but must watch, watch, watch, until I saw the land. I thought when I altered the course we were about one hundred miles more or less from the coast. We were going some five or six knots an hour, and some time in the afternoon I expected to get into the southward current. I kept the tiller in my own hands, so that I might know when she began

to feel it. Of everything else in this world or the next I was unconscious. Sun and thirst seemed to make up the whole universe, and I had to steer through them. I suppose it was about two o'clock when I felt her head drawn round to the south. There was still some five hours of daylight left. The weather had cleared, and with the sun behind—the scorching rays on my back made that clear to me—we ought to be able to see the land at a distance of twenty miles. I prayed that we might reach it before I lost my senses, prayed as much as a man in my condition, only kept up by pure force of will, could pray. I ordered one of the Chinamen into the bows to keep a look-out. They seemed to understand what that meant, and the order was cheerfully obeyed. As for the quartermaster he lay moaning and rolling his eyes on the bottom of the boat. I had no pity to waste on him; and so we went for some three or four hours. I think it was between four and five o'clock that something moving in the water caught my eye. My senses were too dull to take it in at first glance. But presently it came upon me all of a sudden that we were moving through a shoal of water-snakes. I almost jumped with joy. The water-snake never comes out more than twenty miles from land. Now I opened the last beaker and gave each a little more water than usual; and made them soak some biscuit and try to eat. The sun was

now low, but no land showed. I was losing heart again, fearing that we might have difficulty in making the coast after dark, when the man in the bows waved his hand (he was past speaking) and pointed ahead. Yes, there it was sure enough, the brown sail of a native fishing craft. If I could have shouted at all I would have shouted for joy. In another hour we were alongside the fishing-boat and could see the low coast ahead of us. Knowing the Lascar lingo well, I had no difficulty in finding out where we were. We had by sheer good luck

made a straight course for Coconada, the only port south of Ratnagiri that could shelter a boat in the monsoon.

I remember running in under a lighthouse that stood at the end of a small stone-built pier which formed the southern arm of the small harbour. I remember clambering up out of the boat, helped or pulled by several men. I remember putting the telegram in its waterproof covering into the hands of a white man, and endeavouring to say what I wished done with it. I recollect that. Then everything became blank.

II.

When I came to life again I was lying in a comfortable bed in a big airy whitewashed room. My head ached and my lips were dry and parched, and my limbs stiff and hot. I did not even try to think, and I had not enough sense to be surprised. It all seemed a matter of course, quite in the day's work. I was dimly conscious that a hand put cool cloths on my head and lifting me gave me a drink. Then I slept or fainted again.

How long I remained in that state I do not know. When I awoke next the sun was shining in through the blinds. A pleasant cool wind was blowing through the room. I felt weary and exhausted, but the pain in my head was gone and my limbs felt more like my own. I began to wonder where I was, to remember

something of what had happened. I was sailing on a rough sea. I had been half dead with thirst. A mad Chinaman was pouring the precious water into the sea. I heard the gurgling noise. I cried out and tried to get up. I heard steps coming, and fell back too weak to rise before any one entered. Then a lady came in, a young woman dressed in a pretty blue muslin dress, followed by a Portuguese servant with a tea-tray—a tray covered with a dainty white cloth—a brown teapot, pretty china cups, and some toast and butter. She told me not to move or try to talk. The tray was put down on a little table beside my bed. Then she brought a bottle and spoon and gave me some medicine. When that was done she poured out tea,

beat up an egg in some milk and made me drink it. The food seemed to bring back my memory. The ship on the rocks—the telegram. I tried to get up. "My coat," I gasped; "for heaven's sake, my coat—the telegram, the telegram." I fell back on my pillow.

The lady ran to me, gave me a little brandy, prayed me to be quiet.

"Your telegram has been sent," she said. "You gave it to my husband when he helped you out of the boat. They have sent a steamer to rescue your ship."

"Thank God," I said faintly. It did not matter now what happened.

"It is a week since you landed," she went on. "The doctor did not think you would live. My husband is magistrate here, and he has taken care of the men. They have not suffered as you have. But you are not to talk. I will leave you some milk in case you need anything. Sleep if you can—that is all you have to do."

I suppose I slept: I was certainly unconscious. After that sleep, which must have been long, I mended rapidly. Soon I was able to sit up in bed propped with pillows. The doctor allowed me a little solid food, and said he would soon take me off his list. He was a cheery good fellow that doctor. The lady (Mrs Smith let me call her) was very kind. Every morning after I had made my toilet she came with my breakfast, and until I was strong enough to sit in a chair

she read the papers to me and chatted for an hour or so. Smith also came to see me occasionally. He was a wooden, bloodless kind of man, with a pallid moth-eaten face. He would look at me with no smile of kindness, no recognition that we owned a common humanity. He never spoke to me except to ask when I should be able to get up.

After a few days—I did not reckon how the time went by—I noticed a change in my hostess's manner. She no longer gave me a cheery word when she came into my room in the morning. She no longer sat while I ate my breakfast, no longer read to me. She would hardly meet my eyes or answer my greeting.

After a while I could stand this no more. I asked her bluntly what I had done to offend her. She replied curtly that Mr Smith would speak to me, and left the room.

In the evening I heard the doctor and Smith coming along the verandah talking in what seemed to me excited tones. "It is brutal, perfectly brutal," the doctor said; Smith answered, "I must do my duty, whatever you may think." They came in. The doctor spoke kindly to me, asked how I was, felt my pulse, took my temperature, and all that kind of business.

"Well?" said the Moth-eaten one, "can he be moved without danger?"

"Yes, without positive danger, certainly. But I tell you it is brutal. Think of what he has done. He is very weak still."

"Very well," said Smith roughly. "Certify that he is unfit to be moved and I will let him remain. If not, I must do my duty."

The doctor shook his head, and Smith turned and went out.

"What is it all about?" I asked. "I see he does not want me here. Is there no other place I can go to until I can travel?"

"As for that, my boy, my wife and I would take you into our bungalow gladly, but Smith will not let me."

"Not let you!" I cried; "how can he prevent it? I will get up at once and dress myself," and I tried to jump up, but the excitement was more than I could stand, and I had to lie down again.

"Stay quiet, my dear boy," said the surgeon. "If you promise to lie quiet and listen, I will explain things to you."

I promised, and he then told me all that had been happening while I was ill.

It appeared that there was a missionary in the station who had been in China. Naturally enough he had sought out the Chinese seamen to see if he could help them. At first they were too weary and sullen to talk. But after a while they and the quartermaster had had long conversations with the missionary, one of which the doctor had overheard while he was attending the missionary's wife who was ill. The men were very excited, and the missionary had interrupted with exclamations of

horror, and had gone off with them and the quartermaster to Smith's office. The result was that an order had been made for my arrest on a charge of murder and my removal to the jail. This had occurred some days after we had landed. He had resisted my removal on medical grounds hitherto, but he could not honestly withhold his consent now.

Next day the magistrate came with a guard of native police, arrested me on a charge of murder on the High Seas, and warned me that anything I said might be used against me. He was about to make the preliminary inquiry, and would then commit me to the Bombay High Court. When I had dressed and they were going to move me off, Mrs Smith came in and began to say how sorry she was, and she was certain it was all a mistake. But her husband checked her and asked her to go away. The poor lady flushed and left the room. I could see she feared her husband. I thanked her in the warmest words I could find as she went out.

I will pass over the time I spent in that Coconada jail. It was a dismal place, and if it had not been for the kindness of Dr Broune it would have gone hard with me. I was locked up in a dismal whitewashed room with a string-bed, a brass washing-bowl and a large pitcher of water and a tin mug. It was lighted from two windows high up in the wall. The jailer told

me they had never had a European prisoner before, and there were no arrangements for feeding or cooking for a white man. However, I was able to get some tea and a loaf of bread at once, and Dr Broune, who was superintendent of the jail as well as civil surgeon, sent me food every day from his own table.

Every day at eleven I was marched under a guard of three policemen to the magistrate's office, where the inquiry was being held. The doctor forbade Smith to keep me standing in the dock, so I was allowed a chair. He also limited my stay in court to three hours a-day. As the Chinamen only knew a little pigeon English and the ordinary Lascar sea slang, and as the missionary who had volunteered his services as interpreter had learnt the slender Chinese he knew for preaching purposes, and as Smith persisted in cross-examining them on the minutest details, it is not wonderful that the examination of the witnesses occupied more than a week.

On the first day I returned to my room in the jail in a state of mental and bodily depression. Hitherto I had regarded the matter as a stupid mistake which would soon be put right. After the case was opened, however, and I heard some of the statements slowly and haltingly interpreted by the missionary, I began to think that it was more than a joke. When I heard it stated that I had shot the Chinaman through

the head and, while I frightened off the others, cut pieces off the dying man and fed upon them, indignation forced me to interrupt. I was told to keep silence, that I should have an opportunity to cross-examine later on, and so on; but meanwhile was I to listen hour after hour to these fables? How did I know that the interpreter, who did not seem to me to be an educated clergyman, really knew Chinese? A burning sense of wrong and injustice laid hold of me. After all I had gone through to save the ship, was my life to be sworn away by three Chinese sailors and a Cookney quartermaster?

After my return from court I was sitting in my cell feeling wretchedly ill and weak, and dazed by the fate threatening me, when the door opened and the cheery doctor came in.

"Well," said he, "I was in court, and this is a cursed business. But never say die. What! You have not touched your dinner? Well, I don't wonder," he went on, looking at some food that had been put down beside me by one of the warders and smelling it. "I have ordered you some tea and bread and butter at once, and I will send over some dinner from my bungalow when we have ours. You see we have never had a white man in this lock-up before, and there are no cooking arrangements. Ah, here is your tea [tea, neatly served on a tray, was brought in]. Feed now and have a smoke; here are some cigars. I must be off to

the hospital. I shall be back in half an hour, and you can tell me the whole story, for as yet nothing is clearly known to any of us."

He was back in less than the time mentioned, and while I smoked he sat beside me on the cot—there were no chairs—and I gave him a short account of the whole business. He listened attentively.

"Well, my boy," he said, when I had finished, "I am quite satisfied that you have done your duty as a man. You have saved the ship and all on board, and if it was necessary for that purpose to slay a madman, it was right to do it. But tell me, why do these heathen say you ate him?"

"Revenge, I suppose," said L. "To avenge their comrade's death. They have sense enough to see that if they told the truth, that I killed the man because he was mad and they would not help to confine him, I should be acquitted. So they have invented the tale of my eating him. It is possible their story may have been misinterpreted. But if they get to understand the sense given to it, they will adopt the version and stick to it. My hope is that the quartermaster's evidence will dispose of this lie."

"You ought to have good legal advice at once," he replied. "Wire at once to your agent in Bombay."

He called a warder, sent for a telegraph form and a pencil. I wrote—

"To the AGENT, — Company,
Bombay.

"Arrested charge of murder. Conspiracy of boat's crew. Send lawyer."

"That will do," said the doctor. "I will despatch it at once on my way home."

And he left me feeling much better in every way. An hour or two after a comfortable dinner was brought to my cell, and a large bottle with a dispensary label on it, "To be taken twice daily after meals." It proved to be excellent port.

I awoke next morning in much better heart every way. A really comfortable breakfast came for me from the doctor's house, which was just outside the jail; and, although smoking was strictly forbidden inside the walls, I had a good cigar. At eleven I was marched off to the court, and the same game began between the magistrate, the witnesses, and the interpreter. At length the evidence of the three heathen was taken, and I thought we should come to the quartermaster. Not at all. Smith insisted on recalling the witnesses and subjecting them to further examination. I noticed that on this second occasion they amplified and adorned every point. I had kept all the water and biscuits for myself, and had threatened to shoot any one who touched them. They were beside themselves with thirst. The murdered man tried to seize a beaker. I had fired at him and missed; but afterwards I

had got up in the night and killed him with a blow, and, after cutting pieces of flesh off him, had thrown him overboard.

It needed all my self-control to remain silent while tales of this kind were interpreted piecemeal by the missionary, carefully recorded by the magistrate, and then repeated in what was supposed to be Chinese by the interpreter to the witness, who was asked if it was correct. I refused to cross-examine. I only asked one thing, namely, that the proceedings should end as soon as might be.

Then came the quartermaster. Attfield took the oath glibly. Just as he was finishing with a confident "S'help me, God," he caught my eye, and the wretched coward shook with fear.

"'E'll kill me, sir," he whimpered, pointing his finger at me. "I know 'e will."

"You will not help your case by threatening the witness," said Mr Smith to me.

"Begging your pardon," I said, "I have not threatened him. I have neither moved nor spoken. It is his guilty conscience that is frightening him, if he is frightened."

Then his evidence was taken. There was no need of interpreting now, and it did not take more than an hour. It was a wonderful mixture of falsehood and truth, and vivid withal. I hardly blamed Smith for believing it.

"What do you know of this matter?" asked Smith.

"No-no-nothing at all," said Attfield, stammering.

"You were in the boat when the Chinaman was killed?"

"I was, but I did not see him killed. I did not hear the shot. I was dead with fatigue. He made me steer the boat without rest, threatening to shoot me if I left the tiller. When he relieved me I fell down on the bottom of the boat and became unconscious. I was roused by being kicked and shaken. It was the mate. 'Get up,' he said, 'you ——.' His language was always awful. I managed to sit up. 'Stand up, you ——,' he cried, 'or I'll brain you.' I stood up, and saw that one of the Chinamen was lying huddled up under the thwart. 'Take hold of his legs,' said the mate. 'What for?' said I. 'He's dead,' said he. 'We must pitch him overboard.' 'I daren't do it; it's murder,' I said. 'I tell you he's dead,' he bawled; 'up with his legs or I'll send you after him, you ——,' and he put a pistol to my head. 'Mersey,' I said. I was that weak with hunger and thirst I could have cried. I had no choice. I caught up the man's legs. He was light enough, for heat and want of water had told on him. Then Mr Dick whipped him up by the shoulders. We swung him once or twice and then heaved him clean out of the boat. The sharks had him almost before he touched the water. It fair makes me sick to think of it."

"Did you see the accused

out pieces of flesh off the body?"

"I did not, but I saw blood on the boat, and a clasp-knife belonging to the mate was lying stained with blood."

There was much more of the same sort. When I listened to it I began to realise the danger of my position. I was without any legal assistance. I had the sense to refuse to ask any questions or make any statement. I reserved my defence.

I was committed to trial to the Bombay High Court.

"Do not worry," said my friend the doctor as I was being removed from the court. "That evidence will not hold before the High Court. You had better write to the agent at once and ask him to make arrangements for your defence." I forgot to say that the agent had been advised not to send a lawyer to Coconada, but to reserve all the defence for the High Court. I had an answer by return of post sending me some money and saying that the best man in Bombay had been retained to defend me.

I need not say much about my journey to Bombay in charge of a European constable who was sent down for me: from the precautions taken I might have been Tilak himself, who was being prosecuted at the time for sedition. At Bombay two constables, Europeans of sorts, with a *posse comitatus* of natives, were on the platform to meet me. Crowds of natives gathered round to see the *tamasha*, an Englishman being taken to jail.

I was lodged in the Central prison in Bombay in a room very much resembling that which I had left in Coconada. I was allowed a punkah, however, and mosquito curtains. The jailer was a Eurasian and a civil fellow, and he undertook to send a letter to our agent at once to tell him of my arrival. Next day the agent came to see me, and he did all he could to make me comfortable. The leader of the Bar, M^r Alister, had taken the brief for me, and as soon as he had read the depositions he would come to consult with me. The Company's orders were that everything possible should be done. I asked about the ship. She was still on the reef and the captain and crew on board. They thought they could get her off by lightening her, and a ship was going down for that purpose. The passengers had been brought away; and the first thing they did on landing was to send in a letter to the Company expressing their gratitude to me for saving their lives and their sympathy for the unmerited ill-fortune which had befallen me.

The agent did all he could to procure my release on bail. But the native papers were taking the case up and making it a text for articles denouncing the barbarity of the British and the callousness with which they treated Asiatics. The Court refused to move beyond the letter of the law. However, the inconvenience of imprisonment was made up to

me by the kindness of numbers of my fellow-countrymen of all ranks who came to see me and to proffer their services, providing me with books and other small luxuries, which they were allowed to do by the jail authorities without hindrance.

During the next two weeks before the trial came on I was occupied for some time with my counsel. He took the greatest pains to master every detail of my story, and by his advice it was settled that I should plead not guilty, while admitting the homicide.

When the day came I was taken in the police-van to court and placed in the dock. I cannot describe the court, even if I wished, for I only saw what immediately concerned me. Besides, I do not want the scenes of these occurrences to be recognised. I have called them Coconada and Bombay, and so on, but the reader need not try to search the records of trials in the Bombay Court. I saw the Judge, a little round man with a red clean-shaven face, a firm clean-cut mouth, and bright active eyes. Below him was a long table for the Bar. I saw Mr M'Alister, my counsel, there talking and laughing with some others. But it was the crowd that interested me most. The body of the court was filled with people come to see the man who had eaten a Chinaman, and I could observe a look very much akin to disappointment just sweep over their faces when they saw me. Evidently I did not come up

to their idea of a sea ogre. A mere lad of slight build, above the average height, pale from heat and illness, with wavy brown hair and blue eyes, I did not come up to my reputation. "Poor boy!" I heard some of the ladies on the bench near the Judge whisper, and I felt grateful.

Then the jury was empanelled. I watched them attentively as they answered to their names, a good average lot of men from the business men of the town, with a fair proportion of seamen, officers from the ships in the harbour. I felt quite content to leave my case in their hands.

The Government Advocate, who conducted the prosecution, rose and stated the facts in a quiet businesslike fashion. He told the jury how the ship had gone ashore, how essential it was to obtain help, how I had been selected by the commander for the job. And then, turning to the jury, he said—

"Whatever your decision may be on the issue presented to you, there is no doubt that the prisoner at the bar justified his commander's choice, and by his pluck, endurance, and seamanship saved the lives of the passengers and crew." A murmur of applause rose, but was at once repressed. Then he went on in a quiet voice to say that they must not be influenced in their verdict by this. "It will be proved that the prisoner deliberately slew one of the three Chinamen who formed his boat's crew, and threw him into the sea.

It is not contended that there was any malicious motive in the ordinary sense. But the killing of this man was intentional—that the prisoner admits. Was it justifiable? If the witnesses are to be believed, and it is difficult to imagine that their tale is invented, the prisoner killed the man deliberately for meat, as a butcher kills a sheep, and satisfied his hunger by eating pieces out from the body. I think that his lordship will tell you that homicide for such a cause is not justifiable. Moreover, it is not clear that the prisoner was in such deadly straits for food."

The examination of the witnesses then began. The Chinamen stuck to their story. The cross-examination had to be conducted through an interpreter, who was plainly a very bad one, and M'Alister was at a great disadvantage. He could not shake them materially. Attfield remained. The interest in the case evidently revived when he entered the box. Here at any rate was an English sailor. Some light would now be thrown on the facts. In his examination by the Government Advocate, he kept closely to his story as recorded by the magistrate. Whenever he was pressed he took refuge in the condition to which he had been reduced by fatigue and thirst.

My counsel took him very gently, sympathised with his sufferings, congratulated him on the part he had borne in a gallant deed, and soothed him

into a state of confidence and self-satisfaction. He got him to tell how the boat had been provisioned, and how ample supplies of biscuit and water had been put on board. He led him on to describe the weather, the difficulties of steering, the course taken, the sufferings from thirst, and so on. Then suddenly changing his tone, he demanded how they came to suffer from thirst when the supply of water was enough for four or five days longer than they had been in the boat. After a little fencing, for the man was cunning enough to see the bearing of the question, Attfield lost his nerve and had to admit that the water had been wasted, poured into the sea by one of the Chinamen who had gone mad, and that this was the man said to have been slaughtered for food. Then he let him leave the witness-box.

"My Lord," said M'Alister, addressing the Court, "from the nature of the case we have no witnesses. The law does not permit the prisoner to give evidence. I ask that he may be permitted to make his own defence to the jury." Leave was granted, and I told the whole story to the jury as I have told it here.

The Judge then summed up in a very few words. I can hear every syllable as if it had been yesterday. A man is not charged with murder and cannibalism every day of his life. He said, "Gentlemen, the case is perfectly simple. The prisoner admits that he caused

the deceased Chinaman's death. The Chinese witnesses for the prosecution affirm that he killed their comrade solely to satisfy his craving for flesh, and for no other cause. Their story is confirmed to a certain extent by the witness Attfield, whose evidence, I am bound to tell you, deserves close scrutiny. If this evidence is believed you must find the prisoner guilty. No degree of hunger will justify one man in killing another. On the other hand, if you believe the prisoner's statement that the man went mad, had more than once poured the drinking-water into the sea, and had reduced all in the boat to imminent danger of death from thirst, and that there was

no means of binding or watching him, then seeing that the lives, not only of those in the boat, but of all in the ship on the reef, were jeopardised by this madman, the prisoner's action was amply justified, and you will give a verdict of not guilty. In short, gentlemen, the issue may be put in four small words — Did he eat him?"

After a consultation without leaving the box, the jury unanimously acquitted me and complimented me on the good work I had done. When I left the court I had quite an ovation from the Englishmen in Bombay, especially from the sailors.

C. H. T. CROSTHWAITE.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPITAL OF MENELIK.

IN the month of November 1910 I started for Abyssinia, a varied journey by sea, rail, and caravan, through beautiful country, occupying six weeks. December 23rd, I am arrived at Adis-Abeba! and at last in the city of Menelik. I am housed most comfortably in a *tukle*, like one of the round mud huts I saw on my way up, only mine is a superior one, being very lofty and from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter. It is carpeted, and papered with a soft green English wall-paper. The roof is like nothing so much as the inside of a huge Japanese umbrella, with bands of red and black cloth running round it at intervals, to keep the long lathes in place, and has a very handsome effect. The whole of my friend's house consists of a series of these tukles connected with one another by short, mud-built, thatched corridors, and surrounding an oblong garden with a path down the centre and two others, right and left of it, crossing it in the middle, thus giving access to some of the tukles from outside. It is possible to go from one to the other all round under cover by means of these corridors, but as the centre path has a roof to it, this is not often necessary. The climate here is superb, cool at night even to slight frost, but hot enough by day to make sun helmets wanted, and the beautiful blessed sun shining always, except at the stated

times of the greater and lesser rains. The thermometer varies but little all the year round. The garden is a wilderness of roses of good French and English sorts, that blossom from year's end to year's end, and grow into high branching bushes. Scarlet geraniums, verbenas, sweet peas, nasturtiums, and all manner of flowers which one only sees at home in summer, here blow perpetually, and never have I beheld such free-flowering pelargoniums out of doors. The altitude does not suit some people; but beyond being short-breathed and unable to go up even a gentle hill without panting and puffing, I suffer no inconvenience. The air is thin and clear and deliciously clean, a quality I am bound to say the Abyssinians do not share. They are, I think, the dirtiest people I have ever met with. For description of their homes and mode of living in them, all bunched together, one has only to read books of travel in the country by any one who has lived amongst them at all, to realise the truth of this. The city of Adis-Abeba enjoys a remarkable immunity from fever of all sorts, cholera, &c.; but this is to be laid to the account of the purity of the air rather than to any hygienic habits of the people. The fever from which I, in common with the doctor and almost all the caravan servants, suffered directly after our arrival, was

the ordinary malarial fever contracted in the low country, and I soon shook mine off.

There are, I am told, 1400 Europeans living in the town, but the greater part of them seem to be Greeks, Levantines, and Syrians, after the different European Legations have been counted.

To take the English Legation first, there are besides the British Minister himself, Mrs Thesiger and her little son, the secretary Mr Home, the doctor and Oriental secretary, and an escort of Indian Sowars. There are no ladies at present at the French Legation—the wife and daughter of M. Brice, the French Minister, having lately returned to France—nor at the German nor American. The Italian Minister is also *en garçon*, though the doctor to the Italian Legation has his wife and children; and the Russian Minister, M. Tchermertzine, has Madame Tchermertzine with him. Major and Mrs Doughty - Wyllie (the English Vice - Consul) were absent during the time I was at Adis-Abeba. The new English Legation and Consulate, the latter a smaller building in the same grounds, and in a line with the Legation house, were just finished, and are solidly built, roomy, and convenient, and beautifully situated on the side of the hill behind the assembly of tukles forming the old Legation, but considerably higher, thus commanding magnificent views of the plain and the mountains surrounding it. I do not think I have ever seen a more beauti-

ful prospect than that from the porch of the new building. The scattered houses of the city, at a distance of about two miles, the two high hills of Entoto, crowned each with its circular church of Ragonel and Maryam, the walls of which gleam white in the sunshine, the tukles of the servants dotted here and there, and close by these of a small village, like clusters of mushrooms, and the wonderful blue of the sky, the ever-changing shadows on the mountains, the tall swaying eucalyptus trees planted everywhere by the foresight of the Emperor Menelik, form a picture once seen never to be forgotten. There are proper stone-built quarters attached to the new Legation, for servants, and the Indian escort have another building a little way off beyond the stables. When the handsome furniture sent out by the English Government is arranged in it, carpets spread and curtains hung, and the Minister and his family installed, it will prove a very comfortable home, though not as picturesque as the nest of tukles, yet far preferable, being without the risk of a sudden conflagration destroying them in an hour, which, should the thatch of one ignite, might easily happen, and besides, being capable of being defended should any trouble in the country arise, and no man can predict what the actual result of the death of the Emperor Menelik may be. That oft-killed ruler is yet alive, and though he rules no longer, still the country is held together by

the power and prestige of his great name. When first his powers began to fail, and when no doubt he hoped to recover again, he named his grandson, the son of a daughter, his heir, and appointed another relative Regent, the heir being a young boy. It is a matter of general knowledge that the Empress Taitu, an ambitious and, in her way, a dangerous woman, intrigued to get the reins into her own hands, and equally well known is the *coup d'état* by which her undoing was effected. She is now a prisoner in the Palace, not permitted to leave it, or to receive visitors, and is understood to be in constant attendance on the slowly dying Emperor, who was when in health much attached to her and much under her influence. He is past being influenced now, and all that remains to Taitu is to watch, doubtless in bitterness and wrath, the gradual decay of nature in him. I was told on good authority that he is helpless and unable to move, incapable of speech, and supposed also not to recognise any one,—a melancholy wreck of a great personality.

Whilst I was in Adis-Abeba, the Heir-Apparent and Regent, and the whole Court, announced that they were going out for eight days to the summer house, to keep one of the festivals. It had been the Emperor's custom to do this, but for the last two years I believe the practice had been given up.

Instantly the wildest rumours were afloat to the effect

that Menelik was dead, that his body had been removed by night to this place, and that the Court was going to observe the eight days of mourning there. As if to give colour to this, the Legations, Europeans, and populace, were invited to a feast held at the house of Ras Tesamma (Regent), and not at the "Ghibbé" or Palace. But on inquiring for the Emperor's health at this feast, at which I was present, I was told that he was in the same state as usual, if anything a shade better; and a European near me said that for some reason or other having had occasion to go to the Palace, he had himself seen the pathetic figure of the strong man laid low, and the Emperor had almost seemed to recognise him.

Following this we next heard that shortly after the Court had with much pomp removed to the summer palace, and no doubt a noticeable silence reigned in the Ghibbé, the Emperor had looked inquiringly round and uttered the words "Ras Tesamma," "Lidj Yasu," meaning "the Regent and the Heir-Apparent."

As he had not spoken for long before this, a runner was immediately despatched to Ras Tesamma, who returned in hot haste, and was reported to have sat for an hour with the Emperor. This was shortly before I left for Europe again.

The personality of the Empress is almost as strongly marked as that of her august husband. She is reported to have had nine husbands before

he espoused her, and she was then neither young nor handsome, though, I was told by those who knew her, by no means so plain as the photographs and lithographs of her give the impression.

The marriage customs of the Abyssinians are lax. There appear to be three kinds of marriages recognised: two, more or less informal, which can be terminated at the will of the parties; and one, where husband and wife partake of the Sacrament together. This last is indissoluble, and it was by this that Menelik and Taitu were united. There are no children of the union. The Empress's brother, a Ras of some importance in the north of Abyssinia, is now in Adis-Abeba, supposed to be mad, and more or less under surveillance; but incessant intrigues in favour of this person or against that are always on the tapis, and the Council or Cabinet, of which Lidj Yasu is the ostensible, and Ras Tesamma the real head, is paralysed by the distrust of the members of one another, so that business is impeded, and the general complaint is that nothing is ever put through. If the Ras is willing to give a concession, the Council, divided against itself, will not ratify it. Each is afraid of the other, and none, so far as I could learn, above taking bribes: avarice being a besetting vice of Abyssinians, from which not even the highest appear exempt. However, I do not know enough about politics for my opinion to be of any

value, and only repeat what is currently reported.

These feasts are a great feature in the intercourse of the Palace with the people. Every Sunday, I was informed, as a rule there was a Ghibbé feast given to Abyssinians, and about three times during the year only were the foreign Legations and chief Europeans invited. I was lucky enough to come in for two,—that to which I have alluded, given by Ras Tesamma, and one in the Ghibbé itself.

This latter was my first experience. We started at 9 A.M., I on a fine white mule, my host and hostess riding horses. I had been told it was proper to dress as though for an afternoon party at home, so we proceeded at a foot's pace to the Ghibbé. Of course, not being able to wear our solar topees, we had to carry sun umbrellas, which was tiresome, and I took the precaution to have my topee carried, tied up in a clean cloth, by one of the syces, to come back in, when the sun would be high and hot. As a mark of respect my mule was attended by three Abyssinians, one of whom led the animal, while the other two thoughtfully supported me in the saddle. It took us the best part of an hour to reach the Ghibbé, and I got my feet splashed fording the river in the ravine on the way. I suppose my gown of ceremony would have suffered too, had not my officious attendants held it well up till we were over. The water was clear and bright, and not up to the

men's knees. They, of course, were bare-footed and bare-legged. On arrival we were first received in a tent, where we waited with members of the various Legations, and afterwards conducted to an ante-room where sundry officials were assembled, and there waited for half an hour. The Russian, French, German, Italian, and American Legations were represented, besides the British. There were only three ladies present, the wives of the British and Russian Ministers, and myself. At 10.30 we were ushered into an immense hall, like a skating-rink or drill-hall, at one end of which was a raised dais, whereon Lidj Yasu sat in state on the second tier of the three-decked throne of the Emperor Menelik, Ras Tesamma on his right hand a little lower, and several other Rases of consequence around. This was shut in all round by white sheets separating it from the hall below, as it is contrary to Abyssinian etiquette for persons of consideration to be looked upon whilst eating. The Europeans all passed before the throne, being shaken hands with by Lidj Yasu, the Regent, and some of the chief Rases, and were then seated at a long table to the left of the throne, specially laid for them; the excellent *chef* from the French Legation had been lent for the occasion, that we might eat food to which we were accustomed, and a very good *déjeuner* we had, as the menu shows. The closing-in arrangement, by obscuring all light

from the hall, rendered it necessary to light large silver candelabra planted on the floor to enable us to see the way to our mouths.

The menu was as follows:—

MENU.

Œufs dure à la Villeroi.
Cassolette de Betterave.
Vol au Vent Toulouse.
Poulet sauté Colbert.
Pilau Agneau risotto.
Almondigites à la Hongroise.
Noie de Veau gastronome.
Galantines de Volaille à la Gelée.
Salade à la Parisienne.
Asperge à l'huile.

Gâteau.

Desserts.

Claret, champagne (very sweet and sticky), Abyssinian beer (tel), mead (tedge), and spirit (raki), were served in quantities—at least the champagne and the Abyssinian drinks were unlimited, the claret was not quite so abundant.

At the end a wine, very new and heady, made from grapes from the Empress's vineyard, was handed, but I did not venture on anything but a little claret. The Abyssinian beverages are strong, and I did not want a headache.

Whilst we were eating, Lidj Yasu and his Court were being served after their fashion. The Rases all sat on cushions on the floor of the dais, a table was put in front of the throne, behind which the heir-apparent sat huddled up amidst his cushions, richly dressed, and looking like the seated Buddha. Their food was brought them in beautifully woven baskets of grass of varied colours. It seemed to consist of native

bread, very brown and acid tasting, about the thickness of pancakes and folded in four, some kind of curry or pilau, and cooked eggs, and then slaves brought round raw meat hung from poles, and each distinguished guest cut what he liked, and of this they got through a good deal, washed down by copious draughts of the various drinks. This lasted for quite two hours, and then the enclosing sheets were taken away, the great silver candelabra standing about on the floor removed, the large double doors at the end of the hall and facing the dais thrown open, and the men of the people filed in to the number of between 4000 and 5000. All took their places in order, every one seeming to know where to go, and in a surprisingly short time the whole concourse was seated, shoulder touching shoulder, packed like herrings in a barrel, and their feast began. All had mounds of native bread and other food ready placed before them. The long narrow tables were very low, as the company were all seated on the floor. They fell to at once.

At one side of the hall was a huge cauldron of *tel*, from which great horns, holding quite a gallon, were filled and given to each man, and from that moment till the whole crowd was replete slaves squeezed their way between the close-set boards with relays of freshly killed raw meat hanging from poles carried between two of them, and the banqueters cut off great pieces

—as much as they could put into their mouths,—and when no more could be received there, cut off what could not get in with an upward swoop of their knives (one wondered why they did not slice bits of their noses off doing this), wolfed it, and were ready for more.

All this time the long metal trumpets were blaring, the band, with European instruments, playing for all it was worth barbaric strains, with now and then what I believe was the Abyssinian national air—if air it can be called—varied by a few bars of the Marseillaise. Two poets stood at the corner of the dais, bawling verses at the top of their voices to the accompaniment of a kind of banjo with one or two strings only. No one could hear them, nor should we have known they were reciting except for their contortions and the movement of their lips.

Many of the crowd in the hall were soldiers, and their officers sat in three rows on the steps of the great dais, and instead of *tel* were given tedge *ad lib.*, served to them in water carafes, from which they drank without troubling about glasses, emptying a bottle at one draught. It was an extraordinary scene and very picturesque. The dark faces and hands of the men—there were no women—in contrast to their white shammas, the sombre light of the vast hall, the great archways of the entrance, the doors of which were left open, with the sunshine streaming in, framing

the view of the distant Abyssinian mountains of a faint blue, and the middle distance showing a tree here and there, and now and again the angle of a wall or bit of a roof, made a picture I shall never see again. It was like, as one of the Italian Legation said to me, a picture by Botticelli.

At three o'clock the first batch of feasters had finished and began to file out by a side door and a fresh contingent to crowd in, and we took our leave. We again passed before the throne to be shaken hands with by Lidj Yasu and the Regent and Rases. Then we mounted our mules and horses and so home, not sorry to escape an atmosphere of mingled Abyssinian humanity and raw and reeking flesh, red and purple in hue, into the clear air of this high plateau, the indescribable din of the barbaric music still in our half-deafened ears; but I would not have missed it for the world. I was told between 400 and 500 oxen were slaughtered for this feast, besides a number of sheep. The eating and drinking would go on till night, fresh relays replacing those already fed. It is incumbent for every one to eat to repletion and drink till he is drunk at the royal feast, to show his loyalty and appreciation, and it is good manners to proclaim the fact by loud eruotations! Any riot or fight taking place amongst the men after leaving is not punished. It is a day of pardon for all such as have partaken of the royal hospitality.

The Russian Legation, to which I was one day taken by my hostess, is very well situated, with fine views from it, and a charming verandah, raised by a flight of steps from the garden below, surrounding the front and sides, and has besides some fine old trees about it, a rarity in Adis-Abeba, when, till Menelik ordained no more were to be felled and planted the eucalyptus in quantities to replace those already sacrificed, every tree of any sort was cut down for fuel, and the plain for miles round absolutely denuded. There is a large reception-room or hall, very lofty, into which you enter at once from the steps leading up from the garden to the verandah, at present with little furniture beyond a divan and some chairs and the carpets on the floor. The present Minister and his wife had only lately come, and, as Madame Tchermerzine said, were not yet *bien installé*.

The Italian Legation, to which I was also taken, is perhaps the most picturesquely placed of all, in the cleft of the hills, with a clear stream, in the rains a foaming torrent, below it, and approached by a very well macadamised road. This, as well as the house itself, have been admirably devised and carried out by Count Colli, the present Italian Minister. The house is built in the Italian style, solidly and well, and on all sides the look out from it is enchanting. If it does not command views so extensive as either the Eng-

lish or Russian Legations, there is more variety in them, and the rooms are large, lofty, and well proportioned. It was not entirely finished when I saw it, and Count Colli and his secretary were living in part of it, the *salon*, &c., not being free of the workmen yet. What furniture there was already in the house had been made mostly in Adis-Abeba by Italian workmen settled there, and Count Colli had had the advantage of Italian labour in the building, instead of wrestling with the indolent, ignorant workmen of the country,—if Abyssinia can be said to produce workmen at all, in the strict sense of the word.

The German and French Legations are handsome, as seen from a distance, but I did not visit either.

We went one day to see the great market-place of the city. It was Saturday, and the bartering was in full swing. Riding till we had forded the river and were on a practicable road, one of the Indian traders in Adis-Abeba met us with a smart gharry or pony-cart he had had built in his own workshop by men and with material sent over from Bombay. The little Abyssinian pony was well broken and fast as well as docile, and the trader politely put his cart at my disposal. So I transferred myself from my mule to it, and was driven at a breakneck pace over an ill-kept road, bumping over ruts and holes and great stones here and there, and swinging round corners with the greatest non-

chalance on the Indian's part, who seemed full of confidence in his own driving and his pony's powers, which I did my best to share. We crossed into the precincts of the town by Ras Makonnen's bridge. The road was made by him as well. He had, like the Emperor, greater intelligence and enlightenment than any of his successors appear to possess, and next to the breakdown of Menelik his death must have been the greatest loss to his country.

I had belied Adis-Abeba when I first arrived, saying in my haste it had no roads, but this road from Ras Makonnen's bridge right through the town and out to the Emperor's summer palace, several miles distant, is a real road, and were it kept up, which it is not, would make a carriage a useful luxury instead of being now a thing more for show than use, as it can only be used just in the city, except in the case of Count Colli, who has not to cross the ravine, but can drive down his own good road and cross a bridge near the entrance to his Legation, and so go to and from the town easily enough. There is also another road leading to the former capital at Entoto, which for some distance out of the town is practicable still.

The market-place is of huge size, and we saw it at its fullest, literally packed with people in parts. But although it was estimated between 8000 or 9000 must have been in it then, there were large clear

spaces on the outskirts of the different crowds. The grain market was held inside long low rows of covered buildings. By now I had left the gharry and mounted my mule again. Syces had to go before us and make a way for us to squeeze through. As in the East, no one and nothing ever got out of the way; the sheep and goats paid no attention any more than the mass of humanity busy with their bargains; and the cattle turned ruminating eyes on us and stood stock-still. Obstacles were shoved and lifted aside by the syces, taking no notice of us, and we bored through in single file. It was a great sight and, as usual, a most picturesque crowd. There is no doubt the African or Asiatic *en masse* is far more decorative than any European mob of people in the clothes of our superior civilisation.

Seen close, Adis-Abeba is a mixture of thatched tukles on its outskirts, but the centre of the city mostly of new stone buildings with corrugated zinc roofs from Europe. The Ghibbé itself is a mixture of several separate houses in different styles, the approach very ramshackle and even squalid according to our ideas. The Indian traders have, one or two of them, built themselves ambitious erections in a rather gimcrack imitation Indian style of architecture, but they look better than the corrugated roofs of the would-be European houses. There is a hotel, the Imperial, built also rather fantastically, kept by an Italian or a Greek, I

forget which, where it would be possible to be put up if necessary, and one or two European cafés. The Bank of Abyssinia, an English enterprise, is near the hotel, with an English head and his family living in a cluster of tukles close to it,—the bank building itself and the quarters intended for him being still unfinished, and it is said so badly constructed, in spite of the large sum of money expended on them, that there is danger of their falling to pieces. The bank itself is habitable and more or less completed, but all work in the unfortunate house for the manager has been stopped for some time. Happily tukles are, when well made, comfortable dwellings, being warm on chilly nights and cool on the hottest days, owing to their thick mud walls and their thatch.

After the market we went to the shop of one of the Indians to see the palanquin he is making for my journey back to Dirre-Daoua in the spring. Having found the comfort of having one to go into when it gets hot, on the road coming up, I determined upon one being built for myself to go down in. This machine is to cost about £10 or £12 in English money, but will easily be sold after I have done with it: I am told, in fact, a purchaser has already come forward for it.

Our next excitement was the Adis-Abeba races. This sporting event was originated by a former British Minister, and is largely kept going by the British and Italian Legations.

The Emperor Menelik, as long as he was able, took a keen interest in it, and some of his horses, trained for him by Count Colli, still run for the chief events. We were up betimes, and after breakfast in our tukles, whilst we dressed, started at a quarter past eight for the course. This is on the polo-ground, where the Europeans, chiefly the members of the British and Italian Legations, play polo twice a-week. It is a fine large open space given by the Emperor Menelik to the Polo Club and Race Committee, and has a stand and a club-house. It is as big as Sandown Park as far as the ground goes, but of course the stand and club-house are but small, and the paddock and stables elementary. We arrived in very good time, and found the horses all there and crowds beginning to assemble. The views from the course are splendid. The club-house was open, and we found some of the Rases already there, and waiting for the fun to begin. On the opposite side of this part of the course, and facing the stand and club-house, was a tent for the Abyssinian officers who are not admitted to the club or stand, and on each side of the tent a long line of dark-faced, white-clothed natives squatted on the ground in rows three or four deep, behind them the tukles and trees of a part of the town, and beyond them again the everlasting hills, their distant blue melting into the blue of the unclouded sky, and right and left of them the sunburnt course marked out

with flags of the national colours stretched away round the big polo-ground. The flag of Abyssinia has the Lion of Judah emblazoned on it, in token of the national descent from King Solomon.

Before long Lidj Yasu, Ras Tesamma, and crowds of Rases, attended by some hundreds of followers, appeared on the scene, and took up a position in the centre of the Grand Stand, where carpets were spread for them and a couple of gilded chairs placed for the Heir-Apparent and the Regent. We all filed out of our side of the stand and went up to them to pay our respects, after which racing began.

The great event was the race for the Macmillan Cup, a beautiful silver-gilt trophy presented by a former visitor to Abyssinia of that name. It was won by the British Minister's horse Tasvai, who beat the favourite, Jan Hoy, a horse belonging to the Emperor, but run in the name of Count Colli, who had trained him. On the other hand, Fanfulla, Count Colli's own horse, and ridden by M. Cora of the Italian Legation, won another race very cleverly, amidst the plaudits of the crowd, beating his chief opponent by a length just at the winning-post. Up to the last moment the issue of the race looked doubtful. In the steeplechase the British Legation had bad luck, their champion Damas following the pernicious example of Poker, a former winner of the race, owned by Count Colli, running out of

the course, missing one of the jumps, and both of course being disqualified, Lancière, another of the Italian Legation's horses, being declared winner.

The Macmillan Cup is run for every year, but should it be won three years in succession it would become the property of the fortunate owner of the successive winners. Betting was conducted by the *pari-mutuel* system, and we betted in Maria Theresa dollars. I came home a winner of eleven dollars, or about £1, 1s. The races for Abyssinians only were amusing to watch. They ride anyhow, crossing and recrossing one another just as they please. There seems no rule as to fouling, and it is a *sauf qui peut* from start to finish. After racing came to an end Lidj Yasu and the Court party were escorted into the Club by the British and Italian Ministers, and regaled with piles of sandwiches, biscuits, and plenty of champagne.

There was a cold luncheon at the British Legation, to which the members of the other foreign Legations and several Europeans were invited, about twenty in all. M. Brice, the doyen of the Ministers, had left for Paris the week before, so was not present. Racing was all over by twelve, having begun early. During the middle of the day the heat is too great for polo or racing, which has to be got through before noon, or else not begun till about 4 P.M.

One night we went to dine at the Russian Legation—the

gentlemen walking, as it was not far, and my hostess and I, riding our mules, well cloaked up to keep our dinner-gowns from getting dirty. It was a moonlight night, and quite a pleasant expedition. After an agreeable evening we returned home about ten o'clock, but some of the rest of the party stayed later and played bridge.

The next day we went up to the polo-ground when the sun was getting lower in the afternoon, and the race-course being still marked out, it was intended to have run off two matches between two of the winners at the races—the first, Count Colli's Fanfulla, a beautiful little horse, and the British Minister's Tasvai, over a three-quarter of a mile course, for a cup to be given by the loser to the winner. Tasvai won easily, ridden by the head groom of the British Legation, an Abyssinian—Fanfulla evidently being not so speedy over a short distance, but a better stayer, as he had shown the previous Monday when he beat Tasvai and the field easily enough over the two-mile course—M. Cora up in both instances.

The second match, between the Italian Legation's horse Poker and the English horses Damas and Sjambok, could not be run on account of hordes of Abyssinians who began to swarm across the ground on their way down to the river, headed by the Heir-Apparent, the Regent, and the great Rases. It was the Eve of the Feast of the Epiphany called Timkat, a very great festival. On the next day the blessing of

the water would take place in solemn form by the Abouna (Metropolitan) and clergy, followed by the religious dance of the priests. This is the greatest religious feast of the year, I believe.

The race was in consequence put off till next day, and three or four chuckers of polo played instead—the polo-ground being at one end, and out of the line of march.

The next morning saw us starting for Timkat at 7.30 A.M. The crowd was so immense we did not attempt to ride down amongst it, and watched from the brow of the hill the procession going from one to another of the temporary altars set up beside the water to the principal saints of the Abyssinian Church. A marvellous sight. The whole population of Adis - Abeba was there, estimated at about 50,000 people of all ages and sexes, from toddling infants who had to be carried, to aged men and women tottering painfully along. The crowd was mostly on foot, but many also rode mules and even horses. Lidj Yasu and the Rasas were escorted by bodies of troops, both cavalry and infantry. The Ark and the clergy visited each altar. As usual the dark complexion of the crowd, enhanced by the universal white shammās, produced an extremely picturesque effect, added to by the glitter of the gold on the gorgeous vestments of the Abouna and chief priests, and on the divers coloured velvet and silk umbrellas held over them. The blazing sunshine and the romantic beauty of

the surrounding scenery made a *mise-en-scène* indescribably beautiful.

The pilgrimage amongst the altars and the blessing of the waters accomplished, the long procession wound up the hill from the river to the race-course. Carpets were spread, and gilded chairs for the Heir-Apparent, the Regent, and Abouna, were placed on the top of the great Irish bank in the steeple-chase course,—an odd combination of ideas, perhaps, but very convenient, as it formed a solid and very high dais from which the rest of the ceremony could be comfortably looked down upon. A row of chairs was placed to the left of Lidj Yasu for such of the Legations and principal Europeans as were present (in this instance, I think, only the British and the Russians), on one of which I precariously sat, my feet on the verge of the bank and a row of standing attendants behind me. It seemed the least movement of these might precipitate one into the yawning ditch below us, but soon this was filled with spectators too, so that our fall would have been broken at any rate.

Before taking our seats we had to pass before Lidj Yasu and the Regent and Abouna and be shaken hands with by them,—a work of difficulty owing to the steepness and height of the bank and the uncertain footing afforded by the carpet laid upon it. We each made the longest stride we could, leaving one foot on the ground behind us, while the great ones condescendingly reached down a hand to be

grasped, bending themselves double to do it. The difficult ceremony accomplished, we went to our places, to which we were literally hauled up. I felt giddy on the top of the bank at first (I always do in such situations), but mercifully one grows accustomed to most things, and before long I was so much interested in the scene before me I ceased to be nervous. The Abyssinian religion is something of a puzzle to the uninitiated, and watching these ceremonies one wonders what Christianity has to do with the mystic dancing of the priests, which looks more like a survival of the Egyptian worship of Isis. To the sound of tom-toms and the chanting of a species of Litany by many voices, the two long rows of priests, clothed in white and their heads bound with white cloths, advance and retire in line, or follow one another in a slow waltz step, the knees bent as in a modern waltz *à trois temps*, but without turning in a circle as in waltzing, all the time waving as they move the small brass sistrum of Isis which each priest carries in his hand. The slow spring of the waltz step when well performed is not ungraceful, but seen as I did elsewhere, done by half-drunken priests whose clumsy antics reminded one of dancing bears, there was little grace or decorum in it.

The Ark had been brought in solemn procession, at the head of which the aged Abouna rode on a mule, escorted by priests carrying the gold-embroidered umbrellas, and here

laid down on the ground a little way from the bank, to the right of Lidj Yasu, and before it, on a pillow, was deposited the great gold crown of Menelik, which I understood had been given to the Abyssinian Church. The sight of the crown thus publicly displayed gave rise at once to the report the Emperor was dead. This was quite untrue, and even absurd, as it appears that for some years it has been exhibited in the same manner at Timkat.

I do not comprehend the tenets or ritual of the Church of Abyssinia, and am quite sure few Abyssinians do either. The ritual, I imagine, follows the Coptic more than any other, and next to that the Greek or Russian Churches. The Abyssinian churches are, at least all that I have seen, circular, and have, I believe, all of them three circles inside. The inner one of all is the Holy of Holies, into which the priests alone can enter. After the service, whatever it may be, has been concluded within the building, on festivals in the Cathedral the Ark is carried in procession three times round the outside, followed by the Abouna, Court, and chief Rases and officers, the populace forming a dense crowd pressed against the building itself, and between the procession and the walls of the ground encircling it. After the three tours are ended seats are set for the Court and high officials and such foreigners of distinction as may be present, and the dance of the priests, on rather a lesser scale than at Timkat,

is gone through. I was taken by my host and hostess to one of these functions, but the *coup d'œil* was nothing like so imposing as at Timkat, when the masses of troops and people were incomparably greater, and the grandeur of the scene with the amphitheatre of distant mountains closing it in, a blue distance of sharply defined hills, infinitely more striking.

I may be wrong, but as far as my limited observation carried me, the Christianity of the Abyssinians had little or indeed no influence on their lives, and seemed largely composed of profitless disputations on recondite doctrinal points, such as the unction of the Saviour; whether and how He was anointed, if by the Father or by the Holy Ghost, and with what sort of oil; and in the giving of names to children in baptism, such as Lidj Yasu (child of Jesus), Gabre Maryam (servant of Mary), Gabre Selassi (slave of the Trinity), &c.

To return to Timkat. After the dance of the priests was over, a prayer in Amharic was recited, and the ceremony was over.

We then slid down from our perches, again scrambled up the steep and slippery bank to take our leave of Lidj Yasu and Ras Tesamma and the Abouna, and returned home, after rather more than a quarter of an hour's ride, at 9.30. I regret to say I omitted being shaken hands with by the venerable Abouna on leaving, as I could not keep my footing on the bank long enough, but trusted

in the crowd and confusion this escaped notice. It was interesting to watch the principal chiefs as they came up one by one to do homage to Lidj Yasu and the Regent. They kiss the great toe, and the recipient of this homage kisses each one on the right cheek. I do not think I mentioned the buffoons at the Feasts to which I was taken, both at the Ghibbé and at Ras Tesamma's. The royal jester's great feat seemed to imitate a jockey riding a race, sitting on the ground and violently working his arms and legs to simulate the gradual increase of the horse's pace, till the animal (always one of the Emperor's) came in a triumphant winner. The days passed quickly at Adis-Abeba, and I was sorry when my time there came to an end. The animals interested me as well as the humans. The little pet monkeys, so tame and affectionate, were charming—not much bigger than marmosets; and an odd little lamb with brown ears was born close to my tukle. It was more like a black-and-tan terrier than a lamb, for it was quite smooth and shiny like satin, and had the funniest little attempt at a broad tail to match its mother's. A calf died one night. The cows in Abyssinia will not give down their milk unless they have their calves with them, so the little body was skinned and the skin rudely stuffed, and wooden props put in the legs. It looked very unnatural to me, but the mother cow accepted it, tenderly licked the

head, and suffered herself to be milked unresistingly when it was set up beside her.

On a certain day we went by appointment to see the Royal kitchens at the Ghibbé. We were first taken to see one of the treasure-houses, a sort of locked-up barn, with some rather garish glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling,—gifts, I believe, from the Indian traders to the Emperor,—and a few indifferent pictures of sacred subjects propped against the wall, also gifts from foreigners; but the most interesting sight was the piles of ivory, some of the splendid tusks of enormous size and of great value. Those of the female elephant are the most highly prized, as, though much smaller than those of the male, they are finer in the grain, and it is of them that the best billiard balls are made. There is another treasure-house on a higher storey, but on reaching the stair leading to it we were met by an official, who, with profound regret, told us we could not be shown it, the key having been unfortunately mislaid. This we discovered to mean that permission to see it had not been included in our order to view the kitchen, cellars, &c. Here, I believe, are stored the collection of miscellaneous presents—some jewels and articles of gold and silver, clocks, mechanical toys, and in short the usual contents of the doshan-khanas of Indian potentates and the Shah of Persia, for example, but I imagine of much less importance than that of the Shah. Foreign Powers from time to

time bestow curious presents on the Emperor Menelik,—strange, that is, in relation to Abyssinia and its backward state of civilisation,—such as 60-horse-power motor-cars. Of these modern inventions he has now more than enough, considering there are no practicable roads to use them on, except the two I have mentioned, and then only for a few miles outside the town. Moreover, when the Emperor went abroad etiquette demanded he should be accompanied by quite a thousand men on foot, so that the speed of the 60-horse-power automobile had to be restricted to keep pace with them. Needless to say, it was not often used. How these machines came up the country remains a mystery to me. I was told by the camel-road, a winding circuitous way by which the heavy merchandise is sent, but even so I think they must have been brought up piecemeal and at an enormous expense. The Abyssinian Court returns these foreign courtesies by presents of lions and other wild beasts indigenous to the country. Whilst I was at Adis-Abeba a gift of two young lions was sent to the British Legation to be forwarded to King George. Pending a cage of sufficient size and strength being made for them, and a trolley for it to be put on, and other necessary arrangements for their journey to England, they were lodged in one of the Legation tukles, securely chained to posts driven into the mud floor, watched over by an Abyssinian keeper, and fed on mutton and beef (raw, of

course), They were pretty creatures, and allowed their keeper to pat and caress them. The lion was older and bigger than the lioness, and better tempered as a rule. One evening they quarrelled for some reason, and the lion killed his little mate with a blow of his massive paw. No external mark was to be seen on her, but when skinned, the side of her head appeared fractured, and the marks of claws were on the flesh, though the skin seemed to have closed over them and left them invisible on the outside. After this the lion grew fierce, and growled savagely at all and sundry. It seems most unusual for a male to kill a female, and probably had they both been full-grown would not have happened, as it is contrary to the habits of the superior animals—witness the dog, who will endure anything from a female, and never attack her to do her serious hurt. What became of the murderer I do not know, whether he was brought safely to the coast and shipped off to London or not, as I left Adis-Abeba without hearing.

The Italian Minister had a very fine pair of young lions in a large cage in his garden; and the Russian Minister had one in a tukle, with a large dog chained up opposite to keep him from moping for want of company. Besides the lion, he had also several monkeys and apes, a lynx, and a baby hyena—a poor, little terrified thing, a mere ball of brown fur, like that of a young woolly puppy, out of which appeared two pathetic bright

little eyes. It had raw meat beside it, but seemed to prefer milk, with which it was also provided. Being a nocturnal animal, it shrank from the light when the door of its house was open. It looked so unhappy I pitied it greatly.

To return to the Ghibbé kitchen. After inspecting the treasure-house containing the ivory, we were taken first through the workshops, where the Palace carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., plied their trades; and then through several large barns filled with great tubs of tedge (the native mead, made from fermented honey), all half sunk in the earthen floor, and covered with thin sheets of calico, as the tops were left open, to keep out the flies and dust. In one of the barns a carpet was spread, and a small table, with chairs beside it, was set. Some dim and dirty-looking glasses were on it, and we were invited to taste samples of the tedge and red wine. I drank a little tedge, which was really not at all unpalatable, but I thought very strong. It was of extra quality, being made for Royalty. The wine I excused myself from tasting. The middle of the afternoon under the tropical sun, although at an elevation of 8000 feet, was not the time and place to play pranks with drinks containing one does not know what amount of alcohol. Rows of myrmidons from the kitchen and cellars lined the paths as we passed from one building to another, who all bowed deeply to us, bending from the waist. The bakery was

by far the most interesting of the places we were shown. It was a long, narrow barn, with lofty raftered roof, and little (if any) other light than that admitted by the open door, where we entered. A row of fires gleamed, each presided over by a slave woman seated on the ground; a round, handleless iron pan on a tripod stood over each fire, into which a sort of gruel made of teff, a fine millet of which the bread is made, was poured, just thick enough to cover the surface of the shallow pan. A basket-cover was then clapped on the top of it, and in a few minutes the pancake was baked, carefully lifted out, and laid on a pile of others. Each woman had to complete her task of 350 of these "breads" in the twenty-four hours.

From here we proceeded to where the food of the Emperor and Lidj Yasu and Ras Tesamma was being prepared. The cooks, like the bread-makers, are all women. We were agreeably surprised at the cleanliness of the places, but were afterwards told that upwards of two hundred slaves had been set to work to clean up before our coming, and that the new clean calico spread over the tedge-tubs had been sent over from Ras Tesamma's house for the occasion, and was to be taken back there the moment we left!

The last operation was the honey's extraction from the comb for making the tedge. This was managed by putting a great quantity of it into a cloth suspended over a large wooden tub.

Leather thongs were then passed double over it in two places, and four slaves pulled them tight as they jerked the cloth backwards and forwards from side to side: this squeezed the honey out into the tub underneath. The refuse wax was then made into squares like bricks, and piled all round the sides of the barn.

The Ghibbé is made up of a great many separate buildings, like a little village. We passed along rough stony paths, that out our shoes and hurt our feet, between groves of small trees and patches of vegetables, very near the house where the Empress Taitu is in captivity. Almost all these erections are roofed with corrugated zinc, and the whole of the Palace and precincts look unfinished and untidy. Within, in the rooms of Menelik and his Consort, and even of their *entourage*, I daresay there is more magnificence. I wonder what impression the Courts and Palaces of European Royalties will make upon the Mission coming to England and London for the Coronation of King George, and afterwards to visit Berlin, Rome, Paris, &c.

Our next business was the getting together the homeward-bound caravan, and after some delay the mules were all collected and trained, the palanquin finished, and the start made. I left Adis-Abeba one morning in February 1911, looking backwards with regret to the city of Menelik, which in all human probability I shall never see again.

A SAFETY MATCH.¹

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF,' 'A MAN'S MAN.'

CHAPTER NINE.—A HORSE TO THE WATER.

"AND how is her ladyship?" inquired Mrs Carfrae.

"Her ladyship," replied Sir John Carr, "is enjoying life. What good bread-and-butter you always keep."

They were sitting in Mrs Carfrae's tiny drawing-room in Hill Street. Mrs Carfrae was a little old lady in a wheeled chair. Her face was comparatively youthful, but her hair was snowy white. She spoke with what English people, to whom the pure Highland Scots of Inverness and the guttural raucousness of Glasgow are as one, term "a Scotch accent."

"I am glad you like my bread-and-butter," she said; "but I fancy you get as good at your wife's tea-table."

"I don't often see my wife's tea-table," confessed Jugger-nant. "She is out a good deal, and as a rule it is more convenient for me to have my tea sent into my study."

"Where you grumble at it, I'll be bound. I ken husbands. So her ladyship is out a good deal? Well de I mind the first time I caught her in, the besom! That was nearly three years ago. I am not a payer of calls, as you know; but I felt that I must be the very first to greet your wife, Johnny boy. So the day after I knew

you had settled in, I had myself bundled into the carriage, and off I went to Grosvenor Street. I told Maxwell to ring the bell and inquire if her ladyship was at home. The door was thrown open immediately—rather prematurely, in fact. I heard a sound like the cheep of a frightened mouse, and I saw a grand silk skirt and a pair of ankles scuttering up the staircase. I knew fine what had happened. I was her first caller: and though the child was sitting in her grand new drawing-room waiting for me and those like me, her courage had failed at the sound of the bell, and she was galloping up the stair out of the way when the man opened the door. Poor lassie! I did exactly the same thing at her age."

"Did you go in?"

"I did. I was determined to do it. I gripped my crutch and was out of the carriage and up the steps before the footman could answer Maxwell. I hobbled past the man—he just gaped at me like a puddock on a hot day—and got to the foot of the stair and looked up. As I expected, there was Madam, hanging over the banisters to see what sort of a caller she had hooked the first time. There was an-

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other creature beside her, with wild brown hair and eyes like saucers. They were clutching each other round the waist. When they saw me they gave a kind of horrified yelp. But I cried to them to come down, and in ten minutes we were the best of friends. They were terribly prim at first; but when they found out that I was just a clavering old wife and nothing more, they lost their grand manners. They overlaid me with questions about London, and while I was answering them the saucer-eyed one set to work cracking lumps of sugar with her teeth. The other—her ladyship—was eating jam out of an Apostle spoon. The spoon was in her mouth when a footman came in to mend the fire. She was fairly taken by surprise, and tried to push the whole concern into her mouth until the man should be gone. I thought at first she had swallowed it, but presently I saw the Apostle sticking out. And that was three years ago. Well, I have become less active since then, and I pay no more calls—wheel me a piece nearer the fire, Johnny—so I do not see so much of her ladyship as I did. Still, I am glad to hear she is enjoying life. And how is the baby?"

"The baby," replied its male parent, "looks and sounds extremely robust. He uttered several articulate words the other day, I am told."

"Can he walk?"

"He can lurch along in a slightly dissipated manner."

"Good! And how does your

Daphne handle all these houses and servants of yours?"

Sir John smiled.

"She was a little out of her depth at first," he said. "She had not been accustomed to cater for a large household. The extravagance of ordering at least one fresh joint a-day appalled her, and it was a long time before the housekeeper could cure her of a passion for shepherd's pie. But she has a shrewd head. She soon discovered which items of domestic expenditure were reasonable and which were not. She has cut down the bills by a half, but I don't notice any corresponding falling off in the quality of the *menu*."

"And does she love fine clothes, and gaiety?"

"I think she found her maid rather a trial at first. She had been so accustomed not only to attiring herself but to going round and hooking up her sisters as well, that a woman who handled her like a baby rather paralysed her. She also exhibited a *penchant* for wearing her old clothes out—to rags, that is—in private. But I think she is getting over that now. I received her dressmaker's latest bill this morning. It reveals distinct signs of progress."

"And I hear she looks just beautiful."

"She does. I must admit that."

"Then," the old lady raised herself a little in her chair, and settled her spectacles with her unparalysed hand, "what is the trouble between the two of you, Johnny Carr?"

Juggernaut laid down his tea-cup with a slight clatter.

"I was not aware," he said curtly, "that there was any trouble."

Mrs Carfrae surveyed him long and balefully over her spectacles.

"Johnny Carr," she observed dispassionately, "I have known you ever since you could roar for your bottle, and I have never had any patience with you either then or since. You are a dour, dreich, thrawn, camstearie creature. You have more money than you can spend, grand health, and a young and beautiful wife. But you are not happy. You come here to tell me so, and when I ask you to begin, you say there is nothing! Well, I will tell you what the matter is. There is some trouble between you and your Daphne."

Considerable courage is required to inform a man to his face that all is not well between him and his wife; but courage was a virtue that Elspeth Carfrae had never lacked. Juggernaut experienced no feeling of resentment or surprise that this old lady should have instantaneously sized up a situation which he himself had been investigating in a groping and uncertain fashion for nearly three years. Life is a big book of problems, and while man is content to work them out figure by figure, taking nothing for granted which cannot be approved by established formulæ, woman has an exasperating habit of skipping straight to the solution in a manner which causes

the conscientious and methodical male to suspect her of peeping at the answers at the end of the book.

"Perhaps you had not realised that," pursued Mrs Carfrae. "Men are apt to be slow in the uptake," she added indulgently.

"I fail to see where you get your *data* from," replied Juggernaut. "I have not been particularly communicative on the subject. In fact, I don't remember telling you a single——"

Mrs Carfrae subjected him to a withering glare.

"If all that women knew," she observed frostily, "was what men had told them, I wonder how many of us would be able to spell our own names. No, laddie, you have told me nothing: that's true enough. But I know fine why you came here to-day. You are worried. You and Daphne are getting on splendidly. The match has been a great success. You have a son and heir. But—you are not happy; and it is about your Daphne that you are not happy."

Juggernaut gazed into the fire.

"You are right," he said. "I confess that my marriage has not been so uplifting as I had hoped. I daresay it is my own fault. As you point out, I am—well, all the Caledonian adjectives you heaped upon me just now: all that and a good deal more. I have the reputation of being a harsh man, and I hate it. I hoped, when I married that child, that she would pull me out of my rigid,

undeviating way of life, and broaden my sympathies a little. I looked forward to a little domesticity." His dark face coloured slightly. "I may be an ogre, but I have my soft side, as you know."

"None better," said the old lady gently.

"Well, somehow," continued Juggernaut, "my marriage has not made the difference to me that I had hoped. We two have had our happy hours together, but we don't seem to progress beyond a certain point. We are amiability itself. If I ask Daphne to see to anything about the house, she sees to it; if she asks me to go with her to a tea-fight, I go. But that seems to be about the limit. I can't help thinking that marriage would not have survived so long as an institution if there had been no more behind it than that. I was under the impression that it made two one. At present we are still two—very decidedly two; and—and——"

"And being you, it just maddens you not to be able to get your money's worth," said Mrs Carfrae calmly. "Now, John Carr, just listen to me. First of all, have you had any trouble with her?"

"Trouble?"

"Yes. Any direct disagreement with her?"

"Never. Stop—we had one small breeze."

Mrs Carfrae wagged a forefinger.

"You have been bullying her, monster!"

"Heavens, no!"

"Well, tell me the story."

"Six months ago," said Juggernaut, "she came to me and asked for money—much as a child asks for toffee—with a seraphic smile and an ingratiating rub up against my chair. I asked her what it was for."

"Quite wrong!" said Mrs Carfrae promptly.

"But surely——" began Juggernaut, the man of business up in arms at once.

"You should have begun by taking out your cheque-book and saying 'how much?'" continued his admonitress. "Then she would have called you a dear, or some such English term of affection, and recognising you as her natural confidant would have told you everything. After that you might have improved the occasion. As it was, you just put her back up, and she dithered."

"She did, so far as I understand the expression. But, finding that I was firm——"

"Oh, man, man, how can a great grown creature like you bear to be *firm—hard*, you mean, of course—with a wild unbroken lass like that? Well, go on. You were firm. And what did her poor ladyship say she wanted the money for?"

"For her young cub of a brother," said Juggernaut briefly.

"A wealthy young wife daring to want to help her own brother! Monstrous!" observed Mrs Carfrae.

"I think you are unjust to me in this matter. Listen! When I married Daphne I was aware that she would

want to finance her entire family: in fact, it was one of the inducements to marrying me which I laid before her. For that purpose, to save her the embarrassment of constantly coming to me for supplies, I settled upon her a private allowance of—what do you think?”

“Out with it! No striving after effect with *me*, my man!” was the reply of his unimpressible audience.

“I gave her a thousand a year,” said Juggernaut.

“That should have been sufficient,” said Mrs Carfrae composedly. “But do not be ostentatious about it. You could well afford the money.”

“Well, she had spent most of that year’s allowance in six months,” continued Juggernaut, disregarding these gibes—“on her father’s curate, the younger children’s education, and so forth—and she wanted more.”

“What age is this brother?”

“Twenty, I think. He is up at Cambridge, and wants to get into the Army as a University candidate. At present he appears to be filling in his time philandering with a tobaccoist’s daughter. The tobaccoist’s bill for moral and intellectual damage came to five hundred pounds. Before writing the cheque, I stipulated—”

“You would!” said the old lady grimly.

—“That I should be permitted to make a few investigations on my own behalf. Young Vereker is a handsome, fascinating rascal, with about as

much moral fibre as a Yahoo. He was a good deal franker in his admissions to me than he had been to his sister—”

“Ay, I once heard you cross-examining a body,” confirmed Mrs Carfrae.

—“And on the completion of my inquiries I paid the money down on the nail. It was the only thing to do.”

“Did you tell Daphne the whole story?”

“No. I should hate to dispel her illusions. She loves her brothers and sisters.”

“There is no need to excuse yourself, John Carr. I knew fine that you would not tell her. Instead, you glowered at her, and read her a lecture about extravagance and impropriety. She tried to look prim and penitent, but danced down the stair the moment she got the door shut behind her. Now, mannie, listen to me. This is no light charge you have taken on yourself—to rule a wild, shy, impulsive taupie like that. You cannot contain the like with bit and bridle, mind. I have been one myself, and I know. There is just one thing to do. She must learn to *love* you, or the lives of the pair of you will go stramash!”

Juggernaut’s old friend concluded this homily with tremendous emphasis, and there was a long silence. Then the man drew his chair a little closer.

“How can I teach her?” he asked humbly. “I have no *finesse*, no attractiveness. Do you think I—I am too old for her?”

"Old? Toots! I was nineteen when I married on my Andy, and he was thirty-nine. For the first few years after we married I called him 'daddy' to his face. After that I found that I was really old enough to be the man's mother; so I called him 'sonny.' But that is a digression. I will tell you how to teach her. Do not be monotonous. It's no use just to be a good husband to her: any gowk can be that. Do not let your affection run on in a regular, dutiful stream: have a spate occasionally! Get whirled off your feet by her, and let her see it. Prepare some unexpected ploy for her. Rush her off to dine somewhere on the spur of the moment—just your two selves. Stop her suddenly on the staircase in a half-light, and give her a hug."

"She'd never stand it!" cried Juggernaut in dismay. "And I could never do it," he added apprehensively.

"You *do* it, my callant," said Mrs Carfrae with decision, "and she'll stand it right enough! She may tell you not to be foolish, but she will not make a point of coming down by the back stair in future for all that. And let her see that with you she comes *first* in everything. What a crow she will have to herself when she realises that a feckless unbusinesslike piece like herself has crept right into the inmost place in the heart of a man whose gods used to be hard work and hard words and hard

knocks! She'll just glory in you!

"Lastly, do not be discouraged if you have no success to begin with. At all costs you must keep on smiling. A dour, bleak man is no fit companion for a young girl who has always lived a sheltered sunny life. He just withers her. She may last for a while, and do her duty by him, but in time he'll break her heart. Ay, keep on smiling, Johnny, even if she hurts you. She will hurt you often. Young girls are like that. It takes time for a woman to realise that a man is just about twice as sensitive as herself in certain matters, and she will not make allowances for him at first. But until she does—and she will, if you give her time—keep on smiling! If you keep on long enough you will get your reward. Make the effort, my man! I have had to make efforts in my time—"

"I know that," said Juggernaut.

—"And the efforts have been the making of *me*. For one thing, I have acquired a sense of proportion. When we are young and lusty our knowledge of perspective is so elementary that in our picture of life our own Ego fills the foreground to the exclusion of all else; with this result, that we get no view of the countless interesting and profitable things that lie behind. My Ego is kept in better order these days, I assure you. It gets just a good comfortable place in the picture and no

more. If Elspeth Carfrae stirs from that, or comes creeping too far forward so as to block out other things, she hears from me!"

"Does she always obey you?" asked Juggernaut.

"She got far beyond my control once," admitted the old lady. "I mind when my Andy went from me she swelled and swelled until she blotted out everything—earth, sea, and sky. But she has been back in her place these twenty years, and there she shall bide. There is no great selfish Ego blocking the view now when I sit and look out upon my section of the world. You have no idea how interesting it is to study your friends' troubles instead of your own, John. The beauty of it is that you need not worry over them: you just watch them—unconcernedly."

The Scots have their own notion of what constitutes an excursion into the realms of humour, and Juggernaut, knowing this, made no attempt to controvert his hostess's last statement.

"Not that I grudged my Andy," continued the old lady presently. "No wife worthy of the name could grudge her man to his country when he died as Andy died. But my only son—that was my own fault, maybe. I would not put him into the Army like his father, thinking to keep him safer that way; and he died of pneumonia at seven-and-twenty, an East End curate. Then my Lintie. But I have no need to be talking

of Lintie to you, John Carr. You mind her still, Daphne or no Daphne. Then"—she indicated her paralysed shoulder—"this! But I keep on smiling. Perhaps that is why people are so kind to me. Perhaps if I did not smile they would not seek my company so freely. I suppose they see something in me, that they come and listen to me haver-ing. When I first settled down here by myself in this little house many kind people called. I never thought to see them twice; but they come again and again. Maybe it is because English people have a notion that the Scots tongue is 'so quaint!' They seem to find something exhilarating in hearing fish called fush. Not that I call it any such thing, but they think I do. Anyhow, they come. Some of them bring their troubles with them, and go away without them. When they do that I *know* that it was worth while to keep a smiling face all these years. So smile yourself, Johnny Carr! And some day, when your Daphne comes and puts her head on your shoulder and tells you all that is troubling her, you will know that you have won through. And when that happens come and call me. I like to hear when my methods succeed."

"I will remember," said Juggernaut gravely. "Good-bye."

Mrs Carfrae watched his broad back through the doorway.

"But I doubt you will both have to be worse before you

are better," she added to herself.

An hour later Lady Carr, a radiant vision of glinting hair and rustling skirts, on her way upstairs to dress for dinner, encountered her husband coming down. There was a half light. Sir John paused.

"Are you dining anywhere to-night, Daphne?" he said.

Daphne, her youthful shrewdness uneradicated by three years of adult society, replied guardedly—

"Are you trying to pull my leg? If I say 'No,' will you tell me that in that case I shall be very hungry by bedtime, or something? I suppose that old chestnut has just got round to your club. Have you been electing Noah an honorary member?"

"I was about to suggest," said Juggernaut perseveringly, "that we should go and dine at the Savoy together."

Daphne dimpled into a delighted smile.

"You dear! And we might go on somewhere afterwards. What would you like me to wear?" She preened herself in anticipation.

"Oh, anything," said Juggernaut absently. He was regarding his wife in an uncertain and embarrassed fashion.

Suddenly he drew a deep breath, and took a step down towards her. Then, with equal suddenness, he turned on his heel and retired upstairs rather precipitately in the direction of his dressing-room.

It was as well that Mrs Carfrae was not present.

CHAPTER TEN.—A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

By nine o'clock next morning Lady Carr, becomingly arrayed, was sitting up in bed munching a hearty breakfast, and reflecting according to her habit upon yesterday's experiences and to-day's arrangements.

She had dined with her husband at the Savoy, but the meal had not been quite such a success as she had anticipated. Juggernaut had treated her with the restrained courtesy which was habitual to him; but ladies who are taken out to dinner at the Savoy, even by their husbands, usually expect something more than restrained courtesy. You must

be animated on these occasions—unless of course you happen to be a newly-engaged couple, in which case the world benignantly washes its hands of you—or the evening writes itself down a failure. Juggernaut had not been animated. He had ordered a dinner which to Daphne's gratification and surprise—she had not credited him with so much observation—had consisted almost entirely of her favourite dishes. But he had not sparkled, and sparkle at the Savoy, as already intimated, is essential.

About ten o'clock he had been called away to an important division in the House,

and Daphne had gone on to a party, escorted by her husband's secretary, factotum, and right-hand man, one Jim Carthew, who arrived from Grosvenor Street in answer to a telephone summons. Carthew was a new friend of Daphne's. She accumulated friends much as a honey-pot accumulates flies, but Jim Carthew counted for more than most. They had never met until five weeks ago, for Carthew had always been up north engaged on colliery business when Daphne was in London; and when Daphne was at Belton, her husband's old home near Kilohester, Carthew had been occupied by secretarial work in town. But they had known one another by name and fame ever since Daphne's marriage, and at last they had met. Daphne was not slow to understand why her husband, impatient of assistance as he usually was, had always appeared ready to heap labour and responsibility upon these youthful shoulders. Carthew was barely thirty, but he was perfectly capable of upholding and furthering his leader's interests in the great industrial north; while down south it was generally held that whenever he grew tired of devilling for Juggernaut the Party would find him a seat for the asking.

But so far Carthew seemed loth to forsake the man who had taught him all he knew. He cherished a theory, somewhat unusual in a rising man, that common decency requires of a pupil that he shall repay his master, at the end of the

period of instruction, by a period of personal service.

He was a freckle-faced youth, with a frank smile of considerable latitude, and a boyish zeal for the healthy pursuits of life. He possessed brains and character, as any man must who served under Juggernaut; and like his master he was a shrewd judge of men. Of his capacity for dealing with women Daphne knew less; but she had already heard rumours — confidences exchanged over teacups and behind fans—of a certain Miss Nina Tallentyre, perhaps the acknowledged beauty of that season, at the flame of whose altar Jim Carthew was said to have singed his wings in a conspicuously reckless fashion. But all this was the merest hearsay, and Daphne was unacquainted with the lady into the bargain. Possibly it was with a view to remedying this deficiency in her circle of acquaintance that she kept Jim Carthew at her side for the space of half an hour after they reached Mrs Blankney-Pushkins' reception.

After a couple of waltzes Lady Carr expressed a desire to be fed with ices and cream buns.

Mr Carthew assented, but with less enthusiasm than before. Daphne noticed that his eye was beginning to wander.

"After that," she continued cheerfully, "we will find seats, and you shall tell me who everybody is. I am still rather a country mouse."

"I should think so!" said Carthew, reluctantly recalling

his gaze from a distant corner of the refreshment-room. "I beg your pardon! You were saying?"

"Perhaps there is some one else whom you have promised to dance with, though," continued the country mouse demurely.

Carthew, whose eye had slid stealthily round once more in the direction of a supper-party in the corner, recovered himself resolutely, and made the only reply that gallantry permitted.

"That's all right, then," said Daphne. "Tell me who those people are, having supper over there. That man with the fierce black eyes—who is he? He looks wicked."

"As a matter of fact," said Carthew, resigning himself to his fate, "he is about the most commonplace bore in the room. If he takes a girl in to dinner he talks to her about the weather with the soup, the table decorations with the fish, and suffragettes with the *entrée*. About pudding-time he takes the bit between his teeth and launches out into a description of the last play he saw—usually *Charley's Aunt* or *East Lynne*. If he goes to a wedding he refers to the church as a 'sacred edifice,' and the bride and bridegroom as 'the happy couple.' When he unexpectedly encounters a friend at a seaside watering-place, he observes that 'the world is a very small place.' At his own funeral (to which I shall send a wreath) he will sit up and thank the mourners for 'this personal tribute of affection and esteem.'"

Daphne sat regarding this exhibition of the art of conversation with some interest. She observed that Carthew's wits were wandering, and that with inherent politeness he was exercising a purely mechanical faculty to entertain her pending their return. Jim Carthew was a true Briton in that he hated revealing his deeper thoughts to the eyes of the world. But unlike the ordinary Briton who, when his feelings do get the better of him, finds himself reduced to silent and portentous gloom, he instinctively clothed his naked shrinking soul in a garment of irresponsible frivolity. The possession of this faculty is a doubtful blessing, for it deprives many a deserving sufferer of the sympathy which is his right, and which would be his could he but take the world into his confidence. But the world can never rid itself of the notion that only still waters run deep. Consequently Jim Carthew passed in the eyes of most of his friends as a kindly, light-hearted, rather soulless trifle. But Daphne was not altogether deceived. She took an instinctive interest in this young man. She interrupted his feverish monologue, and inquired—

"Tell me, who is that girl? The tall one, with fair hair and splendid black eyes."

"What is she dressed in?" asked Carthew, surveying the throng with studied diligence.

"Flame-coloured chiffon," said Daphne.

"That is a Miss Tallentyre," replied Carthew carelessly.

"Do you think she is pretty?" he added, after a slightly strained pause.

"I think she is perfectly magnificent. Do you know her?"

"Er—yes."

"Will you introduce me?" asked Daphne. "I should like to know her. See, she has just sent away her partner. Take me over and leave me with her, and then you will be free to run off and find the charmer I can see you are so anxious about."

The hapless Carthew having asserted, this time with considerably more sincerity, that he had now no further thoughts of dancing, the introduction was effected. The sequel lay this morning upon Daphne's breakfast-tray, amid a heap of invitations—Daphne was in great request at present—in the form of a note, written upon thick blue paper, in a large and rather ostentatious feminine hand. It ran—

"DEAR LADY CARR,—Don't consider me a forward young person if I ask you to be an angel and come and lunch with me to-day. I know all sorts of ceremonies ought to be observed before such a climax is reached; but will you take them for granted and *come*? We had such a tiny talk last night, and I do so want to know you better. I have been dying to make your acquaintance ever since I first saw you.—Sincerely yours,

"NINA TALLENTYRE."

Daphne was not the sort of girl to take it amiss that she, a married woman of twenty-three, with a husband and baby of her own, should informally be bidden to a feast by a young person previously unknown to her, who possessed neither. In any case the last sentence would have been too much for her vanity. She scribbled a note of acceptance to Miss Tallentyre's invitation, and set about her morning toilet.

Once downstairs, she paid her usual punctilious visit to the library, where her husband was usually to be found until twelve o'clock. She inquired in her breezy fashion after the health of the Mother of Parliaments, and expressed a hope that her spouse had come home at a reasonable hour and enjoyed a proper night's rest. She next proceeded to the orders of the day.

"Are you dining out to-night, dear?" she inquired.

"Yes, for my sins! A City dinner at six-thirty."

"You'll be bad the morn!" quoted Lady Carr.

"True for you, Daphne. Are you going anywhere?"

"No."

"Well, you had better have Carthew to dine with you, and then he can take you to the theatre afterwards. Sorry I can't manage it my—for our two selves," he added, guiltily conscious of Mrs Carfrae's recent hemily.

But Daphne was quite satisfied with the arrangement, which she designated top-hole.

"Now I am off shopping,"

she announced. "After that I am lunching with a girl I met last night; then Hurlingham, with the Peabodys. If you are going gorging at six-thirty, I probably shan't see you again to-day; so I'll say good-night now. Pleasant dreams! I am off to play with Baby before I go out. So long!"

She presented her husband with his diurnal kiss, and departed in search of Master Brian Vereker Carr, whose domain was situated in the upper regions of the house. Here for a time the beautiful and stately consort of Sir John Carr merged into the Daphne of old—Daphne, the little mother of all the world, the inventor of new and delightful games and repairer of all damages incurred therein. Her son's rubicund and puckered countenance lightened at her approach. He permitted

his latest tooth to be exhibited without remonstrance; he nodded affably, even encouragingly, over his mother's impersonation of a dying pig; and paid her the supreme compliment of howling lustily on her departure.

Master Carr never interviewed his parents simultaneously. His father's visits—not quite so constrained as one might imagine, once the supercilious nurse had been removed out of earshot—usually took place in the evening, just before dinner; but father and mother never came together. Had they done so, it is possible that this narrative might have followed a different course. A common interest, especially when it possesses its father's mouth and its mother's eyes, with a repertory of solemn but attractive tricks with its arms and legs thrown in, is apt to be a very uniting thing.

II.

Daphne duly lunched with Miss Tallentyre.

"May I call you Daphne?" the siren asked, in a voice which intimated that a request from some people is as good as a command from most. "I have taken a fancy to you; and when I do that to anybody—which isn't often—I say so. My dear, you are perfectly lovely! I wish I had your complexion. You don't put anything on it, do you?"

"Soap," said Daphne briefly. She was not of the sort which takes fancies readily.

Miss Tallentyre smiled lazily.

"I see you haven't got the hang of me yet," she drawled. "You are a little offended with me. Most people are at first, but they soon find that it's not really rudeness—only *me*!—and they soon come round. I don't go in for rouge either. Like you, I don't need it. But I have to touch up my eyebrows. They are quite tragically sandy, and my face looks perfectly insipid if I leave them as they are." She laughed again. "Have I shocked you? You see, I

believe in being frank about things—don't you? Be natural—be yourself—say what you think! That is the only true motto in life, isn't it?"

Daphne agreed cautiously. She had not yet plumbed this rather peculiar young woman. It had never occurred to her, in the whole course of her frank ingenuous existence, to ask herself whether she was herself or not. Such things were too high for her. She began to feel that she had been somewhat remiss in the matter. Miss Tallentyre appeared to have made a specialty of it.

But as shrewd Daphne was soon to discern for herself, this was only pretty Nina's way. A more confirmed *poseuse* never angled for the indiscriminate admiration of mankind. Nina Tallentyre was no fool. Having observed that in order to become conspicuous in this world it is an advantage to possess marked individuality, and having none of her own beyond that conferred by her face and figure, she decided to manufacture an individuality for her herself. She accordingly selected what she considered the most suitable of the rôles at her disposal, rehearsed it to her satisfaction, assumed it permanently, and played it, it must be confessed, uncommonly well. Her pose was that of the blunt and candid child of nature, and her performances ranged from unblushing flattery towards those with whom she desired to stand well, to undisguised rudeness towards those whom she dis-

liked and did not think it necessary to conciliate.

Her method prospered. Whatever wise men may think or say of us, fools usually take us at our own valuation. Consequently Miss Tallentyre never lacked a majority of admirers. She set a very high price upon her friendship, too, conferring it only as an exceptional favour; and the public, which always buys on the rise, had long since rushed in and bulled Miss Tallentyre's stock—her beauty, her wit, her transparent honesty—sky high.

The luncheon was a *tête-à-tête* function, the parent-birds, as Miss Tallentyre termed them, being absent upon a country visit. Afterwards Russian cigarettes and liqueur brandy were served with the coffee. Daphne declined these manly luxuries, but her hostess took both.

"Not that I like them," she explained with a plaintive little sigh, "but it looks *chic*; and one must be *chic* or die. Besides, I am doing it to annoy one of my admirers—one of those simple-minded, early Victorian, John Bullish creatures who dislike seeing a girl smoke, or drink cognac, or go to the theatre without a chaperone. Here is his latest effusion; it will make you shriek."

She picked up a letter from a little table by her side and began to read aloud.

"Nina, dear child, I know you don't care for me any more,—as a matter of fact I never cared for him at any time—'but I can't help still

taking an interest in you, and all that. I must say this. On Tuesday night I saw you sitting at supper with two men at the Vallombrosa, without anybody else to keep you in countenance, sipping liqueur brandy and smoking. Well, *don't*—there's a dear! You simply don't know what cruel things people say about a girl who does that sort of thing in public. Of course I know that you are absolutely——"

But Lady Carr was on her feet, slightly flushed.

"I think I must be going now," she said. "I had no idea it was so late. I have to meet some people at Hurlingham."

"Sorry you have to rush off," said Miss Tallentyre regretfully; "we were so cosy. Isn't this letter perfectly sweet?"

Daphne, who was glowing hotly, suddenly spoke her mind.

"If an honest man," she said, "wrote me a letter like that, I don't think I should read it aloud to total strangers, even if I was mortally offended by it. It doesn't seem to me cricket. Good-bye, and thank

you so much for asking me to lunch."

"Not altogether a successful party," mused Daphne, as a taxi-cab conveyed her to Hurlingham. "What a hateful girl! And yet, at the back of all that affectation I believe there is something. I couldn't help liking her. She certainly is very lovely, and she must have been a darling before men got hold of her and spoiled her. . . . I wonder if that letter was from Jim Carthew. It sounded like his blunt blundering way of doing things. Well, he is well rid of her, anyhow. Hurrah! here is Hurlingham, and there are the Peabodys! How lovely to see the trees and grass again! And the *dear* ponies!"

The country-bred girl drew a long luxurious breath, and in the fulness of her heart grossly overpaid her charioteer on alighting. Then, forgetting Miss Tallentyre and her exotic atmosphere utterly and absolutely, she plunged with all the energy of her sunny soul into the sane delights and wholesome joys afforded by green trees, summer skies, and prancing polo-ponies.

III.

Daphne concluded her day, after a joyous drive home in the cool of the evening on the box-seat of a coach, by entertaining Jim Carthew to dinner. Afterwards he was to take her to *The Yeomen of the Guard*, which was running through a revival at the Savoy Theatre.

Daphne was by no means a *blasée* Londoner as yet, for much of her short married life had been spent at Belton; and the theatre was still an abiding joy to her. On the way she rattled off a list of the pieces she had seen.

"And you have never been

to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera?" asked Carthew incredulously.

"No—never."

"All I can say is—cheers!"

"Why?"

"Supposing you were a benevolent person about to introduce a small boy to his first plum-pudding, you would feel as I do," replied her companion. "But wait. Here is the theatre: we are in the fourth row of stalls."

Daphne sat raptly through the first act. Once or twice her laughter rang out suddenly and spontaneously like a child's, and indulgent persons turned and smiled sympathetically upon her; but for the most part she was still and silent, revelling in Sullivan's ever-limpid music and following the scenes that passed before her with breathless attention.

When the curtain fell slowly upon the finale of the first act—the suddenly deserted stage, the bewildered Fairfax holding his fainting bride in his arms, and the black motionless figure of the executioner towering over all—Daphne drew a long and tremulous breath, and turned to her companion.

"I understand now what you meant," she said softly. "How splendid to be able to bring someone here for the first time!"

"What surprises me," said Carthew, "is that Sir John hasn't brought you here already. I know he simply loves it."

"I am usually taken to places like the Gaiety," con-

fessed Lady Carr. "Probably Jack considers them more suited to my intellect. Hallo, here are the orchestra-men crawling out of their holes again! Good!"

Presently the curtain went up on the last act, and Jack Point introduced a selection of the Merry Jests of Hugh Ambrose, to the audible joy of the fourth row of stalls. The Assistant Tormentor and his beloved were likewise warmly received; but presently Daphne's smiles faded. Poor Jack Point's tribulations were too much for her: during the final recurrence of *I Have a Song to Sing, O!* tears came, and as the curtain fell she dabbed her eyes hurriedly with an inadequate handkerchief.

"Awfully sorry!" she murmured apologetically. "Luckily you are not the sort to laugh at me."

Carthew silently placed her wrap round her shoulders.

"Mr Carthew," said Daphne suddenly, "will you take me somewhere gay for supper? It wouldn't be awfully improper, would it? I can't go home feeling as sad as this."

"Come along!" said Carthew.

He escorted her to an establishment where the electric lights blazed bravely, a band blared forth a cacophonous cake-walk entitled (apparently) "By Request," and the brightest and best of the *Jeunesse dorée* of London mingled in sweet companionship with the haughty but hungry divinities of the musical comedy stage.

Carthew secured a table in a secluded corner, as far as possible from the band.

"Sorry to have given you the hump," he said, with his boyish smile. "Next week I will take you to *The Mikado*. No tears there! You will laugh till you cry. Rather a bull that—what?"

He persevered manfully in this strain in his endeavour to drive away impressionable Daphne's distress on Jack Point's behalf, and ultimately succeeded.

"I hope he was *dead*, not simply in a faint," was her final reference to the subject. Then she continued: "I shall take them *all* to see that lovely piece—separately. I am not sure about Nicky, though. She is just at the scoffing age just now, and I don't think I could bear it, if she——"

"Not long ago," said Carthew, "I took a girl—that sort of girl—to see *The Yeomen*."

Daphne regarded him covertly. She knew the girl.

"Well?" she said.

"I took her on purpose," continued Carthew—"to see how she——"

Daphne, deeply interested, nodded comprehendingly.

"I know," she said. "How did she take it?"

"She never stirred," said Carthew, "all through the last act. When the curtain fell, she sat on for a few moments without saying a word, and she never spoke all the time I was taking her home. When I said good-night to her, she—she said something to me. It was not much, but it showed

me that she *was* the right sort after all, in spite of what people said——"

He checked himself suddenly, as if conscious that his reminiscences were becoming somewhat intimate. But Daphne nodded a serious head.

"I'm glad," she said simply. "One likes to be right about one's friends."

Carthew shot a grateful glance at her; and presently they drifted into less personal topics, mutually conscious that here, if need be, was a friend—an understanding friend.

The evening had yet one more incident in store for Daphne.

Twelve-thirty, the *Ultima Thule* of statutory indulgence—the hour at which London, thirty minutes more fortunate than Cinderella, must perforce fly home from scenes of revelry and get ready to shake the mats—was fast approaching; and the management of the restaurant began, by a respectful but pertinacious process of light-extinguishing, to apprise patrons of the fact.

As Daphne and Carthew passed through the rapidly emptying vestibule to their cab five flushed young gentlemen, of the *genus* undergraduate-on-the-sprees, suddenly converged upon the scene from the direction of the bar, locked together in a promiscuous and not altogether unprofitable embrace. They were urged from the rear by polite but inflexible menials in brass buttons.

"What ho, Daph!"

The cry emanated from the gentleman who was acting for the moment as keystone of the

arch. Daphne, stepping into the cab, looked back.

"Mr Carthew," she exclaimed, "it's Ally — my brother! He must have come up from Cambridge for the day. Do go and bring him here."

She took her seat in the hansom, and Carthew went back. Presently he returned.

"I would not advise an interview," he said drily. "Your brother—well, you know the effect of London air upon an undergraduate fresh from the country! Let him come round and see you in the morning."

He gave the cabman his orders, and their equipage drove off, just as Sebastian Aloysius Vereker, the nucleus of a gyrating mass of humanity (composed of himself and party, together with two stalwart myrmidons of the Hilarity Restaurant and a stray cab-tout), toppled heavily out of the portals of that celebrated house of refreshment into the arms of an indulgent policeman.

More life—real life! reflected Daphne, as she laid her head on her pillow, tired out and utterly contented. To-day had yielded its full share. That peculiar but interesting interview with Miss Tallentyre, that glorious carnival under the blue sky at Hurlingham, and that laughter-and-tear-compelling spectacle at the Savoy—all had contributed to the total. Finally, that *tête-à-tête* supper with Jim Carthew—indubitably a dear—ending with the episode of Ally. A little disturbing, that last! Well, perhaps Ally was only trying to see life too, in his own way. Life! Daphne tingled as she felt her own leap in her veins. And to-morrow would bring more!

Then the sandman paid his visit, and she slept like the tired child that she was, having completed to her entire satisfaction another day of what, when you come to think of it, was nothing more or less than an utterly idle, selfish, unprofitable existence.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.—DIES IRAE.

At Belton, Daphne, like her Scriptural counterpart, came to herself. Attired in what she called "rags," she ran wild about the woods and plantations, accompanied by the faithful Mr Dawks, who found a green countryside (even when marred at intervals by a grimy pithead) infinitely preferable to Piccadilly, where the pavement is hot and steerage-way precarious.

They were to stay at Belton till Christmas, after which the house in Berkeley Square would be ready for her. Hitherto she had been well content with the little establishment in Grosvenor Street; but her ideas in certain directions, as her husband had observed to Mrs Carfrae, were developing in a very gratifying manner.

One hot morning Daphne arrived at breakfast half-an-hour late. To do her justice,

this was an unusual fault; for in the country she would never have dreamed of indulging in such an urban luxury as breakfast in bed. Her unpunctuality was not due to sloth. She had already superintended the morning toilet of Master Brian Vereker Carr, and had even taken a constitutional with Mr Dawks along the road which ran over the shoulder of a green hill towards Belton Pit, two miles away. She knew that her husband had gone out at seven o'clock to interview the manager at the pithead, and she had reckoned on being picked up by the returning motor and brought home in time for nine o'clock breakfast. Unfortunately Juggernaut had changed his plans and gone to another pit in the opposite direction, with the result that Daphne, besides being compelled to walk twice as far as she intended, found an uncomfortable combination of cold food and chilly husband waiting for her when she reached home.

Juggernaut never called Daphne to book for her shortcomings now. It had become his custom of late, if he found anything amiss in the management of the establishment, to send a message to the housekeeper direct. He should have known better. Daphne, regarding such a proceeding as an imputation of incompetence on her part, boiled inwardly at the slight, though her innate sense of justice told her that it was not altogether undeserved. Being a great success is apt

to be a slightly demoralising business, and Daphne herself was beginning dimly to realise the fact. There was no doubt, for instance, that she was not the housekeeper she had been. But what was the good? There had been some credit in feeding the boys and Dad on half nothing, and in conjuring that second weekly joint out of a housekeeping surplus that was a little financial triumph in itself. But now, who cared if a leg of mutton were saved or not? What did it matter if the cook sold the leavings and the butler drank the wine? Her husband could afford it. And so on.

A discussion had arisen upon this subject the evening before; and the silent enigmatical man whom she had married, whom she understood so little, and who, from the fact that he treated her as something between an incompetent servant and a spoiled child, appeared to understand her even less, had spoken out more freely than usual, with not altogether happy results. Daphne above all loved openness and candour, and she could not endure to feel that her husband was exercising forbearance towards her, or making allowances, or talking down to her level. Consequently the laborious little lecture she had received, with its studied moderation of tone and its obvious desire to let her down gently, had had an unfortunate but not altogether unnatural result. Juggernaut would have done better to employ his big guns, such as he

reserved for refractory public meetings. As it was, Daphne lost her temper.

"Jack," she blazed out suddenly, "I *know* I'm a failure, so why rub it in? I *know* you married me to keep house for you, so you have a perfect right to complain if I do it badly. Well, you have told me; now I know. Shall we drop the subject? I will endeavour to be more competent, honest, and obliging in future."

Juggernaut rose suddenly from the table—they were sitting over their dessert at the time—and walked to the mantelpiece, where he stood leaning his head upon his arms, in an apparent endeavour to mesmerise the fender. Daphne, cooling rapidly, wondered what he was thinking about. Was he angry, or bored, or indifferent?

Presently he turned round.

"I'm afraid I don't handle you as successfully as I handle some other problems, Daphne," he said reflectively. "Good-night!"

That was all. He left the room, and Daphne had not seen him since. Her anger was gone. By bedtime she was thoroughly ashamed of herself, and, being Daphne, no other course lay open to her than that of saying so. Hence her early rising next morning, and her effort to intercept the motor.

The failure of the latter enterprise made matters more difficult; for courage once screwed to the sticking-point and timed for a certain moment cannot as a rule outlast postponement.

Still, she walked into the breakfast-room bravely.

"Jack," she began, a little breathlessly, "I'm sorry I was cross last night."

Her husband was sitting with his back to the door. Possibly if he had seen her face—flushed and appealing under its soft hat of grey *suede*—he might have acted a little more helpfully than he did. He merely laid down his newspaper and remarked cheerfully—

"That is all right, dear. Let us say no more about it. Sit down to your breakfast before it gets colder. You must have been for a long walk. Fried sole or a sausage?"

He rose and helped her to food from the sideboard, as promptly and carefully as if she had been a newly arrived and important guest. It was something; but compared with what he might have done it was nothing. In effect, Daphne had asked for a kiss and been given a sausage.

It was rather a miserable breakfast. Daphne had vowed to herself not to be angry again: consequently she could only mope. Juggernaut continued to read the newspaper. The political world was in a ferment at the moment. There was a promise for him in all this of work—trouble—the facing of difficulties—the overcoming of strenuous opposition—the joy of battle, in fact. Manlike, he overlooked the trouble that was brewing at his own fireside.

Presently he put down his newspaper and strolled to the open window.

"What a gorgeous day, Daphne. And I have to spend it in a committee-room at Kilchester!"

"Anything important?" asked Daphne, determined to be interested.

"Important? I should just think it was, only people refuse to realise the fact. It's a meeting of the County Territorial Association. What humbug the whole business is! They started the old Volunteers, coddled them, asked nothing of them but a few drills and an annual picnic in camp, and then laughed them out of existence for Saturday-afternoon soldiers. Now they start the Territorials and go to the other extreme. They require of a man that he shall attain, free gratis and for nothing, at the sacrifice of the few scanty weeks which he gets by way of holiday, to practically the same standard of efficiency as a regular soldier, who is paid for it and gets the whole year to do it in. And then they blame us, the County Associations, because we can't find recruits for them! Luckily, we shall have compulsory service soon, and that will end the farce once and for all."

Daphne liked to be talked to like this. In the first place, it removed the uncomfortable and humiliating sensation that she was a child in her husband's eyes; and in the second, it adjusted her sense of proportion as regards the male sex. Obviously, with all these dull but weighty matters to occupy him, a man could not be expected to set such store by conjugal unity as his

wife, who had little else to think of.

"Perhaps I have been a little fool," she philosophised. "After all, a man doesn't in the least realise how a woman——"

"What are you going to do to-day?" asked her husband.

"This afternoon I am going over to Croxley Dene to play tennis."

"Anything this morning?"

"I am going to order the motor for twelve o'clock"—rather reluctantly. "I suppose Vick will be back from Kilchester."

"Oh, yes. Are you going out to lunch somewhere?"

"N-no."

"Just a drive?"

"Yes. The fact is," said poor Daphne, hating herself for feeling like a child detected in a fault, "I am going to try my hand at driving the motor myself."

There was a pause, and Jugernaut continued to gaze out of the window, while Daphne pleated the table-cloth.

Presently the hateful expected words came.

"I would rather you didn't."

Daphne rose suddenly to her feet. Her face was aflame, and all her good resolutions had vanished. She had always longed to drive the big car, her appetite having been whetted by occasional experiments upon the property—usually small, easily handled vehicles—of long-suffering friends. She had broached the subject more than once, but had found her husband curiously vague as regards permission. Usually it was "yes" or "no" with him. This morning, tired of

the humiliation of constantly asking for leave, she had decided to give orders on her own account. And but for Juggernaut's unlucky question she would have achieved her purpose and settled accounts afterwards—a very different thing from asking leave first, as every child knows.

"And why?" she asked, with suspicious calmness.

"Well, for one thing, I don't think a lady should be seen driving a great covered-in limousine car. You wouldn't go out on the box seat of a brougham, would you? As a matter of fact, if you will have patience for a week or two——"

"Yes, I know!" broke in Daphne passionately. "If I have patience for a week or two, and am a good little girl, and order the meals punctually in the meanwhile, you will perhaps take me for a run one afternoon, and let me hold the wheel while you sit beside me with the second speed in. Thank you! *Good morning!*"

She pushed back her chair, whirled round with a vehement swirl of her tweed skirt, and left the room.

Juggernaut continued to finger a typewritten letter which he had just taken from his pocket. It bore the address of a firm of motor-makers, and said—

"SIR,—We beg to inform you that one of our Handy Runabout 10-12 h.-p. cars, for which we recently received your esteemed order, is now in hand from the varnishers', and will be delivered at Belton Hall on Tuesday next. As requested, we have given the clutch-pedal and brake a particularly easy spring, with a view to the car being driven by a lady.

"Thanking you for past favours, we are, sir, yours faithfully,

"THE DIABLEMENT-ODORANT
MOTOR CO., LTD."

Juggernaut put the letter back into his pocket.

II.

In due course the Belton motor conveyed its owner to Kilohester and left him there.

"Shall I come back for you, sir?" inquired Mr Vick, the chauffeur. He was a kindly man, despite his exalted station.

"No, thanks—I'll take the train. But I believe Lady Carr wants you to take her over to Croxley Dene this afternoon."

"Her ladyship shall be took," said Mr Vick, with an indulgent smile—Lady Carr was a

favourite of his—and forthwith returned to Belton.

On running the car into the yard he found the coachman, Mr Windebank, a sadly diminished luminary in these days, putting a polish upon an unappreciative quadruped.

"You and your machine, Mr Vick," announced Mr Windebank, "is wanted round at twelve sharp."

It was then eleven-fifteen.

"Ho!" replied the ruffled Mr Vick, feeling much as the

Emperor Nero might have felt on being requested by the most recently immured early Christian to see that the arena lions were kept a bit quieter to-morrow night—"ho, indeed!"

"Them's your orders, Mr Vick," said Mr Windebank, resuming the peculiar dental *obligato* which seems to be the inseparable accompaniment of the toilet of a horse, temporarily suspended on this occasion to enable the performer to discharge his little broadside.

Mr Vick turned off various taps and switches on his dashboard, and the humming of the engine ceased.

"I take my orders," he proclaimed in majestic tones, "from the master and missis direct, and from nobody else."

Mr Windebank, after spending some moments in groping for a crushing rejoinder, replied—

"Well, you'd better go inside and get 'em. And you'd better 'ang a nosebag on your sparking-plug in the meanwhile," he added, with sudden and savage irrelevance.

Mr Vick adopted the former of these two suggestions, with the result that at the hour of noon the car slid submissively round to the front of the Hall. Presently Daphne appeared, and disregarding the door which Mr Vick was holding open for her, stepped up into the driver's seat—the throne itself—and took the wheel in her vigorous little hands.

"I am going to drive, Vick," she observed cheerfully.

Mr Vick preserved his self-control and smiled faintly.

"I suppose you have a licence, my lady?" he inquired.

"Gracious, no! I am only just beginning," replied Daphne, who regarded a driver's licence as a sort of reward of merit. "I want you to teach me. Which of these things is the clutch-pedal?"

"The left, my lady. I am afraid," added Mr Vick, with the air of one who intends to stop this nonsense once and for all, "that you will find it very stiff."

"Thanks," said Daphne blandly. "And I suppose the other one is the brake."

"Yes, my lady; but——"

"Then we can start. How do I put in the first speed?"

Mr Vick, in what can only be described as a *moriturus-tesaluto!* voice, gave the required information; and the car, after a dislocating jerk, moved off at a stately four miles per hour. Presently, with much slipping of the clutch and buzzing of the gear-wheels, the second, and finally the third speed went in, and the car proceeded with all the exuberance of its forty-five horse-power down the long straight drive. Fortunately the lodge gates stood open, and the road outside was clear.

Certainly Mr Vick behaved very well. Although every wrench and jar to which his beloved engines were submitted appeared to react directly upon his own internal mechanism, he never winced. Occasionally a muffled groan or a muttered exclamation of "My tyres!" or "My differential!" burst

from his overwrought lips; but for the most part he sat like a graven image, merely hoping that when the crash came it would be a good one—something about which it would be really grateful and comforting to say “I told you so!” He also cherished a strong hope that his name would appear in the newspaper account of the disaster.

But Daphne drove well. She had a good head and quick hands; and steering a middle course between the extreme caution of the beginner and the omniscient recklessness of the half-educated, she gave Mr Vick very little excuse for anything in the shape of a genuine shudder. She experienced a little difficulty in getting the clutch right out of action in changing gear; and once she stopped her engine through going round a corner with the brakes on,—but that was all. Mr Vick began to feel distinctly aggrieved.

There was a spice of *abandon* in Daphne's present attitude. She had burned her boats; she had flown in the face of authority; and she intended to brazen it out. The breeze whistled in her ears; her eyes blazed; her cheeks glowed. She felt in good fighting trim.

Presently, fetching a compass, the car began to head towards Belton again, and having been directed in masterly fashion through the narrow gates by the back lodge, sped along the final stretch which led to home and

luncheon, at a comfortable thirty miles an hour.

At the end of the dappled vista formed by the overarching trees of the avenue appeared a black object, which presently resolved itself into Mr Dawks, lolling comfortably in a patch of sunlight pending his mistress's return.

“Mind the dog, my lady!” cried Mr Vick suddenly.

Daphne had every intention of minding the dog; but desire and performance do not always coincide. Suddenly realising that Mr Dawks, who was now sitting up expectantly in the middle distance, wagging his tail and extending a welcome as misplaced as that of Jephtha's daughter under somewhat similar circumstances, had no conception of the necessity for vacating his present position, Daphne put down both feet hard and endeavoured to bring the car to a standstill. But thirty miles an hour is forty-four feet a second, and the momentum of a car weighing two tons is not lightly to be arrested by a brake constructed only to obey the pressure of a masculine boot. Next moment there was a pathetic little yelp. Daphne had a brief vision of an incredulous and reproachful doggy countenance; the car gave a slight lurch, and then came to a full stop, as Mr Vick, having already snapped off the ignition switch on the dashboard, reached across behind Daphne's back and jammed on the side brake.

AN ELDER OF THE DUTCH CHURCH.

HEROES, whether of letters or of arms, have an unhappy knack of disconcerting their admirers and stultifying their panegyrists by utterly uncalled for and amazing self-revelation. To this category of suicidal autobiographers belongs Colonel-General Sydenham Poyntz, commander of the Northern forces of the Parliament of England against the man Charles Stuart; not, perhaps, a bright particular star, and not over-loved by his soldiers, but always regarded, until a year or two ago, as a bluff, honest Republican, Puritan to the backbone, and rather hardly dealt with by fortune. Indeed, had he never learned to write he might still be taken at his own valuation: as a kind of Miles Standish, who had fought like him on the fields of Flanders for the Protestant faith and faced the point-blank bullet of the Spanish arcabucero; thereafter "knighted by the Emperor on the field of battle"; then atoning for a wayward life by becoming a light of the strictest sect of the Pharisees in Holland; and, finally, returning home to wield the sword of the Lord and of Gideon against the Malignants. All this he averred in a published "Defence" of his character against wicked detractors, whose worst charge against him, and that which vexed the good man's righteous

soul most, was that he had been a Papist.

That there were flaws in this statement escaped the notice of critics not only of those days but of our own. What Emperor knighted him (and "him" a Protestant hero too) on the field of battle? Poor Ferdinand II. never smelt powder in his life; the Jesuits were far too careful of their patron to let him adventure his person in such fashion. The nearest he ever got to warfare was when, after Wallenstein's murder, he had made for him, as Poyntz tells us, to the admiration of the good folk of Vienna, "a buffe dubblet such as souldiers weare, which certainly will bee a greate encouragement unto the whole Army." But such are but motes compared to the mighty beam which Poyntz contrived as a battering-ram to ruin his own fair fame. It was done with a few thousand strokes of the pen: it served no purpose, and gained him no reward. He merely wrote himself down a rogue, and in respect of historical accuracy a veritable Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, "a liar of the first magnitude."

For being on his return from the High Germany, where he had been fighting once for and twenty times against the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus, he was hospitably entertained by persons whose very acquaintance was in the

year 1637 like to make a man's friends look askance upon him. These were Sir Lewis Tresham and his wife, relatives of one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, and, of course, determined Recusants. To amuse them, as it would appear, he occupied his leisure in setting down all that he could remember of his own life, and a great deal more too. This autobiography he seems to have left with his hosts when he departed; and they fleeing to France, probably to avoid Puritan tyranny, took it with them. It found its way into the National Library of Paris, and now arises thence to blast the character of yet another worthy of the English Revolution, and incidentally to add to the gaiety of nations.

It is pleasing to record one statement of Poyntz which is undoubtedly true, namely, that he was of good family. He was indeed most likely of the same stock as that Yedward Poins who, if slanderous Falstaff could be trusted, aimed to marry his sister to Prince Henry. But Sydenham's branch of the great house had sunk low, and his father, a great musician, and, like many such, more careful of melody than of morals, had dissipated his patrimony. And now his son's lies begin: to be an apprentice, says he, "that life I deemed little better than a dog's life and base"; and so ran away to the wars. Nemesis once more arises—this time from the dusty records of the English Law Courts. Will it be believed that the scorner of

servitude was apprenticed not only once, but three times? His brother William, applying for payment of a bond redeemable at Sydenham's death (the youth was, of course, alive all the time), reveals the fact that he had been transferred from one master to another—always persecuted by them because he would not turn Papist. The real fact was that the whole family were Romanists, and that young Poyntz absconded because he was a lazy, pilfering lad. Possibly when he rode down unarmed citizens in the Guildhall yard twenty years later he was paying off a few old scores.

To the wars he went, but to fight not for but against his Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Romanist Lord Vaux had raised two regiments to serve Spain in the Low Countries—James of England, be it observed, thereto consenting,—and with them Poyntz trailed the puissant pike—for a very brief spell, for he was presently snapt up (he says: it is quite possible that he deserted) by English soldiers under Captain Sydenham, who was his godfather—a singular coincidence. Under him the young man cheerfully enlisted to serve against his late comrades, took part in the unsuccessful Dutch attempt to relieve Breda, fought manfully there—for spite of his faults he was ever a tall man of his hands,—was wounded, and then, desirous of more stirring service, joined the ranks of "Mansfield's" desperadoes.

Ernest of Mansfeld, bastard

of a great German house devoted to the Spanish interest, is one of the most unhappy characters of an unhappy time. Fighting in Hungary, in Alsace, in Italy, in Bohemia, and fighting heroically everywhere, he served under not two but half a dozen flags, and was accused of betraying each in turn. Warped by his miserable bringing-up, treated alternately as a servant and as a prince, now cursed and now caressed by his octogenarian father, he developed into the first of those devils in men's shape who were called generals in the Thirty Years' War. His devastation of East Friesland, nominally to serve the Dutch, fills one of the most awful pages of history that ever was written. Yet he was of engaging personality—men of such unlucky antecedents often are,—and when he came to London to persuade James I. that he was the appointed agent to restore the wandering Queen of Bohemia to her Heidelberg he won all hearts. He was lodged in the apartments which had been prepared for the Infanta of Spain when she should appear as the bride of Prince Charles. Every county must levy troops for the Deliverer, and when these failed the jails were emptied to furnish recruits. The poor wretches were shipped off to die like flies in the frozen ditches of Holland; but what survived of the force, augmented by Poyntzes and birds of like feather, was to attack the victorious Emperor in his

stronghold, the hereditary lands of Austria. To get there they were sent by sea to "Stifbreames."

Stifbreames is, being interpreted, the "Stift" or diocese of Bremen. Poyntz's phonetic spelling of German names is a perpetual joy. "Pryson" for Prussia (Preussen) is at any rate better than the old English "Spruce." "Tiring" for "Thüringen," and "Keeping" for "Göppingen" are ingenious. But "Elseschamber" for "Elsass-Zabern," and "Showt-coats" for "Schafgotzsch," are a little puzzling. Nor do names nearer home appeal to him any more than they did to Milton. "Torphichen" appears as "Tarbychan," and it requires some imagination to extract "Pitseottie" from "Fiscots."

Mansfeld's raid was but a dismal procession of disaster. English soldiers were disliked by the Protestant Powers they had come to help—not so much for their plundering as for their miserable way of dying in batches, as they did amid the swamps of Brandenburg, not having learned the Landsknecht's way of living at his neighbour's expense. Nor were the hardier Scots much more welcome, as Patrick Gray discovered some three years before, and Hamilton was to find out afterwards. But somehow the ragged crew made their way south to Saxony, where at the Bridge of Dessau Mansfeld was defeated by Wallenstein, in the only real battle—and that rather a chance medley—which the great com-

mander ever fought and won. Poyntz was not there, it seems, but he was at the taking of Rogäz a day or two before, where the garrison, every man of them enchanted and bullet-proof, had to be clubbed to death with musquet-butts. Defeated but never crushed, Mansfeld struggled on into Hungary, Sydenham with him, and there the talent of the latter for pure fiction first displays itself.

He begins with a picturesque account of the poisoning of Mansfeld at a feast by the Pasha of Belgrade. That commander really died two hundred miles from Belgrade, in a vain attempt to force his way through to Venice. And then comes that without no romance of the time was complete: the Turkish captivity; the cruel master (appropriately named Bully Basha), the compassionate beauty of the harem; the attempted escape, of course frustrated and severely punished; and the final success. The episode of the compassionate beauty is illustrated by details which must have weighed on the conscience of the future Puritan captain, and ought to have shocked Lady Tresham, and the whole story is embellished by incidents such as swimming over "Danubius the river" (it is fairly wide at Buda-Pesth, but as Poyntz thought it flowed from east to west, he was probably not aware of the fact), serving in the galleys at Belgrade (how gat they there?) and the like, which at

least reflect credit on the writer's power of detachment from the truth. But the account of his recapture is worth quoting: "Their met mee a party of Turkes who were sent as skoutes to watch the ennemyes army; some of them presently knew me and seised upon mee, then tying a double bag full of filth earth and stones, having thrust my head thorough the middle tyed it with a fast knot, and so drave mee before them to new Buda where they delivered me to my maister's sonne who gave me 300 blows upon the soles of my feet," and so on: but did ever any leather-wearing Englishman recover from such a bastinado without being lamed for life?

In the end Sydenham escaped by stealing a horse and riding away on it into Christian Hungary, where to his infinite chagrin the beast was in turn stolen from him by a party of haiduks. To this loss he recurs again and again as one of the greatest misfortunes of his life: "O how that went to my heart to part with *my horse*, which had brought mee out of the Devill's mouth and so neare Christindome, I meane Austria, where hee would have given mee a hundred pound if some other had had hym, but no remedy!" However, to Austria he got "by many jeeres," and there the future Elder of the Dutch Church was for the third or fourth time "converted." Wandering in the wild, he met with "a poore English Franciscan fryer whose

name was More with a Wallet on his back full of bread and scraps which hee had begged thereabouts for his covent about Vienna." But the poor Franciscan friar seems to have had backers, who were able to equip Poyntz "de cap a pied" with a good horse under him and a purse of a hundred angels in his pocket to go and fight against the Lion of the North.

All this was not done for nothing: "At length they broke with me which was the true religion, which they proved to be no other than that which commonly is called Papistry, and their reasons were so strong, joined with such wonderful humility and charity towards mee, that I could not choose but admit of it and follow their advise therein, which was to bee made a member of that holy Church and wherein by God's grace I mean to dy considering it could not be but done by God's speciall grace towards me, leading me as it were by the hand out of my slavery to come to meet with so holy a company." Very pleasant reading for the Treshams, no doubt, but hardly in accordance with the words of Poyntz's own "Vindication." He is not troubled by the accusation of Papistry, "it being in the power of so many thousands to vindicate me, who have been witnesses of my constant profession which from my first years, according to the instructions of this my native country have been in the Reformed Protestant religion, and accordingly have for many years

been an Elder of the Dutch Church as is very well known." And all the time a "pièce de conviction," without equal, was lying in Paris! Possibly, if Bully Basha could have added his testimony, Islam itself might have claimed the Elder as an adherent.

It was no fault of Sydenham's that he had for a while to fight for and not against the Protestant Hero; for when he got to "Drayson" (Dresden) he found that drunken John George of Saxony was for the time being "good Swedish," and he had to fight, and run away, with the Saxon contingent at Breitenfeld. According to his own account, he stood up manfully to the "Beer-king of Leipzig" when that worthy found himself in safety. "Little Englishman," said the Duke, "you fled too; you deserve to be hanged for you run from your colours also"; but says Poyntz, "I told his grace that my Colours run from me, and then quoth I it was time for me to run also: for he that carried them run away as the rest did, and threw his Colours away, and I coming after took them up and here they are, and so delivered them to his grace," who presently thereafter made him a captain.

This is possibly true: hypocrite and impostor as he was, no one could ever impeach Poyntz's personal bravery. But nothing can excuse his malignant slanders of the king he had for once fought for. Gustavus Adolphus is for him a monster. No Jesuit calumnies

can outdo his. The king is a licentious drunkard; when he gives the order for the disastrous assault on Wallenstein's entrenched camp outside Nuremberg he is under the influence of liquor; he never takes a town without murder and ravishment, insulting of nuns and mutilation of priests. He appears at Würzburg as a blood-boltered butcher with his sleeves turned up lest they should hinder him in his murderous work; and at "Rodenburg on the Dover" (which he never besieged at all) he is repulsed with the loss of thousands by a garrison of fifteen hundred. Geographical inaccuracies may be pardoned—Tilly, when he defeated the Danes at Lutter, did not know what country he was fighting in,—but there is not a word in Poyntz's account of the Swede's campaign which can be relied upon as true.

His Saxon captaincy stood him in little stead. He was captured in "Foytland" by "Count Butler" (afterwards the treacherous organiser of Wallenstein's murder), and having in vain besought John George of Saxony to ransom him, followed the example of his betters, and turned his coat, becoming henceforward a furious Imperialist. His dog-like attachment to Butler, a poor creature and a most unsuccessful soldier, is curious—for Poyntz was worth a score of Butlers. But it was most likely from Butler that he got his really graphic account of the murder of Wallenstein's lieutenants in the Castle of

Eger, which may fairly rank as history.

Under Wallenstein Sydenham fought at Lützen, and except that he jumbles up his account of the battle with his recollections of Breitenfeld, his narrative may be trusted, at least so far as it concerns himself. "I lost three horses that day being shot under me and I hurt under my right side and in my thigh but I had horses without maisters enough to choose and horse myself; all had pistols at their saddle bow, but shot off, and all that I could do was with my sword without a scabbard and a daring pistol but no powder nor shot: my last horse that was shot had almost killed me, for being shot in the guts as I think he mounted on a suddaine such a height, yea I think on my conscience two yards, and suddaine fell to the ground upon his rump and with his suddaine fall thrust my breech a foot into the ground, and fell upon me and there lay grovelling upon me, that he put me out of my senses. I know not how I was, but at length coming to myself with much adoe got up, and found two or three brave horses stand fighting together. I took the best, but when I came to mount him I was so bruised and with the weight of my heavy armour that I could not get my leg into the saddle that my horse run away with me in that posture half in my saddle and half out, and so run with me till he met with Picolominie coming running with a troop of horse

and my horse run among them that I scaped very narrowly of being thrown clean off, but at length got into my saddle full of pain and could hardly sit, and followed the troop."

It is unpleasant after this soldierly bit of narrative to discover that Poyntz is mainly concerned not with the loss of the battle for his side. No; even as the battle of Poitiers centred, in the opinion of Samkin Aylward of the White Company, round his precious feather-bed, so the interest of Lützen is in our hero's opinion chiefly to be found in the running away of the "Wagon-Jades" with the train and all his money. "Canally! bagagy!" said Wallenstein in his queer jargon as he saw them go; and indeed their flight finished his chances of victory; but for Sydenham Poyntz the main trouble was that they took with them three thousand pounds of his.

One more piece of graphic description he gives us. It is after the terrible defeat of the Swedes at Nördlingen—a defeat caused chiefly, if we may trust Poyntz, by his personal valour and alertness. As an appendix he gives us a vivid account of an assault on the town. Here he says he scrambled for first place in the escalade with a younger soldier. "A proper young man he was and up he went and I followed him at heels. So soon as he came to the top of the walls it seems one thrust at him with a halberd and thrust off his beaver; his beaver was

no sooner off but with a sword one struck off his head and it fell to the ground. The head being off the body falls upon me, and then it lies very heavy upon me and blooded me wonderfully that I was almost smothered with blood. I not knowing the cause cried what the Devil ailed you that you do not mount higher, but what with the weight and with the blood I could hold no longer and down we fell together and what with my fall upon the stones and he in his armour upon me that I knew not whether I was alive or dead," and so on. All which is very dramatic. But unfortunately for Poyntz's fame as a true historian Nördlingen was never assaulted at all, but surrendered peaceably the day after the battle.

The great defeat left Swabia at the mercy of the Imperialists, and in that pleasant land Poyntz determined to settle down. He had already had a wife or two, procured for him by the good offices of "Count Butler." The first being of an humble condition and "very house-wifely" greatly pleased the Elder. The second was an aristocratic dame who had great store of kindred that lay upon him. He had lost most of the first wife's fortune when the waggon-jades bolted at that fatal battle of Lützen; but he had recouped himself afterwards while living at free quarters among the rich boors of Austria—Protestants, and therefore fair mark for plunder. Out of their spoils he had feathered his nest well, and now he seems to have

taken a third wife—he was, if we may trust his portraits, a singularly handsome man—named, according to Aubrey, “Anne Eleanora de Court Stephanus de Cary, in Wurtemberg.” What German title may lurk under this strange cryptogram it is impossible to say. But the projected halcyon times in Swabia did not last long. For now was the engineer hoist with his own petard. The hard captain of dragoons who had for years lived by plunder and rapine, returning to what had been his home, after some expedition, found that French stragglers from the Valtelline had been there before him, and discovered “the true tryal of Fortune’s mutability, which was that my wife was killed and my child, my house burned and my goods all pillaged: my Tenants and Neighbours all served in the same sauce, the whole village being burned: neither horse cow sheep nor corn left to feed a mouse. This when I came home I found too true: some poor people got into the ruins living with roots: this went nere me.” It might well do so: but it was one case out of hundreds in that awful war in which Poyntz himself had played a part. He went off for consolation to Count Butler; found him dying; and ends his German reminiscences with an account of his efforts to recover a thousand pounds which he says his friend had left him, but which Countess Butler refused to pay. But Poyntz was nothing if not disinterested: “his views in entering upon this war were purely

patriotic, and he was never known to be influenced by covetousness or ambition when he had frequent opportunity of gratifying those passions,”—so said deceived posterity, copying deluded contemporaries.

He did not, it seems, get his thousand pounds, but came back to England, already scenting civil war in 1637, and hoping for employment in the Faculty of soldiery: on which side mattered little to Mr Facing-both-ways. He found no exercise for his talents as yet, and so took leave of his hosts and his country, and hey! for the German wars again. “I doe give a Longum Vale to my country and a Longum Vive to my Sovereigne Lord and King, King Charles, and will try my fortune again where I first raised it.”

How the unctuous hypocrite served his sovereign lord King Charles is writ large. It was he who after Naseby followed up the broken Royalist forces and dispersed them at Rounton Heath in Cheshire: it was he who, when Charles took refuge in the Scots camp before Newark, sent the first news of the event to Speaker Lenthall. He was for a time commander of the whole forces of the Northern Association. But he was unpopular with the troops. When the “New Model” of the Independents was proposed, it was looked that Poyntz, Elder of the Dutch Church as he was, should oppose it and stand by the Presbyterians. So he did; but his soldiers mutinied, seized him and sent him under guard

to Fairfax. We have a glimpse of the causes of his unpopularity later on, when on the quarrel of London with the Army in 1647, the city made Poyntz one of her commanders. A body of citizens came to the Guildhall to present a petition urging conciliation. Poyntz and other officers burst into the Yard, hacking and hewing right and left and even mortally wounding one or two burgesses. This might be the German method; it did not find favour with Englishmen. Poyntz had to take refuge in Holland, ever bemoaning his scandalous treatment from a pecuniary point of view at the hands of the Parliament, went to the West

Indies, became "Governor" successively of the Leeward Islands and of Antigua, and died somewhere in Virginia.

Surely this is an extraordinary record of imposture. How Poyntz could have maintained his reputation passes belief—for there must have been scores of men in the English and Scottish armies who had known him for what he was in Germany. But a lie with a slight oath will carry it off. Perhaps it was well for other disinterested republicans of the day that they were not entertained by Treshams, and did not delight their hosts by their Reminiscences.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

AN AMERICAN BACKWATER.

IF there is any one who thinks that the stream of progress in the United States has been so rushing and full-flooded that it has overspread the whole continent, and found its way into every last corner of the land, he can correct that mistake by hunting up certain localities, and that without travelling to the remote wildernesses of the West. One of these unruffled, behind-the-world backwaters, that immigration and advancement have always swept by, is to be found in the Appalachian Range, in some of whose nooks conditions exist to-day that are a revelation. The land-seeking tidal wave has always naturally rolled to the flatter-lying lands of the middle and western States, leaving much of the Appalachians all undisturbed, and among the inhabitants of these mountains there are many of whom it can undoubtedly be said that they are direct and undiluted in their descent from some batch of the colonists planted by Sir Walter Raleigh on American soil. A certain amount of outside blood may have been introduced into some families, in course of their inland migration, by reason of their having possibly run across, and mixed with, one or other of the small early-day colonies of German and Swiss origin; but any such adulteration, if it took place, must have been of the slightest. Equally with many Virginians, they might lay

claim, though this may be not so readily traceable, to "first family" distinctions. They are, however, a people who have about as little interest in a genealogical tree as an average untutored, unhistoried savage, and they are unlikely ever to cause the blue-blooded Virginian any concern by furnishing proof of title to share honours with him.

Back in the old stirring days of Virginia and the Carolinas, when the English Monarchs and the Lords Proprietors were juggling with the real estate, these people's sturdy ancestors were growing cotton and tobacco on the coast. After a while the bolder spirits, fretting under the tithes and imposts laid upon them, began to strike out for themselves. Gradually, away from the coastal plain, through the great swamps, back and farther back into the country they moved, pushing aside the red-skinned Cherokee and Chickahominy as occasion required, and forcibly at times persuading these high-spirited aborigines that wigwams were made for packing up, and that the face of the earth was as fitted for the double-shovel plough of the white man as for the whoop and double-shuffle of the war-dance. By-and-by they reached the Blue Ridge, and up and over that they climbed into the forested highlands beyond. There, all the while clearing and cropping, they laid claims on the

land, and settled down, and there, in certain districts, they still stay, earning a livelihood on the now lean and loamless hillsides, by methods of husbandry primitive as those of the Old Testament.

Some sections of the Appalachian country are by nature better adapted for agriculture than others, and are consequently more prosperous, enlightened, and advanced than the more rugged and poorer localities. In these last, however, the outsider can find most of characteristic interest. Take a typical district, and you find yourself at an average elevation of some three to four thousand feet above sea-level, in a distracting confusion of part-tilled, part-timbered ridges, knolls, heights, and hillocks, many of them full-blown miniature mountains in themselves, each springing from the base of the next, leaving but the merest strip of stream bottom or "cove" land intervening, and all thrown down topsy-turvy and at random, giving a general effect to the eye of what a sailor would call on the ocean "a lumpy cross sea with the tide in its teeth." Doubtless the geologist could glibly account for the strange aspect of the physical geography, by explaining that the cooling-down process, while things were in a molten state of ebullition, had been too rapid, and that the blisters and bubbles were arrested ere they had time to settle. Decidedly beautiful scenery, but lacking in the grandeur and sublimity

of many mountain regions, the sameness of its endless unevenness, and the hemmed-in feeling it engenders, palls on one after a short residence there. Standing high up on the hillsides or squatting down in the depths between, everywhere is the homestead of the settler. By the death of the old, and the distribution of properties by inheritance, the land year by year has got parcelled up into smaller and smaller holdings. Up and down, through, over, and across the country, chopping and slicing it into a fantastic checker-board, everywhere runs the panel rail fence of crooked or straight, wormed or nailed pattern, boundary-lining the different claims, and subdividing each of these into small fields and pasture enclosures. So small are the holdings commonly, that the houses, while not within view of each other, owing to the already described contour of the country, are within easy "hollering" distance. In the mountain atmosphere sound waves carry well, and mountain lungs, too, are lusty. The mountain work-ox also is contrary, and is a quadruped recognised, by even the pious-minded, to be needful of loud and profane speech as a corrective in his moments of waywardness. Thus when field operations are being carried on simultaneously, in several adjacent farms, you can stand in one spot and clearly hear the expostulations of a number of teamsters all at the same time: the effect on a morally sensitive ear is sometimes weirdly shocking.

In manners and customs the native is a "back-number." But a few brief hours' run from New York City, pulsating fierce and hot with the latest-up-to-date in all things, we have left the railroad, and now with but an additional day and a half's road-waggon journey from civilisation, we are here in a region, close settled as a European lowland, but where one may set back his watch, and his mental arrangements conformably, a full century, and still be abreast of the local time. Indications of this are at once apparent. The stare of the man who still stands rooted to the roadway, back there in our wake, tells its tale. There is nothing furtive about that stare. Its unblinking curiosity, so full of rustic ingenuousness as to disarm offence, speaks volumes. You, a stranger, are here in *his* country, sojourning within *his* gates—you have found your way, somehow, right into his Appalachian family party, and that all "unbeknownst" to him. Not that he is resentful, but he has the right to see and know about it, and means to do so. Given half a chance in passing, he would have shown you what a master of interrogatory he was, and, provided you were responsive to his straight-from-the-shoulder queries, how soon he could turn you inside out. After a cheery "Howdy," following in the lines of the Anglican catechism, he would open with: "What might your name be." This conundrum you could of course at once solve if you would; but perhaps you are

tired and not feeling too good-natured after twenty-five miles in a nerve-shattering springless vehicle, and you judge the query premature or impertinent. The directness of his attack almost corners you, however, and would do so if you failed to note the loophole of escape he has left open. But you see it, and reply with the evasion: "Well, sir, it might be Brown, or maybe Jones, or perhaps it might be Smith; but really now, you need not record it for the present as any of these." While you are still half regretting having so answered him, for fear you may have hurt his feelings, he merely lays fuller hold of you with his saucer-eyed gaze, politely discloses his own name, and advances again to the attack: "I don't believe I know you; you don't happen to live anywheres clost round here, do you?" Next, your destination, the purport of your business in the country, with the full and truthful reasons annexed thereto, and a general steady fire of other cross-examination, soon lays you low. You submit yourself to him, and he extracts all the information he wants. He winds up by inviting you to stop the night with him. On parting, his expressed hope that you will come and see him anyway, when you can, leads you to the conviction that he has mistaken you for somebody else, or that perhaps he finds in your personality some magnetic attraction. Next man you meet, however, begins promptly to put the same identical questions to

you, and you wonder and doubt and get uneasy. Are they on vigilance committee duty, or are they secret society agents, or what? With the second fellow, anyhow, it is best for you to be frank. When he starts on you just make a clean breast of it. Tell him at once "all is already discovered," and refer him to the first inquisitor back up the road for full particulars. It will save time for all parties. When you have occasion to ask any inhabitant for road directions in finding your way anywhere, you of course subject yourself to the regular course of investigation, but he is always courteous and painstaking in giving the needful instructions, and should he find that you, as a non-resident, cannot follow his itinerary, in your ignorance of which house referred to is "Cousin Elihu's," and which estate corner referred to is "Granpaw's," he drops his work and willingly escorts you himself a part of the way. This accommodating arrangement affords him an opportunity to attend to any little detail he may have overlooked before in getting up your personal history. Like all the others, he extends to you an invite to call on him when you can.

Commonly speaking, it is well for the stranger to go slow in the matter of acceptance of the customary proffer of hospitality. Too often an ability to entertain, on the part of the native, goes in the inverse ratio to his hospitable disposition. When the inviter is most cordially insistent, it

should be taken as a danger-signal by the invitee. A heedless good-natured acceptance of a night's entertainment, without a gentle preliminary inquiry as to the ways and means of the inviter to make good, may involve the acceptor in things he thought not of. When, in his whole-souled way, your easy-going host opens his door and tells you to make yourself at home, he means you to do so. And you do. Right straightway into the very lap and bosom of that household you drop. The one room of the establishment may be of goodly enough proportions, but so, too, is the size of the family, and the apartment does duty for dining, sitting, and sleeping purposes. True, the table fare is plenteous, but the aroma of the fatted possum, killed in your honour and prepared in your presence, sticks in your nostril, and the semi-baked "corn-dodger" slabs stick in your throat, so you fill up on string-beans, dally some with the "sass," and drown your sorrows in the flowing bowl of buttermilk.

Towards the family retiring hour, which comes shortly after the customary roosting-time of a sober-living barnyard fowl, you begin to wonder where and how everybody is going to find sleeping quarters. This gives you not a little concern. You size up the roster of the family rank and file, and the visible beds, and call to mind the incident of the frontiersman who, in bestowing his guest for the night, handed him a bull's hide with the remark,

"You kin snug up wi' that, pardner; I reckon I'll tough it on the floor." Your host does you better than this, for he appoints you to a good bed,—in a nice conspicuous place. If there is any embarrassment as the household—ladies included—begins to retire, it will be entirely on your side. Even while you are getting to feel queer about it, and are meditating making your escape somewhere, half the members of the family have shed their shoes and some fraction of outer apparel, and are under their respective covers in beds or on shake-downs on the floor. Encouraged by the casual way things are done, you nerve yourself up, remove as much of your raiment as you deem judicious, and turn in too. Then the old man blows out the light. In the morning it's all right, for every one is up long before day.

Most of the farm land is steep and rocky in the extreme. Watching, for the first time, a ploughman moving across the top storey of one of his skyscraper fields, looking for all the world like a fly on the side of a house, gives you a catch of the breath, and makes you think what a truly blessed thing it is that so many tree-stumps have been left standing on the ground below him, for fear he should by chance overbalance and topple out. But practice has taught him to keep his equilibrium, and hunched up and humped over to the high side, he hirples along between the handles of his awkward hillside plough, and

is happy. And the corn crop he is preparing for, what a laborious process it is. From his first gymnastics on that mountain face, then planting, and on through the multifarious hoeings and cultivatings, and then stripping, pulling, cutting, shocking, and shucking, it is a tedious round that keeps sweat beads on the brow of himself and family for many long summer months.

Providence in her kind dispensation has fortunately blessed him with a sufficiency of family to help him out, his offspring not infrequently numbering ten or a dozen. Wherever else it may be in vogue, race-suicide cannot be laid to the charge of the people of the Appalachians. They multiply and replenish exceedingly, finding names for the males, as they arrive, from the Hebrew prophets, and for the females nice plain ones from the Puritan Mothers. Boys and girls marry early. Perhaps the lad has gone off for a while, and earned a little money toward setting him up with a work-steer and a milk cow; or the parents equip him after a fashion, and allot him a knuckle-end of their claim, where the youthful couple settle down and commence housekeeping. Marrying is easy and casual. Hence juvenile grandparents are common as ground-squirrels, and ramifications of blood relationships soon get to be bewildering. Consanguinity through close marriage, however, does not, as might be expected, appear to bring about much evil result, for the rising generations

seem mentally fit and sound, and are physically muscular and wiry in their six-foot length of person.

The rearing of a child involves no great trouble, it being able in a few years to take its part in some of the numerous corn-raising operations, or in the home chores, and thus become self-supporting. Not that there are no educational institutions. Taxes are levied for school purposes, schooling is free, and knowledge is meant to be instilled. These square plank buildings that are so frequently to be seen by the roadside, that have been ventilated by the passage of rock fragments through their window-panes, round whose doors you notice the grass and weeds are doing so well, and which somebody tells you are schoolhouses, testify to endeavour, at least, in that direction.

During an average session, which lasts two to three months, our youth attends his Alma Mater only intermittently, as he is taking, at the same time, a curriculum, in the neighbouring woods, in rabbit and possum hunting. If, at "commencement" exhibition, his attainments in learning are not brilliant, the array of furry skins neatly tacked on the back wall of the barn at home show his diploma in his extramural branch of study. However, when he finishes with school, he has commonly taken on as much book-learning as his father before him; and on a simple rough diet, and the purest of air and water to build

up his system, he grows to manhood with the constitution and unambitious contentment of a cow.

By unflagging industry through the spring, summer, and fall, he stores away in his little granary a supply of corn and buckwheat, and sometimes a few bushels of wheat, for his bread and for his work-stock feed: the garden patch, always attended to by his womenfolk, yielding the potatoes, beans, and cabbage for the table. The elevation of the country is well suited to apples, so his orchard crop is a big item. He makes no calculation as to getting money out of his crops. Like the busy bee, he makes in the summer but to eat up in the winter. A calf, or an odd lamb or two, bring in some currency and pay the taxes; but currency—that is to say silver, gold, and greenbacks, as in use throughout the States—is not much in evidence, and indeed you may find men fairly well-off, with boundaries of fifty to seventy-five acres, who don't put fifty dollars through their hands in the course of a year. The people try to make their places self-supporting. Hence they are independent of the local store, except for drygoods, hardware, chewing tobacco, and snuff, the last-mentioned necessary being for the ladies, who are addicted to the unlovely southern backwoods habit of the "dipstick." This habit, it may be explained, consists in conveying the snuff, not in the orthodox fashion to the nostril,

but to the mouth, where it is allowed to repose in the underlip, and is ejected from time to time with the saliva excretions, the overflow of which trickles down from the corners of the mouth in a most uncomfortable way to behold. Should a dipping lady contemplate joining an anti-kissing league, nobody need lose any sleep about it.

As a medium of exchange and barter, butter, eggs, and fowls are all right. Very much as one may see on a Sunday morning on the Mexican border, the Greaser wending his way to the cocking-main, with his game-rooster tucked under his arm, as though it was the family Bible he was carrying to church; so on the roads here the housewife is to be seen on her way to the store with her Plymouth Rock or Leghorn pullet. The face value of a hen is somewhere about three and a half yards of calico, but the rate is subject to the fluctuations of exchange on the local Rialto. In making change, eggs are always accepted. The amount of trade carried on by this means is enormous. Should barnyard produce be scarce, the family wants are either cut to suit the times, or the farmer or a son strike out for some big lumber company's logging camp in the vicinity of the railroad, where cash wages are paid; but he never stays there longer than he can help. Few farmers ever get ahead financially. Curiously enough, when any of them do go off to some other State where

there is more scope or chance to better themselves, they mostly return, and return with the conviction that, after all, their hard-tilling, low-producing uplands are as good as any to be found; for the mountain rainfall fails not, neither is the sandstorm known in the land, and some sort of crop can always be made. Moreover, they miss in other places the abundant oakwood with which they are wont to pile their roomy hearth, or it may be the bold springs that never run low, or the society of their multitudinous kinsfolk. Be the reason what it may, the fact remains that, as with the highlanders of many other lands, their hearts turn, like the needle to the pole, always to the environs of their birth.

While not lacking in beauty, the want of valley widths in the Appalachian Range, effectively to set off the slopes and heights, and the stereotyped similarity of it all, give to the stranger a hemmed-in and imprisoned feeling. Locomotion is a hard job, too, for the roads, though numerous, and all supposed to be overseered and kept up, are wicked throughout. Footpaths of the early days, evolving into bridle paths, and from that into the dignity of fenced-in public highways, without having made any change in their original devious courses, they lead one a rare dance. Now we go straight up one side and down the other of the most impossible kind of a mountain shoulder: next we sidle across the most sidling, rockiest, stumpiest

piece that could be selected on somebody's estate; then we insinuate ourselves right between the dwelling-house wall and the hog-pen of some other landowner, indifferent to the fact that we are driving over an assortment of his harrows, wood-sleds, and other implements which he keeps in the middle of the road for convenience. Here, with an abrupt turn, we double, and go in a back direction for a time, and flop into a middling-sized stream which has been turned into the roadway as its likeliest course, and mingle ourselves with its waters and boulders for a furlong or two. Next we sample a stretch of mud, with chugholes at intervals, which sink us to the axle with a suddenness that wellnigh snaps our spinal column. At a point where the road ahead is not visible, and the banks rise at an angle of forty-five from either hub, we meet another waggon. Whoa! whoa! and lamentation! This is surely the limit. It looks as though nothing short of the services of a civil engineer can solve the problem of passing. But the difficulty, as presented to us, does not bother the other fellow. He is mildly interested, and he may even forget for the first few moments to ascertain from us what our name might be. This omission once rectified, however, without further preliminary or fuss he unloads his waggon, unhitches his team, and goes to work removing a supply of rails from the adjoining fences. Levering, straining, heaving, and scaffolding with

these, he gets the waggon into some fanciful position to suit his taste, where he props it, or pillars it up with rocks. Then he hunts him a sapling for a "Hooray Pole," as he calls it, with which to enthuse the cattle to a proper sense of the requirements of the situation. Having whittled it to the length and thickness that he thinks the coming act may demand, he lapses into lurid profanity, and gets busy with the animals which he has again hooked to the waggon. What the "hooray pole" falls short of, the language supplies. Team and waggon go through a marvellous feat of acrobatic agility on the precipitous bank, and alight safe and smiling on the road beyond us. The performance, from first to last, is a distinct success, well meriting thunders of applause. It is left to us only to help to reload his waggon, to remove the rails and rocks, and proceed on our way.

Little wonder it is that the natives make so much use of "Shank's pony," and early learn to do so much freighting on their own tough shoulders. So accustomed are some of them to this "toting" of loads, that without their poke of meal, "a young un" or two, or some other cargo aboard, they remind you, as they walk, of an under-ballasted ship. They themselves often allege that they like a bit of a something to steady them, when they have anything of a distance to go.

The recreations of the country are not many. In winter the farmer has considerable enforced leisure, as the weather

spells are at times severe enough to keep him housed up while they last. Not being literary in his tastes, and his library, in any case, only comprising a farm journal, a seed catalogue, a patent medicine almanac, and a limited number of kindred standard works, he has acquired the art of killing time by doing nothing. Sometimes, to use his own words, he "jest sets round an' thinks, an' sometimes he jest sets." At the cross-road store, in company with a group of his loafing neighbours, he can make himself comfortable for many hours at a stretch, leaning on a dry-goods box, the surrounding floor getting sloppier and sloppier the while, under the united efforts incidental to the tobacco-chewing of the assemblage. Great gleaners of news scraps, and great gloaters thereon, are these loafers. Gossip is to them as the breath of their nostrils. Whatsoever be the occurrence to take place in the community, be it interesting, commonplace, or utterly trivial,—if it is rumoured that Jeremiah Johnson has been heard to remark that he "might get in the notion" of maybe swapping his superannuated milk cow, along about the latter end of the ensuing season, or the one following, for a yearling and a pig to boot; or if Uncle Lige Stike's mottle-backed turkey hen is down with the epizootic, the Forum of the storehouse takes up the subject, and exhaustively discusses the ins and outs and the pros and cons relative to the whole matter. "In the

multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." And everybody giving his personal care and consideration to everybody else's business, and keeping his advice always on tap, nobody need ever do anything unadvisedly. The Meeting-House on Sunday is another grand news centre. Worshippers come from a distance, collecting gossip items on the various ridges on their tramp. These tales never diminish in colouring in the course of mountain transport. Hence entertaining foreign intelligence gets into circulation. The church or "meetin'-house" of the country is an unpretentious affair. They have designed and modelled it after the school-house, and fashioned it without of plank, and within of the other side of the same plank, and both within and without in virgin innocence of paint. Austere as a monkish cell, with nothing about it to allure the wandering attention of the worshipper, any grace that it can boast of is only such as may possibly accompany the devotional exercises conducted under its roof. It stands in roadside loneliness, unenclosed by lot or cemetery—for the custom is for each family to bury its dead on a hilltop on its own homestead,—and it would be hard to distinguish it from the wild grasses around it are well kept in check by human tread, and it is commonly in a better state of repair than the last-named building. In some rare instances there is a belfry tower rising heavenward a

couple of feet above the clapboards, or a gibbetlike projection from one corner of the building where a bell—dinner-hand size—is hung. The bell is usually broken, but its impaired condition does not signify greatly, some good brother having most generally borrowed the rope for a guiding line for his led steer.

On Sunday morning the sojourner in the country is gratified to observe what a religious, church-going community he has got amongst. Everybody — men, women, children, and dogs—is going to “Meetin’.” All go, but all do not go inside. A large percentage of the congregation, and — unless the weather is inclement — not a few of the dogs, remain outside, filling in the time in social loafing or secular discussion. This oversight on the part of so many in not entering the church is use and wont, and the preacher takes no umbrage.

The preacher is frequently an earnest man, who spends much of his life and energy in ministering to several congregations, making long tramps to the various appointments on his circuit, and holding lengthy services for a pittance of no fixed stipendiary amount. His flock just help him along with farm-product donations, a convenient system of settling bodily and spiritual accounts-current entailed by the moneyless condition of the country. Thus, should the parsonage sugar-supply be showing signs of running low, the preacher can remedy the matter by an

announcement that the offertory at the close of the services will be taken in sorghum molasses. Self-ordained in most instances, as teacher and exhorter he is apt to be illiterate, but the brethren and sisters are not over-critical about that, and if his belief in freedom of speech in the pulpit runs so far as to allow of taking freedoms with English grammar, they do not esteem his discourses any the less. Generally he acquits himself wonderfully, considering his meagre advantages, and his extempore talk, given with great lung-power and at ponderous length, is one that his hearers and he himself derive much benefit from. With no contending doctrinal doubts of his own, he is dogmatic and judicious to a degree. Those who differ from his particular denominational creed are but cumberers of the ground, and should not be tolerated. He would mete out to them destruction in this world, and would have their cases attended to, of course, in the next as well. From his search of the Scriptures he has to admit that a hope is held out for all, but this he feels is wrong, and he is fully persuaded in his own mind that any such plan of divine clemency, if carried out, will undoubtedly be found some day to be a mistake.

In times of protracted meeting, which take place twice a year and continue for days together, the church is much too small to contain the crowd. At that time people throw aside their work, and come

from far and near. A number of preachers are on hand, and things are kept at high pressure. Here an ugly feature presents itself, that detracts from the praiseworthy character of the gathering. Among those that come, caring nothing whatever about the seating capacity of the house, are the young men of the surrounding country. Among them are certain youths whose preparation for the occasion has been a moonlight trip, in company with a jug, to some recess of the Blue Ridge. Being under stringent prohibition ban, intoxicating liquor is theoretically unobtainable in the country; but when the jug comes back from the trip it is full, or partially so, and the bearer thereof is not uncommonly in a similar condition. In everyday life the youth is a civilly conducted, ordinary specimen of rustic, but when he comes to the meeting and gets under the twofold influence of the general prevailing excitement and of the jug, he transposes himself, with the celerity of a quick-change stage artist, into the bold bad man of the yellow-backed "thriller," with the bold bad shooting-iron in his hip pocket. He is crazy to do something to get into the lime-light, and to prove what a desperado he is, so he goes to "cutting up," and firing his pistol recklessly close to the wall of the church, or sometimes even through the windows or roof. Unseemly brawls occur, sometimes with serious results. Folks that know say it is the quality of the Blue Ridge de-

coction that is accountable for the rowdyism, and declare that were the materials used in making the stuff confined to corn and apples, and were the blue-fire-at-the-wings ingredients, such as concentrated lye and tobacco stems, used more sparingly, there would be no more of such trouble. It may be so, but at its unadulterated best it is a beverage of raw ferocity that even a mountaineer should refrain from in going to church. That law-abiding citizens go on tolerating exhibitions of the sort is a disgrace. Already fully supported by liquor laws, pistol-carrying laws, and public worship protection laws, they should find no difficulty in cleaning up the blot. The slowness of their ways and moves is the only reason that can be assigned for their failure to have done this long ago.

In conducting his affairs, the farmer is a diligent student of signs and omens. His almanac is to him as the Oracle of Delphi, and he consults with care the phases of the moon in her seasons, and the positions of the planets in their courses, for his daily guidance. He runs not after the new-fangled false gods of science and soil-chemistry in farming. All things may look favourable and seasonable, and he may be quite ready for his potato planting, but he knows better than to put them in the ground — "the pints of the moon" say "No." They are "up." And has it not been decreed of old that no tuber

of the genus potato must be put in the ground except when the horns of the moon are down. So he bides his time, and looks around for some other job for which the conditions are favourable.

Along with many other superstitious folk in the world, he has a childlike faith in the Ground Hog. On the second day of February he may be observed in the morning anxiously peering at the heavens. He has much work laid off for some time ahead, and this is "ground-hog day." That interesting "varmint" has been hibernating for months past, but to-day he knows that much depends on his actions, so he is awake and astir betimes. Upon emerging from the burrow, should he be unable, by reason of an overcast sky, to behold his shadow on the ground, then all is well for the farmer. But should a sun-ray throw the image of his uncouth figure where he can see it, it is his duty at once to retire again to the privacy of his home and remain there forty days, during which the weather will be evil. No doubt the animal's accuracy in calendar reading and prognostication were acquired when Noah shut him into the Ark, and "the windows of heaven

were opened, and the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." Anyway, he is an old-established weather bureau now. The mountain climate being so industrious and erratic that the oldest inhabitant does not presume to foretell the weather twenty-four hours in advance, the meteorological prediction of the ground hog is the more remarkable. There are "Ruling Days" for all things. The deadening of trees, the laying of rail fence, the roofing of a house, the setting of a hen, and a whole list of other simple acts, are controlled by the imperative "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" of the horoscope of the Zodiac. The setting out of a young fruit-tree takes a careful placing of both the hands upon it, at a certain stage of the operation, after the manner of blessing it, to ensure its fructifying. And so on, in an endless variety of matters. Yet the native will tell you solemnly he is not "supersteetious." Perhaps he is not. Maybe he is only diligent in business and wedded to tradition. Let us, who have not been bred so far from the madding crowd of a matter-of-fact world, at least give him the benefit of the doubt.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

I.

THE glorious full moon of Central Africa looked down upon a curious scene. The inhabitants of a little Jur village were squatting in a circle round an open space, in the middle of which a small fire was burning. On the fire, wedged between three stones, was a small earthenware cup in which some water steamed and bubbled. Round and round the fire moved Mayom, the village witch-doctor, muttering incantations and sorceries as he went. Occasionally he broke into a curious, hopping dance, twisting and wriggling his body into the strangest contortions. From time to time also he went up to the fire and poured more water into the cup, and each time that he did this he called aloud the name of some woman who lived in the village. Then followed a dead silence, and the assembled people gazed anxiously at the little cup.

For Mayom was going through this mysterious ceremony in order to find out the name of the woman who had caused the death of the chief's infant son. It was known that the child's death must have been the work of some witch, because such was the tribal superstition, handed down from time immemorial. It was the custom in such cases for the witch-doctor to put water and the seed of a certain tree into

the cup, and then to call out a woman's name: if the water bubbled and boiled over so that it hissed into the fire, all was well for that particular woman, and her reputation and life were saved; but woe to any woman if the water refused to boil over when her name was called.

On the outer edge of the circle squatted Oyid: shivering and speechless with fear, she was waiting for her name to be called out. She herself was no great believer in the superstitions of her tribe, but she well knew that the men of the village believed implicitly in them, and that if hers was the fateful name she need expect no mercy. Already she pictured herself seized and forced to drink the fatal poison, beaten with rods, and then tied down on the red ants' nest, which had already been broken open and prepared to receive the witch.

She knew that her fate was near. She hated Mayom. Twice already he had asked for her in marriage, and had not she twice refused even to speak with him? Only that very morning he had met her in the dura-field as she was collecting the ripe corn, and once again had asked her to marry him, but she had turned away with a curt refusal: and then Mayom in a fury had told her that on that night

the "gwia" was to be held, and that he would name her as the witch. The water, he had said, would not boil over when her name was called, as he would take good care not to put sufficient into the cup. In terror at his threat she had turned to him, but he had already stalked away and had refused to come back when she called to him.

When night had fallen she had pleaded sickness, in order to escape the ceremony, but her uncle, with whom she lived, had forced her to go with him to the "gwia," saying that she had nothing to fear.

And now she sat and shivered and awaited her fate.

Mayom was calling the names of the women in the order of the houses in which they lived. He had reached the house next to that in which Oyid lived: her turn came next. She could bear it no longer. Should she fly? Or should she pierce her own heart with the little knife she carried at her waist, and so avert the tortures that must otherwise be hers?

And then a sudden thought came into her mind. Only a short time before this the white men had established themselves in the country, bringing with them many soldiers armed with the dreaded rifles. They had come, they said, to rule the land fairly, and not to extort slaves and to kill the natives as had been the practice of the Turks in the old days. Many and various had been the opinions which Oyid had heard expressed about this new

government by the men of her village, as they sat during the day under the big tree near the chief's hut; but, on the whole, the general opinion had been favourable to the new rulers, and certainly the strangers had so far done no harm to the Jurs: they had not seized the women or burnt the villages. That very morning news had come to the village that a party of soldiers under the command of two white men was on its way to visit a tribe to the south of the Jurs, and was to encamp at mid-day close to a village which was only about two miles from Oyid's home.

Why then should she not test the kindness of these people, throw herself on their mercy and beg for their protection? Surely nothing could be worse for her to bear than the dreadful fate which was now so fast approaching!

Such were the thoughts which raced through her brain as, almost paralysed with fear, she listened to Mayom's mutterings and watched his hateful contortions. Terror at the idea of a rush through the forest in the night to the unknown people, and the uncertain fate which might await her, and terror at the fearful death which must be hers if she remained in her own home, for the moment made her powerless to move.

Then the water boiled in the little cup and once again hissed into the fire. Oyid's next-door neighbour was declared guiltless of witchcraft, and a low murmur of satis-

faction came from the eager watchers.

Oyid's turn had now arrived, but at this critical moment the power and the decision to move also came to her. Stealthily she crept back into the darkness—a few yards only separated her from the tall standing dura-fields round the village. Once amongst the crops she hoped that she would be able to get a good start, as no one would expect her to have the courage to face the terrors of the forest at night and go to the unknown white men and their soldiers.

Slowly, slowly she moved backwards. Already Mayom was pouring fresh water into the cup, and by the fitful light of the flames she imagined that she could detect on his cruel face a smile full of revenge and cunning spite.

At last she reached the dura,—it was only a few yards from where she had been sitting, but to the terrified girl the distance had seemed miles. Rising to her feet, she moved cautiously and slowly away from the “*gwia*,” fearing that the crackling of the stalks might be heard. By degrees she quickened her pace and soon reached a small track, along which she ran towards the wider path which led to the neighbouring village, where the white men had camped. She had not run a quarter of a mile when she heard loud and angry shouts coming from the direction of the “*gwia*.” Then she knew for certain that Mayom had fulfilled his threat, and had declared her to be the witch

whose sorceries had robbed the chief of his child. She instantly increased her speed and raced along the path in the clear moonlight. She knew that the avengers would search for her first in her own home, then in the houses and precincts of the village, and that only when they had failed in this search would they look for her footprints near the place where she had last been seen. But it was night, and the ground was hard, and she knew that even the clever Jur hunter would be hard put to it to find her track.

So, with feelings of mingled hope and fear, she sped on as best she could, dropping at times into a quick walk to recover her breath, and then once more running. And now, as the sounds from the village grew fainter and fainter behind her, a new dread came upon her.

The intense silence of the forest was suddenly broken by the sound of some heavy body passing through the brushwood and over the dead leaves which covered the ground in front of her. Oyid sprang from the path and crouched in the shadow of a great tree until she calmed herself by the thought that probably it was only an antelope. She rose and returned to the path, and as she did so the coughing roar of a lion, about a mile away, but sounding far nearer, sent her racing once more upon her way. On and on the exhausted girl fled. Would she never reach the camp? Or perhaps she had, in her terror,

missed the path? No, a well-known landmark reassured her. Then came the discomfiting thought that perhaps the white men had moved, and that upon reaching the village she would be held captive and given back to her pursuers. She was almost exhausted: she could go little farther; but at last to her dazed eyes appeared the lights of camp fires and she heard the sound of voices. In a few more minutes she had reached the edge of a large clearing, and then her courage failed

her. She crouched down in the deep shadow of the forest trees and waited — but not for long. Suddenly to her acute ears there came the distant sound of people running along the path by which she had come. She knew that the villagers were upon her track. Should she wait where she was and fall into their hands, or should she summon up her courage and seek protection from the unknown strangers? A moment's hesitation, and then she ran forward into the white men's camp.

II.

Clive Hellard and Geoffrey Raynor were two young Englishmen. The former was the "Inspector," and the latter the officer in command of the detachment of the Royal African Regiment which was stationed for duty in the Jur District.

Neither of them had been in the Protectorate for more than a few months, but, by the inscrutable arrangements of those in authority at headquarters, it had come about that these two young men found themselves in temporary charge of this newly acquired district, although their combined knowledge of the language and of the customs of the people was of the smallest. They were now making a tour through the country. It was Hellard's duty to try and obtain the confidence of the shy chiefs of the Jur, whilst Raynor was there to see that

no harm came to him in the process.

They had made a long march in the morning, and consequently had decided to do no afternoon trek, and to make their mid-day halting-ground into their camp for the night.

The transport mules had been picketed, fires lit, and an excellent dinner eaten, and the two Englishmen were now stretched on their deck-chairs at some little distance from their chattering men. They were already plunged in the usual African arguments. Neither of them had as yet seen an elephant, but this fact had not prevented a lively argument as to the rival merits of the head or heart shot.

The capacity or incapacity of all the senior military and civil officials had next been freely discussed, and, curiously enough, in both branches of

the service the number of incapables appeared to predominate. The discussion had then turned upon the natives of the country, and their virtues and vices were carefully argued out.

"My dear fellow," said Hellard, at the end of an argument in which Raynor had said that he felt sure that the pagans of the country must soon appreciate the merits of the new government, "I have been longer in this country than you have" (to be exact, he had landed about thirty-three days before Raynor), "and you can take it from me that the black man of Africa does not know what the word 'gratitude' means. If you help a Mahomedan with money, he merely looks upon it as his due, as a kind of tribute which it is his right to receive from the accursed Christian; and if you go out of your way to do a good turn to one of the pagans up here, why, he thinks nothing of it, and will be quite ready to stick you in the back next minute."

"I don't agree at all," said Raynor; "I don't know anything about the Mahomedans, but I am certain that the people up here are very grateful for anything they get in the way of decent treatment. Some day or other perhaps you may come round to my views, and see that you are wrong in your ideas with regard to a native's gratitude."

"I wish I could think so," laughed Hellard in his rather superior, annoying way.

There was a rustling of dried

leaves, and then a figure ran out from the shadow of the trees and came straight towards the two Englishmen. Hellard sprang up and instinctively put his hand on the small pistol which hung on his belt. But he saw at once that the native was a woman, and he laughed rather nervously as she fell at his feet, and, putting her arms convulsively round his knees, began to pour out a torrent of incoherent words.

"What on earth's the matter with the girl?" said Raynor, as he put his hand on her head gently.

"Some beast has been beating her, I suppose," replied Hellard, and called out to his interpreter. "Hi! Abdulla, come along and see what's up with this girl."

Oyid, for it was she, certainly presented a piteous appearance as she clung to Hellard's knees, trying to make her story clear. Even the interpreter at first had some difficulty in understanding her, and it was only when he had at last succeeded in calming her fears as to the treatment she might expect from the white men that he was able to make out her story and let Hellard know what had happened.

"What a damned shame," cried Raynor impetuously, when he had heard the story, "and what a ridiculous custom: I vote we go at once and burn the village and catch this witch-doctor man. What do you say?"

"Well, we have only heard one side of the story," replied

Hellard, who rather prided himself on his judicial qualities. "I think that we had better wait a bit. But it might be as well to send a few men to try and catch some of the people who, the girl thinks, are pursuing her."

Raynor agreed, and promptly despatched half a dozen men along the path by which Oyid had come, with orders not to be out long, and to come back sharp if they saw no signs of pursuers.

The two young men had then to come to a decision as to what should be done with the girl. But Oyid was chiefly instrumental in settling this point. She absolutely refused to leave Hellard, to whom, and to whom alone, she said that she had given herself as a slave, for him to deal with as he chose.

After some discussion, therefore, Hellard agreed to her remaining under his protection. He was young, and could not help feeling rather flattered at the confidence which Oyid seemed to have in him.

"Tell her," he said, "that she can stay with us, and that I will visit her village on our way back and find out about her. In the meantime, see that she gets some food. She can sleep by the fire in the camp."

Oyid, however, absolutely refused to fall in with this arrangement. Nothing would induce her to leave Hellard, who, she again explained, was from henceforth her lord and

master. She was his servant, she would sleep only by his tent, and if this were not allowed, well, she would go into the forest and be eaten by leopards and hyænas.

This latter alternative was obviously impossible, and Hellard gave way to the girl's wishes, laughing rather sheepishly when Raynor accused him of blushing. It was arranged that Oyid should sleep under the outer flap of the tent, lying on a bed of grass and wrapped in a "tobe,"¹ one of several which Hellard was carrying with him as presents for the wives of Sheikhs.

Shortly afterwards the men who had been sent out by Raynor returned and reported that they had neither seen nor heard any people about. Then gradually all talking ceased and the camp grew quiet in sleep; and the still silence of the great African forest was only broken at intervals by the querulous call of a wandering hyæna, or the distant roar of some lion proclaiming his whereabouts to his consort. The single sentry slowly made his rounds, occasionally throwing a fresh log on the fire, thus lighting up the huddled sleeping forms of his comrades of the escort, the line of picketed mules, and the tents of the two white men, close under one of which the native girl now lay in a slumber made deep from exhaustion and the terror through which she had just passed.

¹ A roll of white cotton material.

III.

Next day, some time before the dawn, all was bustle and confusion in the little camp. The tents were struck and rolled up, beds were tied in bundles ready for loading, animals were saddled; and then, just as the first pale light of the coming day began to show, the Englishmen got on their mules and headed the patrol as it started once more along the narrow native track.

Oyid took her place in the midst. Full confidence had not yet come to her, but the presence of twenty or thirty rifles—far more than she had ever before seen with one party of men—soon had a reassuring effect, and her terrified glances into the forest at the least sound on either side grew fewer, so that when the full light of day came she appeared perfectly contented and at home in her new surroundings. By ten o'clock the village was reached at which it had been arranged the mid-day halt should be made. The Sheikh came out to meet the party, bringing with him chickens and eggs for the white men and flour for the soldiers. The animals were unloaded, camp chairs and tables put up, and breakfast prepared. Hellard interviewed the Sheikh and his people, as they squatted in a semicircle round him, and explained the peaceable aims of the new Government, which, he said, had no intention of upsetting the customs of the natives.

"But," he continued, "there is one custom which must cease—and that is your system of fixing witchcraft on some wretched woman and poisoning her." He then told them the story of Oyid; but it was quite clear that the natives already knew all about her. There was a murmur of dissent when Hellard had finished speaking, and angry glances were directed towards the camp fire where the girl could be seen at work cooking. Then the Sheikh spoke.

"We are pleased at the coming of the new Government, and we see that you do not take our people as slaves or kill us as did the old Government; but the customs of our country have been handed down from our forefathers, and we cannot alter them. The girl who is now with you is a witch, and she can never come back to us: if she does, she will surely be killed, as she deserves to be."

"Tell him," said Hellard to his interpreter, "that he must stop talking in that way, and that he has got to listen to what I say and do as he is told." He got up as he spoke and called to Raynor to come and have breakfast.

The natives retired a little way and, sitting in groups, talked eagerly with each other, and often looked towards Oyid. Noticing this, Hellard called to Abdulla, saying, "Go and hear what all the conversation is about." Abdulla went, and

returned shortly to say that the natives were all discussing Oyid, and, he added—

“Better, my lord, keep good watch over that girl or some one will steal into our camp and kill her one night.”

“Gad,” said Raynor, who was sitting near, “we will burn all their villages if they do that. Don’t you think, Hellard, all the same, that she had better sleep by the guard instead of by your tent?”

“Yes, certainly, I think that she ought to—or perhaps someone may stick a knife into me too,” replied Hellard laughing.

Accordingly that night Oyid was ordered to sleep under charge of the guard; but this she absolutely refused to do, and begged to be allowed to continue to sleep by Hellard’s tent.

“Are you not my lord and my master,” she said, “and am I not your slave to fetch and carry for you? Why then send me away from you? No, let me stay where I am, so that should you want anything in the night I may go and fetch it: and perhaps, too, I may keep you from dangers and warn you of thieves, for I sleep lightly and I know this land.”

“There is gratitude for you,” laughed Raynor when Oyid’s words had been translated.

“Oh, she is afraid now,” replied Hellard, “but you may be sure when we get back to headquarters I shall not see her again,—she will marry a soldier and settle down with him and forget all

about the ‘lord and master’ business.”

However, he let Oyid have her way, and each night she made her grass bed under the flap of his tent. She was so silent and unobtrusive that after a day or two he hardly even noticed her presence.

Four days later, on the way homewards, the patrol arrived at Oyid’s own village in the afternoon, and camped there for the night. The Sheikh and a few men had come out as usual to meet the Englishmen, but this time there were no presents of eggs and chickens; and, in addition to this sign of unfriendliness, very few people were to be seen about the place.

“They do not seem particularly pleased to see us,” said Raynor.

“No, they certainly do not,” replied Hellard. “I suppose that they are still a bit annoyed about Oyid. I asked her yesterday if she would leave us here, but she made quite a fuss about it, and begged me not to hand her over to her own people. She told me that I should be a murderer if I did so, as they would be sure to kill her; so I suppose that she must come along back with us. However, I shall have a talk on the subject with the Sheikh.”

He then made the usual speech to the few people who had assembled. Finally he came to the subject of Oyid and told the Sheikh that she had refused to go back to her people, and so would return with the patrol. When he had

finished speaking, the Sheikh rose angrily, and said—

"That woman killed my child by her witchcraft and she must surely die. Mayom, our witch - doctor, is never wrong, and he proved her crime clearly to us all. You must give her up to me. If you do not, she shall be accursed and die very soon in your Zareba, for God does not allow witches to go unpunished." There was a murmur of assent from the natives.

"Tell him," said Hellard to his interpreter, "that what he says is nonsense; that Oyid will be very happy in our Zareba and will live a long time; and that the sooner he stops listening to Mayom and begins to pay attention to the Government's orders the better it will be for him."

"How ridiculous these people are," he continued, turning to Raynor; "but I suppose they would not dare to try and murder her when she is at headquarters."

"I am not so sure about that," replied Raynor, as he lit a cigarette; "the Sheikh appears to be a revengeful sort of beast."

Certainly the gentleman in question looked particularly disagreeable as he continued to talk to the interpreter.

"What does he want now?" asked Hellard.

"He wishes to know how long you are staying," replied Abdulla. Hellard laughed.

"Tell him we shall not trouble his hospitality long. We leave early to-morrow, and say that I hope that he will

sleep as well as I propose to do." He turned as he spoke and walked back with Raynor to the place where the table was already laid for dinner.

"These people seem a bit annoyed," remarked Raynor a little later, "so I propose an extra sentry for to-night."

"A good idea," replied Hellard, who was rather relieved at the suggestion, as he was himself feeling a little nervous. "Where will you put him?"

"Oh, I shall divide up the camp into two halves," answered Raynor, "one sentry to each half. I will tell them to watch your tent especially," he added with a laugh, as he got up from dinner to make the necessary arrangements.

Hellard smoked for a little while after his companion had left him and then went to his tent. As he entered it he noticed that Oyid was curled up on the ground at the foot of his bed, instead of being in her usual place outside the tent.

"I suppose that she is afraid of some one of her old friends coming and taking her away," thought Hellard, as he undressed. He examined the little pistol which he always kept loaded, and put it, as usual, at his side under the cork mattress. Then he lay down and tucked the mosquito-net securely in all round him. The camp was silent, except for a little low talking in the direction of the soldiers, and it was not long before white men and black were wrapped in sleep.

Oyid had not stirred, and

Hellard had thought her asleep: but she was keenly awake, listening to every sound and full of an undefined fear.

And what of Mayom? From the moment when he had realised that Oyd had escaped his vengeance he had secluded himself from the people of the village. During long hunting walks in the forest he had brooded over his wrongs and turned over in his mind many plans of vengeance. His pride, too, had been seriously ruffled, for some of the young men of the village had openly laughed at him, telling him that he was no use as a witch-doctor, for what was the use of his proclaiming a woman a witch if he was unable to bring her to justice?

And now that he found that Oyd was under the protection of a white man, apparently in happiness and safety, within only a few yards of the place in which he himself had practically sentenced her to death, he was seized with a wild longing for revenge and a desire to kill both her and the white man, whose wife he felt sure she must be. Cost him what it might, he was determined to carry out his murderous intentions that very night, and so show the villagers that it was hopeless to try and escape from penalties which he had ordained.

When the night arrived, therefore, he stripped himself of the bit of bark cloth which was his only covering, and carefully oiled his whole body with sesame oil, for thus it

would be very difficult for any one to hold him should he by chance be caught by the soldiers. Then he carefully sharpened his long double-edged knife and glided silently and cautiously towards the camp.

With little difficulty he drew near, and crouching in the shadow of a large tree endeavoured to locate the tent in which he had heard that Oyd and the white man slept.

A flicker from the camp fire showed him the outline of the tent, but it also disclosed to him the form of a sentry standing close by with a fixed bayonet. It was, however, a very dark night, and everything was in Mayom's favour—for a slight disturbance amongst the mules, which were picketed about fifty yards from the tent, attracted the sentry's attention, and he went away towards them to see what was the matter.

Mayom seized the opportunity, and, bending low, stole rapidly towards the tent. The flaps at each end were tied back, but inside the tent all was darkness. Mayom, however, could just discern the big white mosquito-net round Hellard's bed. The moment for his revenge had come: an exultant, savage joy swept over him: he rose to his full height and advanced a step, ready to strike and to kill. And then suddenly, with a wild scream, some strong, furious body hurled itself against him.

It was Oyd. After several hours of wakefulness she had at length fallen into a light

sleep, only to wake with a start to see the form of a man standing in the tent doorway. With unerring instinct she knew that it was Mayom come to work his vengeance and to kill the man who had saved her life. Without a moment's hesitation she sprang upon Mayom as he stepped forward. A frantic hope surged through her brain that even at this critical moment, when death was so near her protector, she might yet be able by some means to guard him until he could defend himself.

The struggle was short. With a savage curse, Mayom struck once and then again, and Oyid sank heavily to the ground. But she had been in time. At her first cry Hellard had been roused, and, tearing through his mosquito-net with pistol in hand, was just in time to see the girl fall, and the form of a man springing towards the tent-door. Without taking aim he fired shot after shot wildly at the retreating figure; but the darkness befriended Mayom, who, in a few seconds, was in safety in the gloom of the forest.

And then Hellard turned to see the body of the girl who had saved his life. He knelt on the ground and lifted her head, resting it upon his knee, calling frantically for a candle to be brought.

The camp was now thoroughly roused, and all crowded to the tent. Raynor forced his way in, carrying a light. It was then seen that Oyid had received two terrible wounds, and that Mayom's knife, which had been broken off at the handle by the force of his second blow, was still embedded in the girl's side.

"She is dead," groaned Hellard, but at his words Oyid opened her eyes, and looking up into his face whispered a few words. Abdulla was bending over her listening.

"What does she say? Quick, tell me," said Hellard excitedly.

There was a faint shiver over the body, and then it was apparent to all that Oyid's troubles were over and that she was dead.

Abdulla answered slowly: "She said, my lord, 'You saved my life: now I have saved yours: I am glad, oh, my master.'"

Hellard rose. He was dazed, stunned. He was young, and had never before seen red death.

"And yet you said that these people did not know what gratitude was," muttered Raynor, and his voice had a curious choking sound in it as he spoke.

"My God, forgive me for my thoughtless words," said Hellard slowly.

ROGER CHEYNE.

THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE Irish party expects to obtain Home Rule from the present Government as the price of their support of the Ministerial party in the House of Commons. After eight centuries of oppression Ireland is to be set free. At last the long fight for justice is to be terminated by the conquest of her rights, and Saxon misrule is to give place to the well-ordered harmony of Irish rule on Irish soil. No man knows the details of the scheme of Home Rule which is to be submitted to a House pledged to pass it. The masterly generalities of the advocates of the measure leave us with so scant a knowledge of the essentials of the constitution of the new Government to be set up on College Green, that we must fall back upon conjecture if we would picture the condition of the new Ireland.

It is in this connection that it is interesting to study a movement which fifty years ago drew upon itself the attention of the world. Initiated by Irishmen, administered and directed by them, the Fenian Brotherhood affords to the student of its history a valuable example of an organisation which failed for the very same reasons which would in all probability render the realisation of any comprehensive scheme for autonomous government in the Sister Isle not only difficult but probably impossible. The endless petty

quarrels, the obstruction in debate, and the corrupt influences vitiating Parliamentary life, the difficulties and disputes preventing the smooth working of the administrative machinery,—all these we look for in any purely Irish representative assembly. And it was just such troubles as these which brought about the collapse of the Fenian movement fifty years ago. Split up into fiercely antagonistic factions, encumbered by too many leaders, perpetually involved either in disputes or financial difficulties, the Fenians wasted their efforts and failed. The story of their internal dissensions, as related by one of their most trusted leaders, sheds an interesting light on the working of the Irish conspiracy. As soon as he judged it profitable, General Millen, head centre and leader of the projected expeditionary force which was to land in Ireland and give the signal of rebellion to the 50,000 men supposed to be but awaiting his arrival to raise the standard of revolt, as soon as it paid him to do so, General Millen sold his friends. Seeing that the movement was doomed to failure, Millen went over to the enemy.

History repeats itself.

The causes which led to the collapse of Fenianism in '65 will bring about the failure of the purely Irish administration which it is contemplated to create. The Land League and

the Clan-na-Gael are composed to-day of the same class of men who plotted under Stephens in the 'Sixties. The Sinn Fein and the Redmondite Caucus will be the masters of Ireland. It will be a misrule of factions. It is interesting, then, to look back for a moment and see what Irish organisation can mean.

Although a general officer in the Liberal army of Juarez in Mexico, Millen was a young man when this story opens. A native of Tyrone, he left Ireland as a lad, and after some years in America enlisted under General Medillen for service against the Church, or Conservative party. His advancement was rapid. Promoted Colonel in 1858, he was already a General in 1861. After fighting in several of the battles of the campaign which was to end in the defeat of his party, notably at Puebla, against the French, Millen resigned his commission and accepted the post of United States Consul at the port of Manzanillo. It was during his residence here that his connection with the Fenian Brotherhood began, and it was to enrol himself in their ranks that he quitted this new employment.

His attention had been drawn to this organisation by an advertisement in a copy of 'The San Francisco Times.' It was headed "The Friends of Ireland Club," and contained an account of a new society under this name which had been formed simultaneously in Dublin and Amer-

ica. The aims of the society were "to effect the unity of all creeds and parties of Irishmen for the regeneration of their native land and its liberation from the hands of the Saxon oppressor." Millen wrote for further information, and finally sent in his name as a member. A year after, while on a journey to New York on a consular mission, he called in person at the headquarters of the Club in Duane Street, and a few weeks later the committee invited him to take up the post of Military Adviser to the Fenian Brotherhood. He accepted, and thus began the connection which was to end so ill.

The position of the Fenian Brotherhood when Millen joined was briefly this. There were two main divisions. In Ireland a network of provincial branches had been organised by Stephens. These centres, as they were called, possessed from nine to ten members in the smaller country villages; and in the large towns, as Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Belfast, the adherents numbered themselves by hundreds. Composed mainly of civilians, these organisations nevertheless contained a fair sprinkling of ex-soldiers. These drilled their comrades and instructed them in the use of the musket. Of these soldiers the majority were deserters from the British Army. Some were Irish-Americans, whose occupation had ceased at the close of the American Civil War. A few were soldiers of fortune like Millen. All were animated by a spirit of hatred for British

rule, and welcomed the chance of "having a fling at the — Saxon."

Each centre was placed under a leader responsible for its efficiency to the head Executive in Dublin. Official accounts of the numerical strength of the whole Irish section of the Brotherhood varied so widely that it is only possible to make an approximate estimate on the assumption that the figures were considerably too large. On one occasion it was stated that 50,000 men were ready to take up arms on behalf of the Irish Republic. On another Stephens himself asserted that there were not less than 140,000. It is probable that even the former figure is somewhat in advance of the truth.

In America the two Societies of the Fenian Brotherhood and the Friends of Ireland Club existed side by side and in close co-operation. The headquarters of the latter were at San Francisco, while the former was directed from New York. These two organisations subscribed into a common treasury. In numbers probably inferior to the Irish section, the two associations combined, nevertheless, were the predominant partners in the great scheme for throwing off the Saxon yoke in Ireland and the substitution of a Republic. For it was they who supplied the sinews of war. Their chief, who corresponded to Stephens in Europe, was a Mr O'Mahony.

The Fenians in Ireland were, in fact, in very great measure dependent upon their sympa-

thisers in America. They were kept in spirits and their numbers were daily augmented by the glowing accounts of the success and progress of the American section which reached them from New York. And as each despatch from American headquarters was generally accompanied by a substantial draft of money, the Brotherhood in Ireland began in time to believe that the resources of their Society in the New World were almost limitless. They at all times believed implicitly in these glowing accounts, and so it was that Stephens was easily able to persuade them that their efforts, backed up by American gold and American men, would be sufficient when the time came to make victory certain. Nor was this all. O'Mahony was not a man to be sparing of promises, and to confirm the confidence of "the men in the gap," as they were called,—he even went so far as to guarantee the assistance of the United States Government. On the other hand, the Fenians in America were led to believe, from the reports which O'Mahony received from Dublin, that the organisation there had 50,000 men ready to take the field at twenty-four hours' notice. All that they required, according to Stephens, was some arms and ammunition. A few good military officers too would be necessary for the higher commands. For the rest, they had able and experienced leaders under whom to take the field. Thus each half of the organisation trusted in the other.

Neither trusted itself. The leading men on both sides were quite unfitted for their tasks and their position. The Fenian conspiracy was destroyed by the quarrels of its chiefs. If it had not been for this continual strife and lack of concerted effort, this movement which at one time attained most dangerous proportions might have given the Government serious trouble. But the imprisonment of a few members of the Brotherhood and the quarrels of the rest sufficed to render it impotent.

As soon as Millen accepted the post of military adviser to the Fenians, O'Mahony summoned a meeting of the Council to decide where his services would be most useful. And here it may not be out of place to describe the leader of the American branch of the conspiracy. O'Mahony was not a distinguished man. A journalist by profession, he had associated himself with the revolutionary movement from the beginning, and had finally been elected president of the Society in New York. By nature he was ill-fitted for the duties of a leader. Easy-going and good-tempered, he was at all times influenced by his subordinates. Decisions made in consequence of one report, would the next day be reversed in consequence of a fresh despatch. Nor when it was necessary to take decided action could he see clearly where his advantage lay. On the one hand was

Stephens, urgent for money and arms. On the other the New York Council, unwilling to afford help either in arms or money, until they were convinced that the state of the organisation in Ireland justified such action. O'Mahony committed himself to both parties. At a time when the only hope of Fenianism lay in immediate action, when a vigorous campaign in Ireland combined with a well-equipped expedition from America offered at least a remote chance of success, he hesitated and nothing was done.

As regards his personal appearance it seems that he hardly inspired respect.

"I imagined to myself," writes Millen in the account of his dealings with the Fenians which he sold to the Government, "that O'Mahony, to be the leader of such an extensive revolutionary movement as the one he directed, should be . . . not only a gentleman by education and in appearance also, as well as in address, manners, and style; instead of which I find a man who, had I met on the street, I might readily have mistaken for an over-worked assistant book-keeper in some second or third rate pork-jobbing house. His tall, quant frame [it may be remarked that Millen himself was a man of half education: his account betrays in many places faults both of grammar and spelling], clothed in the shabbiest description of thread-bare suit of blue, together with his long, not overly well-kept iron grey hair and his unmistakably Celtic well-formed face, rendered him anything but impressive in appearance as a revolutionary chieftian—at least to me."

Of O'Mahony's right-hand man he speaks somewhat less disparagingly.

"Mr. Mc'Carthy," he says, "was a young man of a good deal of natural

ability, but such a one as might be picked up from behind the counter any day. Fond of political reading, he was well versed in all the political small-talk of the day, and particularly well informed for a young person of his opportunities. He seemed as if his imagination was continually on the stretch to find some far-fetched phraseology to clothe his patriotic thoughts, ordinary enough in themselves.⁵

The other members of the headquarters staff were men of no special capacity and standing. One of them, Mr Kavanagh, a confidant of O'Mahony's, was a labouring man. Another, a Mr O'Meehan, had for some years been editor of the 'Irish American,' a paper whose policy had been to abuse the Fenian movement with the utmost virulence. In the year 1864, however, finding that it was rapidly gaining strength, he changed his tactics. He fraternised with O'Mahony, threw himself wholeheartedly into the Fenian scheme, and succeeded thus in preventing that gentleman from starting a new paper as the official organ of the Brotherhood. The 'Irish American' was made the official journal, and O'Meehan increased his subscribers. Previously, in 1859 or '60, he had been expelled from the Brotherhood upon the charge of being a spy. It was typical of O'Mahony that he received this man back, and indeed trusted him with implicit confidence. The last member of the Central Council, as it was called, was a Colonel Roberts. He was formerly a dry-goods salesman in the Bowery. The military title

was conferred by O'Mahony, who made many of these appointments. Such were the leading men on the American side of the water. Of Stephens we shall speak later.

The Council decided, after some discussion, to send Millen to Ireland. For although two emissaries had already been sent to inspect the condition of the Irish organisation, their reports had been so contradictory as to leave the Americans in some doubt as to the real state of affairs in Europe. The first man whom they had sent over, a Mr Cantwell, had given a very pessimistic account of the outlook in Ireland. It is true that he visited that country before the date of which we are speaking—in fact, about the time of the beginning of the American Civil War. It is also true that he had been hotly denounced as a traitor by the Council in Dublin, who were incensed at what they considered an unjust representation of the state of affairs. But as he had reported that he could find no evidence of the existence of more than one-sixth of the number of men and arms which Stephens believed the Brotherhood to possess, there was considerable hesitation in New York when the Irish Executive commenced to press for the immediate issue of the Irish bonds. These bonds, which were to supply the funds for prosecuting the great campaign, were to be virtually a loan floated by the contemplated Irish Republic. So soon as Ireland was in a condition

to give the signal for revolt, these bonds were to be placed upon the New York market. The money raised by this means was to equip the American expedition and sustain the efforts of the "men in the gap." So that, remembering that Mr Cantwell had reported thus of the Fenian conspiracy in Ireland, the New York Council, when pressed to issue the bonds at once, refused to do so until a more satisfactory report came to hand. But this raised a difficulty. Stephens had committed himself in Ireland to a rising in the year 1864. In spite of the advice of his Council, which was in favour of waiting till England should become involved in some dispute which would distract her attention and impair her strength, Stephens insisted upon action in that year. He had kept the Fenian movement alive and his followers in good heart by promising that they should soon be delivered from the Saxon yoke, and was loth to put off hostilities, as he had already several times been compelled to do. Accordingly a second commissioner was sent to Ireland. This man, Mr Coyne, gave a report which satisfied Stephens and represented the Irish Fenians as in an even more satisfactory state than their own sanguine hopes had led them to expect. Indeed so optimistic was this second report that instead of inspiring in America the complete confidence for which Stephens had hoped, it aroused in the minds of the American Council a suspicion that Coyne

was not telling the truth. They believed that he had been won over by Stephens, and refused to credit his account. Finally, to satisfy both parties, it was decided to send a third commissioner. If his report should confirm Coyne's assertions, the bonds should be issued without delay. If the number, arms, and efficiency of the Brotherhood in Ireland were not such as to justify an attempt being made that year, the Americans required that Stephens should conform to their wishes.

This third emissary was Colonel Kelly. He had served in a subaltern position in the Signal Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and owed his military title to O'Mahony. It appears that he possessed some natural ability, but no great education. He was, however, a determined man, and thoroughly in sympathy with the Fenian aims. Indeed it was his proposal, if Fenianism failed to relieve Ireland of the Saxon, to "make away with the nobility and landed gentry, from the Lord Lieutenant downwards." He sailed in March 1865 with orders very thoroughly to inspect the whole Irish organisation, and to report by special messenger in three months' time.

When Millen reached Ireland in the beginning of May, he found that Stephens was away in Scotland, working for the cause among the Fenians in that country. He accordingly sought out the men to whom he had received letters

of introduction, and handed over to O'Leary, the temporary representative of Stephens, a sum of £500, which the New York Section had taken the opportunity of sending over by him. Now, although he had not been favourably impressed by the leaders in America, Millen had always supposed that the Irish section of the conspiracy was composed of men more suited to the far from easy task which the Fenian Brotherhood had set itself. The very morning of his arrival in Dublin, he had had occasion to remark that there was ample material in Ireland for the conspiracy to work upon. He had witnessed the Prince of Wales's entry into the capital and the subsequent review of the troops, and had noted with pleasure that the general feeling of the masses was hostile to the Prince. With good leaders and a well-arranged plan of action, it looked as though much might be done. But when he left his room in the Angel Hotel and sought out the heads of the conspiracy, he was speedily disillusioned of his too sanguine hopes. Hopper, the first man to whom he presented himself, was a tailor. "I had figured to myself," he writes, "that he was one of the leading men of his line in Dublin, and was somewhat disappointed to find that he was not so, but only George Hopper, the happy dispositioned, paunchy, merry-souled, joke-cracking, kind-hearted,

and not overly well-educated tailor of Dame Street." Nor when Hopper introduced him in the evening to the other members of the Irish Central Council was he much better satisfied. The man in temporary authority during the absence of Stephens was Mr Luby. The other members were O'Donovan Rossa, the "responsible editor of the 'Irish People,' and one of the principal and best co-labourers in the cause of Freedom," and Colonel Kelly, the envoy from Duane Street. But these men possessed but little authority, and were entirely subordinate in all matters to the will of Stephens, who dominated the Irish section with almost autocratic power. "As far as education and manners were concerned," writes Millen, "these gentlemen might pass in a crowd; but they were far from what one might expect the leaders of a great National Revolutionary movement to be." Stephens, on the other hand, was a born conspirator. A man of considerable intelligence, he had combined in himself the functions of half a dozen specialists. At once supreme chief of the Executive and treasurer, he nevertheless superintended with no small success nearly every department of the Fenian activity. It was he who organised and planned the arms traffic which succeeded in bringing across the Channel nearly 6000 stand of rifles. He directed the policy of the

movement, and superintended the drilling of the Dublin contingent of the Brotherhood. In each department he was supreme, and in none would he tolerate criticism. But he committed one great mistake. By concentrating in his own hands the entire business of the conspiracy, and by taking none of his subordinates into his confidence, he put all the eggs of the Irish Republic into one basket. So that when he was arrested—and he was well known to the authorities, as was inevitable—the entire Fenian organisation was paralysed. None of his Council knew his intentions, none were familiar with the details of the working of the various departments he had superintended. By making himself indispensable, he rendered the conspiracy vulnerable. By retaining the reins of government entirely in his own hands, he made his coadjutors jealous and weakened the power for evil of the whole combination. Nor was he entirely fitted to carry out all these various duties. His knowledge of military affairs was extremely limited, and in money matters he appeared to possess but little judgment: at one time grudging the pay of the American officers whom he imported later to lead his visionary armies, at another ready to spend lavishly on some entirely impracticable scheme. In short, though possessed of considerable qualities, he was dogmatic and self-opinionated

to such a degree that “even when he knew himself in the wrong he would not admit it, and would prefer to see any project ruined in which he might be engaged rather than have the views of others adopted.” Such was the man who formed the keystone of the arch of Irish Fenianism.

It is remarkable to note, in reading Millen’s account of the five months he spent in Ireland, how very little progress was made in that period by this movement, which had already made so much. Indeed the Fenian party found itself for the time being condemned to inactivity. It is true that a large number of rifles and a good quantity of pikes had been imported already and distributed among the affiliated centres. But for every firearm which had been smuggled across the Irish Sea, fifteen more were wanted. Yet there was no money in the treasury. Until Colonel Kelly’s report could be sent and confirmed by that of General Millen, the Irish bonds could not be issued. And until those bonds saw the light, the movement had perforce to starve. Nevertheless the time was occupied by the preparation of military plans of a grandiose nature, well calculated to hearten the patriots sickened by delay and hope deferred.

In the first place, General Millen was set to work upon “an estimate of the cost of arming and equipping for the field 50,000 men.” With

artillery, the estimate was placed at the figure of £724,000. It is true that a few thousand pounds could be saved by buying rejected firearms, which were somewhat cheaper than the second-hand ones which had flooded the market since the termination of the Civil War in America. This plan appealed to Stephens. But as he hardly possessed the sum of £724 in the treasury, he was compelled to defer any action until after the issue of the long expected bonds. Nevertheless, even though it may seem that the estimates might well have waited until the bonds were on the market, this was a step in the right direction. Colonel Kelly had reported enthusiastically on the state of the South. 25,000 men were ready to take up arms for the Republic, and of these one in fifteen had a rifle, while double as many had pikes. This gave Stephens "furiously to think," for although Kelly considered it an admirable state of affairs, Stephens was pledged to fight that year, and civilian as he was, he realised that one armed man in eight was not a high enough percentage. Millen suggested a compromise. He wanted to give all the arms to the Dublin men, when it would be possible to seize the three forts in that city and thus obtain possession of a store of arms. The plan was, however, distasteful to Stephens, who had had no hand in the making of it; and so it was decided to hurry on the issue of the bonds, if

possible, and see what could be done.

Another scheme upon which Stephens set his heart was the establishment of a gun foundry in Dublin to supply the artillery for the projected Republican army. He had already started a factory for the manufacture of percussion-caps, but the man in charge had not been able to work the machine to advantage and the output was small. There was also a blacksmith's shop belonging to the conspiracy, where a man named Moore and two others were engaged making pike-heads. Stephens thought that if he could do so much, it would also be possible to set up a foundry, ostensibly a private concern, which would in reality deliver all the cannons it produced to the Fenians. It would be difficult and dangerous to import such heavy and bulky goods in the same way as rifles were generally smuggled in—i.e., as "iron pipe" or "machinery parts." Some of the firearms and most of the pikes came by a different channel. The fishermen of the East Coast were Fenians almost to a man, and willingly carried such goods across free. All were bought in small quantities and in different places, so as not to arouse suspicion. As it was difficult to bring in artillery in the same way, Stephens invented the iron foundry. But, like several other schemes, it had to be put off for want of money. However, the military preparations were pushed for-

ward. Millen was ordered to draw up a plan of an army of 50,000 men with artillery and baggage, in battle formation, "showing every man in his place," as Stephens phrased it. Plans were elaborated for surprising the three forts of Dublin simultaneously, and Kelly was set to work upon the preparation of a scheme for the establishment of a signal corps. Moreover, a small treatise on musketry, written by young Mr O'Donovan of Trinity College, Dublin, was circulated among the conspirators.

In July three more ambassadors from the Duane Street headquarters arrived in Ireland. The first, Colonel Halpine, was sent to assist General Millen in his work of military organisation; the other two, Messrs O'Meehan and Dunne, came with instructions to smooth over, if possible, the differences which existed between New York and Dublin. Unfortunately, the embassy which was to have brought peace produced a bad effect upon the Council in Ireland. In the first place, the Irishmen began to get exasperated with the dilatory tactics—"the drag-chain policy," as Stephens called it—of the American section. Two men had already reported to New York upon the condition of affairs in Ireland; two more—Millen and Kelly—were still at work acquainting themselves with the Irish organisation; and yet New York was not satisfied. The feeling began to

gain ground that the Americans were not trusting the "men in the gap." Nor was this all. As if to accentuate the irritation of the Irishmen, O'Meehan, who was the bearer of important papers and a draft of £500, had the misfortune, or so it seemed, to lose both. The loss of this money was in itself a serious matter. But what made it worse was the somewhat inadequate defence of his conduct which O'Meehan gave. It began to look as though he was not playing fair. Moreover, when we remember that he had already once been expelled from the Brotherhood, we must admit that there were some grounds for suspicion. Indeed for some time afterwards he went in danger of his life, and more than one suggestion was made that he should be "suppressed." The American mission, then, did not bring harmony into the Irish camp. Uncertain whether O'Meehan's papers had fallen into the hands of the Government, or whether he himself was a traitor, reduced by the loss of money to extremely straitened circumstances, and harassed by growing doubts as to the cordiality of American support, the difficulties of Stephens were considerably increased. However, a meeting was called, and the American envoys explained that their instructions were to form an opinion for themselves of the situation from personal observation. If their conclusions were favourable, and agreed substantially with the reports of Millen and

Kelly, the bonds were to be issued at once. This aroused considerable indignation among the Irish Council, who hotly blamed Roberts for the dilatory policy of the Americans, asserting that he was ambitious, and desired to rule the conspiracy or ruin it. However, in order that it should not be said that any responsibility in the event of failure rested with the Irish, they were prepared to afford every facility for inspection to O'Meehan and Dunne. If, when these reports had been sent in, the bonds were not at once issued, Stephens declared, with some heat, that it was his intention to carry out his own plans unassisted by the help of the Americans.

In consequence of this decision, Millen was desired to draw up his report at once. This he did, and when Kelly had done the same, the two documents, together with the reports of O'Meehan and Dunne, were intrusted to a special messenger and sent to New York. In September the first result of the loss of O'Meehan's papers was noticed. 'The Irish People' was suppressed by the Government. There was, however, one compensation for this loss. In order to prove his patriotism, O'Meehan took very good care to report favourably to O'Mahony, and to induce his companion to do the same. The loss of the papers gave Stephens a hold over him, and made him a very much easier man to deal with.

It was about this time, when Stephens' difficulties seemed to

be multiplying, that another element of discord was brought into the party at home by the importation of a large number of American officers. These men, who had been left without means of livelihood since the close of the civil war in the United States, had been induced by O'Mahony's promises to enlist in the service of the Fenians. The American section had provided them with from £50 to £100 apiece and their travelling expenses, and had sent them to report for duty in Dublin. Moreover, ever lavish of promises, O'Mahony had not scrupled to guarantee them a substantial salary. Unfortunately, however, the state of the Irish Republican treasury was such that it was found, very soon after their arrival at Queenstown, that it was quite impossible to pay them more than a mere pittance. The result was that a large body of men were brought into the country and left in considerable poverty and want. The better ones realised that it was not Stephens who was to blame, but rather the ignorance of O'Mahony. Nevertheless, as very many of them were worthless characters, trouble ensued. Indeed these men, by their dissolute and unprincipled behaviour, contributed more than any others to throw the Fenians into disrepute with those of their countrymen who might have joined them had they shown themselves more worthy of respect. Between these men, then, and those provincial centres who began to complain

that so much was promised and so little done, while the repeated investigations of which they were the subject seemed to cast doubt upon their words and their loyalty, Stephens had little peace.

In fact, the break-up of the organisation was now not far off. Already the mass of the Brotherhood had learnt to place less reliance upon their leaders. In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the provinces were beginning to learn something of the lack of harmony which prevailed at headquarters. The paid servants, or rather those servants of the movement who should have received their salaries regularly, found themselves put off with promises if there was no money in Dublin, with an occasional pittance if the treasury was not bare. The whole fabric of Fenianism, so laboriously raised on a foundation of widespread disaffection, was beginning to hold together less firmly. When the time of trial came the edifice crumbled away. The suppression of 'The Irish People' struck the first blow. The second was more difficult to bear. It was when the police arrested at one stroke three out of the five members which now composed the Central Council. Bell and Kickham were the only two remaining. When the news became known to the Fenians, there was great consternation. Some were inclined to despair. Others were urgent that the Brotherhood should strike at once, call out the Dublin centres and take posses-

sion of the city. Stephens, however, would not assent to any plan but his own, which he kept to himself. Messengers were despatched at once to Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Sligo, and Belfast, with positive orders to the provinces that no man should break the peace under pain of expulsion from the Brotherhood. Nothing should be done till December. His orders were obeyed, but there was some grumbling. A military council under the presidency of Millen was formed to inspire confidence, and the conspirators felt that something had been done. Things went on as before, the excitement subsided, and peace seemed restored, until a week later a disquieting piece of news leaked out. No less than £700 of Fenian funds standing to O'Leary's credit in the bank had fallen into the hands of the Government at the same time as the Treasurer himself. At once the discontent of the American officers, faced with penury, blazed out again. Stephens was obliged to confess his inability to pay them until more money came from America. The situation was critical. It was quite possible that one or more of these men might sell information to the Government, and until fresh funds arrived it was impossible to stifle this danger. O'Meehan and Dunne, who were still in Ireland, undertook to go on a tour of inspection, and promised to do what they might to restore peace in the disunited Fenian ranks. And it was just at this

critical juncture that Stephens himself was arrested.

The military council met at once to check the consternation which this news had already spread. What everyone had feared had come to pass. The one man in whom the entire control of the Fenian movement was vested had been captured. The one man who was conversant with every detail of its varied activities, the only man in the Brotherhood who knew the plans which he had been working up to, had suddenly been taken from them, and there was no one capable of replacing him. He had never trusted his subordinates, and so when the crisis came it found them incapable of carrying on his work. General Millen was elected temporary head of the Fenians, and after a prolonged debate it was decided that nothing should be done until by some means Stephens could be communicated with. By great good fortune none of the confidential papers of the conspiracy had been captured. They were hidden in the hollow legs of the chairs at one of Stephens' houses (for he judged it prudent to have several), and the detectives had not discovered them. Nevertheless this suspension of the work of the Brotherhood was not the only ill result of Stephens' capture. Criticism of his methods, which before had been stifled, now broke out fiercely. Nor were rumours wanting which asserted that he had actually provided for and planned his

own arrest. It was said that his scheme was to get himself tried and convicted, when he would, it was stated, find the means of obtaining a pardon from the Crown, and be able to pose thereafter "as a Hibernian Kossuth, or a second Smith O'Brien, with the difference that he might yet live to enjoy life easily through the emoluments of some post or pension hereafter to be conferred by the Crown Head of Great Britain and Ireland." However improbable this may seem, it was yet freely discussed; and even after Stephens succeeded in effecting his escape, by means of two Fenian warders and a key made by a Fenian locksmith, he never regained his former reputation or got over the distrust the Brotherhood had begun to feel for him. Millen despatched messengers to the various provincial centres, bidding them be of good cheer, and asking them to hold themselves constantly ready for action. And then two days later a messenger arrived from America.

He brought encouraging tidings. The reports received had been judged satisfactory. The bonds were on the market, and money was coming in plentifully. If the Fenians would only have patience a little while longer, they would be able to take action at last. An American expedition was being planned. Thanks to a new and important member who had just joined O'Mahony's staff, the intervention of the United States was assured.

This man, Mr Bernard Killian, possessed great influence in the Cabinet at Washington. He had already obtained the President's promise that, as soon as the Fenians in Ireland declared hostilities, the United States would acknowledge them as belligerents and send the American section over in a fleet of gunboats (he did not say how many) which would blow the English ships out of the water. In short, "tout était pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes," and all this success was due to the admirable harmony which reigned in New York city.

In spite, however, of this reassuring news, the Fenian movement was nearing its end. These comforting tidings from America were nevertheless hailed with enthusiasm as a sign that the Fenians might at last begin to hope. The promises were widely circulated among the centres, and everywhere a spirit of optimism took the place of the discouragement that had reigned before. The hopes of all were centred on the Great Convention soon to be held on the other side of the water. It was generally felt that now the time was at last drawing nigh when the days of Saxon misrule in Ireland were numbered. It was the reaction from this burst of optimism, the disappointment and disgust which was produced by the failure of the Convention, which dealt the death-blow to Irish Fenianism.

The day after the receipt of this news Stephens succeeded

in communicating with the military council, by means of a note sent by the hands of Miss Hopper. This despatch, which was brief and to the point, ran thus: "General Millen to return to U.S. immediately and without loss of time to state case in all its bearings there, and to return with the first expedition, but not sooner. The landing of the first expedition to be the signal of an universal rising here. Mr Nolan is appointed paymaster." Millen called a meeting of the military council and asked for their opinion as to the advisability of obeying this order and leaving the movement in Ireland without a head. They considered that so long as Stephens could make his wishes known he should be obeyed. Accordingly General Millen prepared to leave Ireland. Three days later Stephens effected his escape.

As soon as the General reached New York, O'Mahony appointed him Chief of the Expeditionary Bureau. It was not a very arduous task which he had been allotted. There were muster-rolls of the volunteers who would be ready to sail for Ireland when the time came, and these had to be certified. There were also war stores to be looked after, to the extent of some fifty old muskets and a large number of second-hand knapsacks. But it was decided that no details should be settled until the general policy of the Brotherhood had been discussed and fixed upon at the

Great Convention to be held in Clinton Hall in January. The 2nd of that month was the date when the great event was to commence. Subsequently to the arrival of the last envoy to Ireland, however, the split had declared itself in the Fenian ranks which was destined to ruin their cause. O'Mahony had in November created a new advisory body to help him in his work, which he called his Senate. And now he was in conflict with it. "Instead of harmony and unity of action," writes Millen, "they were blackguarding and vilifying each other in the most scandalous way, flying at each other's throats in a more vicious and vindictive manner than the Kilkenny cats." The leaders of the Senatorial party were Roberts and Sweeny. Their policy was to invade Canada as a preliminary step and so distract the attention of England. O'Mahony wished to afford immediate help in men, arms, and money to Stephens in Ireland. And both parties obstinately refused even to meet privately for a discussion of their differences. Each repudiated the other, qualified it as illegal and sacrificing the general interests to the interests of party, devoted itself to furious diatribes and backbiting. On the 2nd of January the Convention met. On the same day appeared General Sweeny's manifesto. From the beginning the Clinton Hall Convention was a failure. The two parties both attended

in the hope of getting their views adopted, but resolutely determined not to yield an inch. O'Mahony asked the Convention for decisive action. The time had come, he said, when the "men in the gap" had waited long enough. They were ready, they were armed, they only awaited the assurance of help from America to sweep the hated Saxon from the land. General Sweeny opposed him with great bitterness of language. Stephens, he asserted, had humbugged his associates. The military organisation in Ireland was a farce. Messrs O'Meehan and Dunne, he said, had been deceived. They now repudiated the reports they had sent in, and admitted they had accepted as facts and without investigation all that Stephens had told them. They now united themselves with him in demanding an expedition to Canada. Once a base of operations had been secured in that country, it would be time to give the signal in Ireland.

Of course, if there was no military organisation in Ireland, as he asserted, then one plan was no better than the other. But the assembly had met, not to debate, but to fight. Between such antagonists it was futile to expect a reasonable settlement for the public good. The Convention broke up, having accomplished nothing. After three days of acrimonious discussion and a most violent scene between Killian and Sweeny, who accused each other of all the crimes in the calen-

dar, the Fenian Parliament collapsed. A bare majority passed a vote of confidence in O'Mahony and expelled the Senatorial party from the conspiracy. It was the virtual end of the dangers of Fenianism.

And so, with this fiasco, this great and threatening movement lost its power. It is not necessary to recall how the last embers of revolt were quenched in Ireland, or to speak of the dying flickers of what bade fair at one time to be a fire which should light Ireland from end to end. Roberts and Sweeny demonstrated by a ridiculous travesty of invasion how powerless the Fenians they led could be against the British Empire. Like the Duke

of York of old, Sweeny, with considerably fewer than 10,000 men, "marched them up the hill and then, he marched them down again." The Dublin Section died of inanition and the loss of their leaders.

Few men are better than Irishmen when they are well led. But without leaders they invariably quarrel and waste their energies in the bitter prosecution of feuds. We are asked to believe that the men who dominate contemporary Irish politics are capable of composing a government which shall bring peace and prosperity to their country. Are the records of the past such as to inspire us with the belief that the Celt can change his nature?

P. L.

AHU-GARDANI.

BY MAJOR R. L. KENNION.

"Figurez-vous," disait-il, "en plein sahare."

—ALPHONSE DAUDET: *Tartarin*.

IN the Persian Book of Kings we read how the hunting monarch Bahram, accompanied by his wife Azadeh, went a-hunting. Four gazelle were spotted, and Bahram asked his lady which of them he should shoot. Azadeh seems to have been a very feminine person, for in reply she set him a very stiff task, promising that if it was successfully accomplished she would call him "Light of the world." This was nothing less than to make a female of the male gazelle and a male of the doe. The first part of the task was managed by the skilful Bahram shooting off the horns of the buck; the second by shooting an arrow at a doe so as to make it lay its ear on its shoulder and lift a hind leg to scratch it. A second arrow was then launched, which pinned ear and hind leg together, giving the doe the appearance of having a horn. Azadeh thereupon burst into tears of pity, which so irritated the monarch that he ordered her to be trampled under the feet of his dromedary, and so "made an end of her." Poor Azadeh! She was, in her humanity, much in advance of her time. One can hardly help the reflection, however, that the status of husband is not what it used to be. Compare the position of the twentieth century bene-

dick, hard put to it to squash his wife with dialectics and arguments, with that of one who could employ his dromedary to the same end! Still, Bahram's action was certainly hasty.

Gazelle are still found in Persia, wild as the proverbial hawk, on plains flat as the sea and almost like the sea in extent; not in numerous or big herds, but in little isolated parties, with many a weary mile between each. So that let alone turning bucks into does and does into bucks, it is not easy to get a shot at one at all.

The Persians have three methods of shooting gazelle—by night over water, a way that has nothing to recommend it to the sportsman; the almost equally unsporting way adopted by the nobility of the country of rounding them up with half a regiment of horsemen and blazing into them with scatter guns; and *ahu-gardani*.

Putting it at its simplest, the word (literally gazelle-turning) means lying behind cover while an assistant moves the quarry up within rifle-shot, but it is not quite so easy as this bare description might lead one to suppose. Indeed, far more often than not, gazelle on the plains of Eastern Persia leave but a bare remembrance of a

flicker of white in the hazy distance; then they are gone.

Let me say something to start with about the terrain. If you travel south from Seistan along the camel track that eventually leads to India, after all cultivation has been left behind, there rises on the straight line of desert something that looks like a city. A city it is, but of the dead. Scattered over the plain are crumbling remnants of citadels, towers, tanks, and gateways, while other buildings are but amorphous excrescences on the ground. Amongst the best preserved is a square fort, called Kila-i-Rustam, full of buildings that under the blast of the sand-laden winds have their outlines rounded in a way that reminds one of a child's fort on the sand, when washed by the incoming tide. In the desert a few miles distant, Seistanis point out the *akhor-i-Rustam*, Rustam's stable, and you will be shown two ruins a hundred yards or so apart, which mark the site of the head- and heel-ropes of his magic and gigantic horse Raksh.

I once had a camp near this spot, and at night it was eerie to see that corpse of a city shining white in the light of

the moon. The silence of the desert was almost oppressive. Suddenly it was broken by a horrible cry, which at intervals was repeated. One could well believe that amid those dreary arches and caverns the *gul-i-biaban*, these ghouls of the desert dreaded by travellers, had their tenements. It was but a *kaftar*, a solitary hyena, that disturbed the night with his evil voice,¹—a gruesome enough beast, too, according to Persian beliefs. The whole place was such as the prophet described—"wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and thy houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

Round about these ruins gazelle wander, and the whole plain from this point to the range to the west has a right, if any place has, to the Persian figure, a "mine of *ahu*." The only water in the district is the Shela, the deep tortuous channel by which the Hamun water sometimes finds an outlet. This happens rarely, but there are always deep blue pools in the sandy bed, their edges incrustated with salts, and so bitter to taste that even camels will have nothing to say to them. Gazelle, it seems,

¹ General Schindler thus quotes a Persian author in his 'Eastern Irak': "The hyena is a deceitful beast, for it affects to be weak and feeble; but when other beasts come within its reach it pounces upon them and devours them. At night-time it is very strong; in daytime it is weaker. It is a hermaphrodite in this way that it is a female one year and male the other. It loves the wolf, but hates the dog. Its influence on the dog is such that if a dog be going along the top of a hill when the moon shines, and its shadow, by any chance, fall upon a hyena at the foot of the hill, it either immediately dies or throws itself into the jaws of the hyena. It breeds with the wolf, and the progeny of a male hyena and a she-wolf is a *sim*. It is excessively cowardly and a most greedy beast, being afraid even of locusts!"

are less particular, and during the hot weather they come down to water here, and I have heard of a Baluch shepherd bagging as many as seven in as many nights, by concealing himself near the Shela. A friend of mine once found a live gazelle bogged in a quicksand in this channel. Its thirst, I suppose, must have been such as to cause it to forget for once its instincts of caution.

The habits of desert animals as regards water are interesting, from the very difficulty of obtaining reliable data. As for these gazelle, Baluch nomads say they drink once in fifteen days in winter and every three or four days in summer. Other accounts go to show that the same animals come to the Shela from long distances every night; but the salt-saturated condition of that water may have necessitated more drinking than when fresher water is obtainable. A pretty little gourd is found on many of the dry plains of this part of Persia; and it is said that, in spite of the exceedingly bitter taste, gazelle sometimes quench their thirst with these.

Another typical locality for these beasts is the wide stretch of desert that lies east of the hill country of Kain. It is called the Tag-i-Namadi—a name given on account of its fancied resemblance to a *namad* or felt carpet. This is only in spring-time, when the low heather-like *bhuta* with which the plain is clothed is green. Its winter reputation has gained for it another title

—the Dasht-i-Na-omed, or Desert of Despair, from the blizzards that rage across it. Woe betide the unfortunate caravan that is caught on its shelterless expanse!

There is something strangely fascinating about these vast open spaces. The first whitening of early dawn over the dark horizon, the red flush that follows and turns to fire. The sun springs up a glowing ball and floods the plain with yellow light; bushes and stones are thrown into relief, and the far withdrawn line of hills is brought suddenly so near you could seemingly stretch out a hand and touch them. As the day advances, the air begins to quiver and swim, and, as if a magician had touched the earth, one is surrounded by lakes and lagoons of water with reflected islands, needles, and causeways. Everything seems fantastic and unreal. At such a time I have seen a herd of gazelle scouring over the plain towards the margin of a phantom lake: now they have reached the water and are plunging in, their forms reflected from its still surface. Deeper and still deeper they go, till their heads only can be seen. Then they are gone. And the whole phantasm bore such verisimilitude that, had knowledge and experience not been there, I could have confidently affirmed that I had seen a herd of gazelle drown themselves in the water of a lake, even as did the Gadarene swine.

Once when gazelle were being moved up to me, I lay

behind a solitary tuft of some aromatic shrub, alone in a misty set of haze. Then two blurred dots arose, jumped up and down, waxed larger, and passed by to one side. Quite suddenly they stood out sharp and clear as gazelle. I fired a shot that threw up a spurt of sand about half way, and realised that they were far out of range. Once again I saw pass before me in the mirage a procession of strange animals, giraffe-like creatures, with elongated necks and legs, but on their heads the curved horns of gazelle. Of such kind are the illusions conjured up by the magicians of the desert.

There are days when columns of yellow sand or red dust dance and race across the plain, the vehicles of those mysterious beings created "a little lower than the angels" from smokeless fire, the genii that have access only to the lower heaven. Following them comes the wind that tears up sand and soil, and sends it flying. The landscape is blotted out, and the sun himself is only faintly visible as a lurid shield of copper amid swirling wreaths and clouds, or altogether obscured, while over the country hangs a dreadful twilight.

Let me now try to describe the *gardaning* of a herd of *ahu* as it actually happened. The time is just after sunrise. I am riding on the left of the line, my wife to my right, some five hundred yards away,—a similar distance separating her and Ibrahim. This is the best

time for spying, for there is neither haze nor mirage. Sunshine is essential. A shikari will tell you that you might as well stay at home as go out on a dull day. Even when cloud shadows drift across the plain, spying becomes difficult; gazelle appear and disappear in the most disconcerting way. One moment they stand out bright and clear, the next they are gone. Spotting gazelle is, indeed, an art, even in the best of lights, that requires long practice as well as keen eyesight. A faint flicker in the misty distance as imperceptible to the ordinary being as a distant light to the landsman on a hazy night at sea—that is all. I recollect a shikari telling me he saw gazelle under a hill so far away that I thought he was lying. Even with glasses I could see nothing. On taxing him with a too vivid imagination, he admitted he could not see them now, though he persisted that he had seen them. After going a long way I found he had spoken the truth. The flash of the sun on a white stern had sent my wild shepherd a helio message that he could not misread. Against the sun gazelle are almost impossible to see unless quite close.

As we ride on, eyes are fixed on the horizon, and occasional halts are made for more careful examination with the glasses. Suddenly, with a noisy flapping, a bustard springs into the air, nearly scaring my horse out of his wits. Then another gets up, then more from far and near,

till seven or eight of the big birds, their long necks stretched out, are going off with heavy, devious flight across the plain. One wonders how they escaped notice on the ground. A golden cloud of dust is visible low down in the distance; farther on a darkness appears below it, which later on turns out to be a flock of sheep and goats, the property of Baluch nomads.

We will ask the astonished shepherd boy if his plain holds *ahu*. Not improbably he will tell us it is a "*madan-i-ahu*," a "mine of gazelle," in which case it is likely that we shall see something in the course of the next *farsakh* or two. What by the way is a *farsakh*? An Englishman in Persia will tell you it is four miles, a Russian that it is three versts; but really it is the distance one can hear a drum's beat, or can distinguish between a white camel and a black, that a laden mule can traverse in an hour, or in which a wayfarer's puttie comes untied. It varies with the age and activity of the speaker, according to the province, the nature of the ground, and many other things.

It may be our shepherd will say, "*Be ahu nist*." The plain is "not without *ahu*," not gazelle-less, so to speak—a safe and non-committal reply. It may be he will hold forth with some enthusiasm about a plain where gazelle are never out of sight; but cross-examination will elicit the additional information that it is three or four days' march in the opposite

direction to the one you happen to be travelling. So the shepherd is left to his solitudes once more.

Though the plain does indeed seem "*ahu*-less," it is not without life of other kinds: desert larks, an occasional hare, jerboa bounding into their holes like miniature kangaroos, a flock of courser birds running daintily along uttering their high minor pipe. We rarely pass half an hour without hearing the metallic *kerr kerr* of sand-grouse high in the air, or are startled by a flock getting up close under our feet. Sand-coloured lizards of many kinds abound. Snakes fortunately are less numerous, but sufficiently so to inspire caution about taking a seat on the ground. All, however, whether beasts, birds, or reptiles, have the sad neutral hues of their surroundings that tell of an age-long struggle with the desert.

Suddenly I become aware that Ibrahim is circling his horse, and now he is looking through his glasses. We ride up at a walk—no trotting on any account. He has seen some bobbing sterns, but they are now vanished. We proceed, and some way farther on they come into view again. In half an hour more, though still on the move, they are near enough to warrant a moment's halt to take a look through the glasses. A buck and three does.

Now the art of *ahu-gardani* is to shape your course to one side so as to avoid scaring your quarry; so that by degrees, instead of flying as if pursued

by ten thousand devils as they did at first, they lose their panic sufficiently to allow you to ride on one flank within four or five hundred yards. It is often an hour's ride to effect this much. Any attempt to get nearer than this would cause a renewal of their headlong flight; they would again be swallowed up by the desert and all would have to begin again. So we maintain parallel courses. On the horizon there is a white streak that almost looks like water. In the vernacular it is called a *dakk*, a salt lake either in process of being dried up or completely so. If the former, an apparently firm white surface may turn out to be a peculiarly treacherous quagmire; if the latter, you may find the surface light and powdery with blisters and leprous patches of white, or hard and smooth like plaster of Paris. It may even be solid salt; but in all cases it is flat, a place a rat could not pass unseen, and affording to gazelle as sure a refuge as perpendicular cliffs to wild goats. It is tolerably certain the herd will either make for the *dakk* or for the broken ground at the foot of the distant hills. Now they are going quietly, but leading the herd by some fifty yards is a doe of the "straight-necked" kind I seem to recognise, that with tail cocked—the danger signal¹—goes on and on for endless miles

and fills the heart with hatred and despair. Presently the gazelle bunch and look towards the hills. They are tired of seeing three ugly humans riding alongside of them. They take the new line, and we swing round and do likewise. We might have taken cover directly they were turned, but it is safest in the long-run to make the manœuvre twice or even three times to make sure of their true line. This, it is now evident, is the *dakk*, for we have not gone a quarter of a mile in the new direction before they are round again. We follow, and this time we are near losing them, as we do not get on terms with them before they have gone two or three miles towards the *dakk*. The next time they turn, my wife and I slip off our horses without stopping, and, giving the reins to Ibrahim, walk concealed behind the animals as far as the next big tuft of the low heather-like shrub with which the plain is sprinkled. Here we drop like stones and let Ibrahim and his led horses get a hundred yards away before we stir a limb, for our tuft gives but poor cover. Then we get our glasses out, elbows in the sand, and keep a sharp look-out.

From our lowly position, flat as nature will allow, we find that the plain has undulations that were imperceptible when we were riding. Thus,

¹ A very unmistakable signal too. The tail when down forms a vertical black stripe down the white "caudal disc." When the tail is raised, the white circle is of course complete. It is comparable to the old signal for a "bull" and a "magpie."

though we can observe the ground for miles towards the *dakk*, on the other side—to our front—the view is bounded by a dark line of *bhuta* only a furlong away.

Ibrahim and the horses soon get "hull down," and then disappear. There must be no slackness in the look-out now! Think of your plight if you suddenly discovered gazelle within shot in an unexpected direction! Before you could move your body or even your rifle, sharp eyes would have spotted you and the work of hours would be undone.

Hullo! two little sticks on the dark horizon that surely were not there before! Horns? Yes, they move; a head bobs up and down, then disappears. Elation gives place to depression.

Nothing more happens for a long time, and the sun begins to beat down on our backs in a way that makes us squirm. At last I raise my head with a bunch of thorn held in front and take a survey of the scene. Ibrahim is far away. More careful spying shows that the gazelle are also there, travelling along parallel and seemingly close to him. The hunter and hunted double backwards and forwards. Now they are heading straight for us, Ibrahim describing zigzags behind them with the skill and patience learnt of many bitter experiences. They come steadily on—500 yards, 400, 300. Glasses are laid down and the rifle cautiously poked forward. But what's the matter? They are bounding away—they are

off! What on earth has put them away? A glint from the rifle? a puff of wind? It is possible, though like all antelope these gazelle are not very keen-scented animals. They are gone now and no mistake. Ibrahim has halted and is looking with his glasses, but apparently has yet hopes, for he presently moves off again. We shall have a long wait now, so take the opportunity of crawling to a tuft a little farther on, whence we shall get a better view of the country. You cannot of course move far, for your assistant cannot see you and will try to bring the gazelle past the original spot. Indeed, on a wide plain, with no clear landmarks, the recognition of the exact place where the rifle lies hid is in itself sufficiently difficult. Ibrahim, after going miles, and even after taking the gazelle round a whole circle, rarely made a mistake, and the fact speaks of a wonderful bump of locality. Well, the good lad has got on terms with his *ahu* again, and with inexhaustible and admirable patience brings them along till we can distinguish the buck's horns with the naked eye.

Now is the time you can hear your heart beating, and the symptoms, even with the old and hardened, may develop into an attack of buck fever. Your assistant has displayed an infinity of care and patience: you have yourself spent, it may be, days in search, ridden many long miles, lain baking for hours

under a hot sun. A miss is unthinkable, and yet a moving gazelle is neither a big nor an easy target.

They come steadily on, and will pass to our right¹—a lucky omen! the buck second in the string. Now they have changed their line a shade. Will they pass out of range after all? No, it is all right, but it will be a long shot. Now the buck's eye is almost visible. How does the verse go?—

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

Well, not sure, perhaps; but we'll do our best. Now the gazelle are at the nearest

point; every yard farther will make the shot longer. The sight covers the buck,—covers him almost completely up! As I am about to shoot he moves behind a bush; now he is out. Bang! he is down. That's all right. Ibrahim has seen him drop, and is galloping up to *hallal* him. So over the gazelle we meet, and tell Ibrahim we have never seen such a clever *gardan*, and *shabash* him and pat him on the back. Ibrahim, I find, is of my opinion, that the gazelle suspected our bush. They were, he tells us, coming up "by first intention," but had been scared by something, from which it is clear that, careful as we had been, we had not been careful enough.

¹ It is a favourable omen when an animal presents its right side, and *vice versa*.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROAD—SPAIN AND THE PICARESQUE—
ALONSO DE CONTRERAS—HIS MEMOIRS A BOOK OF GOOD FAITH
—HIS LOVE OF GRANDEUR—THE FRIEND OF LOPE DE VEGA—
THE FIRST CRIME OF CONTRERAS—HIS EXPLOITS IN THE LEVANT
—HE RETURNS TO MADRID—THE SIEGE OF HAMMAMET—HIS ILL-
FATED MARRIAGE—A SOJOURN IN A HERMITAGE—HIS FORTUNATE
LIFE—FORGOTTEN BOOKS—A PRESS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THERE never was a time in the history of the world in which there was so violent a passion of movement as to-day. We are none of us content to live our lives in one place. We must all be going somewhere in search of new sights. The railroad no longer keeps pace with our desires. Though we can cross Europe in a couple of days, and travel overland to China in less than a fortnight, we are still avid of new methods. The neatly laid rails which traverse continents seem too formal in the rapidity of our thought. It irks us to present ourselves at a railway station in time for the express. We must settle our own hour and take our journey as we list. So motor-cars come to the aid of railway trains, and for those who cannot bear the sloth and solidity of the earth on which they were born there is the flying machine. In vain we multiply the artifices of progress. The universality of travel has made us forget its meaning. To share your pleasures with all the world is to lose them. Above all, steam and petroleum have killed the spirit of adventure.

There are very few wanderers left who are willing to take their chance of a night's lodging under the stars.

Yet once upon a time all the romance of life was on the road. Men rode and fought and gained their living in the free air of heaven. Eagerly did they measure the distance from tavern to tavern. At the landlord's open hearth they found their ease and entertainment. They felt not the ties of house and lands. They were not enslaved by their own possessions. The only police that they knew was the sword at their hip. Their nimble minds did not pierce the sordid mysteries of the ballot-box. It was not for them to vote, but to do. In all the varied actions of life they were their own representatives.

And nowhere did the spirit of adventure breathe more freely three hundred years since than in Spain, the home of the picaresque in life and letters. There was then a career open to all the talents. Not merely might the wanderer gallop over the yellow mountains, and clatter with his sword at the gates of

the little walled towns, which still seem as though they are hung from the sky. He might seek glory in the lowlands, or gold in the mysterious Indies of the South. He was a man of infinite humour and many jests. Even though, as became a Spaniard, he refused to laugh, a smile always wrinkled his mouth, and his tongue was as ready to slip its scabbard as his sword. His prowess was celebrated in many a prose epic. *Lazarillo del Tormes* and *Guzman d'Alfarache* remain the liveliest of their kind. And at the very moment that these creatures of the mind were amusing thousands, one hero there was, who was acting in his own life the very drama of romance. This was Alonso de Contreras, a man who by turns was scullion and corsair, soldier and hermit, who fought his way across Europe, pillaged Barbary, measured swords with Sir Walter Raleigh in America, and who engrossed in his own person the virtues and vices of the picaroon. And he did something more than this. He sat him down to write his *Memoirs*, and has left us such a picture of his life and times as elsewhere we might look for in vain. Recovered by a Spanish scholar, Señor Serrano y Sanz, some ten years ago, the *Memoirs* of Contreras fascinated the distinguished poet, J. M. De Heredia, who would have added them to the litera-

ture of France had he not been interrupted by death. The work which he was not permitted to undertake has been accomplished by Messrs Lami and Rouanet,¹ with so deft a hand that those who have no Spanish may win the intimacy of Alonso de Contreras through the French, with very little sense of the intervention of a foreign tongue. For this version reproduces, with astonishing accuracy, not merely the meaning, but the very style and accent, of the illustrious bandit.

The *Memoirs* of Contreras are a book of truth and good faith. Though the author is keenly sensible of his own courage and pre-eminence, he has no desire to hide the savagery of his temper. He describes the crimes which he committed in his youth with a singular sincerity. He is too proud or too careless to palliate his sins. In this respect he is plainly superior to Casanova, who is desperately anxious lest his readers should discover the extent of his knavery. At times he almost reaches the height of self-revelation scaled by Samuel Pepys. After the plain sincerity of the book, what strikes the reader most forcibly is its sense of action. Obviously the writer's hand was more familiarly accustomed to the sword than the pen. The narrative is blunt in its brevity, and as direct as a

¹ *Mémoires du Capitain Alonso de Contreras, Lequel de Marmiton se fit Commandeur de Malte. Écrits par lui-même et mis en français par Marcel Lami et Léo Rouanet. Paris: Honoré Champion.*

well-aimed shot. Contreras is no man of letters; he has none of the facile tricks of the trade. It is but a span of thought which separates his speech from his deed. He lets you hear on many a page the clash of arms or the straining of his ship's timbers in a storm.

And though he disdains extenuation, he is convinced, like most of his kind, that his life left nothing to regret. Throughout the storm and stress of battle and pillage he remains a devout and practising Christian. When in one of the great moments of his life he was Governor of Pentellaria, an island off the coast of Barbary, he perceived with sorrow that the church was thatched like a wayside inn. Instantly he set about the work of restoration. He strengthened its roof with beams and battens. He built six arches of stone, and added a pulpit and a sacristy. He adorned the walls with what he thought a magnificent series of paintings. His taste, perchance, was unrestrained, but he did what he could without stint and the best of motives. Nor was he content with the mere act of restoration. He munificently endowed the church, that masses should be said for the repose of his soul, and that every two years the paintings of the church should be cleaned and its walls whitewashed. We wonder whether his pious wishes are still observed, or whether the Church of Our

Lady of Pentellaria has passed with its restorer into the limbo of dead forgotten things?

This devotion to the Church came, no doubt, from the desire which obsessed Contreras to stand well with the great ones of the earth. Though he would sacrifice his independence to none, and had no scruple in insulting the President of the Council of the Indies himself, who had thwarted his ambition, he loved to bask in the sun of grandeur. When he is composing a panegyric on the Count of Monterey, he boasts that he has known an infinite number of princes. He delights to describe how easily his eloquence on a certain occasion won the Pope over to his side. Once upon a time there came to Madrid a report that he had been killed, and the capital of Castille was as much moved by the news as if he had been a *grand seigneur*. How should he recall the welcome episode without pride! Nor was that all. His death was first spoken by the Marquis of Barcarrota, in the pelota-court, so that there was no touch of commonness anywhere. The President of Castille sent forth messengers to discover if the rumour were true, and in case it were to see that the murderer was punished. Contreras was able to declare that he was in the best health, and thus to rejoice the Court of Spain. "There," says he, "that's what comes of being well seen." And what is very rare, even in amiable bandits, he had a lofty appreciation of the poets. An

encounter with the great Lope de Vega was in a sense the dream and triumph of his life. It happened when he was hanging about Madrid without a job. If he could, he would have been at sea fighting the Genoese. But the fire of war was cold, and the wished-for expedition did not set out. However, Contreras made the best of it, and considering that he was a poor wretch, begging for employment, he did not come badly off. "Lope de Vega," says he, "took me to his house, saying: 'Sir Captain, with men like you one would willingly share one's cloak.' And so he kept me with him a comrade for more than eight months, giving me to dine and to sup, until the very clothes in which I stood up were a present from him. May God reward him! Not content with that, he dedicated to me a comedy entitled 'A King without a Kingdom,' recalling my pretended kingship over the Moors." Was ever bandit so magnificently honoured!

And a few years later Contreras did his best to honour his benefactor in return by "rejoicing in the charming comedies of the Phoenix of Spain," and by paying him a tribute artless in its simplicity. "Lope de Vega," he wrote, "is a man so eminent in all things, and his books are of such a kind that every one, no matter who, can learn from them how to become a comic poet. To him alone is it reserved to be the honour of Spain and the stupefaction of other nations." The art of becoming a comic poet

is not so easily acquired as Contreras imagined. But if it were to the inspiration of Lope de Vega that these Memoirs are due, our debt to the Phoenix is vastly increased. That Lope should detect the picturesqueness of his accidental comrade was a matter of course, and the eight months he spent with him in Madrid persuaded him to project an epic, with Contreras for its hero. The epic was not written. And the regret which its loss might suggest is mitigated by the plain and homely prose of Contreras. Epics we have in plenty, praised and unread. The Memoirs of Contreras are unique in the literature of the world.

Such was the man, and his career was worthy of him. He was born in Madrid in 1582. His parents were pious Christians, untainted by the blood of Moor or Jew, and unpunished by the Holy Office. But for all their breeding they were poor, and it was the reproach of poverty which inflamed the young Alonso to the commission of his first crime. He had played truant with another boy of richer parentage, to see the joustings that took place by the bridge of Segovia, and being punished, while the wealthy youngster went free, he stabbed his companion to death with his penknife. Confronted with the officers of justice, he denied his guilt, and though the crime was presently brought home to him, he escaped on the plea of tender age with a year's banishment. It is character-

istic of his method that he describes this callous murder without a word of regret or sigh of penitence. He bore his banishment lightly at his uncle's house at Avila, and when the twelve months were past was back in Madrid, shameless and unafraid. On his return he told his mother that he wished to go to war with the Cardinal. "Dolt," said she, "you are scarce out of your shell, and you want to go to war!" And straightway she apprenticed him to a goldsmith. His high spirit would not brook the indignity. He was determined to serve none other than the king, and when he had sufficiently insulted the goldsmith, his mother yielded. She gave him a shirt, a pair of sheepskin shoes, four reals, and her blessing, with which equipment, one Tuesday, the 7th of September 1595, at dawn, he set out from Madrid behind the trumpets of the Prince Cardinal.

He was thirteen years of age, and he began his career in the proper spirit. He gambled away his shoes and his shirt and his reals with a seller of sweetmeats, and was left with nothing to protect him save his mother's blessing. However, he earned his living as a turnspit in the Cardinal's kitchen, followed the army to Barcelona, crossed the sea to Savona, and with delight saw artillery at work for the first time. The very smell of the powder made the odours of the kitchen distasteful to him. He knew that his small body was not tenanted by the soul of a scoullion, and at

last he saw his name enrolled upon the list of soldiers. His first service was with Captain de Menargas, whose shield and lance he carried, and with whom for the first time he scoured the Levant, the scene of his most daring exploits. Palermo knew him, and Naples. He sailed to the Morea on the one hand, on the other to the coast of Barbary. The prizes which he and his comrades took were many and rich. After a short voyage he brought back for his share three hundred crowns in money and kind, to say nothing of a hat full to the brim of double reals. Thus was his boyhood passed. But not even the love of booty could damp his ardour for the sea. He had a passion for navigation. Wherever he went he spoke with pilots; he watched them take their observations, and he made a wonderful map of the Mediterranean, marking every cape and bay from Gibraltar to Asia Minor, from Naples to the African coast, which map he treasured like his life, until one day Prince Philibert of Savoy asked to see it, and liked it so well that he forgot to return it.

This profitable career was too good to last. The high-spirited Alonso could control neither himself nor his companions. A quarrel in a tavern at Palermo ended in the death of the landlord, and Alonso, seizing a felucca, escaped with two accomplices to Naples. Here he tells us with the most enchanting simplicity that he and his friends were taken for men without soul, and their

fame grew darker, when after a brawl two were left dead in the street, and Contreras thought it prudent to escape to Malta, where he took service under the Commander Monreal, with whom he victoriously sailed the seas, fighting the Turks, selling the unbelievers into slavery, and meeting everywhere with "pillage, rich and great." But booty was not his only quest. He was always ready to fight the battle of the weak. One day, sailing to Stampalia, he found that the priest had been kidnapped by a set of ruffians of evil life, rascals who armed themselves without the king's patent, and who, though they were Christians, did not scruple to levy toll upon their own kind. The virtue of Alonso was instantly outraged. He set sail after the miscreants' frigate, caught it speedily, marooned its captain on an islet, that he might expiate his sin by dying of hunger, and brought back the priest in triumph to his flock.

So grateful was the flock that it implored Contreras to be its chief, and offered him in marriage a young, rich, and beautiful girl. He could not consent. The life of adventure still called him, and he went off loaded with presents from the grateful islanders. The priest gave him three marvellous carpets; the girl, whose hand he had been forced to decline, offered at his shrine two pairs of embroidered cushions, four handkerchiefs, and two *berriolas*, wrought with silk and gold. More-

over, to cite his own words, "they sent great refreshments to my frigate, when I made my *adieux*, and their emotion was not less than it will be at the day of judgment."

Then for many years he sailed from Malta, striking terror into the hearts of the infidels, and squandering his money, which cost him so much to get, with both hands, until at last he remembered his fatherland and his mother, to whom he had never written, and asked leave of the Grand Master of the Knights of St John to revisit Spain. The Master gave him leave reluctantly, and in six days Contreras was in Barcelona, whence he set out on mule-back, with a sergeant, two drummers, and a valet, for Madrid. Many years he had wandered in the East, and he came back with a state and pomp of which the turnspit, who had but one shirt to his back, had never dreamed. His first visit was to his mother, who marvelled when she saw so many mules in the market-place. He fell on his knees before her, and asked her blessing, saying, "I am your son Alonsillo." The poor woman, by this time married again, was covered with confusion. But Alonso saved her embarrassment by going off to the inn, and promising to dine with her on the following day.

Alonso's treatment of his mother was, like the most of his actions, a strange mixture of pomp and sentiment. He was willing to acknowledge her authority, but

he wanted to cut as brave a figure as possible before her and her new husband. So he sent to her house a magnificent repast, and came himself in his finest array. His soldiers attended him in full uniform, and his valet walking behind carrying his spear. He loaded his sisters with gifts, and as he had no lack of money he presented his mother with thirty crowns. "The good woman," said he, "thought herself rich;" and so with her blessing he went off on the march, advising her to respect his new stepfather!

There, indeed, you get a picture of the real Alonso, vain, sentimental, and generous. It was not for him to hide from his friends and relatives the magnificence of his life. To be always on parade—that was his ambition. He loved display even better than he loved fighting, and though the East soon called him again, he was consoled that he had made the proper impression upon Madrid. Once more in the thickest of the fight, he was present at the ill-fated siege of Hammamet, where a wrong signal sufficed to drive the Spaniards into a panic, and where the brave D. Juan de Padilla met his death. Then came a respite from the wars, in which, at Palermo, he married the widow of a judge. It is thus that he tells the story himself. "We remained married to our great happiness more than a year and a half. We loved one another, and the respect that I felt for my wife was so great that sometimes out of doors I

did not like to cover my head in her presence." Alas, that such an idyll should be rudely disturbed! But presently the jealousy of Contreras was aroused by a page, and he surprised his wife in the arms of a friend. "They died," says he. "God has them in His heaven, if in their evil hour they repented." That is all, and even so much he wrote against the grain. It is characteristic of his reticence that he never mentions her name or the lover's, and of his generosity that he would not touch a penny of her fortune.

And now followed the most strangely freakish episode in a freakish life. Returned to Madrid, he believed himself tricked of preferment by Don Roderigo Calderon, and forthwith he set out for the Escorial to open the matter to Philip III. The King did but refer him back to Don Roderigo, whose answer was to waylay him on the road, where but for his own prowess he would have been killed. Tired of treachery, still sorrowing for his dead wife, he rode sadly towards Madrid. "During these seven leagues," said he, "I entered into account with myself, and I resolved to go and serve God in the desert." In other words, he made up his mind to take refuge at the Moncayo, and build on that mountain a hermitage, where he should end his days. He set about his task in a business-like spirit. He bought the utensils which he deemed necessary for a hermit. These were a hair-shirt, some disciplines, the rough cloth of which cassocks are made, a sun-dial, many books of peni-

tence, a few seeds, a death's head, and a little hoe. With the implements of his new profession packed in a valise, he set out with two mules and a muleteer. Arrived at the gate of Arcos he implored the officers not to look at his baggage. They insisted, and when they saw what his valise contained, "Señor," they asked, "where are you going with that?" He answered: "To serve for a while another King, for I am tired." They, seeing him thus resolved, were overcome by pity, and as for the muleteer he wept like a child.

So far Contreras had produced the proper effect. He reached his hermitage, and found there no enemies, save a parcel of monks who attempted to make him enter their order. He wore the habit of a barefooted friar, and put a cassock on his back of the colours of St Francis. "I led this life," he writes, "for nearly seven months, and nobody heard an ill word of me. I was more joyous than an Easter Day, and I promise you that if they had not dragged me away as they did, I should have been there to-day." His interval of peace did not last long. His enemies found him out, and had him arrested on what he asserts was a false charge of stealing arms, and of being the king of the Moors. The king of the Moors! It would take a man of vivid imagination to invent such a charge, even against himself, and it is hard to say that there was not some more clearly definite charge behind it. If Contreras

had ever parleyed with the Moors there was good cause for his arrest. For it was the moment of their disastrous expulsion, and no mercy was shown to them or to their friends. Contreras, of course, protested his innocence, even when put to the question, and declared that it was all due to the spite of a certain commissary, his mortal enemy. In the end his innocence, he declares, was triumphantly vindicated, and the guilt of the commissary as triumphantly established. But the commissary, lucky wight, had plenty of money and good guardian angels, so he suffered no heavier penalty than banishment, and this did not last long, for Contreras himself saw him in Madrid before four years were out.

Some men there are who, happy in the opportunity of adventure, have the luck to be present when strange things happen, and Contreras was of this number. Not long had he emerged from his hermitage than he found himself in garrison at Cambrai. One evening, as he looked out from the wall, a courier arrived; and when he asked him what news he had, "The King of France is dead," he replied,— "stabbed twice by a knife." The rumour was carried to the Governor, and so got abroad. On the next morning the peasants thronged into the town. "The King is dead," said they, "and the unbridled soldiers will put us to the sack." And the king was not dead at all! But nine

days later there happened in Paris the crime of Ravallac, of which Cambrai knew the details already. Inquiries were made, and it was established that on that night, more than a week before, when the news was brought to Cambrai no messenger had hired horses at the post. What, then, to believe? Nothing, said Contreras, who was an eyewitness, save that the courier was either a devil or an angel.

So it was that when he went to the Indies, Contreras encountered no common foe, but the great Sir Walter Raleigh himself. It was in 1618, when Raleigh was on his last disastrous voyage; and Contreras lost no time, he tells us, in coming to close grips with the famous Englishman. He confesses that Raleigh's ships sailed better than his, and that their turn of speed saved them from capture. But he declares also that he killed Raleigh's son with thirteen others, and that the English commander, fleeing in terror, returned as speedily as he could to England.

With good fortune aiding his courage, Contreras could not but come to preferment. He was made a Knight of Malta, he was approved by the Pope, he was honourably received by King Philip IV. His enemies never prospered. Don Fernando Carrillo, the President of the Council of the Indies, who insolently refused him the post of Admiral, fell dying in the street. The several attempts made to poison him failed, one and all. With

great content he passed some years in the service of the Count of Monterey, who more than all his contemporaries understood the splendour of life. And though he fell into disgrace with this nobleman, he abated not a jot his admiration for his master nor his respect for himself. His book matches his life in character and interest. It displays a talent for the laconic that has rarely been surpassed. Its candour stops, as we have said, only at a faithful recital of the charges brought against him from time to time. We cannot help thinking that the pretexts which Contreras puts in the minds and mouths of his enemies are insufficient for their rancour. Unhappily the *Memoirs* end abruptly and without excuse. We know not how our excellent Alonso came by his death. Was it on the battlefield, or the gallows, or in his comfortable bed? In his bed, we are sure. Such heroes as he, when they have passed their fortieth year, learn to guard their freedom and their life. Contreras, too, always had a taste for an honourable seclusion, so long as it was picturesque and well advertised. That he lived to a dignified old age we may take as certain. Possibly he retired, full of years and wealth, to his native Madrid, and there, sitting in his cool courtyard, discoursed of those days long past, when he swept the Barbary corsairs from the sea, and spent his booty, like a gentleman, in the taverns of Naples and Malta.

The recovery of the *Memoirs* of Alonso de Contreras reminds us how many priceless treasures are hidden in the dark caves of the past, awaiting the ingenious industry which shall one day bring them to light. Books have their fates, as the poet said long ago, and who shall explain the various chances of time and place which overtake them? Some are lost utterly from the face of the earth, read to pieces perhaps, or the facile victims of fire. Some remain to cheat our hopes in single, inaccessible copies. Others survive in distorted shapes, the sport of blundering editors or careless printers. Somewhere buried in the desert, no doubt, are the works of Sappho and the lost plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes. A happy excavator seeking another treasure may in the dim future light upon them. A lesser evil than that which has ravished from our sight so many masterpieces of Greek literature has hidden for a time not a little prose and verse of our sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. For a time only. To bring back what is half-forgotten of English literature is not beyond our power. All that is needed for the project is research, a printing-press, and the money which will purchase their activity. The research and the printing-press are within our reach. Mr Bullen, the well-known scholar, is ready to come to our aid. He has already established at Stratford-on-Avon such a press

as one might see in our dreams. The house in which it does its work was once the house of Julius Shaw, the friend of Shakespeare and witness of the poet's will. It stands not far from the site of New Place, whither Shakespeare retired with the fortune he made in the playhouses of London. The chain of association has thus no broken link. And in this house of Julius Shaw's Mr Bullen will carry on the excellent work he has begun, if only he has given him an adequate support. To ensure this support it has been proposed to place The Shakespeare Head Press—for so it is called—on a permanent basis by public subscription. The amount asked for is not large, and when once it is subscribed we shall not only have raised the wisest of monuments in Shakespeare's honour; we shall have brought within the reach of all a vast deal of unprinted or unknown literature.

Wherever you put your pick into the solid ground of the past, you come upon the pure ore of English poetry and prose. The only difficulty which confronts us is the difficulty of choice. The great contemporaries of Shakespeare still await efficient editing. What would we not give for scholarly texts of Heywood and Webster? There is no book which had a profounder influence on the seventeenth century than Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*. It resumed for the age in which it was published the

learning of all time. Whatever statement was contained in its noble pages was accepted for truth, and until such sceptics as Sir Thomas Browne turned upon it the dawning light of science, it seemed the text-book of universal knowledge. Yet important as it is in the history of English literature, it has never been reprinted, and is beyond the compass of all, save the fortunate collector. To bring back within the reach of scholars such works as this is one of the objects of The Shakespeare Head Press.

Another design, worthily planned, will reveal to us the intelligence of Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, and the enemy of Thomas Nashe. In controversy Harvey was no match for his nimble-witted antagonist, and he comes down to us tricked out in the parti-coloured garments of ridicule. But like many another butt of the wits, he had a better side to his talent. It was his habit for many years to scribble notes in the margins of his books, and these notes, shrewd comments often upon his contemporaries and their works, have been collected by Professor Moore Smith, and will be issued presently from the Stratford Press. Above all, it will be the business of the Press to bring to light whatever

facts may be discovered concerning the lives of Shakespeare and his friends. A transcript of the accounts of the Chamberlains of Stratford-on-Avon has already been made by Mr Richard Savage, and the documents, when published, will reconstruct for us, as nothing else could, the Warwickshire of Shakespeare's time, its life and customs. Material is not lacking, nor the scholars, who shall sift and interpret it. Again, all the world knows the brilliant discoveries which have been made by Professor Wallace of Nebraska University. No scholar in recent times has pierced so many of the mysteries in which Shakespeare is enwrapped. And he is but on the threshold, let us hope, of research. His method is sound, his instinct of discovery as sure as the instinct of a truffle-hunter. What he has done, he will yet do, and all the world awaits with interest his book, 'Shakespeare, the Globe, and the Blackfriars,' which Mr Bullen will shortly publish. In brief, there is no lack of work to be done; there is no lack of energy. All that is needed is the few thousands of pounds which will place the Shakespeare Head Press upon a permanent basis, and thus equip it for a work which will continue long after the present generation has passed away.

THE SONG OF SHADOW-OF-A-LEAF.

Sung by Maid Marian's Fool in Sherwood, when he had bought with his own life the right for Robin Hood and Marian to pass through the gates of Fairyland and escape from the death prepared for them by their enemies and the world of Time.

I.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
The world begins again!
And O, the red of the roses,
And the rush of the healing rain.

II.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
The world begins anew!
And O, the scent of the hawthorn
And the drip of the dawn-red dew!

III.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
Their grey walls hemmed us round!
But, under my green-wood oceans,
Their castles are trampled and drowned.

IV.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
The rose o'er the fortalice floats,
My nightingales chant in their chapels,
My lilies have bridged their moats.

V.

Green ferns on the crimson sky-line,
What bugle have you heard?
Was it only the wind in the beeches?
Was it only the call of a bird?

VI.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
Tho' Robin lie dead, lie dead,
And the green turf by Kirk-lee
Lie light over Marian's head,

VII.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
My lovers awake, awake,
Shake off the grass-green coverlet,
Glide bare-foot through the brake!

VIII.

The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The
Forest has conquered!
When the first wind blows from the South,
They shall meet by the Gates of Faërie!
She shall set her mouth to his mouth.

IX.

He shall gather her, fold her and keep her!
They shall pass through the Gates! They shall live!
They shall wander immortal through Sherwood!
This gift by my death I give!

X.

*The Forest has conquered! The Forest has conquered! The Forest
has conquered!
The world begins again!
And O, the red of the roses,
And the rush of the healing rain!*

ALFRED NOYES.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S CRIME.

MR ASQUITH has committed his crime, without reason and without excuse. In callous contempt of England and her traditions, he has set himself above the Constitution, above the Parliament which he has destroyed, above the People. At every step he has been guilty of deception and chicanery. If the wholesome methods of old were still in force, he would stand at the bar of the nation an impeached and guilty Minister.

To understand the full enormity of Mr Asquith's crime, we must look back through the history of the past year. In February 1910 he made this pronouncement: "To ask in advance for a blank authority for the indefinite exercise of the Royal Prerogative in regard to a measure never submitted to or approved by the House of Commons is a request which in my judgment no Constitutional statesmen could properly make, and it is a concession which the Sovereign could not be expected to make." Nine months afterwards Mr Asquith, despising statesmanship as he despises the Constitution, had made the request, and the Sovereign had granted it. The transaction was not a pleasant one; and even Mr Asquith, we imagine, looks back upon it with some small sense of shame. King Edward VII. had been less than six months in the grave. His son, young

in kingship, despite Lord Carrington's impertinent gibe, was as yet uncrowned. To him Mr Asquith went with a demand which, in his judgment and ours too, no Constitutional statesman could properly make. The demand was as ill-timed as it was improper. No bill was before Parliament. The conference was breaking down, as Mr Asquith knew it would break down. His colleagues were resolved to make what capital they could out of an enforced General Election. The least restrained of them had already written an address to his constituents. Orders had gone forth North and South, East and West, to fight the coming election, of which the Tory party knew nothing, on the question of "free food." And at this moment Mr Asquith made his unconstitutional, unstatesmanlike demand of a young and inexperienced King. The King, imprudently advised, agreed that "in the last resort a creation of peers might be the only remedy." But, as Lord Crewe said, "His Majesty faced the contingency and entertained the suggestion as a possible one with natural and . . . with legitimate reluctance." The King's "natural and legitimate reluctance" did not stand in Mr Asquith's way for a moment. Furthermore, let it be remembered that, in making this outrage upon the Constitution of

Great Britain, Mr Asquith had not the unanimous support of his colleagues. "I do not pretend," said Lord Crewe in an interval of intimate confession, "that as a party we are all of one mind on this question of the creation of peers." They are not all of one mind, these wreckers of the country committed to their charge, when wrecking is discussed. They are all of one mind when it is a matter of sticking to office. Thus we may measure the degradation of our English politics. Not one Radical has resigned his seat or his post of emolument under the Crown. They differed, we are told, in their private estimate of the disastrous revolution, which they publicly approved. Even Lord Crewe, who frankly admits that the whole business is "odious" to him, remains an obedient colleague of Mr Asquith. Twenty years, even ten years ago, such a cynical indifference to personal and national honour would have been impossible. To-day it passes without comment or apology.

So Mr Asquith, having committed a purposeless outrage upon the Constitution, met Parliament with a roving commission in his pocket to make peers when and how he chose. For eight months, as Mr Balfour said, he "was masquerading as a Constitutional Minister, when he had in fact, by the advice he had given to the King, put himself far above the Constitution, and used the Prerogative as no Minister in this country has ever dared to

use it before, and as no King in the old days of Prerogative has ever dared to use it." With a pompous solemnity, and with the aid of gag, guillotine, and kangaroo, he put the Bill through all its stages. He sent it to the House of Lords, and when it was returned with Lord Lansdowne's amendments he made known his intention to coerce the Peers, not in the House of Commons, but in a letter addressed to Mr Balfour and printed in the public press. Never was a revolution made with greater brutality and greater insolence. Had Mr Asquith used physical force to impose his imperious decrees, he would have violated with less disgrace the privileges and liberties of Englishmen. With how little seriousness his enslaved followers went into this dirty business is evident from a retort that was flung at Mr Balfour by a henchman of the Government. "You have been had," shouted a "Ministerialist," and he could not see that the insult recoiled upon himself and upon his friends. It is the thimble-rigger who goes to prison, not the innocent victim of his trickery.

The speeches which Mr Asquith has delivered in defence of his revolutionary policy have been marked, one and all, by a cynical levity of tone which enhance his crime. As you read them to-day in cold blood it is difficult to believe that they were made at a national crisis. They might have been spoken in a debate upon a provincial railway. Never once did Mr Asquith

discuss the welfare of the Empire. Never did he invoke the spirit of loyalty and patriotism. He sternly omitted England from his purview. He was advocating the ruin of an ancient Constitution. With a pitiful lack of reverence he was undoing the patient work of many centuries, and he kept his eyes fixed upon the hustings; he did not rise for a single instant above the petty claims of his party. Convinced that politics is nothing but a game in which he wins who commands a majority, he shut his eyes to all else. According to his own pitiful theory of government, he triumphed so long as he remained in office, and remain in office he must at all hazards.

The argument which Mr Asquith used most frequently in support of his infamous proposals was that they were approved at two General Elections. None knows better than Mr Asquith that this argument is unsound. We have not had an election which concerned itself exclusively with the Parliament Bill, in the sense that the election of 1831 concerned itself with the question of Reform. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in 1910 any electors were permitted to look at the Parliament Bill, save through a mist of prejudice. The hereditary principle was attacked on a hundred platforms, and slanders of every kind were hurled at the peers by those who found it convenient to insult the House which they hoped to enter. But does the

rapturous reception of flouts and gibes amount to a mandate? Is it in the noisy pronouncements of the hustings that Mr Asquith detects approval of the Parliament Bill? If he does, he plays with the intelligence of simple folk. The audiences which applauded their favourite orators did not know, and were never told, that a Parliament Bill was before the country. That is the worst of demagogic eloquence. If Ministers of the Crown encourage the eloquence of the pothouse politician, they cannot presently come down to the House of Commons and declare that they represent the reasoned will of the people.

When an election is imminent, we are told on all hands how great and good a man is the Radical voter. His collective wisdom is said to surpass the wisdom of Bolingbroke and Pitt. He is flattered as no despotic monarch was ever flattered. Whatever he thinks is always right. His will shall prevail. He who would thwart him in the exercise of his privileges is deemed the enemy of the human race. But good and great as the Radical voter is, there is one thing he cannot achieve. He cannot make an omnibus of his vote. He cannot, by putting a single mark upon a ballot-paper, express his adherence to the Parliament Bill, Free Trade, Home Rule, the Revision of the Osborne Judgment, Payment of Members, the Abolition of Plural Voting, and the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church. That is beyond his reach. Yet it is pre-

cisely that which Mr Asquith tells us he did in December 1910. The fact is that for Mr Asquith the caprices of his coalition are the will of the people. The will of the people was long since drugged and sent to sleep, and not the shadow of a mandate may be discerned in the duping, or doping, of the electorate, which took place last Christmas. If Mr Asquith were sincere in his wish to ascertain what the people wants, he would take a popular and a silent poll on the Parliament Bill, and abide by the result.

And nowhere did Mr Asquith prove that he misunderstands the gravity of the situation so clearly as in the peroration of the speech which he was not permitted to deliver. "There is nothing derogatory," said he, "or humiliating to a great party in admitting defeat. None asks them to accept that defeat as final. They have only to convince their fellow-countrymen that we are wrong, and they can repeal our Bill." For cold-hearted flippancy it would be impossible to surpass this pronouncement. Here is Mr Asquith wantonly and carelessly undoing the work of the barons at Runnymede, and making of no effect the policy of Simon de Montfort, and he sees in it nothing more than a dispute between two parties. It escapes him that the responsibility of Empire is laid upon his shoulders, that history will ask him not what he did with this party or that, which are mere accidents in our system of government, but

what he did with England. Never did a demagogue proclaim more loudly his shameful incompetence. By Mr Asquith the problem of government has never been considered. He compares the ruin of a Constitution with the defeat of a party! He thinks that an outrage may be committed and the country go on as though nothing had happened. "They can repeal our Bill," says he. So might a wanton iconoclast, who had kicked over a china bowl, priceless and unique, say to its enraged possessor, "You can take some glue and stick it together if you like."

The revolution thus achieved is wanton in its lack of purpose. Other revolutions there have been whose passionate impulse no prudence could withstand. In this revolution of Mr Asquith's there is no passion, and no impulse save the impulse of self-interest. The country, indifferent to the passage of the Bill, knows not whither it will carry us. The ostensible motive of the Bill is that Home Rule may be given to Ireland, which has ceased to want it. O the pity of it! Had it been decreed that we should sacrifice our place among the great and well-governed nations after a long and bitter war, we might have fought so long as powder and shot were left us, and then taken our defeat like men. But to sneak sideways out of our wisdom and supremacy, to snap wantonly the splendid chain of our continuity, to take our place among the insecure republics of South America

without a cause, we, who have dictated the rules of government to the whole world, is a superfluous humiliation not easily to be borne. Mr Asquith destroys the British Parliament and the liberties of Britons to pass a Home Rule Bill, not at the bidding of Ireland, for, as we have said, Ireland in her prosperity thinks not of Home Rule, but at the bidding of Patrick Ford of 'The Irish World,' the organ of the dynamiters, and Mr Redmond, his beneficiary.

And not only must Home Rule be thrust upon Ireland. It must be thrust upon her without the process of a General Election. Such are the first fruits of Mr Asquith's autocracy. Three brief years ago Mr Asquith was of another opinion. "I do not think," said he, "any House of Commons would be justified in embarking upon such a task, unless the matter had been, I will not say the leading, but, at any rate, one of the leading issues submitted to the electorate by which the House of Commons was returned. That, obviously, was not the case in the General Election of 1906." As obviously it was not the case in the General Election of December 1910. At Mr Redmond's command, Mr Asquith has changed his view—that is all. In other words, he is fighting not for a principle, but for the security of his office. Home Rule has never been more to him than a vote-catching device. When he felt himself strong enough to do without it, he has dropped it for a while.

He has eagerly picked it up again when it suited his purpose. And his sin is the greater, because over and over again he has expressed detestation of the crime, which he now cheerfully commits. In his brief interlude of Imperialism, when for a moment he professed devotion to his country, he spoke brave words against the Irish. "Never," said he, when he stood by Lord Rosebery's side at Chesterfield,—“never will we have an intimate alliance with the Irish, who have ranged themselves openly with the enemies we are fighting in the field.” And on another occasion, said he: "I have for some time held the opinion that the Liberal Party ought not to assume the duties of office unless it can rely upon an independent Liberal majority in the House of Commons." There are, indeed, few opinions which Mr Asquith has not held "for some time." None knows better than he that to-day he has not an independent majority in the House of Commons or in the country, and his alliance with the Irish is so intimate that he makes his bargains with them and lives by their support, though they are ranged as openly as ever with the enemies of England.

Such, then, is the purpose of Mr Asquith's outrage upon the Constitution—the preservation of the Irish Alliance. Let us try to measure what he has given in exchange for this infamy. He has reduced England to the level of Costa Rica. We live to-day under the domination of a Single Chamber, ex-

posed to all the risks and uncertainties which that domination implies. The navy and army may be abolished by the vote of a single Labour member. Our Prime Minister has acted "as though authority duly constituted requires no check, and as if no barriers are needed against the nation." Lord Lansdowne's wise amendments have been insolently rejected one and all. Neither the Crown nor the Protestant Succession is safe from a snatched division in the Commons. Mr Churchill, in defending his leader's action, was, as usual, bombastic in his eloquence. "We can only say" — these were his words — "that the British Crown requires no propping up by a Referendum or by Joint-Committees of the curious character now proposed. It rests almost on the universal and ever-deepening convictions of the great mass of all classes of the people that a limited monarchy is the only sure means by which the liberty and prosperity of this country can be secured and maintained." What Mr Churchill means by "almost" we do not know; perhaps it is a loophole of escape. We agree with him that the great mass of the people is loyal to the Crown. But in this matter the mass of the people is for the moment powerless. It is the Cabinet that is supreme, and no one can pretend to believe in the loyalty of the Cabinet. Some months ago certain Ministers boasted that they were "sturdy two-chamber men." They are sturdy no longer. Without a

murmur, without a threat of resignation, they have abolished the Second Chamber, and with the same cheerfulness of spirit would they abolish the Crown, if Mr Redmond or Mr Keir Hardie were strong enough to dictate terms. Suppose the Home Rule Bill is passed and the House of Lords suspends its operations for eighteen months. Then Mr Redmond may come down to the Prime Minister and demand the creation of Peers. Mr Asquith will be as powerless then as now to resist. And if the King refused, who would trust the Cabinet? In a day they would be as fierce republicans as the Member for Merthyr himself. No; Mr Churchill's rodomontade will satisfy no self-respecting citizen. The security is unsound.

Here, then, is our situation: the King is rendered powerless. The Upper House has been made a sham and a by-word. The House of Commons, gagged, guillotined, and kangarooed, has ceased to be a deliberative assembly, and its Radicals are content to register their votes without protest, like the slavish mob they are. The Cabinet, under Mr Redmond's approval, is tyrannically supreme. It resembles in all its features the Committee of Public Safety, which brought ruin and bloodshed upon France. Carlyle has described it accurately with the pen of prophecy. "Wherefore," he writes, "in this perilous quick-whirling condition of the Republic, we obtain our small *Comité de*

Salut Public, as it were, for accidental miscellaneous purposes requiring despatch,—as it proves, for a sort of universal supervision and universal subjection. They are to report weekly, these new Committee men, but to deliberate in secret. Their number is Nine, firm Patriots all.” The number of our Committee is greater than Nine. But, as any one may see, they are firm Patriots all. They too sit in secret, and silently impose their decrees. Carlyle foresaw their tyranny and their end. “An insignificant thing at first,” said he, “this Committee, but with a principle of growth in it. Forwarded by fortune, by internal Jacobin energy, it will reduce all Committees and the Convention itself to mute obedience, . . . and work its will on the Earth and under Heaven for a season. A Committee of Public Salvation whereat the world still shrieks and shudders.”

That is the depth of degradation to which Mr Asquith has dragged Great Britain. To paint his sin in colours too black is impossible. It is equally impossible to exaggerate what may be the consequences of that sin. And who are the revolutionaries who have substituted a Committee of Public Safety for the best Constitution that history has known? “A stranger set of cloud-compellers the world never saw.” First there is Mr Asquith, a self-interested opportunist, who can never lift his eyes from

the dead level of party artifice, and whose strength lies in a composite obedience to his coalition. Then comes Mr Lloyd George, a fanatical Welshman, who won his first notoriety by a passionate hatred of England, and who, an apostle of peace, once urged the Boers not to surrender. “No man,” said he, “with a good rifle in his hand would give it up merely because he obtained a paper signed by Mr Joseph Chamberlain in exchange.” Thereafter follow Mr Churchill, a political adventurer, and Mr Birrell, a dilettante whose most brilliant invention was his “hecatombs of slaughtered babes,” and Mr Runciman, the champion of untainted Brixton, and Mr Samuel, who thinks it no shame to put himself and the Post Office in Mr Tillet’s pocket, and Viscount Haldane, the youngest of our viscounts, if Lord Carrington permits us thus to call him, a doughty supporter of Second Chambers, who cast a willing vote to abolish the House into which he has recently been received, and Lord Morley, who closes a pedant’s career with an act of Jacobin violence. The Greys and Harcourts, the Carringtons and Buxtons matter not a jot. They are content to do what they are told in ignominious silence, the obedient shadows of their masters.

And now that their evil work is done, we do not imagine that they find the Government Bench a bed of roses. They have removed the last fence of security from the Commons, and no

Ministry was ever in more bitter need of that security than theirs. Hitherto Mr Asquith has been able to put off the more fiercely exigent of the groups which make up his coalition with the plea that the House of Lords would not permit their demands. Now he is exposed naked and unpitied to the insolent impertunity of all his supporters. He has adopted for his own the maxims of the French Revolution. "Government by the poor and payment by the rich" is inscribed upon every Radical banner. The Ministry has rashly accepted the French Convention as its model. "The parting of the ways in the Revolution," wrote Lord Acton, "was the day when, rejecting the example of England and America, the French resolved to institute a single, undivided legislature." Mr Asquith, arriving at this same parting of the ways, has rejected the example of many centuries. He has followed revolutionary France to his own undoing and to the undoing of his country. He has rejected the sane example of America, which, democracy though it be, has never "thought of abolishing either the Senate or its legislative authority," has never dreamed "the mad dream of a single chamber." In brief, he and his colleagues have sown the storm of violence; they are already reaping the whirlwind of rebellion.

From his political opponents Mr Asquith deserves neither courtesy nor consideration. He and his colleagues, never states-

men, have now ceased to be politicians. They are the contrivers of revolution and the enemies of society. Though they have done their best to stifle freedom of speech by every artifice of coercion, though they have reduced to nothingness the one deliberative assembly that was left us, there still remains a united Opposition, which will obstruct, by all means in its power, the Radical measures of disruption, and will thwart untiringly the Radicals' cherished ambition to disintegrate the Empire. That the Constitution will ever again possess the prestige and authority which Mr Asquith has stripped from it is impossible. The broken image is never the same again, however cunningly it be repaired. But at least it is not too late to save the State, or to punish, as he deserves, the careless, insolent image-breaker.

The Nemesis which lies in wait for reckless demagogues has already overtaken Mr Asquith's Ministry. The strikes, which have ceased for the moment, were the direct consequence of Mr George's precepts and the Prime Minister's method. The mob has learned its lesson well and swiftly. The doctrine of selfishness, preached during the past year, has been eagerly adopted. So long as the strikers got their own way they were indifferent alike to the sufferings of their women and children, and to the grave loss inflicted upon the country. They were as impatient of checks as Mr Asquith himself. The Prime

Minister, their great exemplar, thwarted for the moment in his policy of disunion, decided to destroy the Constitution. He put away from him reverence for the past and thought of the future. And the leaders of the strike showed as little respect for Mr Asquith as Mr Asquith showed for the House of Peers. The last act in the tragedy of Liverpool closely resembled the tragedy of August 10, when England was placed under the heel of a single chamber. To conciliate Mr Redmond, Mr Asquith reduced to a nullity the House of Lords. To enforce the demands of 250 insolent drivers of tramway cars the agitators were prepared to impose a general strike upon the country. In either case there was a complete lack of the sense of responsibility. In either case the means employed were infinitely greater than the end that was to be attained. In other words, the mob has sat patiently at the feet of Mr Asquith, and has already vastly improved upon the lessons which he has taught.

The revolution which now disturbs the peace of England is following the normal path of revolutions. Those who inaugurated it are already left behind. That which happened to France in the eighteenth century is being ominously reproduced. Mr Asquith and his friends have aroused passions in the breasts of their wild supporters which they can neither satisfy nor assuage. They refuse to see the logic of

their words and actions. They have preached lawlessness for years; they have practised licence in their handling of the Constitution. And when their followers, more obviously consistent than they, desire to take the next step, they are virtuously aghast. "I do not know," said Mr Churchill, "that in the history of the world a similar catastrophe can be shown to have menaced an equally great community." For this menace Messrs Asquith, George, and Churchill are jointly and severally responsible. And if no community as great as Britain has ever been thus threatened, it is because no community save England has ever been so weakly governed and so shamefully inflamed.

However, that has taken place which the merest tyro in politics might have foreseen. The Labour Party is loudly incensed against the Radicals. So far have they travelled together on the road of anarchy that Messrs Hardie and Macdonald pretend to be indignant at the defection of their colleagues. That Mr George should approve of physical force, that Mr Churchill should call out the military to suppress hooliganism, is to them the rudest of shocks. Of what use is it to talk anarchy in the House of Commons, if you thwart it in the country? Why should the practical disciple, who throws a brick-bat, be fired upon by an unbridled soldiery when he is obeying the behests of his masters? And thus we have witnessed

the inevitable spectacle, earlier than we expected, of the Government attacked with reckless violence by its own henchmen, supported by the votes and speeches of the Tories.

If any proof were needed that our governors understand neither the situation of the country nor the delicacy of their own position, it would be afforded by the loud chorus of self-congratulation with which they have greeted what they believe to be the end of the strike. For this beneficent consummation they one and all claim the credit. "I did it,"

says Mr Macdonald. "I did it," says Mr George. And this painful anxiety to stand well with the country would be comic indeed, were it not fraught with tragic consequences. The end of Radicalism is already in sight. Mr Asquith must either march in the vanguard of labour or yield his office to those who will. He has sent the stone of anarchy rolling down the hill, and, like all apostles of revolution, is surprised that it gathers velocity as it goes, and that he cannot, by a mere act of volition, check its downward flight.

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ASIATIC TURKEY UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

It is by no means easy to form an appreciation of the changes wrought in Turkey by the advent of constitutional government. The difficulty is not confined to those who watch the country from without; it is almost as great for such as are acquainted with a part, or parts, of the Ottoman dominions. The empire is vast, the means of communication insufficient, and provincial distinctions so strongly marked that experience of any one district is little or no warrant for embracing generalisations. Nor is there any salient unity of aspiration; public opinion in each province is determined by local conditions and uninfluenced by consideration of the needs of neighbouring districts, concerning which correct information is seldom to be obtained. Every traveller in Asiatic Turkey must be familiar with the baffling conviction that his views are based upon

evidence as fragmentary as the glass in a kaleidoscope. You follow with absorbed interest the political drama which is being developed in the centre wherein you find yourself; the actors are all known to you; you have heard the issues discussed from the hour of the first morning caller soon after dawn, until the prolonged evening coffee-drinking draws to a close towards midnight. You ride away over desert and mountain, where the talk is all of the ravages of raider and of locust, and coming again to some city on the telegraph line you attempt to pick up the threads where you dropped them. It is not to be done; there is no news, or what news there is takes the form of inconsequent and contradictory gossip. You must be content to fall once more into eager participation in local perplexities, partly dissimilar from those you left behind, though

based on the same administrative problems. The story thus constructed consists of a series of disconnected episodes not one of which can be brought to an end without revisiting the theatre of its action. And if incidents that have taken place near at hand are so little known, still less well defined is provincial comprehension of the policy and relative strength of party and faction in the capital, the vagueness of which is only comparable to the ignorance that prevails in Constantinople touching the affairs and the temper of Asia.

It is subject to these limitations that I venture to offer some description of the events of the last two years in the provinces of Asiatic Turkey, or, to be strictly accurate, in Syria, Mesopotamia, and the southern parts of Kurdistan. Through these regions I travelled two years ago, at a time when the continued existence of the new Government was still a matter of conjecture. I heard, and I have related, the anxious fears of men who had seen the revolution of 1908 fall far short of their hopes; I was in Turkey when the sudden upheaval of April 1909, bringing the Cilician massacres in its train, seemed to be on the point of justifying their gravest apprehensions. Bearing in mind the vivid recollection of those stormy months, I attempted to gauge, when I revisited the country, the results of two years of constitutional government. I do not propose to overstep the boundary of my own experience, yet

I am conscious of a definite series of impressions which lead at times to conclusions somewhat beyond the field of personal observation.

The past two years have not, in Asia, been years of promise unfulfilled. I will not say that they have been a period of unbroken progress, but it cannot be denied that an effort has been made to solve age-long problems of government and that, upon the whole, it has been made on the right lines. The first of these problems is how to protect the settled population from the lawlessness of the tribes. It affects the greater part of Turkey in Asia, though along the Syrian coast-land the tribes have been banished by the advance of the cultivator, and in Asia Minor the half nomadic Turks have never, as far back as my experience goes, been difficult to handle. But from the western borders of the Syrian desert to the frontiers of Persia, civilisation has stood helpless before the depredations of the Bedouin and the more highly organised insubordination of the Kurds, and the latter, often with the connivance of the central authorities, have kept the mountain districts that border Mesopotamia to the north and Asia Minor to the east in a perpetual state of turmoil. In all the provinces which are subject to tribal brigandage, I found this year a marked increase in the security of life and property. Desert highways which had been systematically harried, roads which

had become so unsafe that the post with its military escort had ceased to pass over them, could be traversed without hazard; crops which had never been reaped in full by their lawful owners were left to ripen untouched. At the root of the improvement lie the reforms which have taken place in the army and the police. Of these the most remarkable is regularity of payment. All through the Turkish Empire every soldier and every zaptieh receives the just measure of his pay month by month, together with the allowance due to him of summer and winter clothing. The ragged barefoot regiments of old are now dressed in khaki and properly shod; the gendarme, whose patched garments scarcely retained any likeness to an official uniform, has been turned into a smart horseman, clad in blue cloth with a stout overcoat strapped behind his saddle. Nor is the transformation confined to externals; it extends to discipline. In the towns the police no longer spend their days lounging in cafés over brazier and narghileh; they are to be seen alert at every street corner, and I was assured by European residents, whose testimony may be taken as unprejudiced, that the cities of Turkish Arabia have never been so effectually patrolled. It is the same with the gendarmerie. Since they are regularly paid they are forbidden to squeeze a livelihood out of the peasants, and the old extortions have materi-

ally diminished, to the great alleviation of the village population. In the province of Baghdad, which had been ruled by the strong hand of Nazim Pasha, most of the zaptiehs who rode with me refused to take my tip, on the ground that all bakhshish was forbidden. Many complained, however, that they had been better off under former conditions than they are at present. Before the Constitution they were nominally in receipt of $4\frac{1}{2}$ mejidehs a month (about 14s.) together with their clothing. The salary was always in arrear and the clothing so irregularly supplied that they were obliged to supplement it out of their own resources. They now receive 8 mejidehs, dooked of a small sum (2 or 3 piastres if I remember rightly) which goes towards the cost of their uniforms. But the real income of a zaptieh under the old régime depended largely upon his skill in coercion, whereas the man who dares not accept bribes finds it hard to keep himself, his horse, and his family, on a salary strictly limited to 8 mejidehs a month. Moreover their duties are heavier since the keeping of the peace has become more than a purely nominal function. On a few of the main roads over which I travelled, especially in the province of Baghdad, the number of mounted police had been increased. I found the guard-houses fully supplied, and in some cases (notably on the important roads near the

Persian frontier, which were also under Nazim Pasha's jurisdiction) small military posts had been added between the zaptieh stations. Even so the work of the gendarmerie—I commit an anachronism when I use the word zaptieh—is more than they can reasonably be expected to perform. They are constantly riding up and down their beat on escort, tax collecting, and other official duties, and one of the men with me was not far from the truth when he assured me that the internal peace of the Turkish Empire depended upon the indefatigable vigilance of the gendarme. "Effendim," said he, in conclusive proof of his argument, "that is why we are called Jon Durma. It is because they say to us 'Durma'!" *Durma* in Turkish means pause not.

Still more attention has been given to the army. In the larger military centres model regiments have been formed and trained by Turkish officers, usually those who have themselves passed through the hands of General von der Goltz. In one case I met with a German cavalry instructor who was intrusted with the task of bringing a picked cavalry division up to European standards on the parade-ground and in barracks. It must not be forgotten that in experience of campaigning, Turkish troops, under the existing conditions of the Arab and Kurdish provinces, yield to none. A series of small punitive expeditions has kept them perpetually on the move, and I

was told by a lieutenant of artillery that he had been employed unremittingly on active service ever since he had joined, two years before I came across him camping in the wilderness. I did not need to ask him the reason for his activity. I knew that but for the energetic measures which had been taken by Sami Pasha in Damascus and Nazim Pasha in Baghdad I should not have crossed hundreds of miles of empty desert without an escort and in complete tranquillity. These two men had imposed a certain respect for the law even upon regions where no Turkish soldier had as yet ventured to show his face. They had established a reputation among the tribes, and they had done it by a combination of tact with force which made their achievement exceedingly creditable.

Sami Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the vilayet of Damascus (he is now military inspector for the whole of Syria), is a good example of the modern soldier. He has spent several years in Germany, and speaks French and German with fluency; he is cousin to the Minister for War, Mahmud Shevket Pasha, and he brings to his task of Syrian reorganisation the advantage of being by birth an Arab. He belongs to an influential Baghdad family, and speaks exceptionally beautiful Arabic. In the autumn of 1910 he was charged with the subjection of the Druzes of the Hauran. He set about the campaign in a manner so systematic that the

Druzes realised almost at once the hopelessness of resistance, and he concluded it with a leniency to which they have not been accustomed. The general who wins a victory without bloodshed, and reduces to order a proud and restless people without leaving behind him a bitter trail of resentment, is a valuable asset to the State. Among his minor triumphs, perhaps I may be allowed to count the conquest of my sympathies. I know the Druze sheikhs well, and hold many of them in high esteem. Thanks to their good will, the Hauran mountain has always been open to me, and being myself in complete security, I have rejoiced in the picturesque aspects of tribal independence, listened enthralled to the tales of raid and adventure with which the land resounded, and watched (not without admiration) the old men exercising a patriarchal authority and the young men preparing, under their direction, for battle. These things are captivating to the spirit, and I regret that I shall see them in the Mountain no more. But I recognise that no Government could continue to countenance the irritation on its frontiers which was set up by the frequent irruption of armed bands of Druzes into the settled districts, and with a small personal reservation in favour of the good old days of lawlessness, I accept the inevitable encroachments of civilisation. And since such changes must come, let them be directed by men like Sami Pasha.

No less instructive was the episode which followed upon the heels of the pacification of the Hauran, the revolt of the Arab tribes near Kerak, on the Hajj railway. This revolt, of which I have already given an account in a former article, was due to an inopportune stringency on the part of the Governor of Damascus, which led the Bedouin to fear that they would be called upon to perform military service. Logically, there may be no objection to enrolling the tribes; practically, the measure would be inexpedient and in my opinion unwise, for the undisciplined Arab is not good material for the army. And here I should like to point a moral. The Governor was a strong Committee man; he was carrying out the Committee policy of Ottomanisation. He saw no reason why the tribes should not be numbered and assessed like other Ottoman subjects, and he paid no attention to the warnings of the man on the spot, the Mutesarrif of Kerak. The result was an outbreak as destructive as it was brutal, followed by punishment necessarily more severe than that which had been meted out to the Hauran. In the one case military intervention was called for by a provocative policy which leaves the desert, even when momentarily subdued, uneasy and ill-disposed; in the other it was unavoidable, and the evils were minimised by good sense and moderation. But no one can count Sami Pasha as an ardent adherent of the Committee, and in this

respect there is a resemblance between him and the late Governor of Baghdad.

Nazim Pasha is a Liberal of the old school. He belongs to the group of men (they are the best element in Turkey) who, even under the tyranny of Abd ul Hamid, kept alive the traditions that go back as far as the reforms of Abd ul Mejid—traditions of the movement which centred round the name of Midhat Pasha and culminated in the granting of the first Constitution in 1876. Nazim Pasha is a Young Turk of that period. He has never wavered in his adherence to the party which looked to Midhat as its leader; he braved the displeasure of the Sultan, and suffered exile in consequence of his temerity. His reputation as an honest man and a good soldier has always stood high, his influence in the army is considerable; on all these counts, and more than all because of his strong and determined personality, his appointment to the vilayet of Baghdad in 1910 was hailed with acclamation. He was given authority over the adjacent vilayets of Basrah and Mosul, that he might have a free hand in dealing with the tribes who range through the three provinces, and at his coming men breathed a sigh of relief and foretold that the end of disorder was near. They were not disappointed. Nazim set himself at once to cope with the Bedouin. All along the borders of the Syrian desert brigandage and raiding were put down with a heavy hand;

the tribes were given a lesson of which they spoke to me with bated breath, and in the very heart of the desert I heard the name of Nazim Pasha uttered with respect, while in the settled country it was accompanied by expressions of admiration and gratitude. On the Persian borders, where the Governor of Kerkuk, 'Anullah Pasha, had already begun to tackle the Hamawand Kurds, the same policy was pursued, and with complete success. Equally notable was the fact that in the cultivated districts the population was to a large extent disarmed. It is true that whenever I had occasion to take a local guide he produced a rifle from some secret hiding-place, but he carried it with anxiety, and when we drew near a town he made haste to confide it to a friend, who concealed it in hut or tent till its owner returned. People who live in England under the protection of the police can hardly realise what the universal carrying of arms implies, or how incalculable is the relief when it is stopped; nor can they appreciate the value of a strong ruler. Nazim Pasha's severity was not taken in bad part. The Oriental likes a man who enforces justice, and he is far from averse from autocratic methods, which he regards as the natural weapons of the law; the pressure of public opinion is on the side of the benevolent tyrant, and even the robber and the raider recognise with a philosophic resignation that he is in the right. All through the vilayet

the defenders of the peace began to hold up their head. The local governors whom Nazim had appointed (they were mostly young and energetic soldiers) threw themselves with good will into the work of pacification, and in their leisure moments gave some attention to the encouragement of education—I am accustomed to surprises in Turkey, but I admit that when the Governor of Hilleh (he, too, was a soldier, and my very good friend) conducted me with pride into an infant school for girls which he had just founded, the mistresses flurrying into their veils as he elanked in, I looked about me with astonishment. The institution was only four days old, but a four days' old school for female infants was more than I had expected to find in the mean city which is the modern representative of Babylon. My friend and others of his kind were adored by their men. "He mounts his mare and rides with us when we go out against the Arabs," said one of my zaptiehs, and related with affectionate pride tales of his chief's prowess. "He listens to us and understands what we want," said another of 'Anullah Pasha; "he is like a father to us and his eye is everywhere. Please God he may stay here ten years more." And my thoughts ran back from the smart soldierly figure of kaimmakam or commandant whom I had visited in the serai, men who looked me in the face and told me, often enough in French

or German, what they were doing and what they hoped to accomplish, to the typical commandant or kaimmakam of old, drowsing over a dish of half-smoked cigarettes.

The advantages of improved administration were beginning to be felt. I was struck by the changed attitude of the villager and the zaptieh. Two years ago no one in his heart believed that any good would come of the new *régime*, and most people were convinced that its term was near and would probably be bloody. These fears were now forgotten. "Eh, yes! since this Constitutional Government . . ." was a frequent preamble to the enumeration of benefits. I encountered one man who took a different view of the situation, but even he had noticed that something unusual was happening. He was an old and toothless zaptieh who rode with me for a day in Southern Babylonia. "Effendim," said he, in answer to a question from me, "the new Government has done nothing, absolutely nothing at all. But God, whose name be praised and exalted, has out of the mercy of God changed the heart of man a little during the past two years, praise be to God!" I have no doubt that in the parts of Asia which I traversed the new *régime* is rising in popular estimation. By the Christians in the Kurdish provinces it was admitted that an improvement had taken place since my last visit, and Christians are not commonly enthusiastic in praise of Mohammedan rulers. They told

me that the power of the Kurdish beys had diminished, and that it was easier to get justice from the local Turkish official who had supplanted them.

The exhilarating sense of progress and of renewed vitality which pervaded the Turkish provinces contrasted sharply with the impression which was stamped on my mind by a short excursion into Persia. I crossed the frontier by the Khanikin road, accredited by a Kurdish pasha on the Turkish side to the leading Kurdish brigand over the border. This introduction secured me a safe passage and an agreeable, if sensational, sojourn, and I was able to appraise from an objective point of view, unbiassed by personal inconvenience, the condition of the country. It was one of unqualified anarchy. The Persian Kurds, brigand chieftains living in four-square castles set upon the tops of the hills, pursued unchecked the avocations proper to brigands—unchecked? they were themselves the sole visible representatives of the Government, except for the Belgian at the head of the official custom-house, whose duties were, as he confided to me, difficult to execute. I say *official* custom-house advisedly, for the Kurdish beys have custom-houses of their own, and levy tolls on every man and animal that passes down the road. The muleteer crossing the frontier

with a couple of pack animals finds that by the time he has paid dues at two successive Kurdish posts, and the rightful tribute to the Government, there is little profit left to him from his merchandise. Not infrequently, if the Kurds happen to be in need, there is no merchandise left to profit from. Now the Khanikin route was said to be one of the safest of those that lead into Persia.¹ I spent several days at Kasr-i-Shirin planning Sasanian palaces. The ruins lie about a mile from the town, and my Kurdish host, Kerim Khan, sent a couple of armed men with me daily. While I worked they sat upon the broken walls and fired at a mark in the plain, a heap of stones, or any other object that caught their eye. Two of the main roads from Kasr-i-Shirin crossed that same plain, and I watched with apprehension bullets that raised a spurt of dust under the very feet of the wayfarers. "Do have a care for the people in the road," said I. But my guardians did not desist from their occupation. "It is of no consequence," they replied. Nor was it, and I felt that it would be irrational to make any protest when bullets from other quarters whizzed over my head as I read the figures on my measuring-tape. The town of Kasr-i-Shirin was full of Kerim Khan's retainers, all armed with rifles of modern pattern which they bring in through

¹ According to a recent telegram in 'The Times,' the lawlessness on the frontier has increased so greatly that caravans from Baghdad have ceased to use the Khanikin road—or any other road into Persia.

the Persian Gulf. Every male inhabitant carried a rifle of some kind and spent his leisure hours (of which, like Heine's baron, he had twenty-four each day) in letting it off. Black-clad Kurdish horsemen, scouring the plain on admirable mounts, and firing as they rode, form a background in my mind to the palaces of the Chosroes. I looked in vain for soldiery of a more regular type, and police there were none save the half-dozen at the custom-house. I could see no reason for believing that any improvement was likely to take place in the future. The Government is bankrupt, ten years of anarchy have destroyed all vestige of lawful authority, there appears to be a total absence of any understanding of administration and of any power to enforce order. Before I came away I had conceived one fervent wish: it was that we should not be drawn into interference in this chaos. It is a thankless and a hopeless task. I recrossed the frontier farther north, and could have fallen upon the neck of the Turkish binbashi who came out of the little fortress which he commanded to examine my papers. "Effendim," said I, "to return to Turkey is like stepping out of Jehannum into Paradise." "Your coming is auspicious," he replied politely; "truly the land of Persia is ruined."

If Nazim Pasha, who is pre-eminently a soldier, had confined himself to the pacification of disorder, which is mainly a military job, he would have been well advised; unfortunate-

ly his civil administration was less happy. It was his ambition to turn Baghdad into a modern city, a scheme which he initiated with his usual vigour by pulling down the houses of those who were so unlucky as to reside upon the site of his proposed thoroughfares. The British Residency, which is Crown property, was for some time the centre of local interest, for one of the contemplated boulevards was to run straight through the garden. The Sepoy Guard was in readiness to defend the threatened wall, and the town was assembled to witness the attack, when Nazim Pasha thought better of his intention and announced that the scare was due wholly to a misapprehension. But not even the British Resident, when he came to press the claims for compensation of our Indian subjects, whose houses had suffered with the rest, could get a satisfactory answer. The vilayet of Baghdad displays an annual deficit which will not be rectified until irrigation has increased the value of land; there was no money to indemnify the owners of the ruined houses, nor had the Pasha any intention of doing so. His resources were pledged in other directions, sometimes useless and sometimes premature, and the increased efficacy of the army and the police must have added an unusual burden to the exchequer. The town, when I arrived, was in a ferment. Telegrams were despatched to Constantinople begging for Nazim's dismissal; an agitation, engineered by his sup-

porters, led to mass meetings and counter-telegrams imploring that he might stay for ever. I take it that the leaders of the Committee party, who have always regarded Nazim as a dangerous rival, were not sorry to have good grounds for proceeding against him, and his dismissal was a foregone conclusion. As we rode out of Baghdad, two days after his recall, I asked one of my servants what he thought of the events we had witnessed. "Never, wallah!" he replied, "have I seen such doings. Meetings here and meetings there, and not a man in the bazaar who knew what the meetings were about." "But are the people of Baghdad grateful for the dismissal of the pasha?" I asked. "My lady," he replied, "the rich are grateful, but the poor regret him." And herein lay the kernel of the whole matter.

That Nazim Pasha's sudden disgrace was a misfortune to the Mesopotamian provinces as a whole I do not question. The disappearance, after a nine months' reign, of a man who had come out with so loud a flourish of trumpets, intrusted with such high authority, increased the sense of instability with which every Oriental is wont to regard temporal power. Pashas and governors follow one another too quickly to make a lasting impression, and Nazim's successor will find the difficulty of his position increased by Nazim's fall. He was, moreover, called away at a moment when larger and more important schemes were devel-

oping. He had dealt successfully with the small tribes, it remained to be seen how he would fare when he was brought up against the great lords of the inner desert. There were two groups that demanded his immediate attention, the Shammar in northern Mesopotamia and the Muntefiq in the south. Before I reached Baghdad an expedition of 1500 men commanded by Hassan Riza Bey, an officer whom Nazim had brought with him from Constantinople, had been sent up into the Shammar country, and on every side I heard gloomy forebodings based on the supposed strength of the Shammar and the insufficient number of troops that had gone out against them. A few weeks later I spent two days with a part of this force in the Parthian ruins of Hatra, where they lay encamped. Hassan Riza Bey had hurried back to Baghdad on hearing of Nazim's dismissal; subsequently, in disgust, he sent in his papers and returned to Constantinople, but when I last had news of him his resignation had not been accepted. I trust he may be persuaded to remain in the army, for from what I heard, not from his own officers and men alone, but from competent European judges who had had the opportunity of watching closely his Shammar campaign, he is possessed of very exceptional qualities. The object of the expedition was to collect taxes which were several years in arrear, and to put a stop to the molestation of caravans passing over the desert roads.

Hassan Riza Bey laid his plans so skilfully that no one in Baghdad was certain when he set out whether he was bound for the Shammar or for the Muntefiq country. He led his men boldly into the heart of the desert, appeared at Hatra, in the centre of the Shammar grazing-grounds, before his advance was suspected, and issued orders to the sheikhs to come in with their tents and flocks to meet him. They obeyed, having been taken completely by surprise. They had not believed that Nazim's threat was more than empty words, still less that soldiers would march into the desert in the dead of winter, least of all in such a winter as that of January 1911. For over three weeks the ground was deep in snow. Hassan Riza Bey's lines of communication were interrupted, his commissariat wagons were held up, and his men lived exclusively on dates and mutton. It was at Hatra that I heard the tale of their privations, and how "the Pasha" (so they always spoke of him) had kept their hearts up, how he had spent his days among them and "never wore a greatcoat, walah! not even in the coldest weather." Five thousand Shammar tents, a third of the tribe, passed through his hands; the other two-thirds were to be assembled elsewhere on account of intertribal blood feuds. He collected the sheep tax on flocks that had never been numbered by the tax-gatherer, he branded every camel with a big Latin H, and bearing this strange mark in token of submission they now

roam the Mesopotamian steppes. But more than this: he sent the sheikhs away contented. He looked into their grievances, for they had a case against the Government; in the ruined halls of the Parthian kings he held his court of justice, and his awards were quoted to me as who should quote the awards of Solomon. With equal satisfaction and more surprise it was reported that all the provisions which he ordered or requisitioned were paid for in ready money. When I was at Hatra, the troops had been three months in camp. A number of horses had been lost in the cold weather, but otherwise there was a clean bill of health, and the temper and appearance of the men were excellent. The only criticism that could be made was that the camp was innocent of sanitary arrangements and the ruins were therefore in an unspeakable state of filth.

The most encouraging aspect of the whole exploit seemed to me to be that Hassan Riza Bey, a Turk of Constantinople, with no experience of desert customs, should have known so well how to deal with nomad Arabs, just as he knew how to modify his German military lore so as to suit the comparatively raw material which he had under his command. To the English observer the instinctive aptitudes which he displayed are familiar; they are those which have made the English officer successful in more or less similar circumstances; but I suspect that the Turkish general had an advantage over the English-

man in the fact of his being himself an Asiatic. The link of a common creed, the indefinable link of a common point of view, will assert themselves through differences of race and speech, and even through a highly perfected European training. That his work was left uncompleted, and was therefore to a large extent wasted, was no fault of his: it shared the fate of all Nazim Pasha's projects. I believe that if the Muntefiq question could have been tackled, as was intended, while the fame of the Shammar success was on every lip, and by the same man, it would have found a satisfactory solution. The moment was propitious. Owing to private troubles with his tribe the great Sheikh of the Muntefiq Sa'dun, would have been glad to win official support on reasonable terms, and Nazim Pasha would have had in him an ally, not an opponent. In the five months which have elapsed since Nazim's departure the old state of disorder seems to have returned. The Muntefiq are up, the waterways to the Gulf are interrupted, the troops have straggled back from northern Mesopotamia, and the branded camels alone remain in evidence of the operations of 1911.¹ That the Committee doubted their own wisdom in removing him is proved by the fact that they tried to shift the responsi-

bility to other shoulders. Their organs in Constantinople declared that he had been displaced in deference to the demand of the British Resident. The effrontery of this statement is only to be matched by its cynicism. At no time has foreign interference in internal affairs been more sharply resented than it is at present, and I make bold to say that if the British Resident had asked for the recall of Nazim Pasha, he might have secured him in office.

It is unnecessary to insist on the disastrous consequences that must always result from the frequent shuffling of provincial appointments. I realise, however, that the incessant changes which enfeeble provincial administration are partly to be attributed to the unsuitability of the men selected, and for this the central Government is by no means invariably to blame. There is a shortage of competent and experienced officials, especially in the ranks of the civilians. The officers of the army have long been, as a class, better instructed and more enlightened, and I have heard regrets expressed that civilians have not been given their opportunities of study in European cities. I have witnessed the bewilderment of a well-meaning gentleman, whose sole qualification for the post of governor was that he had been an upright judge in the

¹ Within the last fortnight it is reported that Sa'dun has surrendered himself to the Government. The new Vali, Yerad Bey, has been authorised to pacify the Arabs by settling them on Government lands. Yerad Bey is said to have given vent to sentiments of a strongly anti-foreign tendency which are of bad augury for the settlement of British claims in the Gulf.

Cour de Cassation, when he found himself confronted with the complicated administrative problems of a vilayet, with the very language of which he was totally unacquainted. In the judicial department I was assured that no improvement has taken place,—indeed the fact that the judges are now regularly paid is said to have done little but raise their market value in the matter of bribes. Nevertheless I met this year a certain number of civilians, holding small provincial posts, who belonged to a new type. They were generally Syrians, young, keen, fairly well educated, and imbued with ideas that were advanced without being doctrinaire. Among the higher officials my own experience has generally been favourable. I can think of several (one who had been a noted Liberal under Abdul Hamid, another who had held office under the old *régime* without taking any particular share in the forward movement, besides some of the new men) who are well qualified for their task. But each one of these had the same complaint to make—the block at Constantinople. Every decision that had to be referred to the central Government was held up, and the subject fell into silence when a sufficient number of letters had been left unanswered. “What are we to do?” said one of my informants. “In the old days we could buy attention, we could bribe Ahmed Izzet or Nejib Melhameh; but we cannot bribe the whole Chamber of

Deputies.” I came out of the Asiatic provinces convinced that Constantinople was the stumbling-block in the path of progress, and what I saw and heard when I was there did not convert me to another opinion.

Dimly as the provinces apprehend the situation in the capital, they are yet beginning to feel the pressure of a rigid policy which they attribute to the Committee. The Arab cities resent the inevitable predominance of the Turkish element in the local committees, and so acutely does this grievance rankle that the Arab members have either ceased to attend the meetings or have taken the more definite step of resignation. They resent, too, the interference of Salonica in their affairs, the attempt to run elections, the strenuous effort to keep the Arabs in the background by excluding them from appointments; and they feel that while the central Government is in all practical matters so hopelessly sluggish, their own desire for wider local powers is amply justified. These sentiments are embryonic in Syria and Mesopotamia, where distance mitigates the force of the current which is discharged from Salonica; but if Arab politicians wish to realise its potential danger, they have only to turn their eyes to Albania. There the policy of the Committee has been carried to within an ace of its logical conclusion, and the results are not reassuring.

There are few countries

where government can safely be conducted on purely logical lines; the human factor is certain to dislocate the syllogism. Of these few, if they exist, Turkey is not one. Her problems must be handled each on its separate merits by a man on the spot who is gifted with common-sense. I have in my mind an example of the complexity of the issues which present themselves,—it is the question of the Ashraf. The Ashraf, as nearly as the word can be translated into English, are the feudal aristocracy. They are, as a rule, owners of large estates, and their prerogatives, either in origin or in actual fact, are connected with tribal usage. I hope I do them no wrong in saying that they are petty local tyrants of a more or less pronounced kind. But their tyranny is often not unkindly, and they have a strong and justifiable hold on the country districts through their identification with tribal interests. It is in the towns, where the value of tribal institutions is a vanishing quantity, that they offer the greatest hindrance to the establishment of order. What is to be done with them? The answer of the Committee has been given in Albania: "*A la lanterne!*" It is not the answer of men like Sami Pasha, Nazim Pasha, and Hassan Riza Bey. Their firmness has been tempered by a conciliatory spirit; they have tried to draw into sympathy with the State those who have influence, to use and not to destroy.

Let it not be supposed that this can be accomplished solely by pacific means. In Turkey the axiom that government rests on force is not open to dispute. Peace depends on a majority of rifles and of men skilled in using them, and the administration of regions like Mesopotamia must be intrusted, for many years to come, chiefly to the soldier. Therefore I do not regret the cost of the army, though the land cries out for productive expenditure. Order comes first; without it agrarian development would be fruitless. But my heart breaks when I see regiments, every man of which I know to be needed in his own district, marching down to the sea to be embarked for Albania and the Yemen,—the money that might make water flow through new irrigation-canals, the human energy that could turn barren deserts into corn-fields, wasted and thrown away on a wrong policy. An infantry regiment bound for the Yemen crossed my road two or three times in northern Mesopotamia: I travelled quicker than they, but going back and forth met them in every city. The numbers fell away as they moved on. The men, in despair at an order which is regarded as a sentence of death, deserted wholesale. "And not the Christians only," I was told; "most of the deserters are Moslems." The allusion to Christian deserters needs an explanation. The Greek Orthodox

and all the Catholic sects have behaved ill with regard to military service. They clamoured for the right to enrol themselves in the army, but since it has been granted they have embraced every opportunity of shirking. Many have made off to America, many joined and deserted. At Aleppo they afforded a ludicrous spectacle. The Christian recruits were to be drafted off to Beyrout, the whole town assembled at the station to see them go, and behold when the hour came it brought nothing but a handful of men, the majority having melted away no one knew whither. The American missionaries in Mardin told me that not a Christian orphan girl remained unwed, marriage with an orphan giving exemption from military service, since the wife has no means of support but from her husband. The missionaries both in Mardin and in Urfa have set themselves against the poltroonery of their congregations, and in Urfa the influence of Miss Shattack, of regretted memory, has helped to keep the Christians up to the mark. Some of their bishops also realise the folly of their conduct. A military training would be of untold benefit to them: it would put some heart into them and give them a status which they lack, besides teaching them how to defend themselves in case of need. "I have asked those who came back from service," said an

Archbishop, who is one of my best friends, "whether they could complain of the treatment they had received. They have invariably replied that there was nothing to which they could take exception—no prejudice, no jealousy, no distinction of any kind drawn between them and the Moslems." Another bishop told me a different tale. He lamented loudly that the recruiting officers took married men who were over age and had children to support. "How is that?" said I. "You will readily understand," said he, "that in the days when every Christian had to pay exemption money we did our best to conceal the members of our adult males, that they might escape the tax. But since Christians have been enrolled the registration has become much more exact, and those who were hidden have now been forced to appear. When the Moslems see a new name they declare that it must be that of a boy just come of age, since he has not been registered before, and they take him for service. But he is not a boy," wailed the bishop, "he is a man of forty, and his children starve." I understood readily enough, but my sympathies were not with the bishop and his flock. I thought that the Christians had been paid with their own coin. In the midst of this lamentable pusillanimity the Armenians have shown a manlier spirit. They have entered the army in great

numbers and are making excellent soldiers.

How essential it is that the moral tone of the Christian populations should be raised we who know something of Asia can measure to the full. Their impotence provokes the attack which can be made without fear of reprisals. Massacre stands in Asia at the back of all our thoughts; it casts a shadow over all our predictions. We know the Christians to be helpless pieces in the political game. For wholesale massacre is not born of local conditions, it is instigated from without. And those of us who hold the Committee responsible for the terrible Cilician outbreak of two

years ago (I speak with a conviction slowly and reluctantly acquired) dread lest, in the struggle for mastery at Constantinople, the Committee may once more call upon that latent fanaticism which, in complete ignorance of the secret purpose which has roused it, will destroy confidence and wipe out hope. The struggle is now engaged. Those who wish well to the Ottoman empire must desire to see it result in giving to the moderate liberal elements a preponderating share in directing the policy of the State, for they alone can find a solution to the difficulties with which Turkey is beset.

GERTRUDE LOWTHIAN BELL.

GUESSING THE CHEESE.

WELL, well, thought I, what amazing extraordinary things a man may come against in London who will let his footsteps answer to his fancy and drift with the tide of circumstance. The crannies of London, the secret hidden creeks, the landlocked mystic bays—here wonders dwell. Unheeded, trifling, gentle things; sweet essences that make the stench of modernity able to be borne, and redeem us from the ignominy of our scramble for base things.

One day I dawdled in Cheapside at lunch-time and be-thought me of an ancient tavern, hidden in a court, wherein that is done daily and as matter of course which would cause nineteen men of every score who crowd past the obscure entry, and all the women, to open eyes of wonder that such a thing could be. Ay, but it is, even at the elbow of all who take their myriad way along the high-walled gut, Cheapside. Such things the thin partitions of our London conceal.

That tavern was a tavern when the grandfathers of our centenarians were children, a tavern when the South Sea Bubble was but three years burst and George the First was King. For some reason which no man may conceive, but which must have been unworthy, the inside has been renovated in the usual vastly

uninteresting manner: but the ancient custom remains.

Now, rest the bones of the men who made it and kept it through the generations! And thrive the marrow in the bones of them who keep it green this day! The ancient spacious custom of the days when men took leisure to sit at their dinner, and found joy in simple things, and rested friendly from their commerce—the custom of Guessing the Cheese.

I would that all might go and see this thing for themselves, for then they would perceive that my poor imagination falls short of the wonder of it, for I will aver that Rip Van Winkle himself did not more astonish the Kaatskill villagers than the thing which happens in this place astonishes the man who comes upon it suddenly from the street.

The interior of the place, as I said, has been grossly modernised, but the profane house-fitter does not breathe who could square up the queer angles, slants, and bulges which do honour to the walls of the upper room where the cheese is guessed. Plainly, the old house grew up in little space, and grew to fill it and waste none. Old honest prints of Shakespeare's scenes hang round the walls, and the face of the clock is worn with the age-long brushing of Time's wings.

The faithful old hands crawl to one o'clock. A score of City men have straggled in and scattered themselves in patches up and down the large horse-shoe table and the little side-tables—concessions to unconvivial modernity. Two minutes past one, and still the great carved straight-backed chair at the head of the horse-shoe is empty. Other chairs are turned down for regular clients. The liveried waiters, Arthur, William, Maurice, stand expectant. The lift rope alone waggles furiously.

Something in the atmosphere makes you look up. An old man is taking his place in the great chair, shaking hands with his neighbour on the right and casting a calculating eye round the table all at the same moment. In that same moment William runs forward with the soup-tureen. The old man starts to his feet, seizes an ivory hammer, raps for silence, and says a grace. Next instant he is ladling with both hands most nimbly into an endless chain of plates, passed dexterously beneath the spouting ladles by Arthur, William, and Maurice. Before you have done looking the whole room is served. The old man is back in his seat, supping his own soup, chatting and joking with his neighbours between the mouthfuls.

The old man is a marvel. Obviously he is an old man, because his goat's beard is white and the mat of hair brushed straight back from his forehead is silver-grey, and his shaven face is ruddy with an

old man's ruddiness. But these are the shadows, not the substance, of old age; for his manner is brisk with a briskness that cannot be quenched. He is the picture of a 'long-shore fisherman or of Uncle Sam. You find yourself reflecting that while that man is there a business cannot die.

How the old man contrives to stave off inanition is a puzzle, for he is no sooner sat down to his soup than the endless chain begins to move again—plates come up for more. It is tomato soup with croutons—very delectable. He has not finished his own when the tureen is whisked away and a dish of two shining turbot stands in its stead (1.7 P.M.) Turbot? Say rather, skeletons of turbot—the old man's dispatch with the carvers is magical.

Another dish is called for and jammed down plump on the old skeletons: waste here neither of time nor of space. Yet nobody is hurried, not even the brisk old man. A moment's calm for his bite of turbot, and a heap of brill fillets takes the board—bright golden-brown, like fishermen's nets in the sun; hot and crisp, yet, once in the mouth, melting souffée-like (1.18). After brill, eels (1.25), stewed neither too little nor too much, and after eels, a very hill of ecstatic whitebait (1.30).

The waiters toil, the old man is inexhaustible and merry, yet he was doing this same thing, carving this same dinner and eating it, when we were boys. After whitebait, Irish stew

from the sideboard or roast beef—of the good old, mellow kind—from the old man's flashing knife. By this time few of us are hungry, yet none is replete, so perfect and wholesome is this food.

Most of us drink ale in the tankard or else the simple wine of California. The old man is ready with his little joke. As the last dregs are squeezed from it, "That bottle," he says, "should be marked N/S." Now, N/S is the banker's sign for "not sufficient," and happy is the business man who never sees it, for it means that your cheque cannot be paid for want of funds. The joke may not be revolutionary, but for the time and the company it is perfect.

What kind of company? We were just business men of the middle order, wholesalers of goods, or managers of shops—plain rude creatures, lacking all essence of polish, wearers of broadcloth, droppers of h's. We dropped them impartially in the soup, on the turbot, the brill, the eels, the whitebait, and the beef. We talked of the benefits of advertising and of the brands of whisky. A crude gang, you will say, and inimical to romance. Not altogether, as you will see.

But first the cheese. A pillar, a tower of cheese; so high, so stout, that when you saw the mere shaving that we ate of it, you could but wonder how it would ever get eaten. Consider now the wisdom of our forefathers. We had been lunching without ceasing for fifty minutes, and if a pleasant period

could be provided of relaxation, yet not idleness, who should be the worse? This our fathers knew.

The ancient man said the second grace, and the response of those well-lunched men was hearty. Then, "Gentlemen," he said, "in accordance with our ancient custom, we will now take the measurements of the cheese. We will first take the height." And this, mind you, happening daily in this strenuous century, at midday in the heart of this feverish city. Oh, matchless London! Each sober City man of us regarded earnestly the cheese, and recorded his guess on a slip of card distributed beforehand by the waiter. By the old man's right hand stood a box containing the traditional implements of the measuring. He took from it a spirit-level and a three-foot rule and measured as carefully, as exactly, as though our cheese were destined to make a cathedral's foundation-stone. "Gentlemen," he announced to the room, "the height of the cheese is sixteen and a quarter."

Exclamations of astonishment from the novices, of lawful pride from the old hand who came within one-eighth of an inch of it. (My guess was twenty-seven and a half inches.)

He rapped again. "Gentlemen, we will next take the girth." We took it—the old man, to guide us, sticking a card into the waist of the cheese. Presently he measured off the quadrant with a tape measure—twenty-six inches. A philosophic doubt arose as to

the length of the arc, and the old man, humouring our earnestness, measured it off in the interests of abstract science. A foot exactly.

Next we took the weight. Now this was the most difficult thing of all to guess, and the only criterion for the novice was the cheese he used to fetch for his mother in his early youth. ("A piece about two pounds, and not too strong, please.") "Maurice," the old man cried, and our good Maurice heard and understood, and straightway approaching drew from beneath the table a spring-balance, and gripping the cheese tower with his napkin in both hands, lifted it upon the tottering balance and held it while it steadied. The old man read off the dial and, rising for the last time, rapped the table with his ivory mallet, looked forth over the room, and said: "Gentlemen, the weight of the cheese is twenty-eight pounds." Just a quarter of the hundredweight, so that the whole heroic cheese of which ours was but a one-eighth section must have been at least two hundredweight (2.7 P.M.)

So ended the guessing of the cheese. Nobody made three right guesses—height, girth, and weight—and seldom anybody does; when they do there is champagne all round at the cost of the house. Such is the tradition.

Then most luckily, by one of those happy chances which fall sometimes to those who lounge and wait, there befell a slight thing of the kind which redeem, as I said, this

present life of ours from whelming sordidness. The day, we were given to know, was the fiftieth birthday of the old man's left-hand neighbour. They called him "Mr H." Plainly he was a crony of the place. During lunch he had drunk the common Californian claret, like the rest of us, but now when the room had cleared a little he showed us that he had merely been saving himself, for he commanded champagne—not ostentatiously but rather apologetically, and even something shamefacedly, being a plain business man and no profligate.

One bottle, two bottles, three bottles—he was a careful man, but when he set out to make merry he was no niggard. The indefatigable old man rose to speak.

"Mr H.," he said, "has been accorded fifty years of married happiness—well, not fifty years of *married* happiness—and here's wishing him fifty more years as happy as the first fifty!"

Mr H. rose, and observed that, while a woman was as old as she looked, a man was as old as he felt. He felt as young as ever he did. He cordially thanked the company for their kind sentiments.

The champagne flowed. The manager was called in to drink. He rose and said that Mr H. had always showed himself inclined to be free—he might say a liberal man. Mr H. called for cigars for the company; the waiters pressed them "for the good of the 'ouse." He

also called the waiters, Arthur, William, Maurice, matchless three, who addressed each client by name, knew his tastes and provided for them, and were friendly yet never familiar. Of such is the perfect waiter. They also sipped the wine, expressed appropriate wishes, and carried off their glasses to drink in private when the work was done. Perfect, perfect men!

Then happened the thing which made me ashamed yet glad. All lunch-time I had been thinking the company crude, commercial, and alien to the dignity of the place. In fact, I had come near to despising them for their barren talk and their

"h"-lessness. Now I had my reproof, for as I sat there, a stranger, wishing to see this fun but taking no part in it, William came and said that Mr H. desired that I also would drink with him in honour of his fiftieth birthday. And forthwith they made me as one of themselves, uttered their intimate thoughts in my hearing, pressed their hospitality upon me, the utter stranger.

This truly is the ancient spirit, thought I, and grasped the hand of Mr H. and the ancient man, and went back into Cheapside humbled and rejoicing, and knowing that romance was not yet dead.

HAROLD STEEVENS.

OUTSIDE THE PALE OF THE LAW.

THE high-pitched voice again pierced the silence of the night—a silence the more profound for the rattle of rifle-fire that had burst forth and died a moment before.

“Usman Khan-a-a-a, son of Sin, we have got you. We men of Dauszai are round you like a net, and in support of us are the Black Police and the Cavalry—ay, and the guns too, great big guns: and listen, brother-in-law of a pig, the District Sahib is here, and listen again, the Lat Sahib himself is with us.”

This was too much for the raiders in the high-walled tomb. It exceeded, so they thought, the limits even of oriental embroidery—and through the stillness of the night came the cackle of unquenchable laughter. Then another high-pitched voice threw back—

“Smoke talk, O grandson of Perverse Desire, Smoke talk. Draw your swords, men of Dauszai, and bid your District Sahib and your Lat Sahib draw their swords and take us like men.” And the voice broke into song—song with a lilt such as highlanders love. This is a rough rendering of what it sang:—

“Holy War has been proclaimed:
The Hadda Mullah leads us.
Shall the Utman Khel hang back
When God's own Army needs us?
See how the white women cower
Pale and trembling in Peshawar.”

With a long-drawn quiver-

ing note the voice was dying when from beside it leapt several little tongues of fire, like squibs, on the dark outline of the roof of the tomb, and a bullet or two whistled through the trees above our heads. Then again all was silence.

It was a strange situation, in many ways an anachronism, though natural enough on the ever-troubled North-West Frontier of the Indian Empire. This is how it had come about.

Usman Khan, of the village of Dauszai, some seven miles from the border, fourteen years ago shot his enemy in the prosecution of a family vendetta. Flying to the asylum of the adjacent hills, where no law runs, he was proclaimed an outlaw. Being a man of energy and character, untrammelled by scruples, he soon became the leader of a gang of bandits whose business it was to harry the countryside. It is in this way that so many of our troubles with Frontier tribes have arisen. The rigid law of British India, which, rightly or wrongly, makes no allowance for the hot mandates of Pathan honour, drives many fine fellows into outlawry beyond the border. There, as the *protégés* (*hamsayas*) of the tribe with whom they find asylum, they must do something for their living: there is no culturable land for them,

and they know no craft. One field alone is open, to raid the fat British Districts that lie at their feet. To this end the outlaws herd together: the young bloods of the tribe flock to them: adventurous and broken men are enrolled, for the hills are hungry; and a gang is formed.

Now the *modus operandi* of these gangs is after this fashion. On the dark nights of the moonless half month they come down, not in a foolish armed mob, but stealthily by twos and threes, with rifles ready but secreted. At the hour and place appointed they gather, furtively and with suspicion one of another. For it often happens that Judas is in their midst, paid to betray them. For fear of Judas the leader at the eleventh hour will often change his plans, or even retire to the hills *re infecta*. But when such fears have been allayed, the gang once assembled and the objective determined, they move off quickly in a body to the devoted village. As they near it, the desultory barking of the dogs on the roofs swells to a mad discord of alarm. The drowsy voice of a watchman calls "Who are ye?" By this time the village has been surrounded. Pickets of raiders hold the main entrance: outlying sentries watch for the coming of police or border police. The body of raiders now move to the main street or *bazar*. Dogberry lets off his country gun and feels he has done his duty. The whole village is awake, but terror reigns and no man

moves. Save for the frantic barking of the dogs there is no protest. Small wonder—for the village is weak and poorly armed; while here is a gang of desperate men armed with stolen Martinis and Lee-Metfords, and with "Bandari," Mausers from the Persian Gulf. The gang sets to work without any fuss or haste. First they fire a volley down the main street to clear the way and "to encourage the others." They then select a large house with a shop on the ground-floor, and nice carved wooden lintel and window-frames, indicated by a member of the village who has quietly joined them. For they seldom go to work without local assistance. They proceed to hammer at the door with threats. As an earnest of their intentions, one fires a couple of pistol-shots through the panels. This brings the miserable Hindu shopkeeper to his senses. With pitiful prayers for mercy the poor wretch unbars the door, his soft body and thighs shaking like ill-set jelly and his face contorted with terror. The gang enter. His wife is huddled in the corner speechless with horror. To tear off her jewellery and clothing is the work of a moment. Then the *bania* is told to disclose his hoard. He swears by the gods of his father that he has none. A few pricks with a dagger and he agrees to show it if they will but spare his life. Fumbling in the floor, he discloses a movable brick, beneath which lies the box of greasy notes and blackened rupees.

The gang eagerly count them, and, disappointed at the result, one of the gang drives a knife hilt-high in the jelly-like paunch. With a groan the wretched man sinks down. The woman finding her voice shrieks. A pistol-shot stops that, and the gang pass on. At the next large shop a similar scene is enacted, except that instead of killing they take a Hindu youth prisoner with a view to his subsequent ransom. And so up the *bazar* they go leaving a trail of blood and death. But hark! there is a movement in the village. A shot rings out from a roof. The *chigha* or village hue-and-cry party are awakening to a sense of their duty. The raiders do not want any unnecessary unpleasantness. They have got what they came for, and so the retirement begins. A sleepy Muhammadan husbandman puts his head over his courtyard wall just as the gang pass. A shot—and the head disappears smashed by a snider bullet. With a laugh the gang pass out into the night. Favoured by the friendly darkness and led by guides familiar with every step of the way, now over canal cuts, now through stony graveyards, the raiders move at a double for the frontier. The prisoner is pricked with a dagger if he lags; and in this manner they disperse before the Police or Border Police can come upon their tracks. In the meantime the Khan and headmen of the village have begun to swell with martial ardour. The *chigha* is finally collected and

turned out—a motley crowd with a motley assortment of arms, a few Government martinis, a few smooth-bore sniders, a *jezail* or two, some country pistols, and some swords and staves. Messengers are sent off to the nearest Police Post, and the pursuit begins. But before Police and villagers can join hands, the raiders are well on their way to the sanctuary of the tribal hills.

Such is a fairly typical account of a North-West Frontier raid. But it is only fair to say that often acts of the greatest gallantry are performed by villagers in defence of their homes and of their neighbours, and that the work of the Police, Border Police, and Militia, especially the last, is often crowned with success in these dangerous quests. Further, it must be observed that the attention of these gangs is by no means confined to the weak and wealthy Hindus. With a splendid impartiality they loot and cut up their co-religionists and lay waste their homes. The District Officers are for ever on the watch for these gangs. Large sums are spent on the collection of information as to their movements. Telephones and telegraphs flash the news of their coming: traps are laid for them—but in the majority of cases the gang disappoint anticipation, raid in an unexpected quarter, and slip through our carefully placed road-pickets and patrols. Failing to cope with the raiders themselves, Government

naturally turns to the tribe who give them shelter, and who by treaty obligations are responsible for the conduct of all persons resident within their limits. Tribal fines are inflicted and the bill mounts up. Pestilent priests step in and preach that raiding is holy war, and that raiders are *Ghazis* in the true sense. Fanatical feeling is grafted on the soreness caused by the docking of allowances and reprisals. The tension increases until the lawlessness of the gang infects the whole tribe; and overt acts of hostility drive Government into punitive operations. Troops go into the country, the *purdah* is raised; some blood is shed and much ammunition expended. Towers are blown up and hamlets are burnt; and all night the "snipers" are busy, until at length the tribesmen are tired—as indeed are Government—and a settlement is effected whereby peace is ensured on this side at least for the next three or four years. This is the story of two out of three of our Frontier expeditions. It all sounds rather foolish and unnecessary. But the genius who will solve the problem of administering a border with fat settled districts on the one side, and with robber-haunted tumultuous hills on the other, without such incidents, will deserve after his name all the letters of the alphabet and more thanks even than a grateful country has accorded Clive or Hastings. Why not take the hills, you will say? But this is not a

political discussion on the Forward Policy. It is only a brief attempt to describe the passing of Usman Khel, outlaw, to whom we must return.

Such, then, was the life that had been led by this sturdy ruffian and his merry men for the past twelve years. Dacoities indicating overweening audacity combined with extreme cunning were to his score. There was enough murder against him to have hanged him twenty times over. The countryside trembled at his name: alarmist reports of him hummed on the wires: a price was on his head. But he had outwitted spies and informers and cheated Judas—till to-night. And now at last by a chain of circumstances he was caught, though he knew it not, as a rat in a trap.

Having busied himself elsewhere during the winter months, Usman Khan suddenly decided, with some humour, to pay a visit to his own native village of Dauszai, and there to wipe out one or two scores which had been run up against him since his retirement to the hills. There was, for instance, the matter of the girl, his niece, who had been married without his approval to Yar Muhammad, and for whom he had never yet been paid. Now, "the custom of the country," as they euphemistically term the price of women, is a matter which nearly touches Pathan honour and Pathan greed. There was also the question of his confiscated lands. Was it seemly that Mir Gul, his enemy and the son of his enemy, should dare to

lease them from Government for a song, when all others discreetly refused to touch them? Apart from these little private matters, there were fat men of substance in Dauszai who would repay a call. So gathering his men he set forth. They spent the day at the Cripple's Cave in Walai limits beyond the border, and starting at dusk came down through the foothills across the *maira* or stony skirt to the Canal Bridge. Here the utmost precaution was necessary, lest Judas had warned the authorities and an ambush had been laid. At first there was a false alarm, and they waited. But no one stayed them, and at early dawn they neared Dauszai—later by half an hour than they intended.

Now, outside the village of Dauszai, some half a mile away, is an ancient graveyard on a wooded mound, and in the middle is the tomb of that great and good man, Pir Mukhdum Sahib—though who this saint was, and what he did, no one seems quite to know. The tomb itself is of the usual stucco - sarcophagus pattern, but unlike most Muhammadan tombs it is—or rather was—enclosed in a stout rectangular building of sun-dried brick and mud with bastions at the corners, strong as a Pathan village fort. Hither came Usman and his gang, moving warily in the early light. It was their intention to lie up here during the day, and in the first darkness of the night to assail the village and carry out their purpose, and thereafter to return to the friendly hills.

But already some humble village folk were afoot cutting grass on the waste by the graveyard; and one of them, a wizened old peasant, saw and recognised Usman Khan, and in his slow mind pondered on this. Having cut his grass he returned to the village, and with mumbling rambling utterance told his Khan what he had seen. His Khan, scenting trouble, must needs parley with the one other Khan with whom he was on speaking terms; and after much talk and much pulling at sobbing water-pipes of rough tobacco, it was decided to send a message to the Assistant Commissioner at Sadda, seven miles away. Now it happened that that day was a singularly unfortunate one for Usman Khan to have chosen. For, though Sadda is generally as empty of troops as a Devonshire hamlet, to-day it was fairly buzzing with them. For the Head of the Province was touring in state, and to-day his camp, under an escort of 200 infantry, 50 cavalry, and 2 mountain-guns, carried on great sturdy mules capable of going wherever the foot of man can go, had moved into Sadda from Smatzai, twenty miles away. Little did Usman, with all his cunning, dream that such a force was at hand to hem him in.

Ambling on his scissors-hocked steed, the messenger at last reached Sadda, and after parley with red-coated *chaprassis*, was admitted to the presence—and told his story. Usman Khan and his gang hung up in a tomb but seven

miles away! In a moment the camp was buzzing. "To boot, to saddle!" The tired escort, who had just marched in twenty miles and were settling down comfortably to their cooking-pots, were alert in an instant, bustling to arms. Not a thought of hunger or weariness—every man intent on the possibility of a "show"—and more eager than all, with the old lust of battle in his eyes, the Head of the Province.

Taking the cavalry with us, and bidding the infantry and guns follow at their best speed, off we cantered over the most villainous makeshift of a road that ever scarred a survey map. Over the bridge of boats, sharp to the right through a watercourse, along a narrow greasy track, with a mud wall on the left and a 7-foot drain on the right, over bridges made of twigs and dust, on we pushed. Now a riderless horse would flounder past in the deep irrigated fields alongside; now the whole cavalcade—and half the Khans of the countryside had joined us—would pull up abruptly before a yawning watercourse too wide to jump. At Kot we heard that the village *chigha* were engaging the raiders: at Ibrahim's well we could hear the distant firing.

Dauszai at last! with cringing panic-stricken Hindus and excited women in possession. For the whole Muhammadan manhood were out by Pir Mukhdum's tomb, joining in or watching the fun. Indeed, when it had become generally known in the vil-

lage that the merciless Usman was sitting with his gang in the shrine hard by, the village *chigha* with commendable courage had turned out with their strange armament, and had thrown a loose cordon round the graveyard. All the afternoon a desultory fire had continued, *jezail* answering Martini, and Enfield answering Gulf Mauser. Leaping from our horses, which we tethered at the village, we made our way across the open to where a rough *morchha* shielded the general staff of the village army. Already evening was falling, and the February sun was sinking behind the ragged hills of the border. One thing was certain—that unless the cordon was drawn tight, Usman and his merry men would make a dash and break through with the first fall of darkness. By good luck at that moment a small contingent from the detachment of the grand old frontier regiment at Fort Rustam rolled up, warned, like ourselves, by messengers from Dauszai. Some police, too, had arrived from Toti. With this increased force we moved forward to the graveyard. A bullet now and then whistled over us. But they were holding their fire for the night. Arrived at the wooded graveyard, within 200 yards of the tomb, the senior military officer began his dispositions, and the cordon was swiftly strengthened all round. The ground, which sloped gradually up to the tomb, and was broken by the mounds

of graves and strips of ancient wall, lent itself to the purpose. It was dusk, and the men moved quietly, so that the raiders in the tomb could have but little idea how many or of what kind they were—and it is my belief that they never realised until the morning that they were hemmed in by more than villagers, backed by Border Police. And then night fell, and with the darkness came a rattling volley from the tomb. A group of villagers behind the cordon split this way and that, save one, who lay very still on the ground with a bullet through his neck. How the blood welled out! It seemed rather shocking at the moment—but it was child's play to what we were to witness in the morning. It was not many minutes before the poor fellow had sobbed out his life, and his friends re-assembling bore him off with a curious fatalistic indifference to the village.

Our men replied gaily to the volley from the tomb, and this evidently gave the raiders pause for thought. If there were so many rifles round them would it be wise to make a sally? Would it not be wiser to wait till the villagers were weary with watching? And so they remained in the tomb to their destruction.

The night fell clear and bitter cold. In our haste we had brought no greatcoats, and dinnerless, the cold struck us the harder. But the "phit" of bullets keeps you

from brooding on such trifles—and the deep, unhurried hate that being fired at breeds in man kept us fixed and alert. It is a strange sensation being under fire for the first time. It varies, of course, with individuals—from the desire to run away to the desire to get at 'em—the whole gamut, in fact, of emotion, from abject fear to seeing red. But with the ordinarily constituted man there is, I take it, an acute realisation of danger, coupled with a kind of elation—and the cold hand on one's stomach is counter-acted by a glorious confidence in one's luck. Race pride does the rest—and the joy of a new experience. As the night wore on the infantry arrived from the camp, and later the guns. The cordon was further tightened up, so that with troops, police, and villagers, the investing force could practically touch hands the whole way round the graveyard. And this was the position when the raiders and villagers banded words, and the voice from the tomb sang across the night—

"Holy war has been proclaimed:
The Hadda Mullah leads us."

The idea of rushing the tomb had been, of course, considered, but had been discarded as hopeless. It would have meant the sacrifice of many good lives, and would probably have failed in its object. And now that the guns had arrived, there was no such need. All through the night the gunners worked

away, digging positions for the guns. And all night the rattle of rifle-fire continued. A Khan brought us some hot tea, *chapattis*, and quilts from the village. Never did tea taste so good—and the quilts, though filthy beyond all Western conception of filth, were a welcome protection from the cold. It was a queer feeling to lie snuggling under this odorous covering listening to the varied talk of the fire-arms: that deep, booming report was from the tomb, a country gun probably; those sharp tearing cracks were our own short rifles; that again was the bark of a Martini; that thing that went over us, wailing and whimpering, was, doubtless, a piece of wire fired by a villager from a *jezail*; that nasty “phit” that tore through the leaves of the tree above us was a Lee-Metford from the tomb.

And so the night wore on. It was arranged that the guns should open fire on the tomb as soon as it was light, if the raiders did not break out before. It was most probable that they would—and the suspense was trying. Gradually the sky lightened, and the false dawn coloured the east; darkness again—and then the real flush of the rising day. How big the tomb looked in the half light! The gunners were estimating the distance, which seemed to get shorter as the light strengthened. “About a full brassey,” I felt inclined to advise, but realised it would be flippant, though true. Bang, bang from the tomb, and a

bullet or two spat up the dust beside us—a narrow shave that made one the more anxious to hear the guns talking.

At last it was light enough—I could at last make out the crest on the gunner officer’s forage cap, and I knew that when I could do that it would be time. The guns were laid, the order was rapped out—and with a tearing, rasping roar the first gun fired. The west portion of the tomb rose in a pillar of dust thirty feet in the air. As the dust subsided we could see the breach, and within great, grey, dust-coated figures scuttling away like giant mites in a giant Stilton. Shot after shot the merciless guns poured into the tottering building—a very blizzard of destruction. And still a shot or two answered from the tomb. Warily, like a rabbit coming out of a coppice, a raider emerged from a breach—only to leap back again, terrified by the rifle-fire that sprayed round him. And then a strange thing happened: Usman himself—whether driven out by the others in the hope that it might save them, or whether resolved himself to die in the open like a gentleman—broke from the building and came charging down towards the cordon. Suddenly he stopped, picked up a stone, whether as an insult or as a flag of truce we know not—and then, struck by half a dozen shots at once, spun round and fell. So died Usman Khan of Dauszai, outlaw, as he had lived, by violence. The guns were then moved up even

closer to finish the work of demolition. Surely guns have never fired in earnest at such a range before! When nothing but a pile of *débris* remained, we advanced. There is always the likelihood of the survivors on these occasions selling their lives dear—and the rush must be prompt. The guns, however, had done their work well, and though there were several raiders alive and unhurt, they were too dazed by the appalling percussion of the shells to think of resistance.

It was a grim sight—a pile of *débris* some forty feet by twenty with every imaginable horror entangled in it,—a very shambles.

There a poor wretch buried to the waist and mortally wounded lay in his death agony, carefully lifting a brick from one side to the other, as if engaged in some game; there a face that was nothing but an astonished mouth—the rest had gone. Dinnerless, breakfastless, sleepless, do you think we turned faint and sick at such a sight? Not a bit of it! and though usually I shudder at an operation on a horse, I thoroughly and honestly enjoyed that butcher's shop of raiders. And if you think I am a brute therefor, go and be shot at all night, and see if you would not equally enjoy seeing your enemy cold meat in the morning.

It was a fine bag—20 killed, 2 wounded, and 7 alive, more or less unhurt—most of these

buried deep in the *débris* and saved thereby; and they had with them a fine armament of Lee-Metfords, Mausers, Martinis, country guns, pistols, and daggers. There is nothing very plucky, you may say, in killing a lot of poor raiders with mountain-guns. Perhaps not: nor is it very plucky to shoot vermin with a shot-gun. But vermin must be shot: and raiders are vermin outside the pale of the law—and pity is not for them.

The countryside came buzzing round, mad with delight at the destruction of this man-eater, and exuberant in their thanks and congratulations—and our ride back was a kind of triumphal progress. To quiet any religious qualms that might exist in regard to the destruction of the shrine, a handsome sum was promised to the local Khans to enable them to rebuild it in a manner befitting that sainted person, Pir Mukhdum Sahib.

"A jolly good morning's work," said the Assistant Commissioner, as we rode into camp.

"Yes," said the gunner; "after all, men are the best big-game."

"Sidney Street, East," murmured the policeman.

The Head of the Province was humming to himself with an expression of great content. I think, though I cannot be sure, that the words were—

"Four robbers came to rob our house,
And now we wear their trousers."

A SMALL GERMAN STATE.

BY "A TRAVELLER."

SOME 178 miles separate Hamburg, the commercial metropolis of Germany, from Berlin, the capital of the empire. Almost the whole of the enormous traffic between these two great cities is carried along a railway which runs, from start to finish, through an absolutely flat district. The train service along this route is amongst the best in Germany, and includes the fastest expresses in the country. To Englishmen, however, the route *via* Hanover to Berlin is better known, since it is the direct one to the German capital, and to Russia. Even those who travel to Berlin by the longer sea routes—*i.e.*, *via* Bremen or Hamburg—seldom alight on their way. Thus it comes about that most of our countrymen know scarcely anything of the twin Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of which a brief account is given in the following pages. Yet these small States, tucked away in a corner near the Baltic, and in a backwater of the stream of modern German life, are in many ways peculiarly interesting. The ruling dynasty of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is the most ancient in Germany, and the only one of Wendish origin. The Mecklenburg nobility and landed gentry exercise an influence both social

and political far exceeding that possessed by the titled and propertied classes in most other modern States. The simple hardworking *bourgeoisie* and peasantry retain many of the habits and thoughts of a bygone age. Towards strangers the Mecklenburgers are as a people hospitable and amiable. Those Englishmen who may wish to travel off the beaten track and see rural Germany may do worse than pay Mecklenburg a visit.

Let us imagine the traveller entering the train at Hamburg, the proud Hanseatic city which counted somewhat under half a million souls in the early nineties, and has now close upon a million. Soon after leaving its vista of docks, chimneys, canals, and warehouses, the train enters the pleasant forest of Friedrichsruhe, in the midst of which lies the castle where the Iron Chancellor spent his last years. Thence the track leads through pasture-lands, heather, sand, and pines, across the Principality of Lauenburg, until at Boitzenburg on the Elbe, some thirty miles from Hamburg, it enters Mecklenburg territory. It may be remarked here that the traveller in Germany can always tell what kingdom, duchy, or province he is traversing by the painting on the poles which take the place of our

level - crossing gates. The Mecklenburg colours are blue, yellow, and red; the Prussian, black and white. The Hamburg-Berlin railway, although a Prussian State concern, passes for about a quarter of its length through Mecklenburg-Schwerin territory. The principal junction connecting it with the Mecklenburg State lines is Ludwigslust, some seventy miles distant from Hamburg. A day may profitably be spent here. The town—counting some 6000 inhabitants, and one of the Grand Ducal residences—possesses at least one comfortable hotel; and a considerable number of motorists stop here on the way between Hamburg and Berlin, Ludwigslust being about 106 miles distant from the capital. It is a garrison town, the 17th Dragoons, one of the two cavalry regiments forming part of the Mecklenburg contingent, being stationed here. The Grand Ducal castle, which was built a little over a century ago, is a handsome edifice, and behind it lies an extensive park, beautified by an artificial canal, which connects the Schwerin lake system with the Elbe. Game preserves bound the park. Except for these the country around is flat and uninteresting. Unfenced meadows and tracts of deep sand alternate with pine forests. Here and there are villages, all monotonously like each other. Mecklenburg is the most sparsely populated country in Germany. The soil is poor, potatoes and barley

being the only crops that thrive in it. A great part of Southern Mecklenburg is said to have been at one time submerged by the waters of the Elbe system. Some 16 miles south of Ludwigslust, and connected with it by rail, lies Dömitz on the Elbe, formerly a fortress, and situated on the Mecklenburg-Hanover boundary. Fierce fighting took place in this district between Napoleon's forces and the partisan bands raised by Prussia and other North German States after Prussia's humiliation in 1806-7. Up to within the last few years there still existed in these parts some who either faintly recollected, or had heard from their parents, of the horrors bound up with eight years of fighting, and the occupation of the country by foreign troops. The extortions and depredations of the Cossacks—then allies of Germany—appear to have been worse than those of the French invaders. Can we wonder that the German nation as a whole accepts joyfully the heavy burden of universal liability to service? Could we not almost wish that we too possessed weaknesses of this kind to counteract the *laissez-faire* attitude of an unimaginative, lethargic people, and the smooth speeches of insincere politicians.

Scarcely an hour's railway journey north of Ludwigslust lies Schwerin. Those who may travel by the excellent highroad which connects the two places should stop at

Wörbellin, a small village, four miles from Ludwigslust. Here is the grave of one of Germany's poets, Theodore Körner, who, by his fiery lays and glowing patriotism, inspired and encouraged the people in their fierce struggle against the Corsican's yoke. He himself fell in a fight against the French. To his grave repair — on national holidays — the scholars of the neighbourhood; and under the Körner monument their teachers preach those grand lessons of courage, self-abnegation, and patriotism, which are so sadly ignored in the British school curriculum.

Schwerin, the capital of the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has some 40,000 inhabitants, and is almost surrounded by a network of lakes, of which the largest is several miles wide and long. On the edge of this stands the Grand Ducal castle, a more pretentious edifice than that at Ludwigslust. The city boasts of a cathedral, with lofty red brick spire, a museum, and an opera-house. It also has a picture-gallery which is well worth visiting. Compared to other Mecklenburg towns Schwerin is gay and up-to-date. The late Grand Duke, Frederic Franz III., who died at Cannes in the spring of 1897, was an invalid throughout his adult life, and spent the greater part of his thirteen years' reign in the south of France, to the detriment of Mecklenburg's government and Schwerin's prosperity. The present Grand Duke, however, spends most of

his time in his dominions; and a constant stream of royal visitors has done much for the capital of late years. Curiously enough no first-class hotel exists in Schwerin at present, although one is under construction.

Proceeding northward again, we enter a more fertile tract: beech and oak trees mingle with the pines, and the whole country, although flat, wears a more cheerful aspect. From the railway junction of Kleinen, a few miles north of Schwerin, the traveller can proceed either eastward towards Güstrow (a sleepy garrison town), Neu Brandenburg, and Strelitz (the two latter in Mecklenburg-Strelitz), or he can make straight for the Baltic coast. If he adopts the latter plan another two hours' journey will bring him to Rostock. This, Mecklenburg's largest town, contains over 80,000 inhabitants. Situated four miles above the mouth of the river Warnow, it carries on a brisk trade with other Baltic ports. Gates and ramparts surround Rostock, which is a town of considerable antiquity. The streets are narrow and paved with cobble-stones. In the centre of the town is a statue of Marshal Blücher. Rostock University is one of the principal ones in Germany. Three miles away, on the shores of the Baltic, lies Warnemünde, one of the most popular seaside resorts in North Germany. It is a somewhat vulgar, bare-looking spot, full of restaurants and strangely-clad tourists. The Berlin-Copenhagen express

train is conveyed across the Baltic from here to Denmark on a steam barge. Passengers from England to Denmark can also travel *viâ* Hamburg and Warnemünde. A short tram ride from Rostock takes one to Doberan, another Grand Ducal residence, and one of Mecklemburg's racing centres. The return journey to Hamburg may be made either straight from Rostock *viâ* the Hanseatic town of Lübeck, or *viâ* Eastern Mecklemburg, rejoining the Hamburg-Berlin line at Ludwigslust by a railway leading *viâ* Parchim. This quiet little garrison town can boast of being the birthplace of two men whose names are writ large on modern military history, viz.: Blücher and Moltke.

Let us now turn to the history and institutions of Mecklemburg.

About the middle of the fifth century A.D., Wendish tribes invaded the territories now known as Mecklemburg. The former inhabitants of these regions who were of Germanic race had migrated elsewhere. The Wends, a race of Slav origin, formed at first a number of semi-independent groups, but gradually came under the rule of one chief. In order to convert them to Christianity Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, invaded their land. A Wendish sovereign had previously embraced Christianity and had been slain by his infuriated subjects, who remained obdurate to the missionary efforts directed from the Magdeburg diocese. Niklots,

the last heathen ruler, was slain in 1160 by Henry the Lion's men near Bützow, having incautiously ventured without his lines. His death is depicted in a painting which hangs in the picture-gallery of Schwerin. Niklots' son embraced Christianity: a great portion of his father's possessions were consequently restored to him; the families of victor and vanquished intermarried, and in 1170 Mecklemburg became a German principality.

By the end of the thirteenth century the Wends had been absorbed or driven out by colonising Germans. From that time until the eighteenth century partitions and amalgamations of territory followed each other in bewildering succession. A detailed description of them would confuse rather than enlighten the reader. Two episodes only merit attention—

(a) The Peace of Westphalia (at the end of the Thirty Years' War) in 1648, under which Sweden seized the town and domain of Wismar.

(b) The Hamburg Convention of 1701, under which a long-standing feud between two members of the ducal family was settled by a division of the duchy into two portions, Mecklemburg-Schwerin, and Mecklemburg-Strelitz. This division has been maintained up to the present day.

In 1803 Wismar was restored to Mecklemburg-Schwerin—against payment of a sum of money—on a hundred years' lease. In 1903 the King of Sweden renounced all claim to

this integral portion of Mecklenburg territory.

In 1815, under Article 35 of the Treaty of Vienna, the two Dukes of Mecklenburg became Grand Dukes. In 1867 the two Mecklenburg States joined the North German Confederation.

Frederic Franz I., the first Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, an able and popular monarch, died in 1837. His son, who never came to the throne, married Helene Paulovna, daughter of the Russian Emperor Paul. This lady's name is still mentioned with respect and affection, and a monument to her honour has been erected at Ludwigslust.

The second Grand Duke, Paul Frederic, married Alexandrine, sister of William I., afterwards German Emperor. The affinity between the Grand Ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin on the one hand, and the houses of Romanow and Hohenzollern on the other, has been further consolidated since; for Frederic Franz III., the fourth ruler, married Anastatie, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Their youngest daughter is the German Crown Princess Cecilie, one of the most popular ladies in the empire.

The third Grand Duke, Frederic Franz II., who fought with some distinction in the later stages of the Franco-German War, was thrice married. His first wife, Augusta, left three sons—viz., Frederic Franz III.; Paul, who renounced all claims to the throne on marrying the Roman Catholic Princess Windischgrätz, and adopting her faith;

Johann Albrecht, lately Regent of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (during the present ruler's minority), an extensive traveller, and a moving spirit from the first, of the German colonial and naval expansion movement. He is now Regent of Brunswick. Frederic Franz II.'s third wife, Elizabeth, became the mother of the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Prince Consort of the Netherlands, the well known African traveller Duke Adolphus Frederic of Mecklenburg, and the ill-fated Prince Boris, who perished off Cuxhaven in 1897 when in command of a torpedo-boat. The reigning Grand Duke's elder sister is Crown Princess of Denmark; his wife is a daughter of the Duke of Cumberland. She is a favourite with the Emperor William II., and attempts have been made to bring about a meeting between Emperor and Duke at Schwerin. The Duke has, however, remained firm so far in his determination to avoid one whom he considers as the usurper of his rightful heritage, the Kingdom of Hanover.

One of the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz married in 1843 a cousin of Queen Victoria and sister of the late Duke of Cambridge.

Up to the present day Mecklenburg has been practically a feudal State. A description of its system of government is interesting on this account, and also because a Constitution has been promised by the two reigning Grand Dukes, and will probably come into being shortly.

Let us first consider external relations. The heterogeneous assembly of States which form the German Empire of to-day enjoy an almost complete autonomy as regards home affairs. Taxes are levied and loans floated by each State, which defrays in the main the cost of civil services, education, police, communications, &c. Different States possess special laws regarding inheritance, ownership of land, &c. A contribution, at a fixed rate, is paid by each into the Imperial Exchequer. The calculations by which this rate is arrived at are somewhat complicated, and need not be given here. As regards relations to other German States, those of Mecklenburg come under two heads, viz.:

Towards the neighbouring Kingdom of Prussia;
and

Towards the German Empire in general, and towards the various other States.

The conventions arrived at between Prussia and Mecklenburg deal with (i) the "military contingent" to be furnished towards the German Army; (ii) relations between the Mecklenburg and Prussian State Railways; (iii) fishery laws; (iv) competence of law courts.

The two Mecklenburg States entertain a common diplomatic representative at Berlin. On the other hand, the Prussian representative in the Hanseatic "free town" of Hamburg is accredited also at the Schwerin Court. Mecklenburg-Schwerin

Grand Ducal consuls reside in the Hansa towns of Bremen and Hamburg, and Prussia has a consul in Rostock.

Mecklenburg sends representatives to the Federal Council (*Bundesrat*) of the Empire, in which body different States have a proportionate number of votes (Mecklenburg-Schwerin has two). The method of electing members of the *Reichstag* will be discussed when describing the Mecklenburg legislative system.

Although under Article 11 of the Constitution of the German Empire the Emperor can appoint representatives at foreign capitals on behalf of the Empire as a whole, this does not affect the rights of the several States to conclude treaties on certain matters (such as extradition) with foreign countries, and to appoint diplomatic representatives abroad. Whilst Mecklenburg does not possess any such, various countries have sent them to her—e.g., Great Britain has a diplomatic representative in Schwerin and consuls at Wismar and Rostock.

The rulers of the various German States are assisted by Ministers, and legislative authority within the State is vested in the Diet or *Landtag*. In Mecklenburg there are two Diets—one for Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the other for Mecklenburg-Strelitz. In each of these Grand Duchies seats and votes in the Diet belong to the two "Estates" (*Stände*)—viz., the "Knighthood" (*Ritterschaft*), and the burgomasters of towns (*Landschaft*). The constitution of each Estate will be described

presently. It should be noted here that whilst the rulers of the two Mecklenburg Grand Duchies exercise their authority entirely independently one of the other, the Estates are a body common to Mecklenburg as a whole, and form a connecting link between its two divisions. Thence follows a certain uniformity in the legislative and administrative machinery of the two Grand Duchies, which possess moreover certain common institutions, for example: customs and excise, examining faculty for jurisprudence, high court, central ecclesiastical authority, state insurance office, chamber of commerce, &c.

The political system of Mecklenburg represents to-day the same confusion between proprietorship and legislative rights which characterised the mediæval European States. Certain individuals exercise political functions, not as representatives of others by whom they have been elected, or on behalf of whom they have been nominated, but because as owners of property or holders of a certain office they *ipso facto* obtain a share in the government of the country, being responsible to none of those on whose behalf they legislate, but bound in their relations towards their sovereign by treaty conditions which he and they alike must rigidly observe.

About the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the sovereigns of the various German States began to summon to their councils the high ecclesiastical

authorities and land-owning nobles who were resident within their realms, as well as the heads of the rapidly growing towns. These dignitaries thus attained increasing political powers which they utilised to safeguard the possession of their lands and the power over their dependants. This system began to decline in other German States about the middle of the seventeenth century, but not so in Mecklenburg. There we find to-day a tripartite division of territory—viz., (1) the *Domanium*, or private property of the ruler, over which he exercises full control; (2) the *Ritter Güter*, or "Knights'" properties; (3) the *Städtischen Güter*, or properties belonging to the towns. Thus we see that each Grand Duke, whilst supreme over his territories *quâ* State, retains but a limited control over districts which amount to three-fifths of the country in the case of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. How have the Estates managed to retain their power? One cause is to be found in the continual state of financial embarrassment in which the Mecklenburg Dukes formerly found themselves. This obliged them to have recourse to those who alone could allow them to impose taxes—viz., the Estates. These in their turn granted the money only in return for fresh possessions and privileges. The Hamburg Convention of 1701, which fixed the present division of Mecklenburg into two dominions, confirmed also the legislative privileges of the Mecklenburg Estates. In 1755 was concluded

what may be termed the Magna Charta of the Mecklenburg Estates; the rulers acknowledged the rights and possessions which they then held and promised their continuance for the future. This agreement sounded the death-knell of the Mecklenburg rulers' absolutist aspirations. Most jealously have the Estates watched over their prerogatives, especially that relating to the imposition of taxes. Within the last few months their insistence on this right has obliged the Government to have recourse to a loan,¹ and has given increased emphasis to the oft-repeated demand for a Constitution.

At present the only elected representatives of Mecklenburg are its six deputies in the German *Reichstag*.

The Government of Mecklenburg-Schwerin consists of three Ministers chosen by the Grand Duke, and respectively responsible for Home and External Affairs, Finance, Justice.

The *Landtag* (Diet) comprises—

- (a) A varying number of landed proprietors owning estates which entail a seat in the Diet.
- (b) The heads of forty-two towns in Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The Mecklenburg-Strelitz Diet has seven heads of towns sitting in it.

The prelates ceased to sit in the *Landtag* after the Reformation, and their properties were confiscated and divided between Dukes and Estates.

As regards (a) the *Ritterschaft*, the area allotted to their estates is the same as that which they held in 1755, but subject to the ruler's permission, and certain formalities. The number of properties within this area can (subject again to a fixed minimum acreage) be increased or diminished. Further, the properties are not exclusively in possession of nobles, as the term *Ritterschaft* would imply. Estates carrying seats in the *Landtag* are not inalienable, and the legislative appanage lapses only when the proprietor is a woman, a bankrupt, not a Mecklenburg subject, or a company. Consequently we find that in 1908, out of 639 proprietors entitled to a seat in the *Landtag*, 285 only were nobles. As in other countries, so in Mecklenburg, properties pass from time to time out of the hands of impoverished squires into those of wealthy merchants. The enormous legislative power wielded by the landed proprietors met with widespread approval so long as they were men who by tradition and upbringing were peculiarly well qualified to deal with the requirements of an agricultural State: it is otherwise when these powers are exercised by men who are totally unacquainted with a conservative people and peasantry, and unversed in questions of agriculture and afforestation. The attitude of the *Landtag* on certain matters is no doubt remarkable in this twentieth

¹ Since the *Landtag* refused to impose taxes asked for by Ministers.

century. A motion was lately brought forward in it that school teachers trained in Mecklenburg and subsequently accepting appointments in other States should refund a portion of the cost of their education! In order to meet a proposed augmentation of teachers' salaries it was suggested that school fees be raised (there is no free education in Mecklenburg). Would that some of our perfervid Radical orators, who harrow the feelings of their audiences by tales of misdeeds on the part of our hereditary legislators, could sometimes study the proceedings of a Mecklenburg *Landtag*. Would, too, that, having studied them, they could visit a country prosperous and contented withal, and animated by a heartfelt loyalty towards its *Landesherr*.

British readers cannot fail to be interested by a brief recital of the attempts at introducing a Constitution into Mecklenburg and of the causes which have hitherto wrecked all these attempts. The assaults on the strong position of the Estates emanated formerly from the Dukes alone, but of recent years the people have shown a disposition to chafe at privileges enjoyed by a limited class and exercised mainly in the interests of the holders. Let it be emphasised, however, that rulers, people, and the great body of officialdom desire a change, principally because an obviously antiquated system clogs public business.

The revolution of 1848 pro-

duced ripples even on the smooth waters of Mecklenburg politics. A franchise law was passed and deputies actually met. But the new *régime* infringed various treaty rights of the Estates, whose protests led to the appointment of two arbiters—the Kings of Prussia and Hanover—to settle the dispute. Their verdict was given in favour of the Estates, and electoral representation perished for the nonce. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin promised that the question should not drop, and in 1872-73 a draft bill proposed a partly elected *Landtag* sitting for six years, basing its measures on a majority of votes instead of on an agreement between two Estates, and bound to vote funds where the normal income of the State did not suffice for projected expenditure. The *Ritterschaft* threw this out. Disagreement between the Estates and an adverse vote of about 4 to 1 amongst the *Ritterschaft* against any *Landtag* not formed on an "Estates' basis," wrecked the latest reform scheme of 1908. The *Reichstag* has debated the question on several occasions. Although it cannot interfere in the Constitution of a Confederate State, yet it can bring indirect pressure to bear by several means—*e.g.*, it may refuse to deal with measures proposed by deputies from the State concerned unless these measures have first been debated by an assembly within that State which has been elected upon a popular basis. There the matter rests!

Everyone feels that the change will come, but how and when no one can say. It may be added that not only the Estates, but the harbour towns of Rostock and Wismar are prone to throw obstacles in the way. These towns occupy a privileged position half-way between the free Hanseatic towns of Hamburg, Lübeck, and Bremen, and the towns in Mecklemburg's interior.

The privileges of the Mecklemburg nobility are not by any means confined to the political powers which they share with many other landed proprietors. Nowhere in Germany is the gulf between the *Adeligen* (Counts, Barons, and those who may use the predicate "Von"), and the *bourgeoisie* more marked than in Mecklemburg. On their estates the *Adelige* are little royalties: many public appointments are reserved for them, and in towns they form a separate *coterie*. Marriages between them and their untitled compatriots are infrequent. Only a few years ago Count — of a cavalry regiment had to leave it because he married the daughter of a *pastor*. In Mecklemburg, where merchant princes are scarcely known, and where a stolid satisfaction with the *status quo* is predominant, the resentful rivalry between *Junkers* on the one hand, and the commercial and educated circles on the other, is less marked than in most parts of Germany, although here too the educated *Bürger* is wont to sneer at the "stupid" *Adel*. Political de-

velopments and financial exigencies will probably ere long bridge the gulf, and lower even the high pedestal on which the Mecklemburg nobility now stands. No more striking example exists of the privileges which this class enjoys than the three convents of Dobbertin, Malchow, and Ribnitz. These, together with the numerous estates which they had acquired, were bequeathed to the Estates in 1572 for the "Christian and honourable education of young ladies of the country belonging to the families of members of the Estates." In course of time these convents became closed to daughters of untitled landowners, and changed their status from schools to residential quarters; even their management was monopolised by members of the titled classes. Daughters of nobles and burgo-masters are inscribed on the rolls of convents at their birth: in time they reach a position on the roster entitling them to a money allowance (if unmarried), and after attaining the age of fifty they are eligible — on vacancies occurring — to occupy the very comfortable apartments reserved for maiden ladies. These "convents" have nothing of a religious character; their large incomes are derived from some 50 "convent estates," and from considerable tracts of forest land. The inmates of convents receive, in addition to their quarters, some allowances in kind, and an annuity sufficient to enable them to live in a modest style.

Each Mecklenburg town has municipal laws of its own. The municipality exercises judicial functions (*der magistrat*), and either the burgo-master, or (in some cases) a member deputed to act for him, represents the town in the *Landtag*. The lot of the peasantry varies according to whether their tenements are situated in the *Domanium* (private Grand Ducal property), or on the estates owned by towns, squires, or "convents." As regards the *Domanium*, a law passed in 1820 or thereabouts, made the peasants residing within its limits into hereditary leaseholders. Their present position is scarcely distinguishable from that of owners, but *de jure* proprietors they cannot become, since the Grand Duke is inalienable proprietor of all land within the *Domanium*. No restrictions limit the right of the leaseholder to make testamentary dispositions with regard to, or raise mortgages on, the land. Further, in the *Domanium*, village elders (*Schultzen*) exercise extended powers of local government. The rights of peasants dwelling on the properties of towns, squires, or convents (*Städtische, Ritter oder Kloster Güter*) are more circumscribed. Their power of raising mortgages is severely restricted, and they possess no powers of self-government. Village elders exist, but are merely officials responsible to the landowners. The latter exercise all functions of government (local and parliamentary) on behalf of their

tenants. Nevertheless a few peasants living on the *Ritter Güter* have managed to become proprietors, and special enactments secure to them a seat in the *Landtag*. A coarse, hard-featured folk these peasants, but pious and hard-working too. Year-in, year-out they till the soil, so barren in many parts. In tiny carts, often drawn by dogs, they drag their produce to the town markets. Their villages—all remarkably alike—remain the same as of yore except that many thatched roofs have been replaced by tile ones. On the eaves the stork—an ever-welcome guest—builds his nest. Poverty is almost universal, but penury well-nigh unknown. What an object-lesson these people are of the impossibility of legislating men into virtue and prosperity! Living under a Government that is an admitted anachronism, and in a poor country, they compare favourably indeed with the corresponding class in our islands. During the Anglo-Boer War, Mecklenburg enthusiastically espoused Krüger's cause, and several volunteers sailed for South Africa. Even now the lower classes will discourse on the iniquity of the British and the righteousness of the Boer cause. A striking testimony to the inability of a slow-thinking people to follow the rapid political developments of the present day! One reason for this sympathy is probably the similarity of the *Plat-deutsch* of the North German peasantry

to the *Taal* of the Boers. It is said that when President Krüger came to Europe after the 1884 Convention, Prince Bismarck conversed with him in this Low German dialect. No one can be long in Mecklenburg without noticing the interest and affection which the people—down to the lowest—evince towards the army. The writer has found the same elsewhere. If the labour politicians, whose acquaintance with Germany is limited to a few “conducted tours” and Socialist banquets, could mix with the people at large, as he has done, they would return with a truer idea of the feelings which animate the mass of the Kaiser’s subjects.

No description of any part of Germany would be complete without a mention of its armed forces. The loosely knit and complicated nature of the German Empire is well exemplified by the constitution of its army. The Emperor can declare war with the concurrence of the Federal Council (*Bundesrat*), and thenceforward becomes War Lord (*Kriegs Herr*) of the entire army. But in peace time his authority over the contingents of the States and free towns is limited by conventions with their heads, viz., the rulers and senates respectively. In practice it varies according to the importance of the State. Thus Bavaria has an entirely separate army and military educational institutions. Its officers (except a few who go to Prussia) never serve in the forces of other States. Even

the uniform is very different from that of other German troops. Saxony has no separate educational establishments for its army, but uses Prussia’s. Its officers are more easily interchangeable with those of Prussia than is the case in Bavaria. Würtemberg (the remaining kingdom) furnishes one army corps of the 23, as against 2 kept up by Saxony and 3 by Bavaria. It is accordingly less distinct still from Prussia. The two Mecklenburg Grand Duchies furnish one contingent (a Division). Their stipulated contribution towards the Imperial military budget is placed entirely at Prussia’s disposal. The personnel is in theory absolutely interchangeable. Mecklenburg officers are appointed by Prussia, but hold a Prussian and a Grand Ducal commission. The uniform of all ranks has Mecklenburg as well as Imperial insignia. The Mecklenburg regiments are, however, officered largely by scions of noble Mecklenburg families.

The foregoing somewhat closely arrayed facts and statistics as at the time of writing, April of this year, are replete with lessons for those who would comprehend the aims and aspirations of modern Germany. Do they not throw a lurid light on the conflicting interests and rival claims which created—and still create—such serious difficulties in the smooth working of this complex machine? Germans readily admit that the Emperor is not a welcome guest in many

parts of his dominions. No love is lost between the overbearing Prussians and the denizens of the other States who maintain an attitude of aloofness and suspicion towards the power under whose hegemony they are united. Fortunately the army, on the morrow of its reconstitution, succeeded by its victories in assuaging old-time rancours and cementing the bond of union. Can we wonder that the leaders of the State strive to keep before the people the idea of a common Fatherland which must be strong and united in the face of external foes? For a people which has fought its way up from small beginnings, through toil and strife, through blood and tears, to its present proud place amongst the nations, the impossible ideals and mawkish oratory of British and American pacifists can have no attraction. And if her army belongs to united Germany in war-time only, the navy has been hers from its beginnings. Thence the enthusiasm which its development arouses from the Danube to the Baltic. Anglo-German friendship, like any other, must be founded on mutual esteem. Let us therefore maintain our strength by sea, and create an army worthy of our position in the world. Then will cease the scares, the bickerings, and the impertinent attempts at interfering in other nations' concerns, which more certainly than aught else fan the smouldering embers of discord and strife.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.¹

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

A MAN'S dearest friend is certainly his best introducer to others, and Sir Sidney Colvin is nothing if not tactful.

In a sense R. L. S.—as so many people call him—is the friend of nearly all who know his writings, whether they have seen him or not. He could never have been an impersonal writer; and much of what he did was done with a touch so intimate and characteristic as to endear him to a whole world of readers long before his published letters saw the light. He had the good fortune to win recognition and fame during his too short life; and he has had the bad fortune to be not too much read, but a great deal too much talked about since his death. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the fascination of the 'Letters.'

If you are a singularly charming person, and are fluent and "forthcoming" as well, it naturally follows that a large number of people will think they know you particularly well, and even feel called upon to explain your merits and your gifts to the dull world about them. Besides, Stevenson was really, as he said himself of some one else, "too clever to live"; and

though his cleverness was the least important part of him, it was the part on which it was easiest to descant.

Then, having been overpraised in some directions, he was unduly depreciated in a particularly injudicious manner. All this is quite in the natural course of events.

But now we have his autobiography in these 'Letters,'—an autobiography the more valuable because it was unintentional; and it behoves us to consider not merely the new letters—easily identified, as they are marked by asterisks in the list of contents,—but the whole story. For it is not only the story of a man of genius, but of a very remarkable life—of a man whose spirit was as strong as his body was frail, whose heart was as tender as a young child's, while his wit was as sharp and quick as an arrow flying straight to the mark. Let it be said at the beginning, needless as it may seem, that here we are to consider the life of a singularly upright man—one who was disinterested to the point of Quixotism in his business, in his affections, and in his dealings with literature; one who was quickly moved to recog-

¹ These 'Letters,' edited by Sir Sidney Colvin, are in four light volumes, which contain practically the whole of Stevenson's correspondence, and "constitute in effect a nearly complete autobiography."

nise noble motives in others, but very sparing of fine language about his own noble motives, though he had the gift of language to—well, to be frank, to an almost fatal degree.

We may notice his letter to his father, written at the age of fifteen:—

“RESPECTED PATERAL RELATIVE,
—I write to make a request of the most moderate nature. Every year I have cost you an enormous—nay, elephantine—sum of money for drugs and physician’s fees, and the most expensive time of the twelve months was March.

“But this year the biting Oriental blasts, the howling tempests, and the general ailments of the human race have been successfully braved by yours truly.

“Does not this deserve remuneration?

“I appeal to your charity, I appeal to your generosity, I appeal to your justice, I appeal to your accounts, I appeal, in fine, to your purse.

“My sense of generosity forbids the receipt of more—my sense of justice forbids the receipt of less—than half-a-crown.—Greeting from, sir, your most affectionate and needy son,
R. STEVENSON.”

“Typical of much in his life’s conditions both then and later,” is this letter; and typical in much the same odd, prophetic way is this letter to his mother at the age of eighteen:—

“To-night I went with the youngest M. to see a strolling band of players in the town hall. A large table placed below the gallery with a print curtain on either side of the most limited dimensions was at once the scenery and the proscenium. The manager told us that his scenes were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in. Though I knew, or at least

felt sure, that there were no such scenes in the poor man’s possession, I could not laugh, as did the major part of the audience, at this shift to escape criticism. We saw a wretched farce, and some comic songs were sung. The manager sang one, but it came grimly from his throat. The whole receipt of the evening was 5s. and 3d., out of which had to come room, gas, and town drummer. We left soon; and I must say came out as sad as I have been for ever so long: I think that manager had a soul above comic songs. I said this to young M., who is a ‘Phillistine’ (Matthew Arnold’s Philistine, you understand), and he replied, ‘How much happier would he be as a common working-man!’ I told him I thought he would be less happy earning a comfortable living as a shoemaker than he was starving as an actor, with such artistic work as he had to do. But the Phillistine wouldn’t see it. You observe that I spell Philistine time about with one and two l’s.”

Are there many lads of eighteen who would have seen the pathos instead of the deception in the scenes that were sixteen by sixty-four, and so could not be got in?—or have sympathised with a man who could more happily starve as an actor than live comfortably as a working man? No, but then Louis was not really eighteen in the year 1868, as he ought to have been. He was curiously old in his youth; there was no healthy hardness in his moral texture. Probably physical weakness, the suffering which was his earliest recollection and the unflinching companion of all his days, may be responsible for much of this sensitiveness. It had its compensation, as all things have. He kept the zest, the open-heartedness and receptiveness

of youth all his life, to what he seemed to consider the advanced age of forty-four. He was as young for his age then, as he was old for his youth at eighteen. Before he had ever written anything, a shrewd Russian lady remarked that he was an "esprit observateur."

"À votre âge, c'est étonnant comme vous êtes observateur," she told him. But on another occasion she remarked—

"Mais c'est que vous êtes tout simplement enfant!"

Both impressions were true, of course; and his power of observation was not nearly so remarkable as his capacity for sentiments that, properly speaking, belonged to quite a different time of life from his own. How odd that verses like the following should have been written by a man at twenty-two!—

.

"All that loveliest and best is,
Aureole-fashion round their head,
They that looked in life but
plainly,
How they stir our spirits vainly
When they come to us Alcestis-
Like returning from the dead!

Not the old love but another,
Bright she comes at Memory's
call,
Our forgotten vows reviving
To a newer, livelier living,
As the dead child to the mother
Seems the fairest child of all."

.

Quite true;—but what business had he, at twenty-two, with such truth?—or with the elderly historical insight of the following:—

"It is a pet idea of mine that one gets more real truth out of

one avowed partisan than out of a dozen of your sham impartialists—wolves in sheep's clothing—simpering honesty as they suppress documents. After all, what one wants to know is not what people did, but why they did it; and to learn that you should go to the men themselves. Their very falsehood is often more than another man's truth."

The worst unhappiness of his youth was caused by a quarrel with his parents over religious differences.

"The thunderbolt has fallen with a vengeance now. On Friday night after leaving you, in the course of conversation, my father put me one or two questions as to beliefs, which I candidly answered. I really hate all lying so much now—a new-found honesty that has somehow come out of my late illness—that I could not so much as hesitate at the time; but if I had foreseen the real hell of everything since, I think I should have lied, as I have done so often before. I so far thought of my father, but I had forgotten my mother. And now! they are both ill, both silent, both as down in the mouth as if—I can find no simile. You may fancy how happy it is for me. If it were not too late, I think I could almost find it in my heart to retract, but it is too late; and again, am I to live my whole life as one falsehood? Of course, it is rougher than hell upon my father, but can I help it? They don't see either that my game is not the light-hearted scoffer; that I am not (as they call me) a careless infidel. I believe as much as they do, only generally in the inverse ratio: I am, I think, as honest as they can be in what I hold. I have not come hastily to my views. I reserve (as I told them) many points until I acquire fuller information, and I do not think I am thus justly to be called 'horrible atheist.'

"Now, what is to take place? What a curse I am to my parents! O Lord, what a pleasant thing it is to have just *damned* the happiness of (probably) the only two

people who care a damn about you in the world."

This is a story which we all seem to know, so old it is, and so perpetually recurring; never without heart-break, never without hope. What we find new about it here is a sort of inversion of the parts, the son so filled with pity and tenderness that he seems almost in a paternal relation to the two elders. It is marked again in another letter of this sad time, written on a morning following a wretched interview between father and son late in the previous evening:—

"The sun is shining to-day, which is a great matter, and altogether the gale having blown off again, I live in a precarious lull. On the whole I am not displeased with last night; I kept my eyes open through it all, and, I think, not only avoided saying anything that could make matters worse in the future, but said something that *may* do good. But a little better or a little worse is a trifle. I lay in bed this morning awake, for I was tired and cold and in no special hurry to rise, and heard my father go out for the papers; and then I lay and wished—O if he would only *whistle* when he comes in again! But of course he did not. I have stopped that pipe."

In thinking that he had wrecked his parents' happiness, he completely lost his own; but it was not in his nature to make a luxury of grief, as the common way of youth is:—

"Look here, you mustn't take this too much to heart. I shall be all right in a few hours. It's impossible to depress me. And of

course, when you can't do anything, there's no need of being depressed. It's all waste tissue."

In spite of his efforts after calmness and wisdom, the mental wear and tear of this sorrowful difference with his parents made him ill; and a London doctor ordered him to go to the sunshine of Mentone and rest. He did so, little thinking how much of his future life was to be spent in seeking sunshine, and resting perforce.

The friendship of a highly cultivated woman, older than himself and a faithful ally and adviser, was his chief stand-by during these puzzled years of his youth. To her he wrote of everything, of the friends he met with, the books he read, and the daily events of his life. Evidently she did not play the Mentor, and the extent of her help and influence is marked by the quality of his letters to her, which are among the most interesting in the four volumes. He could tell her of anything, from his sudden joy at the sight of a violet, to his worst grief at the prospect of his cousin's death.

The gift of self-expression, what a mystery it is! What a mercy, what a charm, what a snare to the feet! To Stevenson, the putting of things into words was as natural as breathing. He did it consciously, and did it unconsciously. He was doing it, as our cousins say, "first, last, and all the time." That was his work and his play, and, in short, his destiny. His parents thought

his destiny was engineering; and very naturally thought so, considering the family history, and especially that his grandfather, Robert Stevenson, had built the Bell Rock Lighthouse. His grandson tried conscientiously to follow in his steps, but only succeeded in proving that his health could never stand the strain; so with the same conscientiousness and with rather less inclination he read law to please his parents, contrived to pass his examination for the Bar at Edinburgh, and lived for a time—only a short time—the ordinary life of an Advocate in Edinburgh, attending trials and spending his mornings in wig and gown at the Parliament House. He really considered it all a lamentable waste of time; and with perfect seriousness of heart, and many light speeches on his tongue, gave himself definitely to his life's occupation of literature.

This was quite inevitable. But one feels for the parents, who had no other child, and did not even now know how much worse things were before them, in the way of surprises. One also feels for their Louis, who suffered cruelly in the sharp climate of Edinburgh, which was always his worst enemy to life, but remained to the end the home of his heart.

He had, indeed, little strength for the hard work he gave so willingly to the extreme limit of his power, and beyond it; but his industry was indefatigable, his

modesty about his own gift was genuine and reasonable, and his admiration for the gifts of others no less genuine, and always ardent.

Sometimes he fell into a kind of despair.

"No, I can write no article just now; I am *pioching*, like a madman, at my stories, and can make nothing of them; my simplicity is tame and dull—my passion tinsel, boyish, hysterical. Never mind—ten years hence, if I live, I shall have learned, so help me God. I know one must work, in the meantime (so says Balzac) *comme le mineur enfoui sous un éboulement*.

"*J'y parviendrai, nom de nom de nom!* But it's a long look forward.
—Ever yours, R. L. S."

Of course this mood did not last, except for the determination to work, which nothing ever altered. He knew better how to be happy than most young men of his age; but there again it would be fairer to say that he was so much older than his age.

He had far more patience than his years entitled him to; but two things always moved him to impatience, conventionality and indifference. There he did resemble other people of his own age.

"God help us all, it is a funny world. To see people skipping all round us with their eyes sealed up with indifference, knowing nothing of the earth or man or woman, going automatically to offices and saying they are happy or unhappy out of a sense of duty, I suppose, surely at least from no sense of happiness or unhappiness, unless perhaps they have a tooth that twinges, is it not like a bad dream? Why don't they stamp their foot upon the ground and awake? There is the moon rising in the

east, and there is a person with their heart broken and still glad and conscious of the world's glory up to the point of pain; and behold they know nothing of all this! I should like to kick them into consciousness, for damp ginger-bread puppets as they are."

Indifference was far indeed from R. L. S. He was not indifferent to the feelings of a rabbit, and could be fairly excited by any fellow-passenger in a train, always supposing him to be a third-class passenger. His susceptibility to outward impressions reminds one of a saying of Mrs Browning's about her husband;—"he saw things as other people feel them, passionately."

For about four years he worked, and took long walking excursions in England and on the Continent, and interested his friends and the critics immensely, and the large reading public rather less. But he was always interested himself, his work was the thing he cared for most in the world, both then and always; it absorbed him and sufficed him. He had much pleasure in life, but was never able to keep well for long, as Edinburgh was still his home; and no one seemed to realise—he himself as little as others—that his native air was the worst in the world for him. This witty, delicate young man, with his long hair and his lamentably untidy clothes, his tender heart and engaging manners, was yet of a very strong will and very strong convictions. One could hardly expect anything else from the son of his Covenanting fore-

bears: he had their imperative conscience, only it told him to reach their goal by a different road from theirs. He thought himself a Bohemian,—the cleverest people have their delusions about themselves,—and nothing sat on him with a worse grace than his cultivated Bohemianism. It sometimes betrayed him into a grossness that was foreign to his deeper nature.

Those who wish to understand his mind at the time when he took the most serious step in his life, can find it explained distinctly in the unfinished essay called "*Lay Morals*." He "began to perceive that life was a handicap upon strange, wrong-sided principles; and not, as he had been told, a fair and equal race. He began to tremble that he himself had been unjustly favoured, when he saw all the avenues of wealth, and power, and comfort closed against so many of his superiors and equals, and held unwearyingly open before so idle, so desultory, and so dissolute a being as himself. . . . Like many invalids, he supposed that he would die. Now, should he die, he saw no means of repaying this huge loan which, by the hands of his father, mankind had advanced him for his sickness. In that case it would be lost money. So he determined that the advances should be as small as possible; and, so long as he continued to doubt his recovery, lived in an upper room, and grudged himself all but necessities. But as soon as he began to perceive a change for the

better, he felt justified in spending more freely, to speed and brighten his return to health, and trusted in the future to lend a help to mankind, as mankind, out of its treasury, had lent a help to him."

What were his parents' feelings when informed of the direction in which their only son's conscience was leading him, and also that he contemplated a marriage which they could not but deplore with an unknown lady on the other side of the world, a lady at that moment encumbered with a husband and two children,—these things are better imagined than described. They are perhaps better unimagined. The inevitable rupture took place. With no supplies from home, and determined to test his power to support himself, and eventually others by his unaided pen, Louis Stevenson took a steerage passage across the Atlantic, and arriving ill with hardship in New York, proceeded at once without a day's rest to California, by emigrant train; a "ten to fourteen days' journey, warranted extreme discomfort," as he was aware.

Many a young Briton of his own station and better, has made that journey cheerfully; but not many, it is to be hoped, in a state so weak and suffering. He neither gave in nor complained; but wrote letters to his friends and made notes of his travels for future use. The letters were excellent, for this young man under any circumstances could use his pen more readily than a woman can use

her tongue. Here is what he wrote, while "crossing Nebraska" on August 23rd 1879:—

"I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle, a yellow butterfly or two; a patch of wild sunflowers; a wooden house or two; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together, the kine first, the men after, the whole plain is heard singing with cicadæ. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23rd, and I have been steadily travelling since I parted from you at St Paneras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this; I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States Navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday, or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the waggon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat, but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese."

By weakness and want of food his nerves were wrought

to a high pitch of sensibility, and the following verses, written in the emigrant train, give a faithful impression of that strange state, both dreamy and exalted, that curious temporary loss of individuality which the traveller sometimes experiences after days of strange sights, sounds, and voices.

"Of where or how, I nothing know ;

And why, I do not care ;

Enough if, even so

My travelling eyes, my travelling mind can go

By flood and field and hill, by wood and meadow fair,

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

I think, I hope, I dream no more

The dreams of otherwhere,

The cherished thoughts of yore ;

I have been changed from what I was before ;

And drunk too deep perchance the lotus of the air

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware.

Unweary God me yet shall bring

To lands of brighter air,

Where I, now half a king,

Shall with enfranchised spirit loudlier sing,

And wear a bolder front than that which now I wear

Beside the Susquehannah and along the Delaware."

The verses have a pathos of their own, much more affecting than if they had been in a mournful key. R. L. S. never bewailed himself. In his worst scrape he "kept a stiff upper lip," and as a man often makes us like him best when he is acting most foolishly, so does R. L. S. at this juncture. For we cannot but recognise that his conduct was disinterested ; he was far indeed from following the "primrose path."

"No man is any use until he has dared everything ; I feel just now as if I had, and so might become a man. 'If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed.' That is so true ! Just now I have faith as big as a cigar-case ; I will not say die, and do not fear man nor fortune."

He fell yet a few degrees lower in fortune, when he essayed to camp in the Coast Line Mountains above Monterey. Here, lying in a sort of stupor under a tree, an old bear-hunter found him, perceived that he was "real sick," and, like a kind-hearted frontiersman, took him to his rancho, doctored and kept him till he was well again. It might easily have been a tragedy just then, but the comedy "followed hard upon," as the way of life is. For anything more incongruous than this promising young literary man let loose upon an Angora goat-ranche in the Santa Lucia Mountains, it would be hard to conceive.

"Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it ; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not. I had a near escape for my life with a revolver. I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breach, with solid lead. It took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come."

No doubt the friend who was favoured with his account thought it a lucky escape for

Stevenson. The frontiersman who was sheltering him might have taken another view of the matter. But his responsibilities were over when in December Stevenson betook himself to San Francisco; and there began to work his hardest again, while lodging and living in a way perfectly incompatible with the preservation of health, even had his health been of the strongest. He thought that he was practising economy, and thus described his crazy course in a letter to England of that date:—

“Any time between eight and half-past nine in the morning, a slender gentleman in an ulster, with a volume buttoned into the breast of it, may be observed leaving No. 608 Bush and descending Powell with an active step. The gentleman is R. L. S.; the volume relates to Benjamin Franklin, on whom he meditates one of his charming essays. He descends Powell, crosses Market, and descends in Sixth on a branch of the original Pine Street Coffee-house, no less; I believe he would be capable of going to the original itself, if he could only find it. In the branch he seats himself at a table covered with waxcloth, and a pampered menial, of High Dutch extraction and, indeed, as yet only partially extracted, lays before him a cup of coffee, a roll and a pat of butter, all, to quote the deity, very good. A while ago and R. L. S. used to find the supply of butter insufficient; but he has now learned the art to exactitude, and butter and roll expire at the same moment. For this refection he pays ten cents, or five pence sterling (£0, 0s. 5d.).

“Half an hour later, the inhabitants of Bush Street observe the same slender gentleman armed, like George Washington, with his little hatchet, splitting, kindling, and breaking coal for his fire. He does this quasi-publicly upon the window-sill; but this is not to be

attributed to any love of notoriety, though he is indeed vain of his prowess with the hatchet (which he persists in calling an axe), and daily surprised at the perpetuation of his fingers. The reason is this: that the sill is a strong supporting beam, and that blows of the same emphasis in other parts of his room might knock the entire shanty into hell. Thenceforth, for from three to four hours, he is engaged darkly with an ink-bottle. Yet he is not blacking his boots, for the only pair that he possesses are innocent of lustre and wear the natural hue of the material turned up with caked and venerable slush. The youngest child of his landlady remarks several times a day, as this strange occupant enters or quits the house, ‘Dere’s de author.’ Can it be that this bright-haired innocent has found the true clue to the mystery? The being in question is, at least, poor enough to belong to that honourable craft.”

The end of the letter is sad enough; he confesses that he is down with an ague chill, and that it seems strange not to be able to afford a drink; for tired as he felt, he would have walked half a mile for a brandy-and-soda.

Of course it was not long before he broke down completely and lay for weeks at death’s door. On recovering he says—

“I have cause to bless God, my wife that is to be, and one Dr Bamford (a name the Muse repels), that I have come out of all this, and got my feet once more upon a little hill-top, with a fair prospect of life and some new desire of living. Yet I did not wish to die, neither; only I felt unable to go on farther with that rough horse-play of human life: a man must be pretty well to take the business in good part. Yet I felt all the time that I had done nothing to entitle me to an honourable discharge.”

On hearing of his illness

and approaching marriage, his parents sent him a cablegram with the message,

"Count on 250 pounds annually."

So with a light heart in a very shaky body, he set off for the mountains, "a very withered bridegroom," as he says, but greatly cheered by the reconciliation with his parents. In a few months more he had brought his wife and stepson back to the old country, and with his parents was inhabiting a little house at Strathpeffer, where he realised the strength of his affection for his native land as only exiles returned ever realise it.

In a very short while it was apparent that he must try some further means of restoring his health if possible, and so the winter of 1880 was spent in the snows of Davos, and the following winter as well. He benefited to some extent by the climate, but his wife's health suffered, and both were depressed by the circumstances of invalid life all round them in Davos. The summers they spent with his parents in Scotland, and it was at Braemar in 1881 that he was visited by the inspiration which resulted in 'Treasure Island,' the first half of which was written without pause or break, and in the highest spirit of enjoyment.

"I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd, this one; but I believe there's more coin in it than in any amount of crawlers: now, see here, 'The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys.'"

"If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the 'Admiral Benbow' public-house on Devon Coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature, and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge*? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.

"And now look here—this is next day—and three chapters are written and read. All now heard by Lloyd, F., and my father and mother, with high approval. It's quite silly, and horrid fun . . . A chapter a day I mean to do; they are short; and perhaps in a month 'The Sea Cook' may to *Routledge* go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! My Trelawney has a strong dash of Landor, as I see him from here. No women in the story, Lloyd's orders; and who so blythe to obey? It's awful fun boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain. The only stiff thing is to get it ended—that I don't see, but I look to a volcano. O sweet, O generous, O human toils! You would like my blind beggar in chapter iii. I believe; no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!

"R. L. S.,
"Author of Boys' Stories."

What perverse spirit was it that hindered him from indulging his genius for stories like 'Treasure Island'!—and caused him instead to persevere with those lamentable short tales, morbid, ugly, and noisome, which he nicknamed "Crawlers." He often revolted from them himself, and certainly no one else could fail to be revolted by them. They seem written with no object but to revolt the reader; unless, indeed, they were a kind of sick man's nightmare which afflicted him until he could put the affliction into words and so get rid of it. He once began a story about a nurse which was, as he remarked, "so ugly and cruel that it seemed a kind of offence against humanity," and he actually put it aside for that reason. Would that he had been as well advised about others which he unfortunately finished! In kindness to him let us forget their names, and in mere decency of gratitude we ought to forgive and forget much for such a gem as 'Treasure Island.'

Besides, Stevenson knew better. He loved the beautiful and brave, and worshipped it in his heart.

"As I live I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place; the Waverley Novels are better to re-read than the over-true 'Life,' fine as dear Sir Walter was. The Bible, in most parts, is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie; and even the Shorter Catechism, which is scarcely a work of consolation,

opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever written—upon Man's chief end."

In his heart he condemned ugliness and squalor, as this proves:—

"Ugliness is only the prose of horror. It is when you are not able to write 'Macbeth' that you write 'Thérèse Raquin.' Fashions are external: the essence of art only varies in so far as fashion widens the field of its application; art is a mill whose thrilage, in different ages, widens and contracts; but, in any case and under any fashion, the great man produces beauty, terror, and mirth, and the little man produces cleverness (personalities, psychology) instead of beauty, ugliness instead of terror, and jokes instead of mirth. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be ever, world without end. Amen.

"And even as you read, you say, 'Of course, *quelle* renégaine!'"

This was written in the autumn of 1883, at Hyères, where the Stevensons had found a home, after sundry trials, which included a rapid flight from their first house near Marseilles; for an epidemic broke out there, and being obliged to part and travel separately, they contrived very ingeniously to lose each other, and even to remain lost to each other for some days of utter distraction. Only exceptionally clever people can have such excitements in their lives. When reunited they settled firmly into a pretty cottage called "La Solitude," not near the sea, but on the road above the old town. Here, as Stevenson said in after days, he knew what happiness was. His health for a time im-

proved, he wrote vigorously and steadily, and the money he earned gave him the longed-for sense of independence and raised his spirits.

"This year I should be able to live and keep my family on my own earnings, and that in spite of eight months and more of perfect idleness at the end of last and beginning of this. It is a sweet thought.

"This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan, that great bard—

'I dwell already the next door to Heaven!'

"If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated."

At this time and always his father was ready to supply him with money and every help that affection could suggest; but the son's chief longing was not ease or comfort, but to justify his choice of a profession and prove that he was man enough to support all the responsibilities he had undertaken. Of course he wanted money badly, and often; but he was simply incapable of writing for popularity. This is not invariably with men of his profession a virtue, but rather a necessity. Some have not two ways of writing any more than they have two voices to speak with; though on one occasion they may be in better voice than on another.

It was not very long after this, at the close of 1885, that he wrote in hot haste the story

which proved the most popular of all his writings, 'The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde.'

He had then left Hyères, and decided to try and live in Bournemouth, where he remained for nearly three years; his health failing more apparently and seriously as the time went on, his high fortitude, patience, and resolution shining out more steadily as the need for them grew greater. There was nothing of the pious martyr in Stevenson's cheerfulness. He hated whining, and hated a pose of any kind. But gratitude and a courageous outlook on life were his chief religious ideas. Of faith he had a fuller share than ten average Christians.

"I used myself to rage when I saw sick folk going by in their Bath-chairs; since I have been sick myself (and always when I was sick myself), I found life, even in its rough places, to have a property of easiness. That which we suffer ourselves has no longer the same air of monstrous injustice and wanton cruelty that suffering wears when we see it in the case of others. So we begin gradually to see that things are not black, but have their strange compensations; and when they draw towards their worst, the idea of death is like a bed to lie on. I should bear false witness if I did not declare life happy."

No one took less of the plaintive invalid's view of life than this worn, consumptive man—who made a jest of his sufferings, and even with real, not affected gaiety.

"I am very dim, dumb, dowie, and damnable. I hate to be silenced; and if to talk by signs is my forte (as I contend), to under-

stand them cannot be my wife's. Do not think me unhappy; I have not been so for years; but I am blurred, inhabit the debatable frontier of sleep, and have but dim designs upon activity. All is at a stand-still; books closed, paper put aside, the voice, the eternal voice of R. L. S., well silenced."

It was never farther from being silenced. He had been for nearly a month forbidden to speak above his breath, for fear of bringing on the hæmorrhage from the lungs which was incessantly threatening his life. But with the very first return of health he was at work again; almost all his literary work was produced in bed. Within six months of the publication of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde' appeared 'Kidnapped,' an immortal story, and the finest thing he ever wrote; swift, bright, perfectly serious, and thrilling as only a story that has a pulse of nationality beating through it can thrill us. When it was finished his strength was exhausted, and for months he wrote nothing new; but with strength so low, his spirit was high as ever.

In 1885 he felt to the depth of his heart the country's disgrace by the hands of its statesmen in the abandonment of Gordon and the garrisons in the Soudan. He did not expend himself in words over this, but he suffered as surely every man of honour then did in his heart, silently.

Again, in 1887, when crime was rampant in Ireland, and the chief criminals were safeguarded by a paternal Government that left its most de-

fenceless subjects at the mercy of murderous cowards, Stevenson suffered shame.

He may have wondered a little at his countrymen, north and south. That famous organ the British Conscience was suffering just then from one of its periodical fits of inertia, which have so often and curiously coincided with outbreaks of crime in Ireland. The British Conscience, as we know, has a delicate constitution. R. L. Stevenson was a broken-down invalid, but his conscience was as sound as a bell, and before any danger he was a man all over. Those who care for his reputation may like to hear of the venture he was prepared for, in the words of the friend who knew him best:—

"A case that now appealed to him with especial force was that of the cruel persecution kept up against the widow and daughters of the murdered man Curtin. He determined that if no one else would take up the duty of resisting such persecution without regard to consequences, he would take it up himself, in the hope of more effectually rousing the public conscience to the evils of the time. His plan was to go with his family, occupy and live upon the derelict farm, and let happen what would. This, as the letters referring to the matter plainly show, was no irresponsible dream or whim, but a purpose conceived in absolute and sober earnest. His wife and household were prepared to follow, though under protest, had he persisted; as it seemed for some weeks that he certainly would, until at last the arguments of his friends, and still more the unmistakable evidence that his father's end was near, persuaded him to give up his purpose. But to the last, I think he was never well satisfied that in giving way he had

not been a coward, preferring fire-side ease and comfort to the call of a public duty."

Stevenson had been all his life devoted to his father; "a very beautiful, simple, honourable, high-spirited, and child-like man," was his description of him to a friend. To the same friend he wrote—

"My favourite words in literature, my favourite scene—'O let him pass,' Kent and Lear—was played for me here in the first moment of my return. I believe Shakespeare saw it with his own father. I had no words; but it was shocking to see. He died on his feet, you know; was on his feet the last day, knowing nobody—still he would be up. This was his constant wish; also that he might smoke a pipe on his last day. The funeral would have pleased him; it was the largest private funeral in man's memory here."

The loss of his father removed the chief reason for his staying in England. He was advised by doctors and friends to try a complete change of climate and scene; so, having let his house at Bournemouth, he sailed with his wife, his widowed mother, and his young stepson for New York, *en route* for some mountain health-resort of California.

His first letter home to his cousin "Bob" must have raised the spirits of that "simple seraph," who had always been a loving kinsman:—

"I was so happy on board that ship, I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-

house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. And truly there is nothing else. I had literally forgotten what happiness was, and the full mind—full of external and physical things, not full of cares and labours and not about a fellow's behaviour. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as that. We took so north a course that we saw Newfoundland; no one in the ship had ever seen it before.

"It was beyond belief to me how she rolled; in seemingly smooth water, the bell striking, the fittings bounding out of our state-room. It is worth having lived these last years, partly because I have written some better books, which is always pleasant, but chiefly to have had the joy of this voyage. I have been made a lot of here, and it is sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse; but I could give it all up, and agree that — was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on."

A letter like that, from a man who so short a while before was barely able to keep his hold on life! Even the unrelated reader rejoices, and is inclined to envy "Bob." The party did not go to Colorado after all, but halted at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacs, in a house known locally as "Baker's."

"Our house — emphatically Baker's — is on a hill, and has a sight of a stream turning a corner in the valley—bless the face of running water! and sees some hills too, and the paganly prosaic roofs of Saranac itself: the Lake it does not see, nor do I regret that; I like water (fresh water, I mean) either running swiftly among stones, or else largely qualified with whisky. As I write, the sun (which has been long a stranger) shines in at my shoulder; from the next room, the bell of Lloyd's typewriter makes an agreeable music

as it patters off (at a rate which astonishes this experienced novelist) the early chapters of a humorous romance."

The noise proceeding from Mr Lloyd Osbourne's typewriter was the first draft of 'The Wrong Box,' as it was finally called. This habitation at "Baker's," where it was "very primitive and unsettled and cold and healthful," seemed yet to be stimulating to the literary mind in some way, for a great deal of work was despatched there; and amongst other things the first part of 'The Master of Ballantrae,' a story which took fast hold of the writer. But the climate of Saranac, if healthful, called for a good deal of endurance.

"It is a form of Arctic St Andrews, I should imagine; and the miseries of forty degrees below zero, with a high wind, have to be felt to be appreciated. The greyness of the heavens here is a circumstance eminently revolting to the soul; I have near forgot the aspect of the sun—I doubt if this be news: it is certainly no news to us. My mother suffers a little from the inclemency of the place, but less on the whole than would be imagined. Among other wild schemes, we have been projecting yacht voyages."

They were begun as wild schemes, but they ended in—sober reality is too inappropriate an expression—they ended in highly variegated realisation. On 28th June of 1888, the whole party sailed from San Francisco on board the schooner-yacht *Casco*, Captain Otis, for the Marquesas, and on the 28th of July dropped anchor in the harbour of the island of Nukahiva. They

thought they were going on a seven months' cruise in the South Seas. "We are going the full pitch for seven months," as R. L. S. joyfully expressed it, little thinking that the seven months would extend themselves to the length of his life.

In the following February he wrote home from Honolulu:

"My extremely foolhardy venture is practically over. How foolhardy it was I don't think I realised. We had a very small schooner, and, like most yachts, over-rigged and over-sparred, and like many American yachts on a very dangerous sail plan. The waters we sailed in are, of course, entirely unlighted, and very badly charted; in the Dangerous Archipelago through which we were fools enough to go, we were perfectly in ignorance of where we were for a whole night and half the next day, and this in the midst of invisible islands and rapid and variable currents; and we were lucky when we found our whereabouts at last. We have twice had all we wanted in the way of squalls: once, as I came on deck, I found the green sea over the cockpit coamings and running down the companion like a brook to meet me; at that same moment the foresail sheet jammed and the captain had no knife.

"This was the only occasion on the cruise that ever I set a hand to a rope, but I worked like a Trojan, judging the possibility of hæmorrhage better than the certainty of drowning. Another time I saw a rather singular thing: our whole ship's company as pale as paper from the captain to the cook; we had a black squall astern on the port side and a white squall ahead to starboard; the complication passed off innocuous, the black squall only fetching us with its tail, and the white one slewing off somewhere else. Twice we were a long while (days) in the close vicinity of hurricane weather, but again luck prevailed, and we saw none of it. These are dangers

incident to these seas and small craft. What was an amazement, and at the same time a powerful stroke of luck, both our masts were rotten, and we found it out—I was going to say in time, but it was stranger and luckier than that. The head of the mainmast hung over so that hands were afraid to go to the helm; and less than three weeks before—I am not sure it was more than a fortnight—we had been nearly twelve hours beating off the lee shore of Eimeo (or Moorea, next island to Tahiti) in half a gale of wind with a violent head sea: she would neither tack nor wear once, and had to be boxed off with the mainsail—you can imagine what an ungodly show of kites we carried—and yet the mast stood. The very day after that, in the southern bight of Tahiti, we had a near squeak, the wind suddenly coming calm; the reefs were close in with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, 'Isn't that nice? we shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity.

"Our voyage up here was most disastrous—calms, squalls, head-sea, waterspouts of rain, hurricane weather all about, and we in the midst of the hurricane season, when even the hopeful builder and owner of the yacht had pronounced these seas unfit for her. We ran out of food, and were quite given up for lost in Honolulu: people had ceased to speak to Belle about the *Casco*, as a deadly subject.

"But the perils of the deep were part of the programme; and though I am very glad to be done with them for a while and comfortably ashore, where a squall does not matter a snuff to any one, I feel pretty sure I shall want to get to sea again ere long."

At the time this letter was written, his prospects were in "a fine state of haze"; for

when the yacht was paid off he had no money left, and no word of any coming. But he waited in high content, and his faith was justified.

Honolulu proved too cold for Stevenson, but the south isles were what he called "a heaven upon earth."

"... By the time I am done with this course I shall have the material for a very singular book of travels; names of strange stories and characters, cannibals, pirates, ancient legends, old Polynesian poetry,—never was so generous a farrago. I am going down now to get the story of a shipwrecked family, who were fifteen months on an island with a murderer: there is a specimen. The Pacific is a strange place; the nineteenth century only exists there in spots: all round, it is a no man's land of the ages, a stir-about of epochs and races, barbarisms and civilisations, virtues and crimes. ... Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney stacks and telegraph wires."

The book was written, and was called 'In the South Seas.' The voyage he looked forward to with such delight lasted for six months, but there were two intervals of about six weeks each spent on shore. The first of these is described in a letter from Equator Town, Apemama:—

"We have been about a month ashore, camping out in a kind of town the king set up for us: on the idea that I was really a 'big chief' in England. He dines with us sometimes, and sends up a cook for a share of our meals when he does not come himself. This sounds like high living! alas, undeceive yourself. Salt junk is the mainstay; a low island, except for cocoanuts, is just the same as a

ship at sea: brackish water, no supplies, and very little shelter. The king is a great character—a thorough tyrant, very much of a gentleman, a poet, a musician, a historian, or perhaps rather a genealogist—it is strange to see him lying in his house among a lot of wives (nominal wives) writing the History of Apemama in an account book; his description of one of his own songs, which he sang to me himself, as ‘about sweet-hearts, and trees, and the sea—and no true, all-the-same lie,’ seems about as compendious a definition of lyric poetry as a man could ask.”

Samoa, when he first saw the islands, appeared to Stevenson far less beautiful than the Marquesas or Tahiti; he was not specially attracted by the people, except for their courtesy. Yet the island grew upon his fancy so quickly that in less than a month from his first sight of the harbour of Apia, he decided to make his home in Samoa. On January 20th, 1890, he wrote to a friend in Bournemouth—

“I am now the owner of an estate upon Upolu, some two or three miles behind and above Apia; three streams, two waterfalls, a great cliff, an ancient native fort, a view of the sea and lowlands, or (to be more precise) several views of them in various directions, are now mine. It would be affectation to omit a good many head of cattle; above all as it required much diplomacy to have them thrown in, for the gentleman who sold to me was staunch. Besides all this, there is a great deal more forest than I have any need for; or to be plain the whole estate is one impassable jungle, which must be cut down and through at considerable expense. Then the house has to be built; and then (as a climax) we may have to stand a siege in it in the next native war.”

Probably few of his friends

understood at first that this serious step, which involved a separation from practically all that in his previous life he had held dear, was not a mere surrender to that fascination of the South Seas which he frankly acknowledged. It was rather an effort of self-preservation, at which no one should wonder who knew what a death-in-life he had suffered and barely survived during his last years in England. To one who had known him a bed-ridden consumptive in Bournemouth, he wrote—

“I have now been some twenty months in the South Seas, and am (up to date) a person whom you would scarce know. I think nothing of long walks and rides: I was four hours and a half gone the other day, partly riding, partly climbing up a steep ravine. I have stood a six months’ voyage on a copra schooner with about three months ashore on coral atolls, which means (except for cocoanuts to drink) no change whatever from ship’s food. My wife suffered badly—it was too rough a business altogether—Lloyd suffered—and, in short, I was the only member of the party who ‘kept my end up.’”

To say that he never repented his choice of a home is to put his intense satisfaction in the new life very mildly indeed. An early letter from the spot afterwards named “Vailima,” or the “Five Rivers,” says—

“This is a hard and interesting and beautiful life that we lead now. Our place is in a deep cleft of Vaea Mountain, some six hundred feet above the sea, embowered in forest, which is our strangling enemy, and which we combat with axes and dollars. I went crazy over outdoor work, and had at last to con-

fine myself to the house, or literature must have gone by the board. *Nothing* is so interesting as weeding, clearing, and path-making; the oversight of labourers becomes a disease; it is quite an effort not to drop into a farmer; and it does make you feel so well. To come down covered with mud and drenched with sweat and rain after some hours in the bush, change, rub down, and take a chair in the verandah, is to taste a quiet conscience. And the strange thing that I mark is this: If I go out and make sixpence, bossing my labourers and plying the cutlass or the spade, idiot conscience applauds me; if I sit in the house and make twenty pounds, idiot conscience wails over my neglect and the day wasted."

The fascination of literature as a pursuit is more generally believed in than the fascination of weeding and clearing; but there are people who have tried both, and ended in dividing their allegiance after the example of Stevenson. He had another absorbing occupation during the four years of his life on the island, for "after some half-year's residence he began to realise that the arrangements made for the government of Samoa by treaty between the three Powers, England, Germany, and America, were not working nor promising to work well. Stevenson was no abstracted student or dreamer; the human interests and human duties lying immediately about him were ever the first in his eyes; and he found himself drawn deeply into the complications of local politics, as so active a spirit could not fail to be drawn, however little taste he might have for the work." He suffered a great deal of

annoyance, while he gave rather more than he suffered to some of those officials who caused him to remark—

"I used to think meanly of the plumber; but how he shines beside the politician!"

Naturally his letters reflected his preoccupation with those native affairs which seemed to him quite as human and interesting as European politics, but did not seem so to his correspondents—who were inclined to regard the fate of distant islanders in brown skins with an indifference they would have been ashamed to confess if the skins in question had been nearer, and white. Now, Stevenson was one of the few people to whom a brown man could really be a brother; his love was without pity or patronage; he admired and delighted in the Polynesian. His homage to the King of Apemama was not affected, his friendship for the exiled Chief Mataafa of Samoa was an equal friendship, without condescension. When the Chief Ori-A-Ori adopted him as a brother, exchanging names with him after the native fashion, Stevenson took it as the most natural thing in the world, and indeed Ori-A-Ori's behaviour to the whole family a little later was that of a model brother. His letter from Tautira, which followed them to Honolulu, telling his grief at their departure, moved Stevenson to tears;—and who could wonder?

But they did wonder, and do still—since to the majority of people a difference of colour

precludes sentiments of the brotherly. It is not in any case a subject for argument. But setting apart the question of colour, no one can doubt that Stevenson's active interference in the politics of Samoa was entirely conscientious, and arose from no love of meddling, or desire for political influence. It does not require an extra-sensitive conscience to be shocked when the officials of a "civilised government" propose to put dynamite under the jail, to enable them, in case of an attempted rescue of the prisoners, to blow up prison and all. The credit of this device belongs to a "very nice young beardless Swede," who was commandant of the forces under an approving German President. It is all bygone history now, and only needs to be recalled for the same reason that the "famous" Open Letter to Dr Hyde does.

That letter was afterwards repented of by Stevenson, not for its substance—he never repented having defended Father Damien—but for its manner, and for the reason that he had not known when writing it that Dr Hyde's letter (which fully deserved his reprobation) was *not* intended for publication. This regret of his having been so clearly expressed in his letter to Mrs Fairchild, one can but wonder at the strange indiscretion, to give it no harder name, of allowing the Open Letter to be republished in the posthumous volume, 'Lay Morals,' without any intimation of Stevenson's regret, or any reference to the

fact that Dr Hyde's fault was much less black than the Open Letter described it. There is a want both of candour and of charity here which Stevenson himself would have been the first to deplore. One can imagine the little self-directed sarcasm on his lips, and how he would have compared himself with Jaques, doing

"Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin,"—

in the words of the Duke's warning. It is only another instance of rash anger having helped to spread a scandal rather than suppressed the scandal-monger. For who would now remember the wretched Hyde and his libel if Stevenson had not advertised both? And yet—how natural was that hot reply!

For he had been in Molokai, while Father Damien yet lived there, befriending the lepers. He had seen all there was to see; and to him the "moral beauty of the place" triumphed over the physical horrors, even while under his eyes.

He wrote three South Sea stories, the 'Beach of Falesá' alone, and two others in collaboration with Mr Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson. They were—'The Wrecker,' a "black, blackguard, violent yarn, with some plain turns of human nature," as he calls it,—and 'The Ebb-Tide.' The new house was finished before 'The Beach of Falesá.'

"We are in our house after a fashion; without furniture, 'tis true, camping there, like the family after a sale. But the bailiff has

not yet appeared ; he will probably come after. The place is beautiful beyond dreams ; some fifty miles of the Pacific spread in front ; deep woods all round ; a mountain making in the sky a profile of huge trees upon our left ; about us, the little island of our clearing, studded with brave old gentlemen (or ladies, or 'the twa o' them') whom we have spared. It is a good place to be in ; night and morning, we have Theodore Rousseau's (always a new one) hung to amuse us on the walls of the world ; and the moon—this is our good season, we have a moon just now—makes the night a piece of heaven. It amazes me how people can live on in the dirty north."

This beautiful house was his home while he lived. Here he wrote, rode abroad, worked, and weeded, suffered, but enjoyed more, and thought upon his friends. He was not an exile in his own conception. For some time he intended to revisit Europe in the summer, and he always hoped his friends would come and see his beautiful home. None ever came, of those he longed for ; and he never saw Europe again. He wrote delightful letters of unfailing sympathy to his old literary comrades about their work ; for he had an almost unstinted admiration for contemporaries like George Meredith, Henry James, and Edmund Gosse, only exceeded by his enthusiastic homage to the great Frenchmen, M. Flaubert and M. Paul Bourget. For M. Zola's work he had a hearty dislike. But the 'Sensations d'Italie' of M. Bourget threw him into an ecstasy of pleasure.

On subjects quite unconnected with literature he some-

times spoke words of sound and keen-witted advice. To a young person afflicted with discontent he wrote :—

"I gather that your home is depressing. Every one's home is depressing, I believe. It is your difficult duty to make it less so."

A lady, who had been a close friend for many years, told him that she had decided what her future work should be. He replied :—

"So at last, you are going into mission work ? where I think your heart always was. You will like it in a way, but remember it is dreary long. Do you know the story of the American tramp who was offered meals and a day's wage to chop with the back of an axe on a fallen trunk ? 'Damned if I can go on chopping when I can't see the chips fly !' You will never see the chips fly in mission work, never ; and be sure you know it beforehand. The work is one long dull disappointment, varied by acute revulsions."

He was genuinely interested in mission work. Mr Clarke, a missionary in Samoa, was one of his intimate friends, and there was no one in the world, except indeed Charles Gordon, whom he admired more than the gallant worker, J. Chalmers.

"I wish you would get 'Pioneering in New Guinea,' by J. Chalmers. It is a missionary book, and has less pretensions to be literature than Spurgeon's sermons. Yet I think, even through that, you will see some of the traits of the hero that wrote it ; a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific. He is away now to go up the Fly River ; a desperate venture, it is thought ; he is quite a Livingstone card."

A spectator of life himself, rather than an actor, by necessity and not choice, he had a brave man's love for all brave deeds; and at times,—very rare times,—he compared enviously the lot of the active doers with his own.

"I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head."

Certainly from "the place of trumpetings" many a brave doer would have given the palm of bravery to Stevenson for having hoed a harder row than his own. But he made no large claims for himself, either for his life or literature; though he was equally far from mock-modesty, and sometimes his own sound critical instinct was satisfied with portions of his work. It was then that his heart sang in his breast. For his work was really the dearest thing to him in life, as it is to most men, and those the manliest.

He took his own measure accurately enough, for he was one of the self-conscious self-interested artists, quite after the pattern of his adored Montaigne. A great deal too much has been said about his self-consciousness,—a quality for which a writer is no more responsible, of course, than for the colour of his hair. Perhaps it made him a better artist, perhaps it did not. There is no doubt that un-selfconsciousness, whether in man or writer,

gives a certain impression of strength, of genuineness and charm, possibly quite fallacious, but inevitable. Thackeray will occur to every one as a type of the great self-conscious artist, and Sir Walter Scott of the great unself-conscious. Before him, the mighty Magician, Stevenson bowed his head, and worshipped in the sincerity of his far-differing soul. The homage of a Scotsman and a writer to his great compatriot and master has something almost sacred in it. How poor would all the world feel if it could suddenly be plundered of Scott!—but what would the general sense of destitution amount to compared with the feeling of all-but-ruin in Scotland!—

"The most *I* can hope is to get out of it with a modicum of grace and energy, but for sure without the strong impression, the full, dark brush. Three people have had it, the real creator's brush: Scott, see much of 'The Antiquary,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian' (especially all round the trial, before, during, and after)—Balzac—and Thackeray in 'Vanity Fair.' Everybody else either paints *thin*, or has to stop to paint, or paints excitedly, so that you see the author skipping before his canvas."

Other writers he admired heartily enough, but for Scott his feeling was feudal, a clansman's for his chief; and with just that touch of proud half-familiar fault-finding at times. "They have all Scott's defects and all Scott's hopeless merit," he complained of the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' He would have laughed and deprecated if any

one had compared him with Scott; and yet in his heart he sometimes compared himself, or at least compared his David Balfour, who was a sort of son of his right hand. In the same loyal spirit he would call his house "Sub-priorsford," with a half jest that was whole earnest. And while we think of this we should remember that when he left his last story, 'Weir of Hermiston,' unfinished at his death, he was younger than Scott was when he wrote 'Waverley.' This is not to imply that we would institute the comparison ourselves; only that we find a kind of pathos in its impossibility and in the shortness of the younger man's brilliant day of life. For all the thought he took he could not add a cubit to his stature, he could not attain to the calm, healthy breadth and leisure of Scott's outlook on the world, to the blue of his sky, to the romance of the breezes that blew for him over the low green grass.

To Stevenson life was a struggle, in the physical sense. Without great courage he might have gone under, at any time. His was the unconquerable hopefulness, the energy, the restlessness of the consumptive. When his writing is strongest, it seems to have the nervous force of excitement, not the strength of health and repose. His marvellous quickness of eye occasionally reminds one of the bright glance of a patient in fever.

People have sometimes said that they could not read Stevenson, and have generally

given his "self-consciousness" or his "preciousness" as the reason. It is just as likely that he has irritated their nervous system, as a highly strung person is liable to do; and when that happens, all the gifts and graces of literature will unite in vain to weave a spell. They are generally women who dislike to read him, even when they admire his character. He had one or two faults particularly trying to a woman. Though reverent at heart he was too often irreverent of speech. He was lacking in certain perceptions, and his inhuman cleverness only served to accentuate the lack. Apparently innocent of intentional offence, he could contrive to be offensive, and that in a way which dignity would not deign to notice; but those who have observed this particular line of conduct may have remarked exactly what quality of distaste it arouses.

And it is not women only who find in Stevenson some thin and excruciating cruelties of imagination which do no credit either to the artist or the man. They are repulsive, and should have been resisted as temptations of a sick brain. Such pictures would never present themselves to a normal and healthy-minded man. It may seem harsh to blame a writer for the results of his own suffering health; "*mais cela rentre dans les procédés du bon Dieu.*"

When a man understands his own limitations, and deplores them, his clear-sightedness means a distinct loss of

power, as the following letter shows:—

"And then the problem that Pinkerton laid down: why the artist can *do nothing else?* is one that continually exercises myself. He cannot: granted. But Scott could. And Montaigne. And Julius Cæsar. And many more. And why can't R. L. S.? Does it not amaze you? It does me. I think of the Renaissance fellows, and their all-round human sufficiency, and compare it with the ineffable smallness of the field in which we labour and in which we do so little. I think David Balfour a nice little book, and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate. 'Small is the word; it is a small age, and I am of it.'"

'David Balfour' is, of course, the story afterwards called 'Catriona,' which he considered his high-water mark. "I shall never do a better book than 'Catriona,'" he observed. But he might have done so, if he had thought less about it.

As the time went by, there came to him what comes to all Scots, a deep longing for his own country. In his case it was more pathetic than in most, because it was a hopeless longing. He knew that to return to a northern climate was to court sentence of death, and he meant to stay where he was, and work to the end to provide a maintenance for his family. But though he stayed, his heart returned. The tropical beauty and richness that lay under his eyes ceased to delight him. "I am used to it; I do not notice it; rather prefer my grey, freezing recollections of Scotland," he said. Edinburgh, his noble native city, swam

before his eyes, in pictures; its castle, steep against the sky, the waters of the Firth, the blue lines of the Pentland Hills, the lights of the Lothian Road at night; he yearned to them, and to the memories of "*ces beaux jours, quand j'étais si malheureux.*"

He was accustomed to write at intervals to Alison Cunningham, his nurse, to whom the charming 'Child's Garden of Verses' was dedicated. Of her he once made this request:—

"Some day climb as high as Halkerside for me (I am never likely to do it for myself), and sprinkle some of the well water on the turf. I am afraid it is a pagan rite, but quite harmless, and *Ye can saim it wi' a bit prayer.* Tell the Peevies that I mind their forbears well. My heart is sometimes heavy and sometimes glad to mind it all. But for what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful. Don't forget to sprinkle the water, and do it in my name. I feel a childish eagerness in this."

If any one can read this with a heart unmoved, he must possess an organ of extraordinary hardness. Only an exile knows what his country means to him.

And so, as might have been expected, his last stories were not of the South Seas, but of Scotland. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours;*" and he came back even to the "Covenanting books" which he had read consistently in childhood and youth, the works of Wodrow, Walker, and Shields, which he delighted in. The son of Covenanting forbears himself,—a dutiful, courageous, self-subduing son,—it was not their style and lan-

guage only that spoke to him. Their spirit was his. He did not know it in his youth as well as he came to know it in that far country he wandered to.

"After all, what I wish to fight is the best fought by a rather cheerless presentation of the truth. The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards, and plenty duties. And the sooner a man sees that and acts upon it like a gentleman or a fine old barbarian, the better for himself."

It was well there was stern stuff in him, for he had hard troubles to face, of which the world knew nothing.

"You will see that I am not in a good humour; and I am not. It is not because of your letter, but because of the complicated miseries that surround me and that I choose to say nothing of. . . . Life is not all Beer and Skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my share in the mis-steps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, stern, unhappy devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is. . . .

"Well, *il faut cultiver son jardin*. That last expression of poor, unhappy human wisdom I take to my heart—and go to *St Ives*."

In one thing he *never* failed, in kindness. His faithful kindness to the Samoan chiefs, his friends, who were imprisoned for their share in a war that others by their misconduct had made, was very singularly returned, and in a beautiful spirit. As soon as they were released from prison, they came in a body and made a road for him, called "The Road of Loving Hearts," to join his house with the main road. As road-making in Samoa was a thing to which natives "could not be wiled with money nor driven by punishment," and as these were *chiefs* who worked at his road, Stevenson was touched to the heart.

It was his last great pleasure. "It does give me a sense of having done something in Samoa after all," he said. In December of the same year, 1894, he died, and was buried on the top of the mountain overlooking his home, carried there by the strong-armed Samoans, who loved "Tusitala."

"Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

SPEECH DAY IN CROCODILE COUNTRY.

IN Bengal, things get strangely associated in one's mind, and somehow that Speech Day at a Bengali school is mixed up for me with the crocodiles I saw during the long ride we made to get to the school. I believe that the crocodiles interested me more than the speeches. That is no reflection upon the speeches. Crocodiles have a fascination for me, and they are certainly fixed in my memory far more than any of the other creatures I saw in Bengal. They are so much more numerous than any of the other creatures, such as tigers or snakes. One hears a good deal about the snakes there, but one sees very little of them at any time, and in the cold weather nothing at all. Indeed the only snakes I saw were two great pythons which a planter kept in one of his indigo vats for his private delectation. He loved to watch them and feed them, and poke them with a stick, and see their flat vicious heads drive at it with the speed and force of a steam-hammer. His wife liked them less because one of them had once escaped from the vat and wandered into her bedroom. It was daytime and she was resting from the heat, and hearing it advance, breathing heavily, she thought it was her somewhat asthmatical fox-terrier and told it to lie down. As it seemed to be making for her bed instead, she looked up to find that it was one of the pythons looking for a warm place in which to lie up. Her

screams brought her husband, who, annoyed by this escapade of a pet which his wife had never properly appreciated, thoughtlessly seized it by the neck, with the result that in a twinkling it had knotted itself round his arm and nearly pulped it before his bearer could arrive and get it by the tail. Two men, it seems, can deal with a python fairly effectively, by grasping each an end of it, thus preventing it weaving itself into the coils that crush. But no single man is of much use, for the reason that he cannot in the nature of things grasp and keep taut an eighteen-foot length of writhing muscle. The planter told me that, as it was, his arm had turned black and blue all over, as if it had been squeezed into a heavy door, and it was weeks before he could use it. But he still loved his python. I do not think any one could love a crocodile, and personally I could never become even indifferent to them. They are such nightmares of creatures, especially when seen in quantities as I saw them that day. We were twenty or thirty miles from the station, and the Collector and I were walking our ponies through a great stretch of grass jungle, in which nothing was to be seen but a few feet of the track ahead, when there appeared to our right a sudden gap in the grass. Riding up to it, we found that it marked the brink of a big unmapped river which ran in its bed some four feet below. There, on a

sandbank, so that you could have dropped pebbles on to their noses, lay not less than fifty crocodiles of all shapes and sizes, muggers and fish-eaters, sprawled side by side or at right angles, some only a few feet long, some looking to be fully eighteen feet. The Collector declared that no up-country crocodile attained that length, though the muggers of the Sunderbunds do, so I will only repeat that they looked it, as they lay there on the whitish-yellow sand, the jungle grass barely quivering above them, basking in the sun as they might have basked at the beginning of time. The nearest village was miles away, and the whole scene was as it might have been a thousand years before. Neither then nor now had these creatures any enemy to fear except for the few jungle beasts that might prey on their eggs. Why should they not grow big at their ease, these scavenging lords of a great secret river, which was probably crammed with fish as all the rivers of Bengal are? I did not notice any musky smell of them on the air, as I had somehow expected; they did not therefore offend one's sense of smell, which is, I believe, the origin of repugnance and loathing. Yet creatures more calculated to raise these emotions I have never seen. Their sprawl, their gape, their cold-blooded lethargy—in spite of “their four-chambered heart, distinct sockets for the teeth, and traces of a diaphragm showing an approach in organisation to warm-blooded animals”—and most of all, that

reptilian smile, form a revolting combination. What extraordinary pathological state can that old Egyptian civilisation have been in which treated these creatures as divinities, worshipping them alive and embalming their hideous carcasses after death? Was all that world mad together, and was it the germ of a spiritual sense which nourished itself on such appalling fancies and by the transfiguring of things so abominable?

Even the writer of Job seems to have taken a horrific joy in the crocodile.

“Who can open the doors of his face?
his teeth are terrible round about.

His scales are his pride, shut up together
as with a close seal. . . .

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as
out of a seething pot or caldron. . . .

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea,
as hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone. . . .

The arrow cannot make him flee;
sling-stones are turned with him into
stubble.

Darts are counted as stubble: he
laugheth at the shaking of a spear.”

A little later in the morning we came to a place where the river crossed the track, and had to wait while the ferry boat was baled to take us across. A herd of buffaloes were swimming the river as we waited beside the landing-place. They were nothing but a line of noses in the water, with their drover shouting directions from the opposite bank. One or two natives, also waiting for the ferry, watched apathetically from the hot landing-place; a troop of porpoises bobbed away up-stream, and several crocodiles, each on his own beat, as it were, of the bank, slept

through the process, or seemed to. But they slept, head to stream, slanted for the dive in, and I said to the Collector—

“Aren’t the men afraid of some of those brutes seizing their animals?”

“I expect there is too much noise going at present for anything to happen,” said he, and asked the ferryman, “Do the muggers here take cattle?”

“Yes, Huzoor.”

“Many?”

“A few.”

“And have you known them to seize people too?”

“There have been seven taken this year,” said the ferryman without concern. “Usually it is a big mugger who takes them, of a light colour. Five days ago he took a woman who went to wash. He is a big mugger, and sits close by. To-day he does not show himself.”

“No one has shot at him?” inquired the Collector.

“No, Huzoor.”

“It’s a pity we sent the guns ahead,” said the Collector, having translated this to me. “We might have tried to shoot some of the brutes while we were waiting. Not that one or two more or less would have made much difference.”

“Do you mean to say it’s a fact that seven people have been killed at this ferry in the year?” I asked.

“It’s not at all unlikely,” he said. “According to the figures of the district, crocodiles get three hundred victims per annum. Of course the crocodiles may be helped to have them in some cases, but on the other hand we probably don’t learn of all the people that get

carried off in out-of-the-way parts. They’re absolutely careless about crocodiles. You’ve seen the way they will go in?”

I had seen it. At just such a place as this, with a crocodile staring at him from the opposite bank, a Bengali wishing to make ablutions will walk down into the water, wade out waist deep and dip completely under the requisite number of times. Afterwards he will stand in the river and wash his garment, if it happens to need washing, as unconcerned as a man in a swimming-bath. I have seen very cautious people before they advanced into the water pick up a stone and throw it in to frighten any mugger that might be lurking in the immediate vicinity. But this is a mark of rare foresight and prudence. So, as the Collector said, it was hardly to be wondered at if the figures for the district showed three hundred victims of crocodiles in the year. Some of these would be washerwomen seized while they were pounding clothes on a board stretched over the river, as one sees them so often and so picturesquely doing, and others would be little girls. Not infrequently silver bangles are found inside the bodies of shot crocodiles—the silver bangles with which the small girls are adorned from their earliest years. I suppose being small they are easy to seize and drown—easier than the ponies and buffaloes’ calves which are also taken in great quantities in the marsh lands. Not that the mugger is slow in action. I was amazed, when I went shooting them a week or two

later, at the incredible speed at which on first feeling the bullet they plunge into the stream. Scientists explain that the neck of the crocodile is deprived to a great extent of its mobility because the vertebrae bear upon each other by means of rib-like processes, and its limbs are so short and insufficient that it has to drag its body along the ground. But to see a wounded crocodile leap in one piece into the air—from bank to stream—is proof that its mobility in some ways is tremendous. For all practical purposes, however, it cannot pursue its human victims, and it is only because familiarity has bred contempt and life is always so cheap in the East that the brutes account for such a monstrous mortality. Could anything be done to alter it? I suppose if the crocodile possessed any commercial value, its rapid decrease and eventual extermination would be assured, but, as things go, it has little or none. The tanning of the belly skins, which is the only part of the animal used, appears to be an intricate and expensive process, and in any case it is the fish-eater's skin that is sought after—not the mugger's. So that, up-country at all events, the mugger is left alone to do as he pleases, and the one useful thing that he chooses to do is to act as scavenger of the waterways; and those who believe in the scourge that cleanses may plead the cause of the crocodile. Those who do not may usefully think out some way of putting an end to him. I remember that for an hour or two after

leaving that ferry I thought it would be a very simple thing if Government compelled ferrymen at least to keep all fords and ferries clear of crocodiles. Ferrymen are not exactly Government officials, for the rights to ferry are, I believe, sold by auction, but they are always bought by the same families, so that the office of ferryman becomes for most purposes a hereditary one. It is a peaceful occupation, and even an apathetic Bengal ferryman might, I thought, if provided with a rifle and an arms licence, find the work of disposing of the crocodiles round his ferry not too laborious. For he has not always even his ordinary ferrying to do, as we learnt at lunch-time that same day, when a deputation of the ferrymen of the district waited on the Collector to say that, the season having been unusually rainless, many of the rivers had gone dry and people could ford or even go dryshod over places where boats were the custom—would not his Honour therefore intercede with the Government to remit to the poor ferrymen some of the purchase-money they had paid to secure the ferry rights? The Collector promised to think the matter over. He agreed that it seemed a distinct misfortune, though he was bound to point out that if a man had bidden for a thing, and the thing turned out less valuable than he supposed, he could not as a rule expect his money back. Supposing more people than usual had had to use the ferries, the ferrymen would not, he presumed, have offered to pay

Government more money than they had actually paid. The deputation of ferrymen departed, only to be succeeded by a deputation of another kind which not even the Collector, with his experience of the ups and downs and general topsyturviness of existence in Bengal, was quite prepared for, I think. This second deputation consisted of leading inhabitants who came to petition his Honour to know if it was just or right that the ferrymen of the district — seeing that certain waters had gone dry and it was possible for wayfarers to pass them on foot, not using boats—should by threats and violence prevent even the poorest people from walking across unless they first of all paid such toll as was the custom when the ferry-boats were used. The Collector said to this deputation that it was not just or right, and that it should be stopped, and he despatched a message to the previous deputation to say that if he heard of any more of this sort of villainy, ferrymen would not only not have their payments remitted by Government, but they would on the contrary forfeit their posts; and he said to me—"Do you see now why Bengalis do not like Bengalis in authority over them?"

I did not reply, but I reconsidered my idea of arming the ferrymen with rifles. Simple as the idea had seemed, I saw that its results might be very complicated. For, if the intelligent ferryman unarmed could thus extort money from passers-by, what might he not succeed in doing with the help of a rifle? He would not, of

course, actually shoot people with it, who refused to pay him little extra gratuities. He would go about things in a more indirect way. Thus, in his great anxiety to protect a herd of buffalo, such as we had seen swimming across, from a crocodile whom he fancied he saw about to attack, he might shoot into the brown of them, thus saving from the awful fate of being seized by a crocodile two or three at least of these valuable beasts, which would anyhow have met a comparatively painless death by bullet. Or he might merely become known as a zealous man who, though most anxious to clear his part of the river from crocodiles, was, alas! a poor shot, whom wise cattle-drovers would bribe not to do any crocodile-shooting while they were crossing the river—with the result that instead of the crocodiles getting thinner, the ferrymen would get fatter, and the cattle-drover would lose a percentage to both. I do not suppose a ferryman armed with a rifle would ever shoot by mistake on the opposite bank a friend with whom he had quarrelled—though it might be easy at a distance to mistake such a person for a crocodile. But there would always be the temptation, to a man leading a quiet and sedentary life by day, to go off at night and commit dacoity in a neighbouring village, again not necessarily using violence, but inducing the ignorant villager to disclose the coffer beneath his bed containing that coin which he will not trust to the Post Office Savings Bank, by

representing to him that he is an emissary of the Government, armed by the British Raj with the very fine and powerful rifle to be noticed under his arm, but capable of using the power of which that rifle is a symbol with moderation and discretion, provided the contents of the coffer be immediately handed over.

Proceedings so simple and logical and difficult to bring home would be quite likely to appeal to some Bengalis armed with rifles for the extirpation of crocodiles.

We rode for some hours through this curious crocodile country, and came in due course to the little town whose school was to have its speech-day and prize-giving that afternoon.

It is strange at the back of Bengal, where the plough-land and the jungle march side by side, and the plough gains very slowly on the jungle and the jungle gains very speedily on the plough, to find schools at all. But it is stranger still to think that while tigers roam in the dog-rose scrub a few yards away, and crocodiles lurk in all the waters, uninterruptedly exacting their toll of a calf or a parent, little Bengalis are in these schools mastering the mysteries of our Occidental civilisation. From pot-hooks, which are, I suppose, the invention of some great educationist of the past (I never heard his name, and seven cities do not appear to contest the honour of his birth-place), they go on to learn, from their English reading-books, that The Cat ate the Rat,

the Rat is not the Bat, The Bat has no Hat; and having acquired these simple and euphonious truths, proceed by forced marches to the stage where they can finish their education by cramming the doctrines of Herbert Spencer, the philosopher who, both literally and figuratively, put cotton wool into his ears when he did not wish to hear what other people had to say. It is open to wonder how Herbert Spencer would have enjoyed Bengal, had Fate in a whimsical moment ever landed him there. Finding so many disciples ready made by nature to assimilate his philosophy, he should have been happy. The Babus would have welcomed him with agonising smiles—as a master and a brother—and repeated to him with respectful adulation his own dry sentences redecorated with all the flowers of the East. They would have wanted to sit and talk to him all day about the Progress of Humanity and the Beauty of Civilisation.

They would have wanted to talk shrilly and exultantly and without ceasing, and I think in a very short time he would have wanted to get out his cotton wool. In a Calcutta boarding-house, in the cold weather, he would have been happy perhaps—for a while. But he would have liked the hot weather less, and the jungle not at all. He was particular and even fussy about the details of daily life, and if his bearer had forgotten to boil his milk, or his cook had given him a stale fish or unwashed

salad for tiffin—with the usual consequences—he would, I think, have had something sharp to say to either of those companions of the march of progress,—something that a native paper, if it got hold of it, would have construed as arrogant, and even tyrannical.

This, however, is speculation, and not directly connected with the speech day I wish to describe.

The ceremony had been arranged to take place outside the school itself, which was a large building accommodating some hundreds of children; and in order to screen all the distinguished visitors who were expected from the heat of the sun, a roofing of bright canvas had been erected and fastened to poles in the compound. In theory the poles had been driven securely into the ground, in order that they might support the weight of the awning; but the ground was very hard and the holes for the poles difficult to make. In reality, therefore, the poles were but lightly inserted, and threatened to give at almost any moment, to prevent which fiasco the schoolmaster, a slim and bright young Bengali, had impressed certain friends, retainers, and proud parents to stand clutching the poles, so that this Damoclean roof never entirely came to earth. Indeed its only real inconvenience was that, being but imperfectly attached to the tops of the well-grasped poles, it fluttered away from them at various points as time went by, leaving large gaps through which the sun streamed with concentrated

violence. There was a particularly pernicious gap of this kind left over the two central chairs on the platform occupied by the Collector and his wife, who had arrived by tonga, with the result that they would have been sun-struck about half-way through the afternoon had not one of the members of the School Board Committee bethought himself of sending for a big umbrella, which was supported over their honours' heads by three servants, and produced a highly impressive effect.

The rest of us—four other English people and a score of resplendent Babus representing the Law, Education, and Public Beneficence (one or two had presented sums of money to the school)—took what shelter we could find, while the school was ranged in bright-coloured ranks in the full sun. The prizes were spread on a table at the Collector's right hand, and consisted mainly of cheaply printed and bound English books, such as 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and other improving Victorian works, richly calculated to impress the little Hindus and Mahomedans who might be so lucky as to have won them with the greatness of our Empire and the virile character of our literature.

The proceedings opened with speeches. The schoolmaster began with a very eloquent discourse on the advantages of education. He said that education was a very great thing, and that by learning to read books one could acquire the wisdom of all the ages. By

studying English books one could acquire the wisdom of the English ages, and by studying Bengali books one could acquire the wisdom of the Bengali ages. Collectively this would make a very great deal of wisdom which it would be a very great privilege to acquire. Not only boys could acquire this wisdom, but also girls—of whom there were several at the school—could acquire it by constant study and close attention to their books. Parents would be gratified to think that these privileges were open to their children, and that they were due in no small part to the unparalleled generosity and munificence of their old and highly-esteemed fellow-citizen, Babu Chundar Ram, who had presented no less than Rs. 2000 for the extension of the facilities of education in his native town. All present would join with him in expressing a sense of gratitude to Babu Chundar Ram for giving these opportunities of acquiring the wisdom of the ages. Children yet unborn—not only male children but also female children—would bless the name of Babu Chundar Ram, their great fellow townsman and educationist. He felt also that the meeting would be with him in expressing delight at the presence at the prize-giving of his Honour the Collector and District Magistrate, whose interest in education was so well known, and who was always delighted to assist the children in attaining the wisdom of the ages. . . .

The Collector's views on education in India are of a mixed nature, while his horror of

rhetoric may be best described as positive; still, he managed to retain an impassive gravity during the subdued applause that greeted this speech. I knew that inwardly he must be feeling qualms, because he has at times an unpleasantly practical turn to his mind; and I remember that at a smaller school which we had previously inspected, where the school-master was expecting him to examine the scholars in their progress in English literature and the world's geography, he had disconcerted all by asking, firstly, how far their village was from Calcutta, and how they would set about getting to Calcutta from it; and, secondly, whether it was safer as a rule in the jungle to drink from standing water or from running water if they did not want to die.

The second speech was from a legal Babu, who had the heads of his speech written down on several sheets of note-paper. He also referred in due sequence to the glories of education, the munificence of Babu Chundar Ram, and the pleasure with which everybody welcomed the presence at their school of that lover and patron of education, the Collector and District Magistrate. He said that some of the children at the school had parents who were but low jungly people who made their living by ploughing the land and had not read the philosophy of the ages; but civilisation and progress were making themselves felt in Bengal, and the children themselves and their children's children would look back with wonder upon a time when geography and the phil-

osophy of the ages was not taught, and people were mere jungly ploughmen.

The third and following speeches were also by Babus, all eloquent in spite of the fact that their leading themes—namely, the glories of education, the munificence of Babu Chundar Ram, and the presence of the Collector—had been set forth with the utmost fulness by their predecessors. They did not seem to mind that. Each seemed to think that his way of reciting the familiar truths which each wished to inculcate would bring them in a very special way to the hearts of those present.

At the end of the speeches the Collector asked the schoolmaster if we might hear some English reading, and a small boy in a very bright pink dhoti was brought forward and reeled off in a very high voice and at a lightning pace all the information contained in his reading-book about the Cat not killing the Rat, the Rat not being the Bat, and the Bat not possessing a Hat. The schoolmaster wore a most gratified smile during the process, and a great deal of unsuppressed admiration was visible in the course of it on the faces of the assembled parents; but as the boy, who had kept his eyes sideways on the Collector's face all the time in order to learn what impression he was making on the Sahib, evidently knew those pages by heart, the Collector, after saying it had been very nicely done, asked if there could be an exhibition of reading in some unseen part of the book. He turned over the

pages himself to make sure of getting at an unthumbed one, and the small boy's face fell. But the schoolmaster rose to what seemed like an emergency, and said with a ready smile, "Certainly, your Honour, a larger boy will do some impromptu reading."

A minute or two later a large, stout, bashful boy was produced, and, having been handed the book, forced his way gamely through the account, I think it was, of a gallant rescue of a child by a fireman, which lost some of its original pathos owing to its being intoned without stops, just in the same way as the story of the Cat, the Bat, and the Hat—syllables appearing to the stout boy to be of infinitely more value in English than words. However, the Collector said it was very pleasant, and suggested that the prize-giving should now begin, which it did. There seemed to be an enormous number of prize-winners, in every colour of the rainbow, the Hindus, on the whole, preponderating. It looked as though those who had not acquired pretty thoroughly the knowledge that the Bat does not wear a Hat must be very few. I suppose Bengali children are very quick. To each the Mem-sahib, with a gracious smile, presented his 'Wide, Wide World' or 'Christy's Old Organ,' or whatever it might be, and the pleased recipient silently sped back to his place. There was one small girl gorgeously apparelled, with painted face and clanking anklets, among the prize-winners. She looked

about four, and no doubt excelled in pot-hooks. But what might not pot-hooks lead to in the way of emancipation?

When the prizes were all worked through, the schoolmaster made a short speech, pointing out the satisfaction with which winners might bear these trophies of their learning and assiduity to their humble homes, and thanking on behalf of those present the wife of the Collector and District Magistrate for her gracious and dazzling distribution of the works in question. He then called upon his Honour for a short speech—before the meeting terminated with a rendering of “God Save the King.” His Honour made a short speech. He said it was a good thing when rich men like Babu Chundar Ram handed over money for the purposes of education, but they must remember that the test of education was the practical result it had. Everybody could not be a philosopher, but everybody could learn to be sensible. There was a difference between learning and wisdom, and the latter was better because it implied character—and so on. The speech was greeted with great applause and noddings of the head, so that every one seemed to be most harmonious, and you might have thought that East and West were agreed upon every point of education at any rate. Then the Collector rose and asked for a day’s holiday in honour of his visit, just as a distinguished visitor might have done at an English school, and the schoolmaster smilingly

granted it, and there was general applause, just as at home, though as a matter of fact I believe that holidays are the one thing that schoolmasters and boys mostly detest in Bengal, their assiduous habits being disturbed by interruptions of this kind. Equally I believe that the Collector only asked for the holiday because he realised this, and meant to get back on the schoolmaster for having made him listen to so many long speeches on education. He would not allow this when I taxed him with it, but said he had asked for the holiday because it was the custom to do so.

If my interpretation was correct, and he had done it to annoy the schoolmaster, it must be confessed that the schoolmaster got back on him later. The matter hardly really enters into this account of the speech day, but I may as well mention it. It took shape some months later, when the Collector was about to leave the district. The schoolmaster sent him a parting gift, in which was enclosed the following letter. The letter, I must state, was headed

“God Save Our District Magistrate!!”

and ran—

“HONOURED SIR,—I beg you to accept as kindly gift in departing 5 pomegranate fruits, 5 oranges, 2 doz. walnuts, and 1 bottle hair lotion. The latter is restorative to hair, and invaluable after much toil to weak brain.”

R. E. VERNÈDE.

A SAFETY MATCH.¹

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF,' 'A MAN'S MAN.'

CHAPTER ELEVEN.—DIES IRAE (*continued*).

III.

It was Mr Dawks who really showed to the greatest advantage during the next half-hour. He assured his mistress by every means in his power that the whole thing was entirely his fault; and like the courteous gentleman that he was, he begged her with faintly wagging tail and affectionate eyes not to distress herself unduly on his account. The thing was done; let there be no more talk about it. It was nothing! By way of showing that the cordiality of their relations was still unimpaired he endeavoured to shake hands, first with one paw and then the other; but finding that both were broken he reluctantly desisted from his efforts.

They carried him—what was left of him—into the house, where Daphne, white-faced and tearless, hung in an agony of self-reproach over the friend of her youth—the last link with her girlhood. Dawks lay very still. Once, opening his eyes and evidently feeling that something was expected of him, he licked her hand. The tears came fast, after that.

Presently Windebank arrived. He loved all dumb

beasts, and was skilled in ministering to their ailments—wherein he transcended that highly educated automaton Mr Vick, to whom the acme of life was represented by a set of perfectly timed sparking-plugs—and he made poor mangled Dawks as comfortable as possible.

"Is he badly hurt, Windebank?" whispered Daphne.

"Yes, miss," said Windebank, touching his forelock. He was a man of few words in the presence of his superiors.

"Will he die?"

Windebank gazed down in an embarrassed fashion at the close coils of fair hair, bowed over the dog's rough coat. Then he stiffened himself defiantly.

"He'll get well right enough, miss," he said with great assurance. "Just wants taking care of, that's all."

It was a lie, and he knew it. But it was a kind lie. To such much is forgiven.

Daphne sat with her patient until three o'clock, and then, overcome with the restlessness of impotent anxiety, and stimulated by an urgent telephonic reminder, ordered out the horses.

¹ Copyright in the United States by Ian Hay.

"Good - bye, old man," she said to Dawks, caressing the dog's long ears and unbecoming nose. "I'll be back in an hour or two. Lie quiet, and you'll soon be all right. Windebank says so."

Mr Dawks whined gently and flapped his tail upon the floor, further intimating by a faint tremor of his ungainly body that if circumstances had permitted he would certainly have made a point of rising and accompanying his mistress to the door, and seeing her off the premises. As things were, he must beg to be excused.

Daphne drove to Croxley Dene, where for an hour or so she exchanged banalities with the rest of the county and played a set of tennis.

She drove home in the cool of the evening, more composed in mind. The fresh air and exercise had done her good. Windebank had said that the dog would live: that was everything. Less satisfactory to contemplate was the approaching interview with her husband in the matter of the car. Until now she had not thought of it.

On reaching home she hurried to the library, where she had left the invalid lying on a rug before the fire. Mr Dawks was not there.

"I wonder if Windebank has taken him to the stable," she said to herself. "I'll go and——"

She turned, and found herself face to face with her husband.

"Jack," she asked nervously, "do you know where Dawks

is? I suppose you have heard——"

"Yes, I have heard."

Daphne shrank back at the sound of his voice. His face was like flint.

"Then — where is he?" she faltered. "Windebank said——"

"I had him shot."

Daphne stared at him incredulously.

"You had him *shot*?" she said slowly. "*My* Dawks?"

"Yes. It was rank cruelty on your part keeping the poor brute alive, after — after reducing him to that state."

The last half of the sentence may have been natural and justifiable, but no one could call it generous. It is not easy to be merciful when one is at white heat.

Daphne stood up, very slim and straight, gazing stonily into her husband's face.

"Have you buried him?"

"I told one of the gardeners to do so."

"Where?"

"I don't know, but we can——"

"I suppose you know," said Daphne with great deliberation, "that he was the only living creature in all this great house that loved me — really *loved* me?"

Verily, here was war. There was a tense silence for a moment, and an almost imperceptible flicker of some emotion passed over Juggernaut's face. Then he said, with equal deliberation—

"Without any exception?"

"Yes, without *any* exception!" cried poor Daphne, stab-

bing passionately in the dark. "And since he is dead," she added—"since you have killed him—I am going home to Dad and the boys! *They* love me!"

She stood before her husband

with her head thrown back defiantly, white and trembling with passion.

"Very good. Perhaps that would be best," said Juggernaut quietly.

CHAPTER TWELVE.—CILLY; OR THE WORLD WELL LOST.

"Stiffy," bellowed the new curate ferociously, "what the—I mean, why on earth can't you keep that right foot steady? You edge off to leg every time. If you get a straight ball, stand up to it! If you get a leg-ball, turn round and have a slap at it! But for heaven's sake don't go running *away*! Especially from things like pats of butter!"

"Awfully sorry, Mr Blunt!" gasped Stiffy abjectly, as another pat of butter sang past his ear. "It's the rotten way I've been brought up! I've never had any decent coaching before. Ough! . . . No, it didn't hurt a bit, really! I shall be all right in a minute." He hopped round in a constricted circle, apologetically caressing his stomach.

They were in the paddock behind the rectory orchard. The Reverend Godfrey Blunt, a ruddy young man of cheerful countenance and ingenuous disposition, had rolled out an extremely fiery wicket; and within the encompassing net—Daphne's last birthday present—Stephen Blasius Vereker, impaled frog-wise upon the handle of his bat, and divided between a blind instinct of self-preservation and a desire not to appear ungrateful for

favours received, was frantically endeavouring to dodge the deliveries of the church militant as they bumped past his head and ricocheted off his ribs.

"That's better," said Mr Blunt, as his pupil succeeded for the first time in arresting the course of a fast long-hop with his bat instead of his person. "But don't play back to yorkers."

"All right!" said Stiffy dutifully. "I didn't know," he added in all sincerity, "that it was a yorker, or I wouldn't have done it. Oh, I say, well bowled! I don't think anybody could have stopped that one. It never touched the ground at all!"

Stiffy turned round and surveyed his prostrate wickets admiringly. He was an encouraging person to bowl to.

"No, it was a pretty hot one," admitted the curate modestly. "I think I shall have to be going now," he added, mopping his brow. "Parish work, and a sermon to write, worse luck! I think I have just time for a short knock, though. Bowl away, Stiffy!"

He took his stand at the wicket, and after three blind and characteristic swipes suc-

ceeded in lifting a half-volley of Stiffy's into the adjacent orchard. When the bowler, deeply gratified with a performance of which he felt himself to be an unworthy but necessary adjunct, returned ten minutes later from a successful search for the ball, he found his hero hastily donning the old tweed jacket and speckled straw hat which he kept for wear with his cricket flannels.

"Hallo! Off?" cried Stiffy regretfully.

"Yes; I'm afraid so," replied Mr Blunt. He was gazing anxiously through a gap in the hedge which commanded the Rectory garden-gate. "This is my busy day. So long, old man!"

He vaulted the fence, and set off down the road at a vigorous and businesslike trot. But after a hundred yards or so he halted, and looked round him with an air which can only be described as furtive. Before him the road, white and dusty, continued officiously on its way to the village and duty. Along the right-hand side thereof ran a neat rail-fence, skirting the confines of Tinkler's Den. The landscape appeared deserted. All nature drowsed in the hot afternoon sun.

Mr Blunt, who was a muscular young Christian, took a running jump of some four feet six, cleared the topmost rail, and landed neatly on the grassy slope which ran down towards the Den.

"Now then, Sunny Jim!" remarked a reproving voice above his head, "*pas si beaucoup de cela!*"

However sound our nervous systems may be, we are all of us liable to be startled at times. Mr Blunt was undoubtedly startled on the occasion, and being young and only very recently ordained, signified the same in the usual manner.

When he looked up into the tree where Nicky was reclining, that virtuous damsel's fingers were in her ears.

"Mr Blunt," she remarked, "I am both surprised and shocked."

"Veronica Vereker," replied Mr Blunt, turning and shaking his fist as he retreated down the slope towards Tinkler's Den, "next time I get hold of you I will wring your little neck!"

Miss Veronica Vereker kissed the tips of her fingers to him.

"We will now join," she proclaimed, in a voice surprisingly reminiscent of the throaty tenor which Mr Blunt reserved for his ecclesiastical performances, "in singing Hymn number two hundred and thirty-three; during which those who desire to leave the church are recommended to do so, as it is *my—turn—to—preach—the—sermon!*"

But by this time the foe, running rapidly, was out of earshot.

Half-an-hour later Stiffy, who was a gregarious animal, went in search of his younger sister, whom he discovered, recently returned from her sylvan skirmish with the curate, laboriously climbing into a hammock in the orchard.

"Nick, will you come and play cricket?" he asked politely.

"I suppose that means will I come and bowl to you?" replied Nick.

"No. You can bat if you like."

"Well, I won't do either," said Nick agreeably.

"What shall we do, then?" pursued Stiffy, with unimpaired *bonhomie*.

"Personally, I am going to remain in this hammock," replied the lady. "I recommend you, dear, to go and put your head in a bucket. *Good afternoon!* Sorry you can't stop."

"I wonder if Cilly would play," mused Stiffy.

"Cilly? I don't think! She is gloating over her clothes in her bedroom. If you and I, my lad," continued Veronica reflectively, "were going to be presented at Court next week, I wonder if we should make such unholy shows of ourselves for days beforehand."

"I know her boxes are all packed," pursued Stiffy hopefully, "because I went and sat on the lids myself after lunch. Perhaps she will come out for half-an-hour before tea. Dad and Tony won't be back from Tilney till seven, so they are no good."

"Well, run along, little man," said Nick, closing her eyes. "I'm fed up with you."

Stiffy departed obediently, and for ten minutes his younger sister reclined in her hammock, her sinful little soul purged for the moment of evil intent against any man. When next she opened her eyes Stiffy was

standing disconsolately before her.

"Go away," said Nick faintly. "We have no empty bottles or rabbit-skins at present. If you call round about Monday we shall be emptying the dustbin——"

"Cilly's not there," said Stiffy. "Keziah thinks she has gone out for a walk. She saw her strolling down towards the Den half-an-hour ago."

"*The Den?*" Nick's eyes suddenly unclosed to their full radius. "My che-ild! So *that's* the game! *That* was why the pale young curate was jumping fences. Ha, ha! Stiffy, would you like some fun?"

Stiffy, mystified but docile, assented.

"We are going," announced Nick, rolling gracefully out of the hammock, "to stalk a brace of true lovers."

"What—Mr Blunt and Cilly? Do you mean——? Are they really keen on each other?" inquired the unobservant male amazedly.

"*Are they?* My lad, it has been written all over them for weeks! I'm not certain, though," continued the experienced Nicky, "that the poor dears are aware of it themselves yet. But to-day is Cilly's last for months, so——"

"Do you mean they are down in the Den together?" demanded Stiffy.

"I do."

"But—Mr Blunt has gone off to do parish work. He told me so himself."

"Parish work my foot!" com-

mented Nicky simply. "Come on! Let's go and mark down their trail! We can pretend to be Red Indians, if you like," she added speciously.

But the sportsmanlike Stiffy hung back.

"Let's play cricket instead," he said hesitatingly.

"Not me! Come on!"

"Nicky," said Stiffy, searching his hand, so to speak, for trumps, "Preston is killing a pig this afternoon at four o'clock. I've just remembered. He promised not to begin till I came. We shall just be in time. Hurry up!"

"I am going," said Nicky firmly, "to stalk that couple. Are you coming?"

"No. It's not playing the game," said Stiffy bravely.

Nicky, uneasily conscious that he spoke the truth, smiled witheringly.

"All right, milksop!" she said. "I shall go by myself. You can go and hold the pig's hand."

So they departed on their several errands.

Meanwhile Cilly and the curate sat side by side beneath a gnarled and venerable oak in Tinkler's Den.

... "Then your name is called out," continued Cilly raptly, "and you give one last squiggle to your train and go forward and curtsy—to all the Royalties in turn, I think, but I'm not quite sure about that part yet—and then you pass along out of the way, and somebody picks up your train and throws it over your shoulder, and you find yourself in

another room, and it's all over. Won't it be heavenly?"

"Splendid!" replied Mr Blunt, without enthusiasm.

"After that," continued Cilly, "my sister is going to take me simply everywhere. And I am to meet lots of nice people. It's too late for Henley and Ascot and that sort of thing this summer, but I am to have them all next year. Later on, we are going to Scotland. I'm not at all a lucky girl, am I?"

It was one of those questions to which, despite its form, an experienced Latin grammarian would have unhesitatingly prefixed the particle *nonne*. But the Reverend Godfrey Blunt merely replied in a hollow voice—

"What price me?"

Cilly, startled, turned and regarded his hot but honest face, and then lowered her gaze hastily to the region of her own toes.

The Reverend Godfrey was a fine upstanding young man, with merry grey eyes; and there was a cheerful and boisterous *bonhomie* about his conversation which the exigencies of his calling had not yet intoned out of him. No one had ever considered him brilliant, for his strength lay in character rather than intellect. He was a perfect specimen of that unromantic but priceless type with which our public schools and universities never fail to meet the insatiable demands of a voracious Empire. The assistant-commissioner, the company officer, the junior form-master, the slum-curate—these are they that propel the ship of State.

Up above, upon the quarter-deck, looking portentously wise and occasionally quarrelling for the possession of the helm, you may behold their superiors—the Cabinet Minister, the Prelate, the Generalissimo. But our friends remain below the water-line, unheeded, uncredited, and see to it that the wheels go round. They expect no thanks, and they are not disappointed. The ship goes forward, and that is all they care about. Of such is the British Empire.

The Reverend Godfrey Blunt was one of this nameless host. At school he had scraped into the Sixth by a hair's-breadth; at the University he had secured a degree of purely nominal value. He had been an unheroic member of his House eleven; thereafter he had excoriated his person uncomplainingly and unsuccessfully upon a fixed seat for the space of three years, not because he expected to make bumps or obtain his Blue, but because his College second crew had need of him. Since then he had worked for five years in a parish in Bermondsey, at a stipend of one hundred pounds a-year; and only the doctor's ultimatum had prevailed on him to try country work for a change. His spelling was shaky, his theology would have made Pusey turn in his grave, and his sermons would have bored his own mother. But he was a man.

Cilly, whom we left bashfully contemplating her shoe-buckles under an oak-tree, was conscious of a new, sudden, and disturb-

ing thrill. Young girls are said seldom to reflect and never to reason. They have no need. They have methods of their own of arriving at the root of the matter. Cilly realised in a flash that if a proper man was the object of her proposed journey through the great and enticing world before her, she need never set out at all. Something answering to that description was sitting beside her, sighing like a furnace. Her face flamed.

"What did you say?" she inquired unsteadily.

"I said 'What price me?'" reiterated the curate mournfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean——" he spoke hesitatingly, like a man picking his words from an overwhelming crowd of applicants—"well, I mean this. You and I have seen a lot of each other since I came here. You have been awfully good to me, and I have got into the way of bringing you my little troubles, and turning to you generally if I felt dismal or humpy. (There *are* more joyful spots, you know, to spend one's leisure hours in than Mrs Tice's first-floor-front.) And now—now you are going away from me, to meet all sorts of attractive people and have the time of your life. You will have a fearful lot of attention paid to you. Nine out of ten men you meet will fall in love with you——"

"Oh! nonsense!" said Cilly feebly.

"But I *know* it," persisted Blunt. "I simply can't conceive any man being able to

do anything else. Do you know——” the words stuck in his throat for a moment and then came with a rush—“do you know that you are the most adorable girl on God’s earth? I love you! I love you! *There*—I’ve said it! I had meant to say a lot more first—work up to it by degrees, you know—but it has carried me away of its own accord. I love you—dear, *dear* Cilly!”

There was a long stillness. All nature seemed to be watching with bated breath for the next step. Only above their heads the branches of the oak-tree crackled gently. Cilly’s head swam. Something new and tremulous was stirring within her. She closed her eyes, lest the spell should be broken by the sight of some mundane external object. A purely hypothetical fairy prince, composed of equal parts of Peer of the Realm, Lifeguardsman, Mr Sandow, Lord Byron, and the Bishop of London, whom she had cherished in the inmost sanctuary of her heart ever since she had reached the age at which a girl begins to dream about young men, suddenly rocked upon his pedestal. Then she opened her eyes again, and contemplated the homely features of the Reverend Godfrey Blunt.

Not that they appeared homely any longer. Never had a man’s face undergone such a transformation in so short a time. To her shy eyes he had grown positively handsome. Cilly felt her whole being suddenly drawn towards this

goodly youth. The composite paragon enshrined in her heart gave a final lurch and then fell headlong, to lie dismembered and disregarded, Dagon-like, at the foot of his own pedestal.

. . . Slowly their hands met, and they gazed upon one another long and rapturously. How long, they did not know. There was no need to take count of time. They seemed to be sitting together all alone on the edge of the universe, with eternity before them. The next step was obvious enough; they both realised what it must be: but they did not hurry. They sat on, this happy pair, waiting for inspiration.

It came—straight from above their heads.

“Kiss her, you fool!” commanded a hoarse and frenzied voice far up the tree.

Crackle! Crash! *Bump!*

And Nicky, overestimating in her enthusiasm the supporting power of an outlying branch, tumbled, headlong but undamaged, a medley of arms and legs and blue pinafore, right at their very feet.

A few hours later Daphne, preceded by a rather incoherent telegram, drove up to the Rectory in the station fly.

She was met at the door by Cilly, and the two, as if by one impulse, fell into each other’s arms.

“Daphne, *dear* Daph,” murmured the impetuous Cilly, “I am the happiest girl in all the world.”

“And I,” said Daphne simply, “am the most miserable.”

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.—THE COUNTERSTROKE.

The scene is the Restaurant International, a palatial house of refreshment in Regent Street; the time half-past one. At a table in the corner of the Grand Salle à Manger, set in a position calculated to extract full value from the efforts of a powerful orchestra, a waiter of majestic mien, with a powdered head, and a gold tassel on his left shoulder, stands towering over two recently arrived patrons with the *menu*.

The patrons, incredible as it may appear, are Stephen Blasius Vereker and Veronica Elizabeth Vereker. Stiffy, in the gala dress of a schoolboy of eighteen, is perspiring freely under the gaze of the overpowering menial at his elbow; Nicky, in a new hat of colossal but correct dimensions (the gift of her eldest sister), with her hair gathered into the usual *ne plus ultra* of the "flapper,"—a warped and constricted pigtail tied with a large black bow of ribbon,—is entirely unruffled.

How they got there will appear presently.

"Will you lunch *à la carte* or *table d'hôte*, sir?" inquired the waiter, much as an executioner might say—"Will you be drawn or quartered?"

The flustered Stiffy gazed helplessly at his sister.

"He means, will you pay for what you eat or eat what you pay for, dear," explained that experienced and resourceful young person. "You must excuse

him," she added, turning her round and trustful orbs upon the waiter. "He is not accustomed to being given a choice of dishes."

The waiter, realising that here was a worthy opponent, maintained a countenance of wood and repeated the question.

"You had better give me the *menu*," said Miss Vereker. "How much is the *table d'hôte* lunch?"

"Four shillings, madam."

Madam mused.

"Let me see," she said thoughtfully. "Can we run to it, dear?"

"Of course!" said Stiffy in an undertone, reddening with shame. "You know Daphne gave me——"

Nicky smiled joyfully.

"So she did. I had forgotten. Two and nine, wasn't it?"

Stiffy, with a five-pound-note crackling in his pocket, merely gaped.

"Then," continued Nicky, calculating on her fingers, "there is the three and a penny which we got out of the missionary-box. That makes five and tenpence. And there is that shilling that slipped down into your boot, Stiffy. You can easily get under the table and take it off. Six and tenpence. I have elevenpence in stamps, and that, with the threepenny-bit we picked up off the floor of the bus, makes eight shillings. We can just do it.

"Thank you," she intimated to the waiter with a seraphic smile—"we will take *table d'hôte*. I suppose," she added wistfully, "there would be no reduction if I took my little boy on my knee?"

"None, madam."

And the waiter, still unshaken, departed to bring the *hors d'œuvres*.

"Nicky, don't play the goat!" urged the respectable Stephen in a low and agitated voice. "That blighter really believes we are going to pay him in stamps. We shall get flung out, for a cert!"

"It's all right," said Nicky. "I am only going to try and make him laugh."

"You'll fail," said her brother with conviction.

At this moment a mighty tray, covered with such inducements to appetite as anchovies, sliced tomatoes, sardines, radishes, chopped celery, Strasburg sausage, *et hoc genus omne*—all equally superfluous in the case of a school-boy up in town on an *excursion*—was laid before him with a stately flourish. Then the waiter came stiffly and grimly to attention, and stood obviously expectant. *Hors d'œuvres* are rather puzzling things. Here was a chance for the tyros before him to show their mettle.

They showed it.

"One gets tired of these everlasting things," mused Nicky wearily. "I'll just peck at one or two. You can fetch the soup, waiter: we shall be ready for it immediately."

"Thick or clear soup, madam?"

"We'll have thick to begin with, please: then clear," replied Nicky calmly. "Stiffy, I will take an anchovy."

The waiter was not more than two minutes absent, but ere he returned a lightning transformation scene had been enacted.

Certainly the Briton, with all his faults, surpasses the foreigner in the control of the emotions. What a Gaul or a Teuton would have done on witnessing the sight which met the eyes of the imperturbable Ganymede of the Restaurant International when he returned with the thick soup, it is difficult to say. The first would probably have wept, the second have sent for a policeman. For lo! the richly dight *hors d'œuvres* tray had become a solitude—the component parts thereof were duly discovered by the charwoman next morning amid the foliage of an adjacent palm—and the tail of the last radish was disappearing into Stiffy's mouth. Stiffy, once roused, made an excellent accomplice, though he had no initiative of his own.

The waiter's face twitched ever so slightly, and there was an undulating movement in the region of his scarlet waistcoat. But he recovered himself in time, and having served the thick soup, departed unbidden in search of the clear.

"Nicky," said Stiffy in a concerned voice, "are we really going to have everything on the *menu*?"

"You are, my son," replied Nicky. "I, being a lady, will make use of this palm-tub."

The waiter brought the clear soup, and asked for instruction with regard to the fish.

"What sort of fish have you?"

The man proffered the card.

"*Sole: Sauce Tartare.* That means sole with tartar sauce," Nicky translated glibly for the benefit of her untutored relative. "We had better not have that. Tartar sauce always makes him sick," she explained to the waiter, indicating the fermenting Stiffy. "What else is there? Let me see—ah! *Blanchailles!*—er—*Blanchailles!* A very delicate fish! Quite so. You may bring us"—her brain worked desperately behind a smiling face, but fruitlessly—"a *blanchaille*, waiter."

There was an ominous silence. Then the waiter asked, in a voice tinged with polite incredulity—

"A *whole* one each, madam?"

"Certainly," said madam in freezing tones.

The waiter bowed deferentially, and departed.

"Stiffy," inquired Nicky in agonised tones, "what is a *blanchaille*? Don't say it's a cod!"

Stiffy devoted three hours a-week to the study of Modern Languages, but so far no *blanchaille* has swum into his vocabulary.

"I've a notion," he said, after a prolonged mental effort, "that it is a sturgeon."

"How big is a sturgeon?"

"It's about the size of a shark, I think."

"Mercy! And we have ordered a whole one each!"

But their capacity was not to be taxed after all. The waiter returned, and with the nonchalant demeanour of a hardened clubman playing out an unexpected ace of trumps, laid down two plates. In the centre of each reposed a single forlorn diminutive whitebait.

But it was here that Veronica Elizabeth Vereker rose to her greatest heights. She inspected her own portion and then her brother's.

"Waiter," she said at last, "will you kindly take away this young gentleman's fish and ask the cook to give you a rather longer one? About three-quarters of an inch, I should say. The child"—indicating her hirsute and crimson senior—"gets very peevish and fretful if his portion is smaller than any one else's."

Without a word the waiter picked up Stiffy's plate and bore it away. His broad back had become slightly bowed, and his finely chiselled legs had a warped and bandy appearance. The strain was telling.

Stiffy gazed upon his sister in rapt admiration.

"Nicky, you *ripper!*" he said.

After this it was mere child's play to request a stout gentleman with a chain round his neck to submit the wine list—an imposing volume of many pages—and after a heated and highly technical discussion on the respective merits of Pom-

mery and Cliquot, to order one stone-ginger and two glasses.

Nicky next instructed the waiter to present her compliments to the leader of the band, and to ask as a special favour that he and his colleagues would oblige with a rendering of *Shall we Gather at the River?* The waiter returned with a reply to the effect that the *chef d'orchestre* would be delighted. Unfortunately he had not the full score by him at the moment, but had sent along to the Café Royal to borrow a copy. Everything would be in readiness about tea-time. It was then a little after two, and it was admitted by both Nicky and Stiffy that honours on this occasion were divided.

So far both sides, as the umpires say on Territorial field-days, had acquitted themselves in a manner deserving great credit; but the waiter scored the odd and winning trick a little later, in a particularly subtle manner. Age and experience always tell. Nicky, unduly inflated by early success, insisted upon Stiffy ordering a liqueur with his

coffee. Green Chartreuse was finally selected and brought.

"Shall I pour it into your coffee, sir?" asked the waiter respectfully.

"Please," said the unsuspecting Stiffy.

The man obeyed, and directly afterwards emitted a sound which caused both children to glance up suddenly. They glared suspiciously, first at one another, then at the back of the retreating foe.

"Do people drink Green Chartreuse in their coffee?" asked Nicky apprehensively.

"I don't know," said Stiffy. He tasted the compound. "No, I'm *blowed* if they do! Nicky, we've been had. He's one up!"

"It would score him off," replied the undefeated Nicky, "if you could manage to be sick."

But Stiffy held out no hope of this happy retaliation; and they ultimately produced the five-pound note and paid the score with somewhat chastened mien, adding a *douceur* which was as excessive as it was unnecessary. Waiters do not get much entertainment out of serving meals as a rule.

II.

"Now we must meet Daphne," said Stiffy, as they left the restaurant and hailed a cab.

They were in town for an all-too-brief sojourn of twenty-four hours, to assist at the inspection of Daphne's new house. It was now February, and Lady Carr had not seen

her husband since the eruption at Belton last summer. Juggernaut had made no attempt to prevent her going home, and when she wrote later, requesting that Master Brian Vereker Carr might be sent to her, had despatched him without remonstrance. No one save Cilly and her beloved Godfrey—least

of all the Rector—knew of the true state of affairs; and all during that autumn and winter Daphne was happier in a fashion than she had ever been. To a large extent she resumed command of the household, setting Cilly free for other very right and natural diversions; and a sort of *édition de luxe* of the old days came into being, with first-hand food at every meal and a boy to clean the boots and drive the pony.

Daphne was entirely impervious to the gravity of the situation. There are certain women who are curiously wanting in all sense of responsibility. They preserve the child's lack of perspective and proportion even after they grow up, and the consequences are sometimes disastrous. If love arrives upon the scene no further harm ensues, for the missing qualities spring up, with that Jonah's-gourd-like suddenness which characterises so many feminine developments, at the first touch of the great magician's wand. The retarded faculties achieve maturity in a flash, and their owner becomes maternal, solicitous, Martha-like; and all is well.

Daphne was one of these women; but so far, unfortunately, she had failed to fall in love. Her marriage had never really touched her. Her husband had vibrated many strings in her responsive impulsive young heart—gratitude, affection, admiration,—but the great harmonious combination, the master-chord, had yet to be struck. Consequently she saw nothing unusual in living apart

from her husband, financing her family with his money, and enjoying herself with friends whom he did not know.

Early in the year, however, it occurred to her that it would be pleasant to go home again for a time. Her elastic nature had entirely recovered from the stress of last summer's crisis, and she was frankly consumed with curiosity on the subject of the new house in Berkeley Square—and said so. It was perhaps an unfortunate reason for a wife to give for wishing to return to her husband, but this did not occur to her at the time. She received a brief note in reply, saying that the furnishing and decorating were now practically completed, and the house was ready for her inspection any time she cared to come up to town. Hence this joyous expedition.

Daphne had half expected to find her husband waiting for her at the house, for the Parliamentary recess was over and she knew he was almost certain to be in town. Instead, she was received by an overwhelmingly polite individual named Hibbins, from the house-furnishers. Mr Hibbins' appearance and deportment proved a sore trial to the composure of Nicky, who exploded at frequent and unexpected intervals throughout the afternoon, lamely alleging the fantastic design of some very ordinary wallpaper or the shortness of Stiffy's Sunday trousers in excuse.

It was essentially a masculine house, furnished in accordance with the man's ideas of solidity and comfort. The high oak

panelling and dark-green frieze in the dining-room pleased Daphne, who recognised that glass and silver, well-illuminated, would show up bravely in such a setting. The drawing-room was perhaps a little too severe in its scheme of decoration: Daphne would have preferred something more feminine. "But that comes," she reflected characteristically, "of leaving the declaration to your partner!" There was a billiard-room in which Nicky declared it would be a sin to place a billiard-table, so perfectly was it adapted for waltzing after dinner.

Opening out of the billiard-room was a plainly furnished but attractive little set of apartments — "the bachelor suite" Mr Hibbins designated it—consisting of a snug study with an apartment adjoining, containing a small camp-bed and a large bath. Daphne's own rooms consisted of a bedroom and boudoir on the first floor, with wide bow-windows.

The nursery came last. It was a large irregular-shaped room at the top of the house, full of unexpected corners and curious alcoves such as children love, affording convenient caves for robbers and eligible lairs for wild beasts, fabulous or authentic. Besides the regulation nursery furniture there was a miniature set, in green-stained wood—a table barely eighteen inches high, a tiny armchair, and a miniature sofa upon which Master Brian's friends might recline when they came to drink tea, or its equivalent. Round the whole room

ran a brightly coloured dado covered with life-size figures of all the people we love when we are young—Jack the Giant-Killer, Old King Cole, Cinderella, and the Three Bears. Even Peter Pan, with residence and following, was there. The spectacle of Doctor Johnson taking a walk down Fleet Street would pale to insignificance compared with that of Master Brian Vereker Carr enjoying a constitutional along his own dado, encountering a new friend round every corner.

Daphne suddenly realised that here was yet another aspect of this strange, impenetrable husband of hers. The room in its way was a work of genius—the genius that understands children.

As they departed to catch the afternoon train to Snayling the obsequious Mr Hibbins produced a letter.

Sir John Carr, he explained, had called at the head office of their firm that morning—in *person*, Mr Hibbins added with a gratified smile—and requested that this letter should be handed to her ladyship in the afternoon. Sir John had also instructed Mr Hibbins to inform her ladyship that any improvements or alterations which she desired had only to be mentioned to be carried out.

Mr Hibbins having handed them into a cab and bidden them an unctuous farewell, they drove away to the station, Nicky atoning for previous aloofness by hanging out of the window and waving her handkerchief until they turned the corner.

III.

The journey from London to Snayling, involving as it does a run of forty miles by main line, a wait of indefinite duration at a junction furnished with no other facilities for recreation than a weighing-machine and a printed and detailed record of the awful fate which awaits persons who compass the awe-inspiring but cumbrous crime of travelling-by-a-class-superior-to-that-to-which-the-ticket-in-their-possession-entitles-them, and concluding with an interminable crawl along a branch line, is not at first sight an enterprise that promises much joyous adventure; but Nicky and Stiffy, who usually contrived to keep *ennui* at arm's-length, had a very tolerable time of it.

Their efforts at first were directed to securing an apartment to themselves—an achievement which, when you come to think of it, fairly epitomises the Englishman's outlook on life in general.

"Hang your face out of the window, Stiffy, my lad," commanded Nicky, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to wheedle the guard into labelling their carriage "engaged," "and play at Horatius Cooles till the train starts. That ought to do the trick."

But no. At the last moment a crusty-looking old gentleman wrenched the door open, nearly precipitating Horatius Cooles (and face) on to the platform, and sat down with great determination in the corner seat.

He glared ferociously at the demure-looking pair before him, in a manner which intimidated plainly that he was too old a customer to be kept out of his usual compartment by tricks of *that* kind. After this he produced *The Westminster Gazette* from a handbag and began to read it.

Nicky gave him five minutes. Then, turning to her brother and scrutinising his freckled countenance, she observed in clear and measured tones—

"I think they have let you out rather *soon*, John."

Stiffy, realising that he was the person addressed and that some fresh game was afoot, looked as intelligent as possible, and waited. Daphne, in the far corner of the carriage, hurriedly opened her husband's letter and began to read it.

"The marks aren't all gone yet," continued Nicky, inspecting her brother anxiously. "Are you still peeling?"

"Yes—I think so," said Stiffy, groping for his cue.

"Ah!" Nicky nodded her head judicially. "We must give you a carbolic bath when we get you home."

The Westminster Gazette emitted a perceptible crackle.

"It will never do," pursued Nicky, getting into her stride, "to have you disfigured for life."

Stiffy, who was impervious to all reflections upon his personal appearance, grinned faintly. Opposite, a scared and bulging eye slid cautiously

round the edge of *The Westminster Gazette*, and embarked upon a minute and apprehensive inspection of the plague-stricken youth. Nicky saw, and thrilled with gratification. She was on the point of continuing when the train dived into a tunnel. Having no desire that her schemes should go awry in the din, she waited.

The train came to a sudden and unexplained stop. Death-like silence reigned, broken only by murmurs of conversation from next door. Presently in the gross darkness Nicky's voice was once more uplifted.

"By the way, is it infectious, or merely *contagious*? I meant to ask when I called for you at the Institute"—she was rather proud of that inspiration: an Institute sounded more terrifying and mysterious than a Hospital—"but in the excitement of that last fainting-fit of yours I forgot. Which is it?"

"Both, I think," said Stiffy, anxious to help.

"Ah! I feared as much. Still, things might be worse," commented Nicky philosophically. "So many of these complaints are infectious in the early stages, when no one suspects any danger. Mumps, for instance, or scarlet fever. But others, like yours, are only infectious in the convalescent stage, and then of course one knows exactly where one is."

There was a crumpling of paper in the darkness, accompanied by a shuffling of feet and a vibratory motion of the seat-cushions—all indicative of

the presence of one who knows exactly where *he* is, and regrets the fact exceedingly.

"The air is very close in here," resumed Nicky's voice. "I wonder——" she whispered a sentence into Stiffy's ear, the only distinguishable word in which was "germs." "Of course, I have *had* it—slightly," she added in a relieved tone.

Something moved again in the darkness opposite to them, and then came a sound as of a window being cautiously slid open.

"Still, I *think*," replied Stiffy solicitously—as usual he was warming up to the game slowly but surely—"that it would be wiser for you to keep your mouth closed and breathe through your nose. One cannot be too careful."

"All right," said Nicky.

Once again silence reigned. But presently there fell upon the ears of the conspirators, rendered almost incredulous by joy, an unmistakable and stertorous sound, as of some heavy and asthmatic body taking in air through unaccustomed channels.

Five minutes later the train, groaning arthritically, resumed its way and crawled out of the tunnel into a station. Nicky and Stiffy, blinking in the sudden daylight, beheld the reward of their labours. A corpulent and rapidly ageing citizen, shrinking apprehensively into a corner of the compartment and holding a small handbag upon his knees as if with a view to instant departure, sat glaring malignantly upon them. His face was

mottled, his mouth was firmly closed, and he breathed perseveringly through his nostrils.

Next moment he had flung open the door and was out upon the platform, inhaling great gulps of vernal air and looking for the station-master.

"Stiffy, you darling! I'll never call you a fathead again!" declared Nicky, enthusiastically embracing her complacent accomplice. "That notion of yours was simply *It!* Daph, wasn't it splen— Hallo! Bless me, Stiffy, if Daph isn't breathing through her nose too! Look!"

Certainly Daphne's lips were tightly compressed, but she turned to her companions and smiled faintly.

"It's all right, kids," she said; "I think this carriage is overheated or something. I shall be all right in a minute. Keep that window open, Stiffy dear."

She was very white, but on emphatically declining Nicky's offer of first aid she was left to herself, while her brother and sister discussed the course to be followed in the event of another invasion of the carriage. Like true artists, they scorned to achieve the same effect by the same means twice running.

Meanwhile Daphne re-read her husband's letter.

"... I have waited six months, and as you display no inclination to look facts in the face, I am compelled to take the initiative myself. As far as I can gather from your attitude, you seem to consider

that things are very well as they are. On this point I beg to differ from you. The present situation must *end*. We must either come together again or part for good on some definitely arranged terms.

"... As you have exhibited no desire to reconcile yourself to me—your letter indicates that your sole object in returning home is to play with your latest toy, the new house—I conclude that you wish to remain your own mistress, I therefore place the new house entirely at your disposal. You can draw money as you require it from Coutts', and I will see to it that there is always an adequate balance. I think, if you have no objection, that it would be as well if I occasionally came to the house, and occupied the bachelor suite off the billiard-room; but I shall come and go without troubling you. I think we ought to make this concession to appearances. I should not like your father, for instance, to be made unhappy by the knowledge that his daughter and her husband found it better to go their several ways.

"... As for the custody of the boy—"

A long, slow shudder rippled down Daphne's spine. Custody! There was a horribly legal, end-of-all-things, divorce-court flavour about the word.

"I think it would be a good scheme, Stiffy dear," broke in Nicky's cheerful voice, "for you to pretend this time that you have just been discharged from an asylum. I will be

taking you home, and . . .”
Her voice faded.

“ . . . You will naturally like to have him with you while he is a mere child. I will therefore leave him in your hands for the present. Later, when he goes to a public school and University, I think I should like him to be with me during his holidays. When he grows up altogether, he must please himself about——.”

Public School! University! Daphne turned sick and faint. Were the provisions of this merciless letter to cover all eternity? What had she done to deserve this?

“It would be a bright thought,” continued Nicky’s voice, returning from a great distance, “to roll up your handkerchief into a ball and put it right into your mouth. Then do something to attract their attention, and when they are all looking, pull it right out with a jerk, and mop and mow. *Can* you mop and mow, Stiffy? Mop, anyhow! Just before a station, you know, so that they can get out. If that doesn’t work, roll about on the cushions, and——.”

Daphne detached her gaze from the flying landscape, and finished the letter.

“Forgive me if I appear to have resorted to extreme or harsh measures. I suppose I am a hard man: at any rate, I am not pliable. I dare say if I had been differently built I might have played the part of the modern husband with

fair success, and you could have picked your companions at will. Unfortunately, I would rather die than permit you to impose such a *régime* upon me, as you seem prepared to do. The thing is degrading. To my mind there can be no compromise, no half-measures, between man and wife. It must be all in all, or not at all. . . .

“Lastly, Daphne, let me say how sorry I am that things have come to this pass. I realise that it is my fault. I should not have asked a young and inexperienced girl to marry me. You could not be expected to know better: I might and should. And it is because I realise and admit that the fault is mine, that I refrain from attaching any blame to you or uttering any reproaches. All I can do is to say that I am sorry, and make it possible for you to go your way, unhampered as far as may be by the ties of a marriage which should never have taken place.

“If I can at any time be of service to you, command me. I can never forget that we have had our happy hours together.”

Daphne folded up the letter with mechanical deliberation. The first numbness was over. Her brain was clear again, and thoughts were crowding in upon her. But two things overtopped all the others for the moment.

The first was the realisation of the truth of her husband’s words. The old situation *had* been impossible—as impossible as the new one was inevitable.

She saw that—at last. “All in all, or not at all,” he had said, and he was right.

The second was a sudden

awakening to the knowledge that we never begin really to want a thing in this world until we find we cannot have it.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.—INTERVENTION.

“Madame,” announced the major-domo of the Hôtel Magnifique with a superb gesture, “the post from England!”

“Thank you, Thémistocle,” said Mrs Carfrae. “But you are over-generous: one of these letters is not for me.”

She handed back an envelope.

Thémistocle, needless to remark, was desolated at his own carelessness, and said so. But the old lady cut him short.

“Don’t distress yourself unduly, Thémistocle. It is a mistake even an English body might have made. There is not much difference between Carfrae and Carthew.”

The punctilious Thémistocle refused to be comforted.

“But no, madame,” he persisted; “I should have observed that the letter addressed itself to a monsieur, and not a madame. Doubtless it is intended for one of the English party who arrive this afternoon.”

“An English party? Is my seclusion to be disturbed by the disciples of the good Monsieur Cook?”

“Assuredly no, madame. These are English milords from Marseilles. The Riviera season has been a failure: the mistral blows eternally. Therefore the party abandons Cannes and telegraphs for apartments at the Hôtel Magnifique.”

“Are they from London? Possibly I may be acquainted with some of them. What are their names?”

Thémistocle would inquire. He departed amid a whirlwind of bows, leaving Mrs Carfrae to continue her *déjeuner* in the sunny verandah of her sitting-room. She came to Algiers every spring, and she came unattended save for a grim-faced Scottish maid of her own age. It was Mrs Carfrae’s habit to assume that she and her wheeled chair were a drag upon the world; and she systematically declined invitations to join friends upon the Riviera. People, she explained, who would otherwise have been playing tennis at the Beau Site or roulette at the Casino would feel bound to relinquish these pursuits and entertain her. So she came to Algiers by herself, this proud, lonely old lady.

“Carthew?” she mused. “That is the name of Johnny Carr’s familiar spirit. And that letter was in Johnny’s handwriting. Well, Thémistocle, who are—stand still, man!”

Thémistocle reluctantly curtailed an elaborate obeisance, and came to attention. The leader of the expedition, he announced, was Milord the Right Hon. Sir Hilton Bart.,

with Milady Hilton Bart. The names of the other guests were not known, but there were eleven of them.

They arrived on the steamer that afternoon, and drove in an imposing procession up the long and dusty hill that leads to Mustapha Supérieur, leaving Algiers—that curious combination of Mauretanian antiquity and second-rate French provincialism—baking peacefully in the hot sunshine below. As Thémistocle had predicted, they came unshepherded by the good Mr Cook. They were of the breed and caste that has always found its own way about the world.

There was Sir Arthur Hilton, a slow-moving Briton of few words, with a pretty wife of complementary volubility. There were one or two soldiers on leave; there was a Cambridge don; there were three grass widows. There were two newly emancipated school-girls, gobbling life in indigestible but heavenly lumps. There was a tall and beautiful damosel, with a demeanour which her admirers—and they were many—described as regal, and which her detractors—and their name was legion—described as affected; and whom her chaperon, Lady Hilton, addressed as “Nina, dearest.” And there was a squarely built, freckle-faced young man with whom we are already acquainted. His name was Jim Carthew.

Altogether they were a clean-bred, self-contained, easy-going band, unostentatious but quietly exclusive—thoroughly

representative of the sanest and most reputable section of that variegated cosmos which represents what Gallic students of British sociology term “Le Higlif.” Very few of them possessed much money: theirs was a stratum of society to which money was no passport. You could have money if you liked, they conceded, but you must have a good many other things first. Hence the absence from their midst of Hoggenheimer and Aspasia.

Jim Carthew had not meant to come. Juggernaut had given him six weeks’ leave, for there had been an Autumn Session in town and an industrial upheaval in the country, and the squire had worked early and late by his knight’s side. Consequently when the spring came Carthew was summarily bidden to go to Scotland and fish. Without quite knowing why, he went to Cannes instead, where Nina Tallentyre, attended by a zealous but mutually-distrustful guard-of-honour, was enjoying herself after her fashion under the inadequate wing of Lady Hilton. When the exodus to Algiers was mooted, Carthew labelled his portmanteau London. But he ultimately crossed the Mediterranean with the rest. He had never seen Africa, he explained to himself.

Daphne was of the party too. (Possibly the reader has already identified her as one of the three grass widows.) She had despatched Master Brian Vereker Carr to Belton for a

season, and joined the Hiltons' party four weeks ago. The great new house in town stood empty. After her husband's bombshell in March, she had felt bound to do something to show her spirit. Another strike was brewing in the north, so doubtless her lord and master would soon be congenially occupied in starving his dependents into submission. Meanwhile her duty was to herself. Domestic ties were at an end. She would enjoy life.

She experienced no difficulty in the execution of this project. Every one seemed anxious to assist her. Despite precautions, the fact that all was not well in the house of Juggernaut was public property; and the usual distorted rumours on the subject had set out upon their rounds, going from strength to strength in the process. Daphne was soon made conscious that people were sorry for her. Frivolous but warm-hearted women were openly sympathetic. Large, clumsy men indicated by various awkward and furtive acts of kindness that they too understood the situation, but were too tactful to betray the fact. Altogether Daphne was in a fair way to becoming spoiled. With all her faults no one had ever yet been able or inclined to call her anything but unaffected and natural; but about this time she began to assume the virtuous and long-suffering demeanour of a *femme incomprise*. She was only twenty-four, and few of us are able to refuse a martyr's crown when it is pressed upon us.

Only her monosyllabic host

—"The Silent Knight," his friends called him, denying him his baronetcy in their zest for the nickname—was unable to appreciate the extreme delicacy of the situation. He was a plain man, Arthur Hilton, and hated mysteries.

"Why isn't that girl at home, lookin' after her husband, Ethel?" he inquired of his wife one morning.

"I think she is happier with us, dear," replied Lady Hilton with immense solemnity.

The Silent Knight emitted a subdued rumble, indicative of a desire to argue the point, and continued—

"Happier—eh? Hasn't she got a baby, or somethin', somewhere? What the dev——"

"Yes, dear, she *has* a baby," replied his wife, rolling up her fine eyes to the ceiling; "but I fear she has not been very fortunate in her marriage. She was the daughter of a country clergyman—*dreadfully* poor, I understand—and wanted to improve the family fortunes. There were eight or nine of them, so she took this old man."

The Silent Knight's engine fairly raced.

"Old man be damned!" he observed with sudden heat. "Sorry, my dear! But Jack Carr can't be more than forty-six. I'm forty-eight. I'm an old man, too, I suppose, being"—a pause for calculation—"two years older. Back number—eh? One foot in the grave, I suppose! You lookin' about for my successor, Ethel—what?"

It was useless to explain to this obtuse and uxorious critic

that a young and sensitive girl cannot be expected to dwell continuously beneath the roof of a husband whose tastes are not her tastes, who has merely married her to keep house for him, and who neglects her into the bargain. Not that this prevented Lady Hilton from endeavouring to do so. When she had finished, her husband knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and remarked—

“Can’t make you women out. Here’s old Juggernaut—best man *I* ever came across, and as kind as they make ’em—marries this little fool of a girl and gives her everything she wants; and she goes off and leaves him slavin’ at his work, while she comes trapesin’ about here with a collection of middle-aged baby-snatchers and knock-

kneed loafers. Next thing, she’ll start flirting; then she’ll fall in love with some bounder, and then there’ll be the devil of a mess. Rotten, I call it! Don’t know what wives are comin’ to nowadays. Have *you* goin’ off next, Ethel—leavin’ me and the kids, and becomin’ a Suffragette—what?”

After this unusual outburst the Silent Knight throttled himself down and said no more, all efforts on his wife’s part to lure him into ground less favourable to his point of view proving fruitless. He merely smoked his pipe and emitted an obstinate purr.

“But what else can one expect, dearest,” Ethel Hilton confided to a friend afterwards, “if one marries an internal combustion engine?”

II.

Neither was Mrs Carfrae satisfied to find her beloved Johnny Carr’s lawful wife disporting herself in her present company. One afternoon she heckled Jim Carthew upon the subject, to the extreme embarrassment of that loyal youth. The rest of the party had gone off to explore Algiers, and were safely occupied for the present with the contemplation of the passing show—ghostlike Moors in snowy burnouses, baggy-trouserred members of that last resort of broken men, *La Légion Étrangère*, and spectacled French officials playing at colonies.

Mrs Carfrae’s chair had been wheeled into a corner of the open courtyard which occupied

the middle of the Hôtel Magnifique, as far as possible from the base of operations of a pseudo-Tzigane orchestra which discoursed languorous melody twice daily; and its occupant was dispensing to Carthew what Thémistocle was accustomed to describe as “some five o’clock.”

“So you are leaving us, Mr Carthew,” observed the hostess.

“Yes, the day after tomorrow. There is a boat then. I must go. There is trouble brewing in the colliery districts again, and Sir John wants me.”

“And you will take Lady Carr with you?”

“Oh, no,” said Carthew, flushing. “We are not to-

gether. I mean, it is not on her account that I am here."

"So I have noticed," said Mrs Carfrae dryly.

"I was invited here by the Hiltons," explained Carthew, and plunged into a sea of unnecessary corroborative details. "I was quite surprised to find Lady Carr here," he concluded. "I thought she was in London."

"And why," inquired the old lady with sudden ferocity, "is she not at Belton, with her man?"

The faithful Carthew stiffened at once.

"I expect Sir John sent her out here to have a good time," he said. "He could not get away himself, so——"

Mrs Carfrae surveyed him for a moment over her glasses.

"You are a decent lad," she observed rather unexpectedly.

This testimonial had its desired effect of reducing Carthew to silence, and Mrs Carfrae continued—

"You have been with John Carr for some time now, have you not?"

"Yes; ever since I came down from Cambridge."

"How did you meet him? He does not take to young men readily as a rule, so I have heard."

"I had the luck," said Carthew, his eye kindling with historic reminiscence, "to meet him at dinner one night at the end of my third year at my tutor's. Sir John was an old member of the College, staying there for the week-end. He told us at dinner that he had come up to find a good ignorant unlicked cub to help him with his work, who could be trusted

to obey an order when he received one and act for himself when he did not. Those were his exact words, I remember."

"Ay, they would be. Go on."

"This unlicked cub was to come and be a sort of general factotum to him, and do his best to help him with his work, and so on. Marvyn (the tutor) and I sat trying to think of likely men, and finally we made a list of about six, whom Sir John said he would run his eye over next day. After that I went off to bed. I remember wishing to myself that I had taken a better degree and been a more prominent member of the College: then I might have had a shot for this berth, instead of going into a solicitor's office. But as things were, I hadn't the cheek. Well, do you know, Jug—Sir John came round to me next morning——"

"Before breakfast, I doubt."

"Yes, as a matter of fact I had just come in from a run and was sitting down to it. He asked if he might have some: and after that he offered me—*ME!*—this grand billet. Of course I jumped at it—who wouldn't, to be with a man like that?—and I have been with him ever since."

"Well," said Mrs Carfrae, "you should know more of the creature than most folk. What is your unbiassed opinion of him?"

"I think he is the greatest man that ever lived," said the boy simply.

"Hmph! As a matter of fact, he has less sense than anybody I ever knew," replied the old lady calmly. "Still,

you are entitled to your opinion. I need not trouble you with an account of *my* first meeting with him: it occurred a long time ago. But—wheel me a little nearer the sun, laddie: this corner is a thing too shady—it may interest you to know that he would have been my son-in-law to-day, had it not been—” she paused for a moment, very slightly—“for the uncertainty of human life. And that is why I take something more than a passing interest in the doings of that slim-bodied, brown-eyed, tow-headed hempie that he married on. And that brings me to the point. Laddie, those two are getting over-far apart, and it must be *stopped*!”

“Yes, but how?” inquired Carthew dismally. “I understand that entering a lions’ den just before dinner-time is wisdom itself compared with interfering between husband and wife.”

A quiver passed through Elspeth Carfrae’s frail body, and she straightened herself in her chair.

“I am a havering and doited old woman,” she announced with great decision, “and no one takes any notice of what I say or do—but I tell you this. So long as my old heart beats and my old blood runs, I shall be perfectly willing to face every single lion in the Zoo,

gin it will bring a moment’s happiness to Johnny Carr. The lad deserves a good wife. Once he nearly got one—the best and fairest in all the world—but God decided otherwise. Now he has got another: I know her: she has the right stuff in her. And when I leave this hotel next week I am going to take her with me, in her right mind, and deliver her to her man!”

The old lady concluded her intimation with tremendous vigour. Carthew sat regarding her with a mixture of reverence and apprehension.

“In her right mind? Then you are going to—to speak to her about it?” he asked.

“I am,” replied Mrs Carfrae, with vigour.

“I would do anything,” said Carthew awkwardly, “to put things right between those two. But supposing you make your attempt, Mrs Carfrae, and—and fail, won’t it make matters worse?”

“Much,” said Mrs Carfrae calmly. “If I interfere, unsuccessfully, I doubt if either of them will ever speak to me again. That is the usual and proper fate of busybodies. But—I am going to risk it! . . . Run me back to my sitting-room now, and call Janet. I hear your friends yattering out there in the verandah. They will be through with Algiers.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.—JIM CARTHEW.

But our two conspirators were fated, for all practical purposes, to exchange rôles.

The following evening Daphne and Carthew found themselves sitting together in

the hotel garden after dinner. A great moon shone from a velvety African sky; the scented breeze rustled in the palms; and the music of the band drifted to their ears in intermittent waves.

It was one of those nights which touch the imagination and stir the emotions—a night upon which human nature expands to its utmost limits. A night upon which passion awakes, and long-cherished secrets are whispered into suddenly receptive ears. Also a night upon which the devil stalks abroad. Dido resided a few miles from this spot. It was probably a night like this that made the Fourth Book of the *Æneid* worth writing.

If Dido failed to resist such environment, what of Daphne? She was young; she was intensely susceptible to such things as moonshine and soft music; and, disguise the fact from herself as she might, she was lonely. It is not altogether surprising that, as she surveyed this silent comely youth who lolled beside her eyeing the glittering Mediterranean in stolid abstraction, she should unconsciously have acquiesced in the first of the dismal prognostications of that splenetic but clear-sighted baronet, Sir Arthur Hilton. Jim Carthew had occupied Daphne's thoughts a good deal of late, and to-night she felt suddenly conscious of a desire to flirt with him.

"Cigarette, please!" she commanded.

Carthew silently handed her his case, and allowed her to select and light her own cigar-

ette—a prodigal waste of opportunity, as any professional philanderer could have told her.

"A penny for your thoughts!" continued Daphne pertly.

Carthew, struck by a peculiar note in her voice, turned and looked at her. He was met by a provocative glance. There was a brief silence. Then he said gravely—

"I don't think you are quite cut out for that sort of thing, Lady Carr."

Daphne, feeling as if she had received a whip-lash in the face, stared at him, white with anger. Then she rose stiffly from her seat and moved towards the hotel. Carthew did not stir.

"Don't go," he said. "We may as well have this out."

Daphne stood irresolute. Then curiosity got the better of virtuous indignation, and she sat down again.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "what you mean by talking in that way?"

Carthew's honest eyes lingered on her face in a manner which she could not fathom. Did the man love her, or was he pitying her, or was he merely indulging in sarcastic reflections at her expense? Whatever his motives, he had a knack of compelling attention.

Presently he began to speak.

"I wonder," he said, as if talking to himself, "why men and women are made as they are? Why does A love B, while B worships C, who cares for no one in the world but himself? And why does D

insist on confusing things still further by not quite knowing *what* he—she wants? I *wonder*. They say there is enough money spent in charity every year to supply the needs of every poor person living, but so much is misapplied that many have to go without. I think it is the same with human affection. There is so much true love going about in this world—enough to keep all of us well-nourished and contented. But what a lot of it goes to waste! There is so much overlapping! *Why*, I wonder? It is a difficult business, Life, Daphne."

He had never called her Daphne before, but neither of them seemed to notice the familiarity.

"We're a contrary crew, we mortals," he continued presently. "Here we are, you and I, sitting in the moonshine inaugurating a flirtation, though neither of us cares a snap for the other—in that way. *Why*, I wonder? I think it is partly due to pride—wounded pride. You are angry with your husband—"

Daphne, who was methodically picking her cigarette to pieces, looked up indignantly.

"I'm *not*!" she said hotly.

"Oh yes, you are," replied Carthew. "You think you are not, but you are. You try to believe that you are merely indifferent to him, but you are not. As for me, I am angry too—piqued—furious—jealous—raging—I admit it—with a girl whom I dislike intensely. The more I see of her the

more selfish, affected, shallow, unwomanly I see her to be. And yet—I *love* her! *Why*? *Why*? *Why*? People tell me she is heartless, soulless, sordid, greedy, vulgar—everything, in fact. Sometimes I feel they are right. Still—" he dropped his head into his hands and continued doggedly—"what difference does that make to *me*? I love her! . . . She cared for me once, too. She told me so—and she meant it! Perhaps if I had been a little more patient with her I might have kept her, and — and helped her a bit. Perhaps that was what I was sent into the world for—to make things easier for Nina. I could have done so much for her, too. I could have made a woman of her. She has her soft side: I know: I have seen it. No other man can say that. Meanwhile," he continued with a whimsical smile, "I am trying to solace myself by allowing you to flirt with me—"

Daphne drew her breath sharply.

"And you are not very good at it," concluded Carthew unexpectedly.

"You are very candid," said Daphne frigidly.

"Yes, but I speak truth. You are *not* good at it. Flirtation is a crooked business, and you are straight, *mon amie*. But wounded pride is not the only thing that has drawn us here together. Something else is responsible. We are both craving for sympathy. 'A fellow-feeling,' you know! I know all about

you," he continued quickly, as Daphne's lips parted. "You are by way of being a neglected wife; and since Nina has informed me that she has told you all about me, I suppose you regard me as a bit of a derelict too. Well, we have foregathered. What is going to happen next?"

Daphne was silent. She certainly did not know what was going to happen next. Her ideas on all subjects were a little jumbled at this moment. Presently Carthew continued—

"We came together," he said gently, "just when each of us required a little companionship and sympathy; and we got it. I think our chance encounter on the highway of life has been a very profitable one. But it has served its turn. Our roads diverge again. We must part company, little comrade."

"Why?"

Daphne spoke this time in a tremulous whisper. A great wave of loneliness was surging up towards her.

"Because," said Carthew's deep voice, "it is the only thing to do. Think what may happen if we travel on together too far. At present we are safe. I love some one else, and so do—and you are angry with some one else, let us say. Supposing, since the girl I love does not love me any more—supposing I ceased to love her? It seems hopeless, incredible, I admit; but it might conceivably happen. And supposing you gave up being angry with—some one else, and became indifferent to him, where might

we not find ourselves? Our sheet-anchor—our platonic sheet-anchor—would be gone. And sooner than send you adrift among cross-currents, little Daphne, I prefer to forego the only friendship in this world that I really value. You are too delicate and too fragrant to be tarnished by common gossip, so I am going away to-morrow. Let us say good-bye now—you beautiful thing!"

Daphne looked up at him in amazement. But there was no passion in his face—only an infinite tenderness. To him she was simply a woman—one of the rarest and fairest of her sex, perhaps, but still simply a woman—whom to succour, without expectation or desire of reward, was the merest courtesy on the part of any knight worthy of the name. This was a man! Daphne bowed her head, wondering dimly and scornfully at the insensate folly of Nina Tallentyre.

"Shall we go back to the hotel?" asked Carthew at length.

There was no reply. Turning to note the cause, he saw something bright and glistening fall upon his companion's hand—then another. With innate loyalty and delicacy he averted his gaze, and surveyed the distant seascape with laborious intentness.

Meanwhile Daphne sat on, her head still bowed. Through the night air, from the hotel verandah, there came the refrain of a waltz. It was called *Caressante*, she thought. Carthew knew it too, and dug his teeth into his lower lip.

Waltzes have an unfortunate habit of reviving the memories of yester year.

"Don't go in," said Daphne at length. "Don't leave me—I can't bear it!" Her voice broke.

Suddenly Carthew turned to her.

"Daphne"—his voice was low, but he spoke with intense earnestness—"you are lonely, I know, and sad; and you are too proud to own it. Shall I tell you who is more lonely and more sad, and too proud to own it too?"

"Do you mean—" were Jim Carthew's good resolutions crumbling?—"yourself?"

"No, no,—nothing of the kind. I mean—your husband!" Then he continued hurriedly—

"Daphne, if I thought I was leaving you to real loneliness and inevitable wretchedness, I—well, perhaps I shouldn't go away at all. But I—I am not needed. Little friend, you have the finest husband in all the world, waiting for you. For all his domineering ways, he is shy, and wants knowing. You have never discovered that. I don't believe you know him a bit. It all comes of having begun wrong. Go back and

study him. Give him a fair chance! Give yourself a fair chance! You and I have always been friends: will you promise me this? Go back, and give yourself and Jack Carr another chance."

Half an hour ago Daphne would have smiled sceptically and indulgently upon such a suggestion. But this lonely, loyal spirit had touched her. She felt she would like to please him.

"Very well," she said. "I promise—no, *I can't!*" The memory of some ancient wrong suddenly surged up in her, swamping the generous impulse—"I can't!"

"Why?"

"Jack is so *hard*," she said. "Look at the way he treats those in his power. His work-people, his——"

Carthew laughed, positively boisterously.

"Hard? Jack Carr hard? Listen," he said, "and I will tell you a secret."

When he had finished Daphne stood up, white and gleaming in the moonlight, and gave him her hand.

"All right," she said softly—"it's a bargain. I go home to-morrow."

BOOK THREE.—THE LIGHTING OF THE CANDLE.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.—SOME ONE TO CONFIDE IN.

CERTAINLY matters were in a serious state in the Mirkley Colliery district. The whole industrial world was unsettled at the time. There had been trouble on the railways, and

a great shipyard strike was threatening in Scotland. Most serious of all, the men were beginning to defy their own leaders. They had taken to organising little sectional re-

volts of their own, and Employers' Federations were beginning to ask how they could be expected to ratify treaties with Trades Union officials who were unable to hold their own followers to the terms of agreements concluded on their behalf.

The Mirkley district had caught the infection. The mischief had originated at Marbledown and Cherry Hill, the immediate cause of the trouble being a simple question of weights and measures.

The ordinary collier is paid by piecework—so much per ton for all the coal he hews. This coal is carefully weighed on coming to the surface, and to ensure fair play all round the weight is checked by the men's own representative at the pit-head. Now just as all is not gold that glitters, so all that comes to the surface of the earth from the interior of a coal-pit is not necessarily coal. A good deal of it is shale, stone, and the like—technically summarised as "dirt"—and has to be sorted out from the genuine article by a bevy of young ladies retained at some expense for the purpose. As colliers are paid for hewing coal and not dirt, the mine managers, reckoning one hundredweight as the average weight of dirt in a tub of coal, had been in the habit, when making out their pay-sheets, of deducting this amount from the total weight of each load brought to the surface. *Hinc lacrymæ.* The man in the pit claimed that he should be paid for all he sent up the shaft, alleging

that it was impossible to separate coal from dirt at the face, and that dirt was quite as difficult to hew as coal. To this those in authority replied that a collier is a man who is employed to hew coal and not dirt, and that as such he should only be paid for the coal he hewed. It was a nice point, and so high did feeling run upon the subject, and so fierce was the demeanour of their *employés*, that pliable Mr Aymer and pusillanimous Mr Montague yielded to the extent of fifty-six pounds, and henceforth each toiler in Cherry Hill and Marbledown Colliery was debited with one half instead of one whole hundredweight of dirt per tub.

Encouraged by the success of their colleagues, the men employed at Sir John Carr's great pit at Belton proffered a similar request. But though the request was the same its recipient was different. Sir John greeted the deputation with disarming courtesy, and announced in a manner which precluded argument that on the question of the owners' right to deduct for dirt in each load he would not yield one inch. On this the deputation rashly changed their ground and alleged that the toll of one hundredweight per tub was excessive. Whereupon Juggernaut whisked them off without delay to the pit-head. Here a minute examination was made of the contents of the next ten tubs of coal which came to the surface, and it was found that, so far from defrauding his *employés*, Jug-

gernaut was defrauding himself, for the average weight of dirt in each tub was not one hundred and twelve but one hundred and thirty pounds.

"You see, Mr Brash?" said Sir John cheerfully. "I am afraid you have all been in my debt to the extent of eighteen pounds of coal per tub for quite a considerable number of years. However, if you will be sensible and go back to work, we will call it a wash-out and say no more about it."

Then he departed to London.

But he had to return. The half-hundredweight of Cherry Hill and Marbledown out-balanced Belton's plain facts and ocular demonstrations. The Pit "came out" *en masse*, against the advice and without the authority of their Union officials; and for two or three weeks men loafed up and down the long and unlovely street which comprised Belton village, smoking their pipes and organising occasional whippet-races against the time when the despot who employed them should be pleased to open negotiations.

But the despot made no sign. Presently pipes were put away for want of tobacco, and whippet-racing ceased for want of stake-money. Then came a tightening of belts and a setting of teeth, and men took to sitting on their heels against walls and fences, punctuating recrimination by expectoration, through another four long and pitiful weeks.

Not so utterly pitiful though. For a wonderful thing hap-

pened. The unknown benefactor of the strike of seven years ago came to life again. Every morning the postman delivered to the wife of each man in Belton a packet containing a ration of tea, sugar, and (once a week) bacon. Coal, too, was distributed by a mysterious motor-lorry, bearing a London number-plate, and manned by two sardonic Titans, who deposited their sacks and answered no questions. So there was no actual destitution in the village. But there was no beer, and no tobacco, and no money. Women and children can live for an amazingly long time on tea and sugar eked out by a little bread, but man is the slave of an exacting stomach and requires red meat for the upkeep of his larger frame. The whippets, too, had to be considered; and when, after an interval of seven weeks, a notice went up on the gates of the pit buildings, intimating that all who returned to work on the following Monday would be reinstated without question, Belton Colliery put its pride into its empty pocket and came back as one man.

But the danger was not over yet, as Juggernaut well knew. For the moment the men were subdued by sheer physical exhaustion. The first pay-day would fill their bellies and put some red blood into their passions. And it was certain information, received on this head at the Pit offices, that sent Sir John Carr home to Belton Hall with knitted brow and tight-set mouth one wintry Saturday afternoon in early

April, a fortnight after the men had resumed work.

He stepped out of the big motor and walked into the cheerful fire-lit hall. He stood and gazed reflectively upon the crackling logs as the butler removed his heavy coat. But the removal of the coat seemed to take no weight from his shoulders. He felt utterly lonely and unhappy. Was he growing old, he wondered. He was not accustomed to feel like this. He did not usually shrink from responsibility, or desire a shoulder to lean upon, but at this moment he suddenly felt the want of some one to consult. No; consult was not the word! He could have consulted Carthew. In fact he had just done so, for Carthew had returned from his holiday two days before. What he wanted was some one to *confide* in. With a sudden tightening of the heart he thought of a confidante who might have been at his side then, had things been different—a confidante who would have sat upon the arm of his chair and bidden him play the man and fear nothing. Well, doubtless he would play the man and fear nothing, and doubtless he would win again as he had done before. But—*cui bono*? What doth it profit a man——?

He wondered where she was. Yachting on the Mediterranean, or frivolling on the Riviera. Or perhaps she was back in London by this time, ordering her

spring clothes and preparing for another butterfly season. At any rate she was not at Belton Hall. Whose fault was that? . . .

Had he been lacking in patience with her? Had he treated her too much like a refractory board-meeting? . . . A little fool? Doubtless; but then, so were most women. And she was very young, after all. . . .

"Will you take anything before dinner, sir?" inquired a respectful voice in his ear. "Tea? Whisky and——"

"No, thank you, Graves. Is Master Brian in the nursery?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will go up shortly and say good-night to him. Meanwhile I shall be in the study if Mr Carthew or any one calls for me. But I don't want to be disturbed at present."

A minute later he opened the door of the apartment, half library, half smoking-room, which he called his study. It was in darkness, but for the cheerful glow of the fire.

As Juggernaut closed the door behind him and felt for the electric-light switch, there came a rustling from the depths of a great oak settle which formed a right-angle with the projecting mantelpiece; and a slim straight figure stood suddenly upright, silhouetted against the ruddy glare.

"Daphne!"

"Yes—me!" replied an extremely small voice.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BARON DE FRÉNILLY.

FRÉNILLY'S recollections begin when his years were seven, with the first entrance of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette into Paris as king and queen, and he was, he tells us, "struck with the note of peaceful splendour surrounding the whole spectacle which had nothing military about it. Not even the Swiss or the Life Guards in their uniforms of red and blue and gold suggested a military display. In this as in many other things times have changed. Our ceremonies are now the occasion of assembling real armies, and instead of merely going to listen to a *Te Deum*, they appear to be intending to lay siege to Notre Dame."

The passage is very characteristic of Frénilly's method of recording his memories. No child of seven would ever "be struck with the civil aspect of the procession," or make the reflections which Frénilly puts into his mouth, and in the same way we cannot place entire faith in the Baron's account of public events set down many years after they occurred. For he had no diaries and few letters to help him when in his exile he began to describe the "old forgotten far off things and battles long ago." Impressions have a way of getting blurred if not recorded at the moment, and of re-shaping themselves. The Napoleon of Mme. de Rémusat's re-written memoirs is most

certainly a very different person from the Napoleon seen through the halo of Arcole or Marengo of the original manuscript.

The Baron de Frénilly belonged by birth to the aristocracy of France, and like all his family and friends was Royalist to the tips of his fingers. The man as he unfolds himself does not in the least resemble his comic and sentimental portrait, with dishevelled hair and rumpled collar, placed in the beginning of the book. He was a light-hearted person, with a sense of humour (when his prejudices allowed it to have free play), fond of literature and society, and in a small way a poet, a journalist, a playwright, and a great reader. The miniaturist Le Guay has painted him with all the proper accessories: a roll of papers in his right hand; the portfolio—possibly that of the future deputy and councillor of State—under his left arm; a writing-box with a pen on the table beside him; but the pensive far-away gaze is not that of the "Coqueluche of Poitou" he has taught us to know.

His childhood was passed in surroundings less unhappy than those of many other infant aristocrats of the time, who, like the little Duc de Lauzun, were left chiefly to the care of servants and suffered greatly from neglect. The Frénillys were rich, and his father was

a cultivated man of the world, distinguished as a maker of verses and a charming companion, but chiefly remarkable in that day for setting a higher value on his wife and children than on any social success. As to his mother, Auguste adored her with more than the usual adoration of a French son, and to the end her memory remained with him as that of "a model which could not be reproduced." But she never allowed her little boy to be spoilt either by herself or by other people. "When I was six or seven, I used to scratch my sister a good deal," he says, and on one occasion when the scratching had been more than commonly severe, Mme. de Frénilly took a pin from her hair and calmly drew it across his hand. The circumstance made the desired impression upon Auguste, and did not need repetition. Perhaps his mother had been reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and had laid to heart the lesson of *force majeure*.

When in the country the little Frénillys did not lack playmates, for many of the neighbouring châteaux were occupied by their relations. At one time the Neckers had a house near by, and the future Mme. de Staël "almost lived" at the Frénillys, and acted plays and proverbs with the rest. Every Sunday M. de Frénilly adjudged a prize for the best historical essay written by the children during the week, but the Baron omits to tell us if the wreath of roses crowned the brow of Mlle.

Necker more frequently than those of the other competitors. After this, their lives drifted apart and they did not meet again for years. "She loved us as much as she could love anybody," he remarks, "and if she has since forgotten us it is no fault of hers. It is only because we never became famous."

In spite of his life-long devotion to her, Mme. de Frénilly caused some pain to her son by the exhibition of sympathies contrary to his own. When he was grown up she shocked him by calling her dog Brutus, and placing a bust of his *bête noire* La Fayette in her room. But during his childhood she had done worse things still, and at sixty-eight the Baron's memory goes back to the time when he was ten years old and "all Paris" went mad over the visit of Voltaire. The excitement of Mme. de Frénilly was no whit behind that of any of the free-thinking poets who dragged his carriage through the streets to the Français, and wept with emotion at beholding his bust crowned on the stage by Clairon at the close of the performance of "the worst of his tragedies." Fain would she have been present at that moving scene, but as these joys were not for a lady of her position and principles, she determined that her son at any rate should be able to boast to his grandchildren that "he had seen Voltaire," though it would be impossible to conceive any boast which the worthy Baron

would ever be less likely to make! Yet how to bring this about? for Voltaire, then eighty-three years old, had quite as much as his health would bear in attending the public functions arranged in his honour, and orders were given that no one should be admitted to his rooms. However, an obstacle of that kind had no effect on the resolution of Mme. de Frénilly, and after much reflection she invented a plan which she felt sure could not fail of success.

The first step was to tell Auguste; and Auguste, who all his life was a mass of prejudices, had already formed at nine years old a very strong prejudice against Voltaire. The "frightful grimace" he made on hearing what was required of him revealed his feelings, and it was only after repeated appeals to his sentiments of honour and glory, and the bribe of a cup of coffee so strong "it would have made a goat jump," that he consented in an evil moment to pose as an infant prodigy.

Poor victim, he little knew what he was undertaking! For a week his mother crammed him with every scrap of Voltaire's poetry that seemed appropriate to the occasion, besides racking her brains to think of every question Voltaire might put, and teaching Auguste graceful and lyrical answers. Thus armed at all points the unwilling messenger awaited the fateful morning.

When he awoke he found his best clothes laid out on a

chair, and with the help of a valet he arrayed himself in a coat of apple-green satin lined with pink, breeches to match, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, sword at his side, hat tucked under his arm, while his hair had been subjected to an extra amount of crimping. His mother surveyed him with pride and satisfaction, and held out a letter—"I never read it," he says when telling his tale, "but no doubt it contained all the gush with which an obscure lady would be likely to address a man whose fame is universal. It was intended to act as my passport with the servants, and should any questions be put to me at the door I was to answer that it came from a certain M. d'Arget, a common friend of my father and Voltaire."

Everything was now ready, and, with her train thus well laid, Mme. de Frénilly got into her carriage, followed by the smart and reluctant Auguste.

Near the corner of the Rue de Beaune the carriage stopped, and the boy got out.

"My knees trembled a little," he continues, "but I managed to reach the house without getting muddy. I passed through the gateway without finding, as I fully expected, any porter to stop me, and turned to the right, as I had been told, up a little staircase leading to the entresol. Here a sort of valet came out to speak to me. 'Where are you going, Monsieur?' he asked, and I answered, 'To see M. de Voltaire.' A door was instantly thrown open, and I found myself face to face with a skeleton lying on a large sofa, half hidden by a fur cap which came down to his eyes. I knew at once that it was Voltaire, but I had counted on having to walk through numerous

drawing-rooms and ante-chambers before I entered his presence, and this sudden vision left me speechless.

"Oh, what a charming child!" cried a hollow voice; 'come closer, my little friend.'

"I have the honour, Monsieur," I stammered, holding out the letter.

"Who is it from?" he asked.

"From M. d'Arget, Monsieur." (Oh, my poor mother!)

"And what is your name?"

"Frénilly, Monsieur." (Oh, my unhappy mother, alas! for the ten lines of poetry in which I should have answered this!)

"And who is your father?"

"He is Receiver-General, Monsieur." (That question had six lines.) My other replies were probably just as wide of my mother's teaching, but I remember that he continued to ejaculate periodically 'What a charming child!' Then the valet brought in an enormous Savoy cake, which I see as clearly to-day as I do the face of Voltaire, for I always was (and still am) terribly greedy. But I felt it was a point of honour to refuse it, as I had already learned the lesson that there were circumstances in which even appetite must give place to glory. So I neither ate, nor drank, nor spoke: instead, I bowed, I walked backwards, I went out. I hurried down the staircase and through the door, and flung myself into the carriage by my mother's side.

"Well, did you see Voltaire?" she cried.

"Yes, I did," I answered proudly.

"And did he speak to you?"

"Yes."

"And you gave him the letter?"

"Yes."

"And whom did you tell him it was from?"

"From M. d'Arget!"

"I cast the veil of Timanthus over the feelings of my mother, but somehow a story got into the papers that some precocious child had run away from home in order to pay homage to M. de Voltaire."

The Baron's recollections of his childhood are especially vivid. His parents were resolved that their children

should have the best of educations and all the advantages to be obtained from the society of cultivated people. To this end Auguste was taken to the Français where Corneille, Racine, and of course all Molière's plays were being acted in full-bottomed wigs and vast hoops by the *troupe* of the "Maison du Roi,"—for Clairon, then in her glory, had not yet carried through her reform of costume. At the Opera, Mme. St Huberty was singing the music of Gluck—a delight which Paris owed to Marie Antoinette,—and occasionally, as a treat, the children were taken to the *foires* held in covered galleries, where they revelled in the antics of performing dogs or marionettes. This mode of life was rendered possible by the early hours kept, plays beginning at five or six and ending at eight or nine, when supper followed. On certain evenings of the week Mme. de Frénilly despatched Auguste and his tutor to d'Alembert's room in the Louvre, in order that his taste might be improved by the brilliant talk he heard there. "M. d'Alembert only spoke by fits and starts," says the Baron when recalling his sufferings; "he embroidered on the material of others, but rarely furnished the text of the conversation," and Auguste much preferred his *real* lessons to these especially tedious hours. He had a passion for Greek, and wrote a long tragedy on Hector, for "Homer was his daily bread." He was also carefully taught to write a good

French style, while his grandmother undertook his elocution. "You read like a pig, my boy," she said one day, "I must teach you to read like a gentleman."

Auguste's future career was early determined on. He was to follow in the footsteps of his great-uncle M. de Saint-Waast, and to succeed him as Administrator-General of Domains, and in the interval to exercise on attaining his majority the duties of Receiver-General of Poitou. The boy did not look forward with any enthusiasm to his life's work. In fact he detested finance, having probably heard too much of it in his childhood, but he did not dream of upsetting the family arrangements, and at sixteen departed with a very uncongenial tutor to study the necessary amount of law at Rheims. On their way they stopped at Ermenonville, the last resting-place of Rousseau, "where every bench in the garden of the chateau, and every tree also, was covered with inscriptions in English, Italian, and Latin, inviting the traveller to repose, to virtue, to meditation, to sensibility." It was noticeable that none of the inscriptions were in French! As to the monument of the Son of Nature on an island in the middle of the lake, he found it exceedingly unimpressive, though he greatly admired the splendid poplars surrounding it. His feelings were shared by a gentleman who was likewise visiting the tomb. "I would gladly buy those poplars for Stockholm," he remarked to Frénilly, "if I

was not afraid of the monument being thrown in gratis." The speaker was Gustave III., King of Sweden, whom Frénilly had previously seen at a *fête* given at the Petit Trianon by Marie Antoinette. Three days after their meeting at Ermenonville, Auguste encountered him at Rheims on foot like any other tourist and accompanied by two of his suite. But in spite of his incognito the King had been recognised by the crowd, which dogged his steps, saying as they went, "There is another of them who will have to undergo a whipping." Though Rousseau's doctrines, backed in many cases by the celebrated Doctor Tronchin, had taken great hold on Parisian society, in which for long he boasted many worshippers, his ingratitude and constant grumbings and the incredible meanness of his whole nature wore out at last the patience of his friends. No one had showed him more constant kindness than the ugly, witty, good-natured Mme. d'Houdetot, sister-in-law of Mme. d'Epinay. Her "benefits forgot," he heaped on her coarse abuse of every sort, yet in after-years, when Frénilly tried to make her talk about him, she was silent, and turned the conversation. Mme. Dupin, too, whom Frénilly as a young man visited at Chenonceaux, where Rousseau had been tutor to her two step-sons, resolutely shut out from her memory all recollections of the man whom fifty years before she had thought so far superior to the rest of humanity.

"He was a vile wretch," she said in answer to Frénilly's queries. Mme. Dupin never forgave Rousseau for having disappointed her, and her rancour was as lively as ever at ninety-four. Her memory, too, was as good as in her youth, when she had talked with Mme. de Maintenon at St Cyr, and had danced in masques in the days of the Regency. Her son, Rousseau's pupil, was the M. de Francueil who preceded Grimm in the affections of Mme. d'Epinay, and was the ancestor of George Sand. To an intelligent man—and a gossip—like Frénilly, her conversation was a mine of enjoyment, and it was with reluctance that "he tore himself from the delights of Chenonceaux." He returned to Paris in 1787, a shy, self-conscious youth entering a world which externally as well as internally was totally different from the world he had left. He grows eloquent over the hideous dress in which his friends now appeared. The heads "*à la Titus*," the frock-coats, the round hats, the trousers of yellow cashmere, "so tight that you needed both cleverness and prudence to walk, to dance, to sit or stoop in them, as any hasty movement might cause a catastrophe." All those were bad enough, but when *boots* crossed the threshold of a drawing-room the victory of the New Ugliness was consummated. As a corollary, he conceives, of these strange garments, men lost their good manners and became familiar. They frequented their clubs, which grew

more and more numerous, and—most fatal sign of all!—preferred to amuse themselves in the society of their own sex! For "the worst companion for a man is a man, and for a woman another woman." The Baron's strictures on the state of manners recall the account given by Mme. de Genlis of the change she notices in this respect on her return to Paris after the Revolution. In speaking of suppers, which were of course the important functions that our dinner parties are now, she says that in the time of the Monarchy it would have been a mark of excessive ill-breeding for any lady not of royal blood to have presumed upon her title and to walk out of the room before the rest. The rule was that whoever happened to be next the door should go down first and sit where she pleased, leaving a place on each side for a gentleman: an ambassador or royal prince sat of course next the hostess. The evening being at an end, nobody would have dreamed of calling attention to himself—or herself—by going up to the lady of the house and taking a solemn leave of her. The guests went quietly away without making any fuss.

In view of his profession, Frénilly was sent for two years into the south of France and Poitou to gain experience both of land questions and finance. The pages which describe his manners of life there are filled to overflowing with portraits, for there is scarcely a creature whom he meets either at dinner or on a country-house visit

whom he does not sketch at full length. These sketches, when prejudice does not come into play, are usually good-natured and patronising. But it is rare for him to discern both *esprit* and beauty in the same person, and after descanting on the obtuse intellect or ungainly figure of the subject under dissection, he commonly winds up by remarking, that after all he was not a bad fellow at bottom. He is not quite so cavalier in his treatment of women, as he expects less of them, and after dismissing Mme. Talleyrand with his favourite qualification, adds charitably, "she really was a mixture of beauty and silliness [*la belle et la bête ensemble*] and had the kind of cleverness which the stupidest woman always possesses." On the other hand, the want of reticence and tact observable in Frénilly, shown in his description of his much-loved wife as "an ugly woman with Chinese eyes," is exhibited in a perfectly amazing manner with regard to an episode in which his cousin Mme. de Bon played a part. The idea that any man could put such things on paper, even if he *did* "write for himself alone," is so staggering that for a moment the reader is tempted to place the book by the side of the forged memoirs of Mme. de Créquy and the rest. But Frénilly has no misgivings as to the possibility of the manuscripts which he left behind him falling into strange hands, and complacently pours out his tale, which we cannot help thinking M. Chuquet would have done well to omit.

"It is not my intention to write history," the Baron explicitly states, but even so, the horrors of the Revolution do not seem to have impressed him much more when they were not actually before his eyes than the great plague did Pepys. The taking of the Bastille, which Mme. de Genlis brought her young Orleans pupils to witness, is only noticed by him as the subject of a bet which caused him the loss of a louis, and "nothing remains in his memory of the terrible winter of '89 but the balls and *fêtes*."

He goes mad with joy at the news of the King's flight to Varennes, but makes no mention of his execution or that of Marie Antoinette. Whatever he takes *personal* part in, he can describe graphically, but he was plainly one of those happy people on whom distant troubles make little mark. Yet now and then he shakes off his rather egotistic pre-occupation, and allows his mind to dwell on public affairs. He recognises that "the abortive journey to Varennes gave the impulse to the emigration of the nobles," and that it was "the emigration which gave the revolutionaries their chance." "The nobles were ruined, not by the decrees but by emigration."

During the autumn of 1791 Frénilly went into Auvergne to pay a visit to his cousin Flora, now Mme. de Romeuf. In spite of her two brothers-in-law having fallen victims to the fascinations of their neighbour M. de La Fayette, one of the numerous pack of Frénilly's *bêtes noires*, he enjoyed himself vastly,

and entered into the chilly expeditions planned to amuse him with the zest of a boy. In the course of a few weeks news arrived that La Fayette was expected at his estate near Clermont, and excitement reigned throughout the whole district.

Frénilly happened to be driving along the road at the moment, and beheld an enormous crowd gathered, and troops lining the way. At the sight of his post-chaise some one raised the cry "There he is!" and began to run after the carriage. The post-boy whipped up his horses and they dashed along accompanied by shouts of "Long live La Fayette!" while the guns thundered a welcome. Suddenly the Mayor and the notables of Montferrand advanced to one side of the carriage while the general and his staff came to the other. The Baron let down the window, and putting his head out asked what they wanted. "Illustrious General," began the mayor.

"Monsieur, I am not a general."

"Not a general?" exclaimed the mayor, thinking he was losing his senses.

"Whom do you take me for?"

"Why, for the person you are, the illustrious General La Fayette."

"You are mistaken; I am not General La Fayette."

"No more he is!" shouted a grenadier, pressing closer, "but who is he?" and the people answered, "he is a spy and a traitor. To the guillotine! To the guillotine!" The post-boy waited to hear no more, but

lashed his horses till they flew like the wind, followed by a volley of stones which hit the carriage. Frénilly was soon out of reach of danger, and in the evening the mayor and the general commanding the troops called to apologise for the mistake they had made.

The winter season of 1792 was one of the most brilliant within the recollection of Frénilly, and when he returned to Paris in January "it seemed as if society was laying up a store of high spirits against the hour when tears would be its portion to drink." Mme. de Frénilly was there also with her daughter, for she had just inherited a large fortune from her uncle and the Hôtel de Jonzac besides, a delightful house opposite the convent of the Jacobins, close to the Cour du Manège, where the lower-class revolutionaries were accustomed to assemble. But as the Hôtel de Jonzac needed repairs Mme. de Frénilly took a house in the Rue Vivienne, destined shortly to become "a magazine of arms and a storehouse of uniforms." As to what happened between January and the 10th of August, "his mind is a blank," but he does recollect that he and other young aristocrats enrolled themselves into a National Guard numbering about 6000, and having made all the preparations possible to defend the monarchy, danced and acted to their hearts' content, "not from heartlessness, but from sheer excitement and impatience to begin the inevitable fight."

He was at supper with his mother and some friends on the 9th of August, when the call to arms broke upon their laughter. It had come at last, what they had been waiting for, and uttering a cry of joy the young men ran and put on their uniforms, and joining their comrades silently formed up on the terrace of the Tuileries as the clock struck midnight from St Germain l'Auxerrois. But it was not the defenders of the monarchy who alone assembled. At dawn all the tocsins in Paris were sounding and the people were under arms. In spite of the multitudes silence reigned, and the King, who came to review the National Guard, was unhappily as silent as the rest, when a few words of encouragement might have put new life into his soldiers. Chance after chance was lost; post after post remained unoccupied. Finally the Royal family left the Tuileries; the National Guards were forbidden to fight, and the Swiss were mown down where they stood. And Napoleon sat under the chestnut-trees looking on.

After this Frénilly thought it was time for his mother to leave Paris and retire to her property at Looches. He himself set off first to make preparations, but in spite of his passport the "*très joli nécessaire*" of silver which he insisted on taking with him almost ruined him, as another *nécessaire* had ruined Marie Antoinette. Driven from section to section he returned home, to learn that the September massacres had

begun. At length, however, he succeeded in getting his mother and sister out of danger, and then went back to Paris to see to his affairs, and with the curiosity which was one of his strongest characteristics he next day took his stand in the Rue St Honoré to watch the tumbrils go past. In the first was Danton, and beside him stood the late Advocate-General of the Parliament of Paris, Hérault de Séchelles, in whose footsteps Mme. de Frénilly had wished him to follow ten years before.

It is impossible to relate the course of the Revolution or of the doings of Frénilly. He and his family returned to Paris in 1795, a Paris without horses or carriages, where it was "the height of fashion to be ruined and imprisoned, and where it was difficult not to regret that one had never been guillotined." All governments were alike abhorrent to him,—one may say, all kings, except his *preux chevalier* Charles X. To him Louis XVI. is "an ill-shapen and inert lump," Louis XVIII. a "self-opinionated egotist." For Napoleon, of course, he has nothing but abuse, of the stupidest, blackest, and most baseless sort. He even goes the length of denying him military genius, and speaks of the campaign of 1813 as "the only one in which he had not on his side numbers, the season (Frénilly seems to have forgotten Russia), the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and the fear felt by the enemy;" while elsewhere he announces that "Bonaparte only contrived

to be a general when circumstances were all in his favour." Yet one cannot help feeling that in spite of his words Frénilly had recognised in the years of the First Consulate that the "Strong Man armed," for whom France was crying, had come.

The description of the toilette of the Parisian ladies in another gay winter, that of 1799, reproduces the sights we have lately been contemplating. Petticoats vanished, sleeves followed them. "Anatomical necks or Hottentot throats were displayed with equal indifference. Thick red arms or pointed elbows met your gaze at every turn, while a Titus wig or a Greek coiffure crowned the whole. The numbers of these Athenians who died from having worn at a Parisian ball in January the same costume in which they would have danced in August on the banks of the Eurotas are really not to be counted." Prominent amongst the fashionable ladies was Josephine, "one of those women who contrive to remain at thirty for at least fifteen years."

Frénilly was thirty-two when at length he found a lady whose position and circumstances he considered suitable for his wife: a widow of twenty-six, named Mme. Praudeau de Chémilly, with a large neglected property in the department of Aisne. The marriage proved extremely happy, but however strong may have been Mme. de Frénilly's ultimate affection for the baron, she would hardly have enjoyed knowing that on

first acquaintance he considered her "ugly, with eyes like a Chinaman's, affected and timid, yet severe." To be sure, while passing these strictures, he informs us that in a short time she passed through a transformation and her defects turned into qualities, a change which he doubtless attributed to his own influence. He certainly grew very fond of her, and held a high opinion of her judgment.

Henceforth the Frénillys divided their lives between Bourneville and Paris, seeing many old friends and making new ones. The Baronne soon expanded in this congenial atmosphere, and was equally ready to preside at the small weekly dinners it was their custom to give, or to share her husband's schemes for the regeneration of Bourneville. So the years passed till Napoleon was in Elba and Louis XVIII. on his way to Paris. Whatever might be the rejoicings on the part of the Royalists, those who lived near Paris experienced some sinkings of heart when the news came that "every division of the allied army was followed by a host of Cossacks, who would of course be billeted in the various towns and villages." Naturally the very name of Cossack conjured up visions of every sort of lawlessness, and the Baron at once set about digging holes in which to hide his most valuable possessions. He dared not remove everything lest he should arouse the wrath of his unwelcome guests, and took a sad farewell of his

pictures and books before starting to join his wife, while servants and peasants hid themselves in the woods.

The Cossacks, however, like other people, proved much less black than they were painted.

"I must confess," writes Frénilly, "that these savages turned out to be the best creatures in the world. They would never have thought of wringing the neck of a fowl or giving a slap to a child: they spoil nothing out of mischief, and destroyed nothing out of wantonness, and when I returned I found my mirrors, my statues, and my pictures all intact. They showed even a superstitious reverence for trees, and when they made a big fire in the courtyard, which was planted round with shrubs, they sent for my gardener (the servants had by this time come back) to ask him if they could warm themselves without damaging the growing plants. But though possessed of so many virtues, they lacked conspicuously that of being able to distinguish between 'mine and thine,' or rather, they were only capable of grasping the knowledge of 'mine.' In a word, they were the biggest possible thieves, and as, unfortunately, the keys of the drawers had not been left out, they broke open cupboards and writing-tables and wardrobes in the vain hope of finding heaps of gold and silver. The metal boxes containing my archives were forced, and the papers scattered about, but when on my return I began to collect them, not a single leaf was missing."

Well may the Baron remark that this statement "sounds fabulous."

On the 21st of March following, "a small post-chaise drove quietly through Paris and stopped before the Pavillon de l'Horloge." Napoleon had come back, "and all the violets in France were awaiting him." Louis XVIII. had already gone,

and would have sought refuge in Lille, but Mortier, who had broken his allegiance, prevented this plan from being carried out by reinstating the Imperialist garrison, and confiscating, with the help of the Duke of Orleans, the million of francs which the King had brought with him. In no instance is the Bourbon fatuity more clearly manifest. Instead of providing himself with notes or bills, Louis XVIII. took the money in francs, which travelled solidly and slowly in a *fourgon*, under the care of M. Hue, who had the happy idea of insuring its safety by proclaiming that the waggon contained the ashes of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which the King thus hoped to preserve from sacrilege.

Napoleon was in Paris, but alone. Marie Louise was in Vienna, and "His Majesty the King of Rome," now a prince without a title, was with her. As regards the late Empress, Frénilly's judgment is curiously wide of the mark. Alluding to the time of her marriage, he says, "In France every one was sorry for Marie Louise and regarded her as a victim sacrificed to the peace of Germany. If she had been unhappy they would have adored her. But this *pécure* at once began to dance and laugh, and, worse, to love her Genghis khan." Rostand, in the inimitable scene with Bombelles, shows her as she was, a cold-hearted, mean-souled, shallow woman.

During the years in which the detested Fouché and the

despised Decazes ruled Louis XVIII. and France, aided by the no less hated Talleyrand, Frénilly passed most of his time in the country writing books and pamphlets in support of the Royalist cause, and contributing articles to the 'Conservateur.' In 1816 and again in 1820 he stood as an ultra - Conservative candidate for the Chamber of Deputies in the Department of Oise, and each time was defeated. But in 1821 he was invited to represent Savenay in Loire-Inférieure, and in 1824, at his own request, was nominated Conseiller d'État. But though to all appearance he was content, his lately awakened ambition was unsatisfied, and when a chance offered for further advancement he was not slow to take it.

For some time past the question of a fresh creation of Peers had been mooted, but had so far only resulted in the promotion of a few insignificant followers of Decazes to the Upper Chamber. Now, in 1827, the Minister Villèle needed a majority among the Peers, and determined to obtain it by elevating seventy-six supporters of the Government to the ranks of the *Pairie*. It at once struck Frénilly that owing to the degeneration of rights and privileges pertaining to the nobility since the days of Charlemagne, he himself had become "tout-à-fait pairable," though admitting that he "set little store by a position which, great as it seemed, lowered

itself to his level instead of raising him to its own." Still it had its uses, and among them he reckoned that a hereditary Peer could always command a *dot* of a million francs with his bride, and—*his son was twenty-four!* In England we phrase it differently. Here the accepted formula is, "Of course I do not care about it myself, but it pleases my wife."

So he paid his visit to Villèle and preferred his modest request. "If new Peers are created you shall be one of them," said the Minister whose expedient had been described by Frénilly himself as "a piece of colossal imbecility," and was destined from the point of view of the Conservative monarchy to bear bitter fruit. As to Frénilly's own attitude in the matter, it is quite incomprehensible. He has abased himself to ask for the *Pairie*, yet "he finds to his great regret, his name amongst the honourable crowd of seventy-six, the flower of France in birth and fortune," who nevertheless received but a cold welcome from the ancient members of the Upper Chamber. And there we will leave him where he leaves himself, *Pair malgré lui*, as he would have us believe,—with an ardent desire to throw away the pen with which he had recorded the events of sixty years, and to forget the rest of his life spent in exile. He would never own as king one of the "nest of Vipers" from Twickenham.

THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

IN all directions men were sleeping. Some lay in attitudes of complete exhaustion, others groaned and twisted in a vain effort to find comfort for their tired bodies; many seemed in a kind of stupor, flung down on the bare boards, others slept in hammocks, and these swung slowly backwards and forwards with every roll of the ship.

The sleepers muttered and groaned, the atmosphere was thick, and the sights and sounds and smells that greeted the on-looker, cannot be described in polite language.

As a scene of absolute squalor and discomfort, the lower troop-deck of the hired transport *City of London*, would be hard to beat.

"Poor devils," murmured Macmillan, as he paused at the foot of the ladder, "they have had a rotten time of it!" and, not for the first time that week, he thanked the kind fates that he had been born a good sailor. As it was, the business of making his way among all those sea-sick or sleeping men, was anything but a congenial one.

The *City of London* continued to heave and creak, and roll and wallow, as if she were bent on making the most fuss possible about every wave. Three times already, during his watch of four hours, Macmillan had passed through the troop-deck. "Gets worse each time," he remarked over his shoulder

to the sergeant who stood behind him.

A week before, the 147th had sailed from Calcutta, hurried out to reinforce the troops in Zululand, and no troopship being available, the *City of London* had been hired by Government and temporarily fitted up for the occasion. The regiment was up to full strength, and the men were consequently crowded below, in a horrible state of discomfort. With smooth seas, things might have been bearable; but from the very first they had encountered what sailors describe as "dirty" weather—ports were shut, hatches battened down, for days the men had been unable to get a breath of fresh air, and rest for every one had been very scanty.

What a played-out crowd, thought Macmillan. The Zulus would make short work of us if they saw us now! "Well—we'd better get on. Be as quiet as you can," he said to the sergeant, as they began to pick their way towards the stern, where the last sentry to be visited was posted. Now they stooped to avoid a hammock, now swerved suddenly to one side as a sleeper, imperfectly seen in the dim light, lay across their path; so crawling and turning, they reached the other side, stood upright again, and turned down the alley-way which led to the post. Here a swinging oil-lamp gave an un-

certain and changing light, thrown in a different direction with each roll of the ship. Suddenly Macmillan stopped, his heart beating at an uncomfortable pace, as he caught sight of the sentry, for it appeared to him that the man, instead of standing erect, was all huddled up in a corner, his head sunk on his breast, and to every appearance fast asleep.

How bitterly he regretted his carefully noiseless movements. How could he give the man at least a chance? To his right he noticed a board on which the sentry's orders were written, and with the next lurch of the ship, his shoulder came in contact with it. It fell with a surprising clatter, and instantly the sentry's challenge rang out. The words came automatically, almost as if they were jerked out of him.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Visiting rounds," answered Macmillan.

"Beg pardon, sir," broke in the sergeant, "may I go?"

A glance at the man's green face explained the urgency of the situation, and Macmillan nodded assent.

Then he turned to the sentry.

"You were asleep!" he said abruptly, and for a moment the two faced each other in silence. With one swing of the ship the lamp showed them to each other, the next swing everything was in darkness. Down their white faces perspiration rolled. Macmillan remembered afterwards,—though he was not aware of it then,—

how he watched fascinated, a great bead catch in the sentry's eyebrow and stick, until it was reinforced by first one and then another, and the whole overflowed. Then the man broke out in a hoarse whisper: "No, —no, sir, not asleep! I 'eard you comin' most distinct', an' I challenged at once! 'Ow could I be asleep?"

"You were leaning in the corner, and I think you were asleep," said Macmillan weakening.

"No," protested the man, still in the same hoarse, earnest whisper. "I wor that tired, sir, I own I did lean up against the wall—but I swear I wor awake. I wor sleepy, but not asleep. You know, sir, 'ow I 'eard you and challenged at once! You couldn't rightly see in this light, sir!" and all the time his eyes challenged his officer desperately. What would the boy decide?

Macmillan's brain worked hard and fast. He was very young, not yet nineteen, and now he was suddenly confronted with a decision which meant much, very much, to the man before him. If he were sure he had slept, then his duty was to charge him with that offence; and he felt so nearly sure, that, had they been serving under ordinary conditions, he would hardly have hesitated. The man would have been convicted, and condemned to forty-two days in cells; but now the 147th were in a transport, going on service, and the punishment was flogging—twenty-five lashes. Macmillan had been

present at several floggings already, and knew what that meant—and this man, “Hope,” of “F,” his own company, was such a good young fellow, and a capital keen soldier, as eager for the honour of the regiment, as he was himself.

No! he could not do it. He was not quite sure. Suppose he were making a mistake! . . . and even if he were right? He felt he had two distinct consciences—a military conscience, and an ordinary, everyday, common-sense conscience. The military conscience told him there were three deadly crimes, from a military point of view: striking a superior officer, cowardice in face of an enemy, and sleeping on sentry. Had this incident happened a few weeks later, in Zululand, Hope might have been shot.

On the other side, the common-sense conscience urged, that the man was tired out—possibly ill, and certainly suffering from want of sleep; and then, grant for the sake of argument that he had slept. Well, he had awakened so quickly, instantly in fact, that for all useful, practical purposes he was as good as awake. If Macmillan charged him, what good would it do?—and he might be making a terrible mistake. And while he thought, Hope’s eyes held his—

“It would be your word agen mine, sir! Sergeant Brown wor too far be’ind to see—and I swear I wor awake,” Hope repeated.

Suddenly Macmillan’s mind

was made up. It was true—his word would be taken, and it would not be fair-play if the least shadow of a doubt remained in his mind.

“Very well!” he said curtly, “I can’t feel certain, so I am bound to take your word.” And at that Hope began to stammer incoherent thanks; but Macmillan cut him short, swung round, and departed as silently as he had come.

When he reached the deck, he threw himself into the first chair that offered. Usually on watch, especially in the small tired hours, he was forced to walk about, his youth clamoured so for sleep, but now he felt more wide awake than in broad daylight. Every sense seemed more acute than usual, he had so much to think of.

All his life he had longed to be a soldier, even as quite a child, tales of deeds of personal courage and endurance had appealed to him as something immeasurably grand, and to be admired—not so much tales of absolute brute courage, but the patient enduring heroism, the simple devotion to duty, of many who are hardly known to fame; and, as he grew older, reading all he could find that told him of his heroes, his admiration of them had grown with his growth, and he had joined the army, with a very high ideal of the life he intended to lead. An ideal, which was quite real, although, as he was far from being a prig—he had never, and could never, put it into words.

And now he felt for the first time he had been tested, and had he failed? It had been so much easier to let Hope off. . . .

The scene repeated itself before his tired brain. There was Hope, usually a ruddy country boy. How white his face had been, all the lines and shadows accentuated by that horrible lamp! How his eyes had shone! He had felt them even in the dark, and how hot it had been. Mechanically he drew his handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his face, though it was quite cool on deck. He could hear again the swish of the water in the scuppers, and the sounds from the uneasy sleepers in the lower troop-deck, groans and snores, and one man who talked in his sleep—till the crash of a well-directed boot woke him. . . .

He got up and shook himself. "I don't see what else I could have done," he told himself. "I don't see what any one could have done. I still think he was asleep, but I am not certain, it was very dark in that hole,—and anyway—it's over and done with, and I

shall never know the rights of it!"

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During the following year, while the 147th patrolled Zululand from end to end, Macmillan felt his decision justified many times over. It was weary work, service that tested men's endurance to the utmost limit. The troops were often in a state of extreme exhaustion, and always on the verge of starvation. They learnt what it meant to be never sufficiently fed, and never to get a whole night's rest. To many at that time, a good meal and nine hours' sleep, represented the highest ideal of happiness. Twice Macmillan himself fell asleep on duty: once he was actually marching, and sudden contact with the man in front awoke him. The second time, he was kneeling behind his company, waiting in the cold grey dawn of morning, for a Zulu attack. After that he learnt the trick of resting his chin on the handle of his sword; and on each occasion he thought of the sleeping sentry, with a complete and sympathetic understanding.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty-five years later Macmillan, now a Colonel, strolled along the quay at Hong Kong, on his way to the ferryboat *Morning Star*, which should take him to Kowloon. He was due there at two o'clock, to watch a rifle match

between the sergeants of his regiment and the Hong Kong Volunteers, for the Governor's Cup; but he had allowed himself ample time, for he always found much to interest him in Hong Kong harbour, which is, as everyone knows, one of

the finest in the world, and on this bright December morning it was full of battleships. The Japanese Fleet had come in overnight, and every nation seemed to be represented, but to Macmillan, the life on the sampans and junks, was equally fascinating, — and he loitered, now watching a family party at its midday meal, all neatly served up in little china bowls, now an interested observer of the bustle of preparation on board a junk bound for Zanzibar—while he marvelled at the mixture of courage and superstition, which will navigate a boat of such small tonnage through such dangerous seas, all the time relying for safety, on the custom which makes every Chinaman paint two very realistic eyes on his bows. As he will tell you, "Junk no having eyes, no can see; no can see, no can savvy; no can savvy, no can go."

As Macmillan loitered, the striking of a clock caught his ear, and he realised he must run if he meant to catch his boat, there was barely time, and he just reached the landing-stage as two imperturbable Chinamen pulled up the gangway. It was a case for jumping, and a moment later he landed on the deck, just saved from an undignified sprawl, by the friendly hand of a seafaring-looking man, who had watched his rush with keen interest. "Near thing that, sir," he said cheerfully, and as Macmillan laughed and thanked him, something in the man's

voice or appearance struck him as familiar. It worried him as he passed forward, and sat down, where he could continue to watch the shipping. The stranger strolling backwards and forwards seemed to be watching him too, at least whenever Macmillan looked in his direction, he caught his eye, and idly he wondered what his occupation had been? There was something about the set of his shoulders that marked him for a soldier, and yet he rolled like a sailor.

He was dressed quite respectably, in ill-fitting blue serge, evidently ready-made clothes, and he did not look in the least in want, or "down on his luck," as Macmillan put it to himself. Had he done so, he would have connected that fact with his apparent wish to speak, and would have felt sure he was a soldier, stranded somehow in the far East, who would presently approach him with the usual formula: "Beg pardon, sir, don't you remember me, sir? I was in A Company," and so forth.

By Jove! he was going to speak, as the man came forward, his mind evidently made up, and his face certainly was familiar. Where had they met before?

"Beg pardon, sir! Mr Macmillan?" said the stranger interrogatively, and as Macmillan assented, a slow smile spread over his face.

"You don't remember me, sir, I see, but I felt pretty sure of you. A chap don't forget an Orficer 'oo did 'im the good

turn you once did me! Me name's 'Ope, sir—of F Company—and I've always wanted to see you agen, just to thank you!"

"Hope," broke in Macmillan. "Of course! Well, I am very pleased to meet you. Yes, yes, of course I remember. Sit down," and he moved to one side, making room on the bench.

"Ah, sir," said the man, "I thought you couldn't 'ave forgotten the ole *City of Lunnon*, and you were right, you know; I was asleep that night, and I've always felt that grateful to you, sir, and 'oped some day to have a chance of thanking you. What a bit o' luck to meet you 'ere. I've often wondered, sir, if you rightly knew or not?"

"No, I was not quite sure," said Macmillan, smiling; "it used to worry me at times, but I haven't thought of it for years, and anyhow I am glad now," and he paused, while the memories of both men took them back to that night long ago, when they had faced each other, in the dim light of a swinging lamp, far below water-line, down in the heart of the *City of London*!

Hope broke the silence.

"I've been in a sight o' tight places since, sir,—but never one where I felt more frightened than then!"

"But what are you doing here?" asked Macmillan. "What have you done with yourself all these years?"

"Well, sir—I'm afraid I've been a bit of a rolling stone so

to speak," said Hope. "I'm on me way 'ome now to see me mother. I'm a Master Gunner in the Chinese Navy now."

"What?" ejaculated Macmillan. "What an extraordinary thing for you to be! Do you like the life? How on earth did you get such a job?"

Hope grinned.

"Oh yes—I like it, it's a good job, and I like the pig-tails. They're good chaps—and workers! . . . and the pay in the Chinese Navy ain't 'arf bad. . . . No—no sir, I've no complaints against them. They've treated me proper, and I'm fair sorry to go. Like enough I'll be back agen before long. I've been with them a matter o' five years—and I can tell you, sir, a man as has knocked about as I 'ave—'e knows when 'e's well orf."

"What did you do first when you left the old regiment?" asked Macmillan.

"You'll remember, sir—I took my discharge after seven years," said Hope, "and I went 'ome, o' course. My 'ome's down Essex way, and I stayed there for a bit, as long as my money lasted, and then I looked round for a job—but you know, sir, it's none too easy for the old soldier! There I was, with me war medal, and a 'very good' parchment certificate I 'ad, and now and then I got some rough work; but more often I was 'anging round waiting for some'at to turn up. I stood it for a bit 'cos my mother wanted me, and then I went to sea. I shipped as cook, on a tramp

going to Valparaiso. You'll remember I was cook to F for two months, and I went on from one thing to another, sometimes I was stoker, sometimes seaman. Oh, I 'ad a very rough life of it; but anyway I saw the world, and earned my keep! Then when I was 'ome for a spell, the war in South Africa broke out. I was flush o' money then—and I couldn't quite make up me mind. . . . I wanted to go—and then I told meself I was out of the army now—and I'd be a fool going poking me 'ead in, where perhaps I wasn't wanted. You see, sir, I wasn't like a young chap! I'd been on service, and I remembered the long marches, and the cold and the 'eat, that was worse than the cold,—and, Lord! how 'ungry we orften were, and though I've been near to being knocked out many a time, and wasn't taking much account of being killed, I did think of the 'orrible wounds. Oh, I knew well enough what I was letting meself in for! and yet you know, sir, when I thought of other chaps out there doin' the fighting, and a great 'ulking fellow like me sitting at 'ome. Well, I just couldn't stand it! I knew I'd got to go. . . .

"There was a nice young fellow in our village, who was kind of a pal o' mine, I used to talk to 'im a lot. Brown 'is name was, 'Bert' I called 'im later—and talking of 'im, sir, it was what 'appened to 'im made me think of you. I wished you'd been there, sir, when he came to grief, then the poor

chap would have been given 'is chance. I'd like to tell you about 'im?" and as Macmillan nodded assent, he continued—

"'Is father was a retired tradesman, and my father being only a ploughman, o' course Bert wasn't supposed to 'ave any truck with the likes o' me—he was much younger, too, just a boy, like you and me was, sir, when we went to Zululand. Well, never mind 'ow it 'appened,—we were friends. We used to play cricket together, and as Bert's father was keeping him 'anging about, until he found 'im a sufficiently genteel job—he had lots of spare time, and many's the yarn I spun him o' foreign parts. I'm sorry now, but I'm afeard I did encourage 'im to break away from 'ome. It seemed such waste for 'im to spend his life, measuring off yards o' ribbon, or such like. All 'is brothers were in shops. Then the war began, and he were wild to volunteer, like any other young fella worth a damn, especially after the bad days our men 'ad in December. . . . Well, there was the devil and all, to pay in his 'ome. Now you and me, sir, we know it ain't war, nor the 'orrors o' war, as makes men cruel and bad; but, Lord! you wouldn't believe me, sir, if I could tell you arf, or a quarter, of what his old father said! The least 'e said was, that Bert would be disgraced for life, and ruined, and 'e need never show 'is face again—and then his mother got at 'im, and his sisters. I don't blame them so much," said

Hope reflectively, "after all they was only wimmen—but the old fella! well, I suppose 'e had been a man once," . . . and he shook his head. "I remember one day in particular, Bert and me—we went to a football match. It was a good match, too, and there were a 'ealthy crowd of chaps there, and mostly young chaps, too. We'd been talking things over as usual, wondering what Bert should do, I'd pretty well made up my own mind by that time, and that match settled 'im. I tell you, sir, it made me fair sick to watch them chaps—'undreds of 'em, and soldiers wanted bad—and to 'ear them shout, 'Coward! coward!' when some fella on the side they 'appened to have backed for a tanner, would have been killed if he 'ad gone on! or 'Funk,' or 'Foul play'—or boo-ing at the referee. . . .

"Pretty set of skunks—that's wot I call 'em. They should 'ave been settin' at 'ome mind-ing the baby—about all they was good for. I'd a liked to pitchfork the lot into South Africa. Them Boers would have killed 'arf, but the rest of them, would have been twice the men they were, so the country would gain both ways. I told Bert, on the way back, that I couldn't stand no more of that sort of thing, and I'd be off next day straight away!"

"And did you go and volunteer next morning?" asked Macmillan.

"Oh no, sir," said Hope with a smile, "I'd had enough of

foot-slogging in Zululand. I thought this time I'd ride. So I worked my way out as a stoker, and I 'listed in the South African Light 'Orse. I 'ad a very strong idee things were a bit more comfortable in them irregulars—and they were a fine set o' fellows, and knowledgeable too, and, o' course, every sailor thinks he can ride—and I soon learnt."

"And what became of your friend?"

"Yes, I'm comin' to 'im," said Hope slowly. "We were sent up country, and the very first person I saw, was young Bert, and lookin' so fit and as pleased as possible that boy was! 'Well, I'm blowed,' sez I, 'ow did you get 'ere?' 'Never mind how,' sez he, and when I thought of the row there must 'ave been before he got orf—I thought better not ask any more. . . . 'I belong to the Volunteer Company of the Rutlandshires,' sez 'e, and then we sat down and 'ad a long pow-wow, and I never met a chap so pleased with 'imself . . . he was a fair treat to see. You know what a rough time our column 'ad, and, though everything was much better run than in the old Zulu war ('member, sir, 'ow we used to go for the weevil-y biscuits 'oos we could get our teeth into them?) still there's no denying we went a bit short at times, and were precious 'ard worked, too, and very short of sleep. I didn't often come across young Bert—but whenever I met any chaps from 'is regiment, I used to ask 'ow he

was getting on—and they always said what a capital young chap 'e was, and that willin'. He was a reel fav'rite. Sometimes they'd say 'e looked a bit tuckered up, but Bert was no shirker, 'e wouldn't go sick so long as 'e could stand up. It would 'ave been better tho' if 'e 'ad—poor lad.

"It was after Diamond Hill—you know 'ow 'ard we was pressed then, sir. . . . Well, one day I came across a chap from 'is company—and as usual I sez, 'Ow's Bert?' 'Aven't you 'eard?' sez he, mournful like.

"'No, I 'aven't,' sez I; 'not killed?' 'No—not killed,' sez the fella—one o' them chaps 'oo won't speak out—I 'ates them.

"'E was found asleep on sentry t'other night, and 'e's being sent 'ome a prisoner, two years' imprisonment,' sez he.

"I tell you, sir, I could 'ave sat down and cried. I was that fond of the boy, and it was a crool, 'ard case. Jest think! 'e'd go 'ome, and do 'is two years, and any one of them damned loafers, who wouldn't risk their precious 'ides, could jeer at 'im, 'cos he'd been in prison! Bert! oo'd been in a dozen 'actions, and was a reel fine fella! and, o' course, the boy 'ad been just tired out.

"I can tell you, sir—I thought o' you, and *wished* you'd been the ofricer going round. 'E might 'a kicked a stone, or somethin' . . .

"Wasn't it rough luck, sir?"

"Yes, it seems so—terribly," said Macmillan thoughtfully;

"but what would you have? A sentry sleeping at his post endangers so many lives. You are bound to consider the good of the greatest number—I quite agree with you, though—it was very hard. I saw several similar cases myself. Of course the authorities, in a case like that of your friend, should be ready to hold out a helping hand, when the sentence is over."

"Bert's sentence was never over," said Hope gloomily. "I knew it would kill 'im—and it did. The Column moved on that night, and 'e was sent to Cape Town, a *pris'ner*, then 'ome, a *pris'ner*, and 'e died before 'e'd done six months. It broke 'is 'art. I never saw 'im again, but the chaps in his company, said they knew 'e'd never get over it—I can't bear to think of it even now, sir, and it seemed some'ow so unjust.

"I was glad when I got my discharge, and took to the sea again, but you see 'ow it was? Thinking a lot about Bert, made me often think of you, and I am real glad to have met you again,—and 'ere we are at Kowloon, sir, so I'll say good-bye."

Macmillan's hand travelled towards his pocket.

"No, no, sir," said Hope quickly, "I've plenty of money, thank you all the same, sir."

"Well—good-bye," said Macmillan, holding out his hand, "very glad we've met, and to hear you are doing so well. Mind you look me up, if you come back to these parts."

They passed along the land-

ing-stage together, and separated with a nod from Macmillan, and a salute from Hope. And as Macmillan's rickshaw boy whirled him away, he caught a last sight of Hope, surrounded by Chinese sailors, with whom he was apparently on terms of perfect amity. Here was a veritable scallywag, prodigal of all that was his. Life, money, time! One who would, without hesitation, throw up an excellent billet to run home to see his mother, and who, well able to count the cost, and caring not at all for glory, or possible advancement, yet could not but respond when his country needed him! Warm-hearted, impulsive, a capital fellow; but

"only a scallywag." England could do with a few more like him, thought Macmillan, and, as he went, he pondered over the dealings of Providence, wondering how Hope's character would have shaped, had he been condemned to "the cat" in those far-away days of their youth! For after all, it is often a mere accident in the beginning, that decides the whole course of a life. Hope might have left the army an embittered man, whose ears would have been closed to his country's call — and then he would not have influenced Bert. . . . Ah, poor Bert? — Macmillan shook his head and gave up the problem.

A. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

DREAMS.

SOME night when all the house is still,
And all the people are asleep,
Most gently o'er the window-sill
And down the rain-pipe I shall creep ;
And landing on the sodden grass,
(Not waking all the sleeping folk)
Beyond the wall and road I'll pass,
Wrapped in a long and hooded cloak.
And nothing with me shall I take,
Save a few garments soft and dark,
Then, passing by the shining lake
And through the ghostly, wind-swept park,
I'll wrap my cloak still closer round,
And laughing at my lonely fate,
Think of the happiness I've found
In leaving all the world I hate,—
The world of talk and glare and din,
Where joy is just a laboured lie,
And fools or liars all therein
Who never live before they die.
But I shall live and breathe the air,—
The air of heaven that's strong and free,
And take myself, since they won't share,
The things God made for them and me.

And all the earth shall be my home,—
All the great earth, unspoiled by man ;
And 'neath the vast, star-spangled dome
I'll live and sing whilst yet I can.
I'll seek for the unchanging good,—
The truth, the peace that never ends,—
And find it in the silent wood
Where birds and beasts shall be my friends.
And they will teach me all I need,—
Where herbs and berries are the best,

Where grow the roots on which to feed,
Where lie the caves in which to rest;
Where run the coolest, freshest rills,
Where blow the flowers of brightest hue;
And where to see the distant hills
Of blue,—of blue,—of endless blue.
And I shall lie beneath the beech
That spreads beside the lonely pool,—
Below the layers of green that reach
Beyond the mere to keep it cool.
And with the earth beneath my hand,
And all around the whispering wood,
I'll see and hear and understand
What no one yet has understood.
I'll learn the language of the years,—
The wordless tongue that cannot lie,—
The tongue one either knows or fears,
The tongue that will not change nor die.

And in the still, hot atmosphere,
Vibrating waves of sunny heat
Will pass and tremble o'er the mere,
With soundless sound, like hearts that beat,—
Like human hearts that beat with strength,
With human love and human strife,
With human hopes of little length . . .
Come back, come back, O human life!
Come back, come back and break my peace.
The colours fade I loved so much;
The voices of the forest cease;
I need the warm, responding touch,
The life that I may not forsake—
I stretch my hands and vainly fight
To hold the dream, . . . and I awake,
And all around me is the night.

YOLANDE DE LA PASTURE.

THE ENGLAND OF GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.

ORTHODOX Episcopalian and sound Presbyterian have some excuse for looking askance upon the memory of George Fox. Indeed he said some uncommonly nasty things about the ecclesiastical ancestors of most of us—such exceedingly unpleasant things, in fact, that we cannot be altogether surprised that in the hot times of the Commonwealth and Restoration he had a way of ending his arguments amid a shower of stones or at the open door of a jail. A perfectly calm and quite immovable man, standing up and telling his heated opponents in the plainest and most unmistakable terms exactly what he thought of them, must quite conceivably have been difficult to put up with. Moral suasion sounds a gentle thing, but we imagine that it can be peculiarly trying occasionally. Take for instance the case of William the Silent's first wife. She had a violent temper, and was not in any way a nice person, and when her mind became affected and she had to be confined in one of the rooms of her father's castle in Germany, people said reasonably enough that her own violent passions had driven her into her unhappy state. She was not ill-treated, but there was a hole made in her chamber door, and at that hole a pastor of the Reformed Faith sat for certain hours each day and preached to her about her sins. This was probably well meant,

and may even have been regarded as a privilege, and yet if the lady had recovered and been restored to political power, we should hardly have been surprised if that diligent pastor had come to a sad end. George Fox said things to Episcopalian and Presbyterian, to Independent and Baptist, in fact to every religious denomination he came across, that only a most Christian spirit could endure. He never lost his temper—he left that to his opponents; and he had the most exasperating way of getting the best of an argument. He was convinced that he had Scripture warrant for denouncing a paid ministry, and he went about the country declaring that all who received tithes were hirelings. This was hardly likely to make him popular with the clergy of any denomination. Then there were what appear to us his small eccentricities. He called all church buildings steeple-houses, and all clergy, however Protestant, priests; he addressed every one as "thou" instead of "you," and refused to take off his hat even before a king.

"But oh, the rage that there was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts," he tells us in the Journal. 'For though Thou to a single person was according to their own learning, their accidence and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not forbear to hear it; and as to the hat honour, because I could not put off my hat to them, it set them all into a rage. Oh, the blows, punchings, beatings,

and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men . . . the bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed. And though it was a small thing in the eye of man, yet a wonderful confusion it wrought."

In Scotland we might have been comparatively unmoved by these severe comments on our friends across the Border, but we are surprised to find that the Quaker had not that admiration for our Covenanting forebears that we should have expected. He did not like Presbyterians, indeed, and certain Scotch "priests" who came to argue with him in prison he describes with unflattering simplicity as "very rude and devilish."¹ This being his attitude, it is quite in accordance with the spirit of the times that when he paid a visit to Scotland the Presbyterian ministers should draw up a number of curses to curse root and branch the doctrines and followers of the Quaker. These were appointed to be read in churches, and all the people were to say "Amen"! There was no indiscriminate charity of thought or speech in the seventeenth century.

And yet, when all is said and done, we have many reasons for forgiving a good deal to the immovable old Friend. To begin with, he has inimitably racy powers of description, so that his *Journal* makes delightfully picturesque reading, and to go on with we cannot read

very much of it without coming to the conclusion of the old soldier who, after watching a mob attacking him, placed his sword at the disposal of the man of peace. "Sir," said he to me, "I see you are a man."

There are other reasons, too, which concern character.

"He was of an innocent life," says William Penn. "So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company, . . . a most merciful man. . . . I write my knowledge and not report, . . . having been with him for weeks and months together on divers occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by day and night, by sea and land, in this and in foreign countries; and I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service and occasion. For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man; a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making."

All things considered, then, we might find it to our advantage to call a truce with George Fox's memory, and to dip into this "*Journal*" of his, which has certain magic properties of its own. It is like a little rusty gate which opens right into the heart of the seventeenth century, so that when we go in by it, hey presto! we find ourselves pilgrims with the old Quaker in the strangest kind of England.

It was in the year 1643 that Fox set out into the world to look for true religion, and it was some six or seven years later that, with a certain

¹ In one of the editions of the *Journal* this phrase is applied to the "Scotch priests," in another to a more general company in which they seem to be included. I am unaware which is the correct version.

strange calm and authority, he began to "sound the day of the Lord through the countries." "George Fox is come to the light of the sun, and now he thinks to put out my starlight," grumbled his parish priest, not very well pleased.

Ecclesiastically the country was in somewhat of a chaos when the pilgrimage began. Episcopacy was for the moment overthrown, and the pulpits of the Establishment were filled by Puritan preachers. Queer sects abounded—Familiists, Brownists, Muggletonians, Fifth-Monarchy men, Ranters. A kind of nominal toleration was in vogue, and all the world, good, bad, and indifferent, was hot for religious argument. In church, in market-place, and in court-house the wordy warfare went on continually. Fox would be rescued from the fury of an argumentative mob, bruised by them, as like as not, "by their hands, Bibles, and sticks," and would be hauled before a magistrate, only to thrash out the knotty point with the men of law. In the court-house the magistrate was apt to have the best of it, for when the battle went against him he could always clap the prisoner into jail for blasphemy. The Quaker would use no carnal weapons, but it seemed to excite no surprise when a learned and exasperated justice fell upon him with his hands; and the Journal recording a scene in a "steeple-house," remarks with much simplicity, "The magistrates' wives were in a rage and strove mightily to be at me, but the soldiers

and friendly people stood thick about me."

Verily it was a strange England—hot-blooded, undignified, inconsequent.

"Before we parted," says the Journal, telling the tale of a great argument, "I told them that if the Lord would, I intended to be in the town again that day week. Against that time the priest had got seven priests to help him. . . . These eight priests had gathered several hundreds of people, even most of the country thereabouts, and they would have had me into the steeple-house; but I would not go in, but got on a hill, and there spoke to them and the people. . . . After a while several lusty fellows came, took me up in their arms, and carried me into the steeple-house porch, intending to carry me into the steeple-house by force; but the door being locked they fell down in a heap, having me under them. As soon as I could I got up from under them, and went to the hill again: then they took me from that place to the steeple-house and set me on something like a stool, and all the priests being come back, stood under with the people. The priest cried 'To argument—to argument.' . . . I offered to prove that they were hirelings. Then the priests plucked me off the stool again, and they themselves all got upon stools under the steeple-house wall."

An amusing illustration both of the character of the times and of Fox's way of getting the best of it in a war of words occurs in the account of a passage between him and Judge Glynne, then, be it noted, Chief-Justice of England.

"When we were brought into the Court," says the Quaker, "we stood some time with our hats on, and all was quiet; and I was moved to say, 'Peace be amongst you.' Judge Glynne, a Welchman, . . . said to the jailer, 'What be these you have

brought here into the Court?' 'Prisoners, my lord,' said he. 'Why do you not put off your hats?' said the judge to us: we said nothing. Then said the judge, 'The Court commands you to put off your hats.' Then I spoke and said, 'Where did ever any magistrate, king, or judge, from Moses to Daniel, command any to put off their hats, when they came before them in their courts, either amongst the Jews, the people of God, or amongst the heathens? and if the law of England doth command any such thing, show me that law either written or printed.' Then the judge grew very angry and said, 'I do not carry my law-books on my back.' 'But,' said I, 'tell me where it is printed in any statute-book that I may read it.' Then said the judge, 'Take him away, prevaricator. I'll *ferk* him.' So they took us away and put us among the thieves. Presently after he calls to the jailer, 'Bring them up again.' 'Come,' said he, 'where *had* they hats from Moses to Daniel; come, answer me: I have you fast now,' said he. I replied, 'Thou mayest read in the third of Daniel that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with their coats, their hose, and their hats on.' This plain instance stopped him; so that not having anything else to say to the point, he cried again, 'Take them away, jailer.' Accordingly we were taken away and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while."

It was during one of his early imprisonments that Fox fell in with some of Cromwell's stern Puritan soldiers, and pleased them so well that nothing would serve them but that he must become their captain. "They said they would have none but me," he tells us, not, we fancy, without some pleasure. New troops were being raised at the time, and the commissioners, apparently unaware that there was anything incongruous in

their proceedings, ordered the jailer to bring the Quaker before them. The soldiers were assembled in the market-place of the town, and the prisoner being come, the commissioners proceeded with many compliments to urge the preferment upon him. It is amusing to read the account of what followed as the man of peace told the men of war what he thought of their profession. The revulsion of feeling was instantaneous, and the affair ended with the usual "Take him away, jailer, and put him into the dungeon among the rogues and felons."

In his continuous travels up and down the country Fox seems to have excited the most diverse feelings. Like most men of strong personality, he was well loved and well hated. To begin with, people did not quite know what to make of him. Strange powers were ascribed to him. When in his wanderings he entered a church, and, after "declaring the day of the Lord," "passed away" again, Rumour had it that an angel had visited the place. When he prayed, people were so awestruck that they believed the house was shaken over them. He had strange powers of healing, his curious serenity would often calm an excited mob, and he had sometimes a marvellous power over mad people. His courage had an almost unearthly quality. When a wild hulk of a man sprang at him and set a naked rapier to his side, the Quaker regarded him with pity. "Alack for thee, poor creature,"

said he. "What wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw." A superstitious age turned naturally to the thought of the devil. The Friend rode over the country on a great black horse, and it was said that he went at a speed impossible to mortal man. Soldiers guarding him in prison one night took the precaution to sit in the chimney lest he might take a fancy to fly up it. These were queer times—one never knew what might happen, and, angel or devil, there was something out of the way about the Quaker. He and his followers were of course much persecuted (everything novel was apt to be persecuted in those days), and equally, of course, the Society of Friends grew in numbers as their sufferings increased. Not only in England did they number their thousands during Fox's lifetime, but in Scotland, Ireland, America, Holland, and Germany; and in these almost pre-missionary days (as far as Protestants were concerned), there were Friends who set out on a romantic mission to declare the truth "towards China and Prester John's country."

It would be a mistake to suppose that even in these intolerant days the persecution was solely a religious one. There was a nervous terror of treason during the Commonwealth and after the Restoration, which looked with suspicion upon all new or unestablished or out-of-the-way gatherings. The Quakers were constantly transgressing the

Conventicle Act, which forbade the meeting together of more than four persons about religion for fear of plotting. "As if," as Fox shrewdly remarks, "four might not do more mischief than 400, because four might speak out their minds more freely one to another."

Then again after the Restoration the taking of the oath of allegiance proved a frequent source of trouble, for an oath the Quakers could not and would not take, and no mere expression of loyalty, however fervent, satisfied the justices, who were all the more zealous when, as it chanced at times, they were but newly converted to Royalist principles themselves. So the prisons were filled with gentle, peaceable, charitable men and women, and Cromwell and Charles II. were in turn appealed to on their behalf without very great effect. And these gentle people, who would in no way defend themselves, and who were commanded by heaven "to forgive all," developed like Fox himself a serene obstinacy that made the governor of Dover Castle reply, when the king asked him if he had dispersed all the sectaries' meetings, that "he had, but the Quakers the devil himself could not." Here is a little gem of seventeenth-century passive resistance:—

"There had been very great persecution in that country and town a little before. . . . Friends told us how they had broken up their meetings by warrants from the justices, and how by their warrants they were required to carry Friends before the justices, and Friends bid them 'carry them then.' The officers told Friends

'they must go,' but Friends said Nay, that was not according to their warrants, which required them to carry them. Then they were forced to hire carts and waggons and horses, and to lift Friends into their waggons and carts to carry them before a justice. When they came to a justice's house, sometimes he happened to be from home, and if he were a moderate man, he would get out of the way, and then they were obliged to carry them before another, so that they were many days carting and carrying Friends up and down from place to place, and when afterwards the officers came to lay their charges for this upon the town, the townspeople would not pay it, but made them bear it themselves; which broke the neck of the persecution there for that time."

George Fox himself was the strangest mixture of meekness, high spirit, and personal bravery one could well meet with. He was once sent prisoner from one town to another under the escort of some soldiers. After they had ridden a little way he suddenly bethought himself of an old man in whose house he had lodged, to whom he had not declared the truth as he thought he ought to have done, and immediately he turned his horse's head that he might return. The soldiers levelled their pistols at him and declared they would shoot him. "I heeded them not," says the Quaker tranquilly, "but rode back"!

After the rising of the Fifth-Monarchy men there was so much bitterness and distrust of sectaries that their lives were hardly safe for a time in hot-blooded company. Fox, who was lodging at an inn in Pall Mall, heard a violent Irish colonel come into the

room downstairs, declaring in a loud voice that "he would kill all Quakers."

"I went down to him," writes the Friend in his Journal, "and was moved in the power of the Lord to speak to him. I told him the law said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but thou threatenest to kill all the Quakers though they have done thee no hurt. But, said I, here is gospel for thee—here is my hair, here is my cheek, and here is my shoulder, —turning it to him. This came so over him, that he and his companions stood as men amazed, and said if that was our principle, and if we were as we said, they never saw the like in their lives."

George Fox had marvellous powers of endurance. He would suffer violence at the hands of a mob with the most unruffled gentleness, but after escaping bruised and bleeding from an unfriendly town, he was as likely as not to turn straightway back again and "sound the day of the Lord" once more in the market-place. And the second time he was generally received with an amazed attention.

Only on one occasion does the intrepid Friend seem to have been a thought daunted. It was in Scotland. He had been to Edinburgh, and had found the townsfolk busy burning a witch. The magistrates and clergy eyed him so sourly that one feels they would have enjoyed disposing of him in the same fashion. "A briary brambly nature" is the Quaker's comment on the Scotch. Then he rode further north, and we come upon the following startling entry: "We went among the Highlanders, who were so

devilish, they had like to have spoiled us and our horses, for they ran at us with pitchforks; but through the Lord's goodness we escaped them."

It is curious how, with all Fox's plain-speaking, he was never betrayed into language that held a hint of disloyalty either to King or Commonwealth. He had plenty to say about the conduct of justice and the duties of rulers, and he addressed letters galore both to Oliver and King Charles on one subject or another, but his attitude towards them was always a deeply respectful one. Carlyle has made famous the charmingly human touches in his interviews with the Protector. There were, I think, four of these. The first was perhaps the longest and most intimate. "One Captain Drury" brought the Quaker to Oliver on a morning before he was dressed, and Fox, who at heart seems to have been Royalist, and who had many quarrels with the Puritans and little admiration for them, nevertheless "found himself moved," as he came under the Protector's roof, to say, "Peace be to this house." Afterwards there was a long talk about religion, conducted with great gravity, dignity, and simplicity on the part of Fox, and when it was over Oliver took him by the hand. "Come again to my house," he said, with unwonted tears in his stern old eyes. "If thou and I were but an hour a-day together, we should be nearer to one another."

"I wish you no more ill than

I do to my own soul," he added; and Fox, with a gentle solemnity, unspoiled on this occasion by any harsh word, said that if he did he would wrong his own soul, and so they took leave.

The second time they met was in the street.

"When we came near Hyde Park we saw a great concourse of people, and looking towards them espied the Protector coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode to his coach-side, and some of his life-guards would have put me away, but he forbade them. So I rode by with him, 'declaring . . . the sufferings of Friends in the nation; showing him how contrary this persecution was to Christ and his apostles and to Christianity.' When we arrived at James' Park Gate I left him; and at parting he desired me to come to his house."

There is a quaint little kindly touch as a sequel to this, for Oliver going home told one Mary Sanders, a staunch little follower of the Friends' doctrines, who was one of his wife's maids, that he had good news for her—"George Fox was come to town." The third interview, which took place the next day, did not please the grave Quaker so well, though to us it appears as kindly and as human as any. Dr Owen, then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, was present, and Fox pressed upon him and upon the Protector the distinctive Quaker doctrines. Oliver was in no mind to accept them, and with affairs of state on his hands and his own views very clear-cut on most religious subjects, was even inclined to treat them a little lightly. Yet

his friendliness, perhaps even a hint of affection, for "the man in the leathern breeches," breaks through the account of the dispute. "I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me and said he would be as high as I was; and so continued speaking." Fox adds regretfully that "he went away in a light manner," and is pleased to hear that afterwards the Protector was vexed at this, saying to somebody, "I never parted so from them before."

The last meeting was just before Oliver's death.

"I met him riding into Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him and had warned him as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house, so . . . next day (I) went to Hampton Court to speak further with him. But when I came he was sick, and . . . the doctors were not willing I should speak with him. So I passed away and never saw him more."

During the Protectorate Fox spent long periods in prison, and it was not easy to get Oliver's help for the Quakers. Yet had the two men had their "hour a-day together," what friends they might have been!

It is perhaps more surprising to note the tone of Fox's references to the easy, pleasure-loving, irreligious Charles II. Some time after the Restoration he was arrested on suspicion of having to do with a plot against the king, and

was examined by Sir George Middleton, who accused him of being a traitor.

"I struck my hand on the table," says the Quaker, moved for once to a violent gesture, "and told him I had suffered more than twenty such as he, or than any that was there; for I had been cast into Derby dungeon for six months together, and had suffered much because I would not take up arms against the king before Worcester fight. I had been sent up prisoner out of my own country by Col. Hacker to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in King Charles in the year 1654, and I had nothing but love and goodwill to the king, and desired the eternal good and welfare of him and his subjects."

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Middleton. 'Nay,' said I, 'ye may hear it again if ye will. For ye talk of the king, a company of you, and where were ye in Oliver's days, and what did ye do then for him? But I have more love to the king for his eternal good and welfare than any of you have.'

We might multiply quaint extracts of seventeenth-century life if we had space. There was "the town called Patrington," where one evening Fox declared truth till it was dark, and after sleeping among furze-bushes, because no one would give him lodging, was seized in the early morning by men with pikes and halberds, who marched with him nine miles to a justice, hoping they would find him sober, "for he used to be drunk early."

There were strange tales of something like second-sight, premonitions, and such like—"the sight and sense" of coming trouble. On one occasion, when the Friend had been suddenly seized and taken to

prison, he writes to his wife, sweet Margaret Fell—

"DEAR HEART,—Thou seemdest to be a little grieved when I was taken. Be content with the will of the Lord God. For when I was at John Rous' at Kingston, I had a sight of my being taken prisoner, and when I was at Bray Dorley's in Oxfordshire, as I sat at supper I saw I was taken; and I saw I had a suffering to undergo. But the Lord's power is over all. Blessed be His holy name for ever.—G. F."

There was, too, the strange adventure of the *Sallee* ship, a pirate vessel that pursued the barge in which George Fox was making one of his voyages to America. Through a night of fitful moonlight it gave chase, but Fox comforted the passengers by an assurance of a power placed between it and them, and before morning dawned it had disappeared.

"Afterwards while we were at Barbadoes," records the Journal, "there came in a merchant from *Sallee* and told the people 'that one of the *Sallee* men-of-war saw a monstrous yacht at sea, the greatest that ever he saw, and had her in chase, and was just upon her, but that there was a spirit in her that he could not take.'"

These are not tales for the Psychical Research Society, but they have a beauty of their own all the same. "There was a spirit in her that he could not take" is a suggestive phrase.

We might quote much of interest about Fox's message, a message to which the eccentricities we have mentioned were but trifles, but we shall con-

tent ourselves with a sentence or two.

"I was sent," says the Quaker, "by the divine Power and Spirit of God, to bring people off from all their own ways to Christ the new and living way, and from their churches which men had made and gathered to the Church in God, the General Assembly written in heaven, . . . and off from the world's teachers made by men, to learn of Christ, . . . and off from all the world's worships to know the Spirit of Truth in the inward parts and to be led thereby. And I was to bring the people off from all the world's religions which are vain, that they might know the pure religion, might visit the fatherless, the widows, and the strangers, and keep themselves from the spots of the world."

Such teaching is far wider than Quakerism: in the heart of it, it is as wide as the world; in its revolt from external form and its plea for eternal realities it has its followers, and perhaps its opponents, in all the Churches.

The England of George Fox's Journal has passed away, and much that was distinctive of early Quakerism has passed away also. For us, the name of the Society of Friends conjures up fair visions of silver-grey garb and old-fashioned speech, of fragrant lives and sweet deeds of charity, and by their fruits we know what manner of men the old Quakers must have been. The spirit that animated them it is ours to pray for, and happily we are not required to believe in the verbal inspiration of our saints.

LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

"MACBETH" AND THE CHRONICLES—THE PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—BIRNAM WOOD AT DRURY LANE—THE PERFORMANCE OF THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS—A SENSELESS TYRANNY—POPULAR CONTROL.

SHAKESPEARE'S "Macbeth" is the ancient chronicle touched by the hand of genius. The bones of the tragedy are to be found, bleached and white, in the page of Holinshed. In the play these dead bones are informed by the poet with immortal life. A mere hint by the chronicler is sufficient, when Shakespeare has taken it, for the fashioning of a living, breathing woman. "Speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, being in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." There is no more warrant in the chronicle than that for the savage humour and the lofty aims of Lady Macbeth. The Weird Sisters, too, are sketched in Holinshed's version of Boece with a light hand: "It fortened as Makbeth and Banquho journied towards Fores. . . . There met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world." That is the description vouchsafed us of the Witches, who lift the tragedy of "Macbeth" high above the level of reality. It is only when Shakespeare feels himself trammelled by his facts that he ceases for the moment to be himself. The long argument conducted by Macduff

and Malcolm is more closely allied with truth than with fancy, and proves that even Shakespeare forgot at times to transmute the baser metal of fact into the pure gold of poetry. For the rest, the wonderful atmosphere of doubt and fear in which "Macbeth" is enwrapped is all of Shakespeare's own contrivance. Seen through its enchanting haze prose becomes poetry, history is changed to drama.

As in all the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies, the fable of "Macbeth" is of far less importance than the development of character. The motive of the play is not the murder of Duncan, but the conflict which is waged in the mind of Macbeth. In "Macbeth," as in "Hamlet," we are confronted with the struggle between thought and action. It is not in cold blood that Macbeth sets out to kill his King. He is impelled to his deed of darkness not by any natural villainy of his own, but by the Weird Sisters. No sooner does he hear upon the blasted heath the solemn invocation: "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter!" than his mind is filled with strange, impossible desires. Every word spoken by the Witches is accepted by him

as the word of truth, and the speedy confirmation, afforded by Ross, who hails him Thane of Cawdor at the King's bidding, sets him more desperately upon his fell purpose. To Banquo the Witches are but the incident of a journey. "Good sir," says he, "why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?" To Macbeth the Witches are the ministers of a stern ambition, whose reading of the future must be patiently accepted. Yet, even in the moment of belief, Macbeth cannot shake off his ancient candour. A sense of honour breathes within him; he hesitates still to do the bidding of the Weird Sisters. Lady Macbeth, after reading his letter, doubts not his desires, but the savage temper that would achieve them. "I do fear thy nature," she says:

"It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou would'st be great:
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it."

In the strength of her one purpose she has complete confidence. "He that's coming," she declares, "must be provided for," and she declares it with such certainty, that even Macbeth catches something of her ferocity. Left alone, he discovers a hundred reasons why he should not commit the crime. If the blow might be the be-all and the end-all here, he'd "jump the life to come." It is the judgment here that he fears.

The King is under his roof in the double trust of kinsman and guest. In brief, he determines to "proceed no further in this business":

"He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."

At his vacillation, Lady Macbeth rises to the topmost pinnacle of savagery. In a moment she has swept away the last of his scruples. "I am settled," he confesses, "and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat." Not even the spectral dagger with its "gouts of blood" turns him from his purpose. He does the deed. Yet in the very moment of accomplishment he is affrighted. "Didst thou not hear a noise?" His punishment begins at once. He is sick with fancies. "Methought," he says—

"Methought I heard a voice cry
'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the
innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve
of care,
The death of each day's life, sore
labour's bath."

Even the palpable knocking on the door recalls to his mind nothing save the deed of blood. "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!"

When once he is upon the throne, Macbeth cannot shake off the habit of murder. Remorse grows weaker with success. The taking off of Banquo perplexes him not. It is only

when the ghost appears visibly before him that he is appalled. The murder of Lady Macduff and her son is the purposeless work of one drunk with blood, who is not content to guard his sovereignty, but to wreak a fierce revenge upon a vague enemy. The argument, "to be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus," justifies in his eyes the killing of Banquo and his son. The Witches' warning, "Beware, Macduff," is not sufficient cause for the slaughter of Macduff's wife and child. Yet though Macbeth is thus incensed to murder, he still sees visions and dreams dreams. They shake him nightly. Even Lady Macbeth succumbs at last to the haunting memory of her crime. When she walks in her sleep, protesting that all "the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand," she is abundantly punished for the reproaches which she has heaped upon Macbeth. And by a fine subtlety Macbeth is seen to increase in courage, as his queen declines. He cannot "taint with fear," he boasts. Loudly he bids the false thanes fly, "and mingle with the English epicures." It is no victim of sounds and spectres who protests,

"The mind I sway by and the heart I
bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake
with fear."

The attack upon his castle inspires him with a warrior's courage. He awaits the onslaught with the confidence of one who is guarded by the mystic sayings of the Witches

against defeat and death. Not even noises alarm him now. "The time has been," he says, "my senses would have cool'd

"To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of
hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and
stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full
with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

Not even the death of the Queen stirs him to a long sorrow. It is the fight that now absorbs him, not the love or the fear of his wife and temptress, the fierce woman whom Shakespeare does not soften to our heart by a Christian name. The news inspires him to poetry, not to grief. "She should have died hereafter," he says ; "There would have been a time for such a word." There is no time now, when Birnam wood has begun to move. "Arm, arm, and out !" he cries. His resolution conquers the fear of the Witches' warning :

"Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind !
come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our
back."

If you would trace the progress of Shakespeare's art, you have but to compare "Richard III." and "Macbeth." Both Richard and Macbeth sacrifice everything to ambition, thinking a throne well won by the shedding of blood. There the resemblance begins and ends. Richard is a cold, crafty monster of crime, a bogey to frighten children withal. He speaks in the bombastic rhetoric

of a primitive age. He does not think; he acts. Macbeth, on the other hand, is impelled to murder by unseen agencies, and when he has done the deed of blood he is a prey to the sick fancies of his mind. Above all, he is a poet. It is not without design that Shakespeare has put into his mouth the noblest lines of the tragedy. By doing this, he proves his own sympathy with Macbeth, and asks yours. It is impossible to judge by the common standards of life the victim of the Weird Sisters, one whose sensitive intelligence compels him to see the cause as well as the consequence of his crimes, who suffers from the haunting spectres of remorse, and who in the end shows himself a man of courage, even though he fights against supernatural forces. It is with this same purpose of engaging our sympathy that Shakespeare presents him as the sport of the elements and the dupe of wizardry. Hecate and her brood dominate him. His guilt may not be measured by the common scale of things. As Charles Lamb says, "from the moment that the eyes of the Witches first meet Macbeth's, he is spellbound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. . . . They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. That is all we know of them. Except Hecate they have no names, which heightens their mysteriousness. . . . The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist

with mirth." That is true, and mirth is the last quality which we would associate with "Macbeth."

And it is this mirthlessness, this intensity of tragic force, this ruthless torturing of a human soul, that make the proper representation of "Macbeth" almost an impossibility. Many tricks have been played to adapt the tragedy more nearly to the average playgoer. In the version which served to display the genius of Betterton, Lady Macbeth was "brought in repentant, and counselling her husband to give up the crown for conscience' sake!" Not even Kean entirely satisfied his admirers. Hazlitt complains that "he did not look like a man who had encountered the Weird Sisters." In our own day several experiments have been made, and none of them successful. Where others have failed Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has not triumphed. Yet as we listened to (or rather watched) his presentation of Macbeth we could not help admiring his ingenuity. He has purged Shakespeare's tragedy of pity and horror. He has brought it before us in such a shape as evokes smiles rather than tears. Never once from beginning to end did we feel the thrill which "Macbeth" should give us. Are we assisting at a drawing-room comedy, we asked ourselves, or at a Christmas pantomime? Where have vanished the trembling remorse, the sick fear, the ghostly apprehensions of

Macbeth? Even Lady Macbeth in her sleep-walking scene aroused our curiosity rather than our grief. The staircase, down which she walks with stealthy step, dwarfs to nothingness the poignant emotions of terror and remorse. In brief, Macbeth and his Queen are companions of so fine an amiability that we resent the passion of Macduff, the revenge of Malcolm. They conspired to kill Duncan, it is true. But they executed the job with so many-coloured a picturesqueness that nobody has a right to resent the murder.

The reason why Sir Herbert Tree has failed is not far to seek. He has sought to achieve a pictorial, not a dramatic effect. His performance resembles nothing so much as a series of paintings, which might have hung upon the walls of the Royal Academy and been afterwards reproduced in an expensive edition of the play. The colours are selected with an ingenious taste. The scenery is devised with a proper sense of pictorial effect. Lady Macbeth reading her lord's letter at the window seems to have strayed from a painted canvas. But the pictorial and the dramatic have ever been the bitterest foes. They cannot live together for an instant. Stability is the essence of the one, movement of the other. If the pictorial delights our eyes, the dramatic should rend our hearts. Sir Herbert Tree might with bare boards have drawn the tears of anguish from our eyes. He has pre-

ferred to employ all the subsidiary arts of the theatres in presenting the picture of a tragedy, the simulacrum of a passion.

The master-quality of "Macbeth" is rapidity. The tragedy rushes to its appointed end in a storm of crime and fury. Macbeth doffs his newly won honours to murder Duncan. He ascends the throne, and falls before the onslaught of Macduff. There is none other of Shakespeare's tragedies which has so few pauses, so small a measure of relief. Simplicity, therefore, is obviously demanded in its representation—simplicity and speed. Nothing should be permitted on the stage which hinders its movement. And this plain truth Sir Herbert Tree, in spite of all his care and forethought, has forgotten. He has placed "Macbeth" before us with the utmost deliberation. He has used all the resources of pictorial art to delay the action. There are dances, processions, and crowds to disturb our interest. The constant shifting of the scene kills the emotions which the players should arouse. From beginning to end the setting is of greater importance than the tragedy, and if you would seek a proof that decoration is the enemy of the drama, you may find it in the representation of "Macbeth" at His Majesty's Theatre.

We are reminded in "a note by the producer" that "David Garrick dressed Macbeth as a Scottish sergeant-major of his own day, while his colleague, Mrs Pritchard, appeared as

Lady Macbeth in a court skirt over huge hoops, with powdered hair surmounted by feathers." It may be, as Sir Herbert Tree suggests, "undesirable to levy so heavy a tax upon the imagination of latter-day audiences." We cannot entertain a strong opinion one way or the other. The incongruities of costume are to our mind as nothing compared with the incongruities of action. We can easily believe that when once Garrick got to work his audience forgot what he wore in the terror evoked by what he said. Sir Herbert Tree never permits us to forget what he wears or how he mounts the tragedy. In other words, he has succumbed to the prevailing fashion. He has overwhelmed actors and dramatist in the splendour of his trappings, and he must pay the penalty exacted of all those who confuse the true purpose of dramatic art. Of the three elements in drama, the dramatist comes first, the actor second, the decorator third. The first two are essential; the third matters not a jot. At His Majesty's the decorator is a supreme tyrant, who partially overshadows the actor and makes the dramatist of no account whatever.

Moreover, there is no play which stands so little in need of decorative commentary as "Macbeth." Where the emotion is most profound, there is the least need of pageantry. "Macbeth" acts itself as few other plays act themselves. We once heard it in a country theatre, whose resources

in the matter of scenery and costume were limited, and it affected us as it has never affected us since. Especially is the demand for simplicity clamorous where the Witches are engaged. The words that they speak, the fateful prophecies that they utter, should be allowed to carry their own weight. Horrible in themselves, they need no embellishment. And it was when the Witches were on the stage that the play at His Majesty's most miserably failed. Everything was overdone. The elocution of the Witches was forced, until the words they uttered were almost unintelligible. They were involved in a hopeless competition with the elements. They floated backwards and forwards on invisible wires. They played the many tricks that are familiar in our pantomimes, and they left us absolutely unimpressed. Beginning their performance in the very highest key, and having no reserve, they fell far below the call which was presently made upon them. If only they had spoken their words quietly and clearly, they might have suggested "that awe-inspiring atmosphere" which Sir Herbert Tree has failed to create. And this failure cannot but impair the success of the whole tragedy. They should lift "Macbeth" high above the plane of realism. They should brood over the action like an evil conscience. By making the Thane of Cawdor the sad creature of destiny, they should justify

our sympathy with his fate. But how can they do all this if every word they say is falsely punctuated, and if the terror of their apparition is mitigated by the antics of pantomime fairies? At last, we thought as we watched their performance in the darkness, at last Birnam Wood has come to Drury Lane!

And we regret the elaborate production of "Macbeth" the more, because if Sir Herbert Tree had rid himself of his encumbrances, and had realised that the art of drama is higher than the art of *tableaux vivants*, he might have given us the best "Macbeth" of our generation. Though, like Kean, "he did not look like a man who had encountered the Weird Sisters," though he failed to hint the deeper mysteries of the part, he spoke his lines with clarity and effect, he had always a kingly presence, and in the last act, when external hindrances were out of the question, he gave us some moments of high and vivid tragedy. There was a restrained beauty in his utterance of Macbeth's beautiful lament:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and
to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day
to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools
The way to dusty death."

Alas! it was not all of this excellence. Through four acts the play trailed, trailed dimly. When the mind should have been alert, the sight only was engaged. And the moral

of the performance is that we shall never witness the "Macbeth" of our dreams until we have an actor who understands the obligation of rapidity, and remembers that the sense of tragedy must be conveyed to the brain of his audience, not through the eye, but through the ear.

Another performance has been given this month, for which we are profoundly grateful. Its sincerity was unquestioned, its stage-management perfect. It was known as the Trade Union Congress, and we cannot welcome too warmly its annual repetition. Whether it be comedy or tragedy must be decided by those men of genius who take part in it. If we forget for a moment the sad futility of human pride, it seems to lie nearer to laughter than to tears. Even if it persuades us to weep for our kind, we shall not regret it. Some tears there are which bring healing with them. And whether the proceedings of the Trade Union Congress prompt to grief or hilarity, we hope that every Englishman will read them with rapt attention. Now, the Trade Unionist holds a place apart in our modern life. His only rivals are the opera-singer and the flying-man. Wherever he goes he moves in an atmosphere of reverence. To lift a hand against him in anger is to commit the worst kind of high treason. At Newcastle a few weeks ago it was gravely suggested that Mr Tillett should not be heard be-

cause he had struck a Trade Unionist! Think on the enormity of the crime! A submissive Parliament has authorised the Trade Unionists to break the law when and how it suits them. And Mr Tillett dared to strike one of these privileged heroes! Does it not speak volumes for the forbearance of the Congress that it permitted the egregious Mr Tillett to breathe for a little while longer the upper air?

However, it is not for its demonstration of the homelier virtues that we treasure every speech that is delivered at these autumnal congresses. We treasure them because they reveal to the common public, which is content to do its work with independence of spirit, the senseless tyranny that threatens it. When the Trade Unionists get together, they forget the reporters and show themselves to the world in their true colours. The interested flattery of politicians has put these men upon so lofty a pedestal that we can hardly wonder at their amazing vanity. They are confident that they know all things, and can do all things. They are absolved from the common obligations of honour and fair play. If they consent to arbitration, they will accept the award only if it be favourable to them. With a clear consciousness that they are not as other men, they refuse to act as other men. These plain facts the world is in danger of forgetting. It is well, therefore, that the world should be reminded of them at least once a year.

While the Trade Unions guard with a jealous eye what they deem their own privileges, they never hesitate to interfere with the duties of others. It is their most cherished superstition that they are capable of everything. They believe devoutly that the thing they call "popular control," which is of course their control, can solve all the problems which have baffled the ingenuity of experts for many centuries. For instance, they are ready at a moment's notice to assume the commands of the Navy and Army. There is a gallant glassblower, for instance, Mr Stokes by name, who is of opinion that "the time has arrived for the institution of a real citizen army, free entirely from military law during times of peace, officered entirely by the selection of the rank and file." The duties of this army, as far as we can understand them, would be "to defend the rights of the people against the military caste." And no doubt the bellicose glassblower would put down his name as a candidate for the office of commander-in-chief. It is a pleasant dream—an army led by officers selected by the rank and file; and no doubt the Trade Unionists believe sincerely that they are fit for leadership without training or education. They are sure that the mere fact of election endows them not merely with the "half-baked" intelligence popular in the House of Commons, but converts them on a sudden into highly qualified experts.

Sydney Smith once said of Lord John Russell, that "there was nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St Peter's—or assume with or without ten minutes' notice the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church had tumbled down—and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms." The Trade Unionists have the same recklessness which was the ruin of Lord John Russell. They would cheerfully kill the patient, topple down St Peter's, or knock the fleet to atoms. It is only after these desirable ends were accomplished that they would show how far their manner differed from Lord John's. Instantly they would begin to throw the responsibility upon each other. There would result those "scenes of disorder" which are inseparable from their deliberations. And presently they would begin again, unabashed, to prove their perfect fitness, after due election by the rank and file, to perform all the duties of state and church without a minute's preparation.

The doughty glassblower was stoutly supported in his dream of a citizen army by Mr W. Thorne, M.P. This urbane gentleman went a step further in the argument than his colleague. He denounced all the officers in the Navy and Army as "cads." Well, well, we can't all be Trade Unionists, and Mr Thorne should really show a little more

forbearance for the poor creatures who were born in another class than his own, and have not enjoyed his advantages. However, it is his bitterest complaint that "the Navy and Army are kept up for the protection of property and not of the people." Is the people then indifferent to the safety of the country and to the guardianship of our trade? We do not believe it. The people of England is not yet sodden with folly. It knows perfectly well that without a proper defence the industries, upon which we all depend, would perish miserably, and that those whose reserve was smallest would be the first to starve. But they who aspire to the leadership of the people are far too great to stoop to facts. They have not yet learned that he who would command in war or in peace must be as a little child.

Having disposed, to their own satisfaction, of the Navy and Army, the more turbulent spirits among the Trade Unionists amiably condescended to sketch a plan for the proper education of Great Britain. Once more they demanded popular control. In this combat also the urbane Mr Thorne was the protagonist. What a Proteus! There is no shape which he cannot assume, no enterprise which he cannot carry to a successful issue. One day he is ready to make an army for us. Another day he aspires to remodel our system of education. And he does not propose to stay his hand at the elementary schools.

He is prepared to guide the scholarship of our land along the path of excellence, to superintend not merely the elements but humane letters. His "omnibus resolution," in brief, "embodied an education policy which should provide a national system under full popular control, free and secular, from the primary school to the University." The old-fashioned adage, let the cobbler stick to his last, long ago went out of fashion. Otherwise it might be worth while to point out to the omniscient Mr Thorne that this very problem of education has baffled the wisest men from the beginning of time. Perhaps we should do the great man no dishonour if we hinted that in the difficult art of instructing others he (Mr Thorne) was no wiser than Plato, let us say, or Erasmus. Indeed, even though this elect of the people has behind him a compact majority eager for popular control, we shall still prefer the opinions of learned men and wise philosophers to the vague aims of Trade Unionists, we shall still believe that the voice of tradition speaks with a truth, of which noisy congresses know nothing.

To our great surprise Mr Thorne's suggestion was greeted with shouts of derision, and was presently followed by one of those "disorderly scenes" in which our self-appointed masters seem to delight. It was the word "secular" which aroused the storm. The Trade Unionists did not deny for a moment their competence to undertake the management of

our public schools and universities. But the word "secular" very properly was more than Mr Sexton, a Liverpool docker, could stand. "You are a cowardly lot of hounds," he cried, and as he faced the storm of anger which beat about him, one of the delegates shouted, without humour, it is to be feared, "And we claim to be democrats here!" A boastful claim, indeed, where democracy means no more than their own obedient clique. However, Mr Sexton refused to be silenced. He flouted the chair as though it were not graced by the sacred presence of a Trade Unionist. The chairman, clanging his big hand-bell, threatened to send Mr Sexton out of the hall. "Well, then," replied the irreconcilable, "I will not retire. It is a damned humbug. There is no fair play. You will have to carry me out." We cannot help confessing that we are in complete agreement with Mr Sexton. There is no fair play. For that one reason, perhaps, Mr Thorne's omnibus resolution was triumphantly carried, and henceforth Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, may consider themselves irrevocably submitted to the "popular control" of the Trade Unions.

But it was Mr Crooks who came in for the heaviest knocks. This well-advertised Member of Parliament has dared to think and speak for himself. He has gone even further. He has dared to draft a bill on his own responsibility. Could anything

be more offensive to a self-respecting Congress of Trade Unionists? It need not be said that he was put in his place very speedily. "Shame" and "rot" greeted the description of Mr Crooks' effort to benefit mankind. That a man should think or act for himself was plainly not to be borne. "A member," said one orator, "must not be allowed to introduce a measure in the House of Commons on his own responsibility." No, they must all go to heel, when they are told, like patient hinds, and make up for the subservience as best they may by prating loudly of freedom and by celebrating the virtues of an untrammelled democracy.

And now that the Congress is over and done with, it is impossible not to feel a profound contempt for it all. The purpose for which the Unions were established was long ago forgotten. Conciliation and arbitration are now deemed beneath the notice of the delegates. No longer content to guard their own interests, they would presume to govern the whole world. They have stamped under foot the discipline upon which their organisation was based. The leaders flout the country, the rank and file flout the leaders. The complete ignorance of life which the Trade Unionists display, together with a vain assurance of their own wisdom, is nothing less than pitiful. Before they govern the

world they must govern themselves. They must curb their unbridled tongues, their foolish jealousies of one another. If a mere scholar or statesman or soldier presumed, without an hour's experience, to blow glass or to drive an engine, the Trade Unionists would be the first to protest against their insolence. In a similar spirit, let the Trade Unionists remember that it needs something more than an overweening pride to direct the scholarship, the statecraft, and the army of a great country. At the time of a General Election it is a useful practice, no doubt, to count heads. There is virtue in counted heads at no other time and for no other purpose. That the Trade Unions will ever be a permanent danger to the country we do not believe. Their ill-will is inspired by ignorance and the folly of cynical agitators. Some day they will conquer their ignorance and dismiss their cynical agitators. Then, if they are fortunate, they may learn humility, and with humility the other useful lessons of life. If they do, they may at last succeed in minding their own business, and so refrain from insulting the honest, honourable men who are serving their country in professions for which Messrs Thorne and his friends will always be unfit, and to which the magic and meaningless words "popular control" can never be applied.

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'THE SHEPHERDS GYRLOND.'

Shepherds ! anie tyme I see
Blossome dauncing on a tree,
I doe thynke upon hir.
When I see a flying bird
Sinking suddenlie unheard
To the oceans creamie curd,
Then I thynke upon hir.

When a shining lawne I view
Speckled with the morning dew,
I doe thynke upon hir.
When I see a moony cloude
Thatte too nigh the Witch hath straid
Charm-bound in a siluer shroude,
Then too thynke I on hir.

When I scent th' enchaunted muske
Of awak'ning flowres at duske,
I doe thynke upon hir.

NATHANIEL DOWNES, variously appearing as Nat Douns, Nathaniell Dones, Master N. Doones—but, in any guise, the "Natty" of George Peele's sometime and most unreliable affections—come forth from the retirement where even our modern anthologist has left you to languish ! For you are worthy, at least, of this momentary word, this fleeting notice ; and if, after your three centuries of rest, they fail to

Or when litil riuers leape
Tinkling downe an emerauld steepe
Where th' enamelled florets peepe,
Then I thynke upon hir.

Whenas the skyes are sapphire
wells

Lit with sunnie miracles,
I doe thynke upon hir.
Anie tyme when starr-beames
shake

Lances thatte with snowe-light
flake

Willowes dreaming by a lake,
Thynke I much upon hir.
O at manie plesaunt springs
Doe my fancies fledge theyr wings !
I nere looke on prettie things
But I doe thynke upon hir.

endue you with that life which certain dead rhymesters, no better than yourself, continue to enjoy, then return once more and for ever to your dreams beneath the kindly Sussex sod that shelters your dust.

It is really something remarkable that Nat has so completely dropped out of the recognised circle of the Elizabethans ; for that he was a graceful, though not a great, poet, is plain after a perusal

of his pamphlet of verse, assembled under the title standing at the head of this paper. If we except his entertaining 'Iournall,' from which autobiographical common-book we draw our main knowledge of him (it was not, however, published until the Restoration; by some grand- or great-grand-child, one supposes, and copies are very hard to come by), 'The Shepherds Gyrland' is his only preserved work. It was printed during his lifetime ("By E. F. for Andrew Wise, and are to be solde at the signe of the Angell in Paules Churchyard, 1594"); and if it was quicklier forgotten than the lyrics of his contemporaries, this may well be due to the fact that he was not a dramatist as well as a poet. Some slight and beautiful songs still live for us which might have been eternally lost but that their authors' names are shored up by monuments of stage-stuff not now actable, and read only by the student whose business it is to know the constituent values of the dramatic renaissance at the close of the sixteenth century. Had good Tom Heywood, for instance, never produced a certain bulk of not-too-inspirational plays, would not his one golden lyric have slipped for ever through the crannies of men's memories? But there it is, a charming cameo preserved to the world by a dull and massive frame, simply because Tom dwelt—as Nat did not—a humble muse on that Parnassus of Drama whose Phœbus-Apollo was

William Shakespeare. And so our mentioned anthologist never omits "Pack, clouds, away" from his Elizabethan bouquet; to add one whiff to whose fragrance he is now commended to a closer acquaintance with 'The Shepherds Gyrland.' (My friend the Anthologist—my friend Master Nathaniel Downes!)

And while the admitted purpose of the present chronicler is to reintroduce the best of this pretty collection to a forgetful public, it may be found that Nat's own life-story, so artlessly set down in his 'Iournall,' has an engaging aspect of its own. Incurably whimsical, even at his most wistful he cannot conceal the dimple round the corner, nor do his pair of tears succeed in dimming a twinkling optic.

Let us get to facts.

Nathaniel Downes, on his specific statement, was Kentish born, although the Sussex he died in has claimed him. He is negligent of his dates, but we may fix his birth between 1569-73. In his early childhood his family removed over the borderland of its native shire into Sussex. The events of his life call for small comment till he runs away to London, the Mecca of the Elizabethan poet; a pilgrimage Nat was bound to make at some period in his existence, for the poet sang in his veins, and was, it may be added, very little appreciated by his kin. He seems to have been apprenticed to a blacksmith, one Jno. Wynne, who reap-

pears later to some purpose in Nat's history. Nat tells us—

"The iron wold grow oold on the anuill whiles I didd string my rhymes. Then my master did beat mee."

Was it after one such basting that Nat, a lad of eighteen or twenty, took his beloved gittern and turned his face Londonward "withouten a grote in mye pouch"?

He sang his way, and as frequently starved his way, to the city; and now we see him arriving sorefoot at the Three Pigeons in Brentford, on a morning when merry George Peele was playing host there to a party of friends.

"I heard loud talk and laughter within," Nat tells us, "and looking through the window spied a jolly company at dinner. Whereat my empty belly ached twofold and my parched tongue took a double flame."

Someone flung a scrap to a hound, and the sight seems to have driven the boy to desperation. For he pokes his head through the casement and cries—

"I would I also went on four feet, my master! I am leaner than thy dog."

We can imagine the astonishment of the roysterers. It was Peele, of course, who waved the hand of welcome, saying—

"Art lean enough to creep through the casement and beg, dog?"

Nat worms his way in (no easy task with certain windows of the period, so his entrance is, in some sort, his argument),

and the company begins to make sport with him.

He is asked, "What wilt thou?"

"A full flagon," says Nat.

"Hast aught to barter therefor?"

"Ay," says Nat, "a dusty throat."

"A short bargain, boy."

"No," says Nat, "'tis the length of this road to Sussex coast."

"Why, why, why!" cries George, "then Brent's self will scarce fill it."

"Yet this puddle had served," says Nat, and looks at the floor, running spilled liquor.

"I think thou'st some wit," observes George.

"I do know I've much thirst," responds Nat, and by this he is growing really faint; but don't expect heart in such company. They are not yet done with him. Let the lout stand up to them till he drop; then, doubtless, they will look to him.

Some one says, "I see thou hast a very pretty gittern. Your true, raging, not-to-be-denied thirst had sold it long before ye were over Sussex border."

Poor Natty!

"Gentles," I saies, "I mought as soone roaste and dine off the hart in my bodie to preserue myselfe from staruing. If I part with my gitterne I part with my trade."

George asks, "What is thy trade?"

"I sing for a living," says Nat.

"What songs dost thou sing?" asks George.

"Mine own songs," says Nat.

George looks Nat up and down at this, peers in his pinched and smiling face, observes his rags and his grime and his country slouch, and then says very gravely, but winking one eye at his friends—

"Praise the fair day on which I discover mine own brother! Brother, sing us a song."

And Nat, for all his parched throat, very readily sings.

The 'Iournall' does not quote his song. It may have been a fugitive verse, made one day and forgotten the next, when it had won him a bed or a supper. But if it appears among those preserved in the 'Gyrland,' we can well imagine it to be the pretty twelve-line lyric that runs—

O haue ye euer seene a woode
Wher in the yeares greene infancie
Yong violets are thicke lie strewd,
A coole contentment to the eie?

Or haue ye euer hird a nest
Of hidden byrdes thatte when daie
Sleepes on the golden-pillow'd West
Doe sing the laste of lyghte awaie?

See tender and so yong to see
Is she my bosome onely loues,
And in such singing puritie
Among my thoughts and praiers sche
moues.

Whether it was this song or another, we gather that the audience was both surprised and delighted; and, indeed, smooth rhythm and sound rhyming, eked out with less imagination than we know Nat capable of, would alone have been bound to achieve their effect in a company that was looking for something very

different. Generosity succeeded to banter; the singer had obliterated the rustic. George loudly proclaims the young man's gittern to be the third and least part of his stock-in-trade: his voice is its master, and his fancy betters his voice. What is the rhymester's name? Nat supplies it.

"Thy lady's name, too," is next demanded, "for so sweet an one is worthy a toast."

And now—alack and alack, and yet again alack!—our Nat commits himself to the fatal words. He says,

"Elizabeth Wynne,"

and unconsciously sets the seal upon his destiny.

The impulse that made him utter the lie is one of the things for which we find him likeable.

For we have his word that up to this time Natty's affections had never been seriously engaged. He had no lady. His songs of love were composed to that idealised figment we all cherish in the abstract, and pop straightway into the first concrete body that attracts us, irrespective of the fitness of the idol to its shrine. Hence too many tragedies. But, Nat not yet having encountered the shrine to contain his idol, Peele's demand embarrassed him. The truth was the last thing to be uttered in the circumstances.

"I saw," he frankly confesses, "my gentlemen expectant of a name, and I was loth to disoblige them. Moreover, I had to make capital of their interest in me, and durst not let it wane for lack of a lady. So casting about in my mind I named the

last wench of my native place that ever, poor soul, was like to have a lover. There was few there went a-begging for kissings, mine own mouth is testimony thereto, but her age and her defects denied her other maids' glories, and I thinks it will do sad Mistress Wynne no hurt to be loved a little in my songs."

Kind-hearted Nat! in answer to that query he might have elected the rosiest lip in Sussex, or the brightest eye of his dreams; and instead he makes choice of his master's fallow sister, and breathes out her name as though it crowned the very queen of loveliness:

"Elizabeth Wynne!"

The lady is acclaimed by the company.

"Here's to Bess Wynne," says George ("verie aptlie"), "and may Nat win Bess!"

A joke that some three centuries leave stale. But we are to-day not without our comedians at whose gags it is conceivable another hundred years will shrug.

Nat thanks the company for this double toasting of himself and his sweetheart, "but," he adds, "ye mought toaste me my sire and my dam and mye brethren and sistren to boote, and al this drynking wold nott make my throte enie the less drye. I praie you yowre names, gentles, and I will toaste ye seuerallie."

Amid laughter he is given to drink, and it "sett my harte afyre, thogh my stommieke was still a bagge of wind."

Nothing now contents George Peele but he will have Natty

to London to make a poet of him.

"He will fatten thee, he will fatten thee, Master Downes," cries one, jerking his head at the window.

But George, pulling a wry face, "Nay, never fear it, Natty. We poets go lean to the worms. I that ha' been at the trade a year to thy every month could still follow where thou leddest."

He pushes the somewhat bewildered Nat to the window and, as though to prove his point, bundles him out, leaping fantastically after to the mirthful applause of the room. Neither Nat nor the company is quite aware of what is happening, but George knows very well. Instead of re-entering the tavern with his new friend, he hurries him to the waterside where "a paire of oares," hired by one of his guests, is in waiting.

"To London swiftly," says George, pulling Nat with him; "this matter cannot wait. Master Lovatt will have thee return for him by supper."

George accomplished these things with an air. The "paire of oares" obeyed unquestioningly, and the guests were left in the "Ordinarie" to settle their host's account. It is Nat's first experience of George Peele's little way.

Well! at last we have Nat treading London City, but we will not ask him for his immediate impressions; because—

"By this my head did something buzz." The natural effect of strong drink on an empty stomach. Peele notes it.

"What, my ruddy Nat!" says he ("but wheather in iest of my white cheakes or my redd mop I knowe not"), "what's amiss?"

Nat, between rueful and roguish, admits to having tasted nothing since yesternoon. George falls a-thinking. Penniless as usual, he is to sup at a tavern on the invitation of a friend; and the incident now related in the 'Iournall' is worth quoting, because it is plainly the source of one of that prolific family of "merry jests" whereof loose report has made George so indiscriminate a parent. Thanks to Nat's evidence, this particular trick of his begetting may henceforth stand legitimatised among many bastards. Strolling the streets, an arm about Nat's shoulder, George bends his mind to the problem of winning the boy a supper. He regrets not having fed his young friend at Brentford, at the expense of Master Lovatt or another. As it is—

"I cannot bid thee to sup with me in Friday Street, Natty; am but a guest myself. And to speak plain thy rags be not overnice for a gentleman's board. But we may devise something."

Briefly, the "something" is devised, Natty instructed, and George in due course repairs to the tavern, where he is warmly welcomed by a company more reputable than that frequenting the Brentford ordinary. We must not forget that George was a man of gentle birth, fine education, and exquisite talents; though the

remembrance deepens one's regret for his over-slack sense of morals even in an age that had no finnickings palate for morality. The meal is in full swing, Natty biding his time without; and so soon as the meat is carried in, in, too, swaggers Master Downes, half-insolence, half-servility, and plants himself before Peele at the upper end of the table. George gives vent to an exclamation, and the company may plainly perceive that he is acquainted with this fellow; who is, then, no purely unauthorised interloper.

"How now, you ***** rogue!" cries George. "What make you here?"

"Sir," answers Natty, pregnant with meaningless meanings, "I am from the party you wot of."

The interruption now becomes explicable to the company. George's habits are well known here. The anonymous "party" may be either a creditor or a mistress.

"What, what!" says George. "Will you still be troublesome? Will you not be warned?"

"Sir, hear my errand," says Nat (and it had been like George to leave him to tell it! but he can keep faith occasionally). He will hear nothing, and screams at Natty like a shrew, since his high pipe permits him not to roar like a lion.

"Will you be talking, do you prate, slave?" cries he, and at that, writes Nat, "Geo. caught up a pye and flung it at my head."

Nat grabs at it, as to save

himself, saying, "You use me ill, sir."

"Do I so, do I so?" ramps George, and a "loafe" follows the "pye." This has all passed swiftly, and George is in such a heat of rage that the company rises to allay him. Time enough; for he has whipped out his dagger, fury-possessed. In those days tragedies happened lightning-wise; two or three lay hands on him, remonstrating with, soothing him; and one, taking Nat by the shoulders, whispers to him to be gone for his life's sake. He probably imagines that he is doing George a good turn in thus getting rid of the importunate fellow; and in a manner he is, for this is the natural consummation of the "jest." Natty's heels are out at doors and round corner in a flash, and he sups contentedly on his loaf and his pie without, while George permits himself to be pacified within.

The two meet anon, and George takes Nat home to sleep at his house "on the Banckside." Nat is commended for his playing of the part, and is promised others as profitable.

"Thou'st shewn," says George, "such aptness to filch thy dinner from the board that thou shalt henceforth tread the boards for thy dinner." Our earliest intimation of Nat the actor.

Nat the poet has perhaps been kept too long a-waiting. We come to him now. At George's home he sees George's daughter Anisia, "a litil handsom damzell, scarce aboue fiftene somers as I thinck."

This is his first mention of lovely Annys Peele. To Mrs Peele there is no reference whatever; and as little is heard of her in George's own life (save that he married a lady's fortune and squandered it), we may take it that she was by this time dead. Dates play will-o'-the-wisp with us here. George's own birth-year is in doubt; but Annys, as we now meet her, seems to relegate him to the very early fifties, in defiance of Malone's 1558—which, if correct, would make George a member of Pembroke College (then Broad-gates Hall) at the age of six! The young scholar must have been just in his teens when his name appeared in the University Matriculation book of 1564, and was probably twenty when elected a student of Christ Church in 1573; and he was evidently married and Annys born before he received his degree of M.A. in 1579. If she was "scarce aboue fiftene somers" when the 'Journall' mentions her, we may approximate it that Nat came to London between 1591-93. This is as near as conjecture will bring us. The 'Gyrlond' is dated 1594; and if George Peele, a year or so before this, had a daughter of fifteen summers, he must (unless we dispute Malone) have fathered her somewhat precociously at nineteen. Natty's evidence, then, is all in favour of those historians who believe George to have been born in 1552 or 1553. As to Nat himself, the 'Gyrlond's' date allows for the lapse of any-

thing from eighteen months to three years between his arrival in and his departure from London. It may indeed have been printed after Nat's marriage and retirement; but when the facts are considered, this seems unlikely.

How soon did Nat begin to warm to Annys? Sooner, I dare swear, than the 'Iournall' confesses or than he himself was conscious of. She must have been easy to love, the naughty witch. And Natty early mentions a frequenter of the Peele household—T. (Thomas?) Waulshell or Walsell—a sober lover of hers, nigh thirty, and, says Nat with the young poet's scorn, "in trade a mercer, a vender of cloaths by the measure, a' had no traffick in measureless dreams."

And perhaps no worse a fellow for that, Master Nat!

But let us consider the poet in the making. If the verses of the 'Gylrond' appear in chronological order, we may take it that the earliest are not addressed to Annys. Ostensibly they are all dedicated to Elizabeth Wynne; but of course she inspired none of them, and served but as the idealised figurehead Natty must sing to. Cast suddenly among a world of dazzling minds and unimagined romance, his muse cannot escape the imitative. Most young creators follow models to begin with. So, from fashion, Nat's mistress becomes an "unkynde" one, which gives him scope for pretty plaints; and, from fashion too, he catches the trick of classical allusion, as

witnesseth one of the earliest songs—

On a greenswarde wher I chaunced
Maydens and theyr shepherds daunced.
One, the fayrest of the bande,
Ran to take me by the hande.
"Charming Childe" I sayd "acquitt
me!

Chearfull motions ill doe fitt me.
How toe daunce can I haue minde
While my loue lookes still unkynde?"

In a rosy gardin I
Did a singing partie spye.
One, the sweetest dulcimer,
Bade me joyn my voice with hir.
"Bird of June" I sayd "forego me!
Tunefull straines no moe doe know me,
And to sing I haue no minde
While my loue lookes still unkynde."

Al among a woody glade
Venus selfe my footsteps staid,
Who in pitie of my woes
Offer'd me hyr mouths twin rose.
"Goddesse!" sayd I "hauing slaine me
How to kiss shalt thou constrain me?
For Loues owne lips I haue no minde
Untill my true lones lips prouee kynde!"

Rather quaintly in this song occurs the "dulcimer" of the second verse, a reference to the sweet instrumentalist by the title of her sweetly named instrument. But we can see that the poet has as yet suffered no real pang—it is the delicate assumption of pain only. The song to Sleep, too, is little more than an exercise in the graceful imagery of the period, with an experimental use of the Alexandrine of the Spenserian stanza in a verse which otherwise departs from the Spenserian form—

Come downe to dwelle againe uponne
myne eies,

O golden sleepe!

Thou that dost steepe

Our soberst thoghts in rainbowe-
colour'd dyes

And patterne them with threades of
cunning phantasies.

Thou blossome of the darkling wombe
 of nyghte,
 Thou magicke rose
 Dost droune our woes
 With constant visions of perfumèd
 light

Pour'd from thy streaming hart of
 visions most fayre and bright.

Uponne thy pearle and siluer thrones
 of dreame

Men are croun'd kings
 And rise on wings
 Of yvorie and amber toe the gleame
 Of starres that in daies whelming glare
 alle lost doe seeme.

Euen soe the ymage of my cold loue
 waites

Within thy halls,
 And when nighte falls
 With her owne handes undoes the
 christall gates,
 Transform'd by thee to loue thatte
 which seche now most hates.

One other may be quoted here, one of the freshest and least "borrowed" in its effect, as an example of how Nat is beginning to think for himself. There is a considerable limbering of his style in the last verse, which reflects rather happily his own natural capacity to sigh and smile simultaneously. The "Save Mary" in the second verse is also significant, smacking Catholic in a particularly Protestant age. Yet it may mean less than it appears to: poets are conscienceless, and "Mary" was just the foot needful in that place.

Vnderneath my sweet harts bowre
 I tryed to tune my oaten reed,
 But O ! it wold not serue my need,
 It was al musicke run to seed
 Manie a somer past its flowre.

Vnderneath my sweet harts bowre
 Then I tryed to sing a staue,
 But O ! it was a brokenne waue
 Of sound from musickes ocean. (Saue
 Mary she bee not home this hour !)

Shedid from herbowre-windowe looke—
 "O Shepheard, what a sorrie song !"
 "Ay was it, ladie !" Laught she long.
 With laughter left I hir—so strong
 I thynk she heard not how it shooke.

All this would considerably have astonished Mistress Wynne! Certainly she had never shown Nat any more encouragement than the Shepheardess his 'Gyrlond' sighs for, and thus far she fitted the part. She was in any case accepted by Nat's London acquaintance as his own dear, cruel-hearted love, and he could not very well deceive them. But—

But does not the last-quoted song begin to smack of personal experience? in the place of pictured cruelty and imagined distress, have we not here an actual laugh and a positive sigh? does it not savour less of impalpable Elizabeth Wynne, than of warm-blooded, mocking, mischievous Annys Peele?

Turning the pages of the 'Gyrlond' and the 'Iournall' side by side, we find that at this point both begin to throb a little.

II.

Doe not soe froune upon me, suete complainer !
 Your case is lesse then myne for swifte reliefe,
 Your grievance not soe large but some remaynder
 Of aunger mooues there—myne is onely greife.

Rage hath lifes heate in it, despayre deaths chilling !
 Lett each of th' others woe be pityfulle—
 That you unwilling beare two hartes, unwilling
 That I no moe beare anie hart at alle.

Had Annys been born as little as sixty years later, we should have no more discussions as to the identity of the First Actress, Mistress Hughes, Mistress Saunderson, and the rest of 'em, would have curtsied in the van of Anisia Peele. Report has it that at the age of ten she was as good an actress as George an actor, whose delight it was to instruct her how to abet his sharper's tricks. Whether this is true or not, we know that she had a lively disposition and was inured to a life of Bohemian shifts, the seamy side of which, poor child, she was probably, through custom, incapable of judging. George seesawed between plenty and penury, and Annys swang on his knee and adored him. She was accustomed to have her finger in his pie, and so, of course, she must have it in his young pupil's. She, as well as George, will undertake Nat's education; if *he* will make Master Downes a poet, *she* will add the crowning grace of making Master Downes a lover.

At first in the 'Iournall' it is "Mistris Peele," then "Mistris Anisia," finally (and with very little delay about the matter), plain "Annys."

To her he brings his poems, half-completed. This she praises, that she will none of.

"Thy father likes it very well, Mistress Anisia."

"His daughter likes it very ill, Master Downes."

"He commends the workmanship of it."

"She condemns the soul in it."

"What's amiss with the soul?"

"Why, it hath none! O, the manner will serve, Master Downes, but the matter, Lord! would tingle no maid's blood."

Be sure that if she will have it altered, altered it is.

To her he brings his parts, half-learnt—little parts all, for no man is an Alleyn or a Tarleton to begin with, yet still hard for Nat to master. "Study and I were ever cold friends," he tells us, "and words would slip through my mind like water through a man's fingers." But Annys was helpful, she drummed his lines into his noddle, and generally taught him how to utter them, acting them before his eyes with a captivating variety of mood. She likes his humour well enough, but scoffs at his sentiment.

"Thou'rt but a lack-lustre lover, Master Nat! Shine a little, warm a little, young sir! imagine thyself addressing thy shepherdess, and she kind for the nonce."

Small wonder if Annys is the one person shrewd enough to suspect the genuineness of the boy's ardour for Elizabeth Wynne—even before he gave her personal cause to change suspicion into certainty.

Then Nat describes the scene when, on a sunny day, they sat together on the stone bench in her "litle inclosd herb-gardin." He writes vividly enough for us to fill in the details of the picture and the colour of their emotions. The sun is coining silver on the wave of the Thames, bees are busy among the scented borders, and Nat and Annys begin to be aware of one another.

She twits him on the little progress which, to judge by his verse, he makes with his "Shepherdess."

"You sigh overmuch," she declares, "and that, believe it, is the weakest weapon in a man's armoury. You should sigh less and kiss more."

Nat glances sidelong. "But if I have not her leave to kiss?"

"Then kiss her without. I will not believe you never kissed her."

Nat "feigns coy" and looks "scarified." "Not her nor any!"

"Nor been kist neither?" mocks she.

Nat edges from her shyly. "Maids kiss not first. Indeed I never knew the taste of kissing."

"There's for you, then, my simple lover!" says she, and plumps a kiss full on his mouth that she "mought laugh to see me putt out of countenance therby." As though the fisherman were disconcerted by that he has angled for! Not at all out of countenance, Nat catches his instructress to his breast and twice smacks her lips right lustily. She stares

a moment and then falls a-laughing.

"O Nat!" she cries, "y'are a naughty rogue, and I am such another!"

At that "I didd make to buss her a iiid tyme, but shee will not, and runs all mirth shakenne out of my armes so swifte I cannot ouertake her."

From which hour she falls to plaguing Nat, and he to loving in good earnest.

Soon after this, it may be, the 'Gyrland' flowers with the following couplets—

A rogue is in hir dimpled cheake, an
angell in her eie,
The rogue doth make a mocke of mee,
the angell passes by.

Hir left hande is a crueltie, hir ryghte
hande a caresse,
Shee laies hir left hande on my hart
that cries hir tendernesse.

Hir bosome is an ingelnooke, hir
tresses are a snare,
And I am netted comfortlesse among
hir windy haire.

Hir spirit is a charitie, hir lips a house
of scorne,
And I haue dwelt upon hir lips synce
euer I was borne.

The song smacks more of merry Annys Peele than of mysterious Elizabeth Wynne; we cannot doubt whose spirit lurks within it; which makes the final line doubly instructive. Foxy Nat pulls himself up with a jerk, puts Annys off the scent with a subtle touch. Not so swiftly will he own himself traitor to his Shepherdess, "upon whose lips," sings he, "I have dwelt *since ever I was born*." This fits Bess Wynne, his elder; had he sung of Annys, must he not have

written, "I have dwelt upon her lips since ever *she* was born"?

Well, even he could hardly have proclaimed as much after knowing Annys a handful of months — and he could not destroy a pretty sentiment in the couplet—and he could not so barefacedly renounce an old love for a new—and ah! for all this, we know very well that the rogue he sang was Annys. In a succeeding poem we detect him in subterfuge again. Mistress Peele was dark, Mistress Wynne "straw-coloured"; but this song too is Anisia's, despite the reference to golden locks. Transparent Nat! the locks of your "prettymay" were not golden by nature, they were twilight-coloured, dye you them never so deep in the dawn.

Alle in a meadow fayre at the break
of day
I did see my prettie lone with siluer
dazies play.

Happie (sayd I) happie dazies
That soe well can win hir prayes
Who not prayes Loue himselfe ne will
not looke hys way!

Downe from her golden head alle hir
haire she shooke
Stouping lowe to drynk awhyle at a
running brooke.

Happie waters that doe dayre
Lapp her mouth and tresses fayre
Who at Loues owne rosie mouth nere
hir plesure tooke.

Prettie may! froward may! yourselfe
doe ply the suit!
I tax not you as you tax me, O wherfor
will ye do't?

'Tis your very fayre doth grieve ye,
Bee unlovelie and I'll leave ye—
Ye shold nott flowre so in my hart if
ye will beare no fruit!

After this we discover no more pretence in our poet. He is all for Annys, and she occasionally makes him happy.

In spite of the final note, his "Invitation" is undoubtedly the offspring of a holiday humour.

Among the cockes of haye
A napkin white I spred
And it about did laye
With posies blewe and redd,
With sprigges of greene
Stucke in betweene,
So gay a cloath was neuer seene!
Nonino, nonino, &c.

I curds and creames did bring
And yellow juncats too,
Cleare waters from a spring
And foaming milke alsoe,
And manchets white,
And berries bright
Al sugred for my lones delight.
Nonino, nonino, &c.

I fetcht the hined tresure
Of honie from the bee
Lyke sunlightes spangled plesure
Upon a fretted sea;
And plum and peare
And peaches fayre,
Bright globes of bursting sweet, were
there.
Nonino, nonino, &c.

But when untoe the feaste
My loue I did inuite
She turnd it al to jeast
And wold not sup nor bite.
To dine alone
I was not prone,
My joyaunce and delight were done.
Nonino, nonino, &c.

O rather than I'd fare
Upon Lucullus horde
Of wines and dainties rare
And al hys laden boarde,
On dryest crust
I'd gladdelie fast
Whereon my loue a looke had cast.
Nonino, nonino, &c.

Let us desert the 'Gylrlond' a little and turn again to the 'Iournall,' which begins to bristle with dark references to "T. Waulshell." Plainly this gentleman sticks in Nat's gizzard. George seems to approve him, though we gather that

Master Walsell did not at heart return the compliment, and was consumed with an honest desire to transplant his little love from her makeshift life to one of guarded comfort. And Annys? Did she love him? Remember, when Natty came she was "scarce aboue fiftene somers," and young English maids are no Juliets to have their deeps so early stirred. I doubt not she liked Master Walsell very well as a grave, kind elder brother, and had been willing enough to have him if her father wished. But she certainly did not hasten the match during the time Nat was in London, aoting minor parts moderately at the "Blacke-Friers playehouse," and singing minor songs prettily on the "Banckside." No, she uses her old friend as a probe to her new lover, and the wonder is, young lovers all! that ye smart under the treatment. Women's probes are their tools, they do not oherish 'em in their bosoms. Be satisfied that your mistress holds you worth the pricking; she will give you the whip-hand one day.

I think there is no doubt of Anisia's tenderness for Nat, a real enough thing between young demanding natures, though it last but a summer or so. The blossom of the tree is as genuine in its kind as the fruit thereof, yet the blossom may fall before harvest-time.

"Shee was kynde to me last night," writes Nat (we are well in the latter part of the 'Iournall' now, and much matter, which must await further opportunity, has been

omitted, or this paper would outrun its limits); and again, a little later, "My deare Annys went with mee to ye playing feeldes att Charyng, and we kist behynd a tree." And again: "Shee did nott laugh at me to-day." And again: "She was a litil sorrowefull and let mee comforte hir."

Why "a litil sorrowefull," Annys? For the sweetness of that comfort? Or were the brokers in? They not infrequently were. And sometimes you faced things plainly and thoughtfully.

She says to Nat, and not, I think, to probe him—

"Master Waulshell saies thys is no lyfe for me. I shal marrie hym I supose."

Oh! cries Nat, who would give his mistress Heaven for her jointure, it is indeed no life for thee! but then, neither is the life offered by Master Walsell.

The 'Iournall' here becomes a medley of spoken words and Natty's personal rhapsodies, half of which may have been spouted on the spot and t'other half added on reflection with the pen. We can imagine the scene—Annys would-be practical, Nat on his Eros-winged Pegasus.

"Master Walsell, Nat, offers me a comfortable establishment."

"A comfortable prison! Here stand I in the wide world."

"He will give me servants."

"Need you more than one?"

"He will protect me."

"O, Annys! I will love you!"

"Good Nat! is it enough?"

"Who lack it are beggars."

(I rather think she's in his arms by this.)

"Can we dine on it, will it clothe us? I am so weary of these difficult days."

"Come away, then!"

"Whither?"

"Out on the green road."

"A white one o' winters."

"And my arm about you for a cloak."

"A draughty cloak!"

"My heart will patch it."

"How will we fare?"

"Sing and dance for our bread."

"Ah, Natty! you've tried that shift. Didst never go hungry on the road from Sussex-coast?"

"But what's to be hungry?"

"Wert never dog-weary?"

"One forgets all that."

"What does one remember?"

"The birds in the morning, the trees at night, the kind look of one's fellows, the young heart in one's body, the wonder of things, the wonder! Oh, Annys! all the laughter was sweet, and none of the tears was bitter. Will you come?" . . .

We know she did not.

Two more flowers from the 'Gyrlond' are worth preservation before Nat's tragedy-comedy developed its culminating "situation." Both urge a greater emotional earnestness than anything yet quoted.

My deare, my onely loue, my bosomes
floure,

With laughing musicke dayly mockes
my sighs,

And I beneathe her hardly-wielded
powre

Grow faint with longings that she doth
misprize.

The lyttel god wych dwells within her
eies

Still drawes my teares—O drawe them
into hir

Whose natural sun her natural fountein
dries,

That sluggishly her streames of pitie
stir.

Wilt thou nott teach thy laughter
how to weepe?

Then I could teach my sorrowe how
to smyle.

The fayrest rose is shee whose
bosome deepe

Admits the heav'nlie deawes a litil
whyle.

Vouchsafe this mem'ry for my barren
yeares,

Once to haue seene thy laughter
grac'd with teares.

This is Nat's single essay in sonnet form, and it is not the dignity of the mould alone that makes his wistfulness at his sweetheart's mockery ring truer here than in his previous laments on the same theme. His feelings are deepening, and we may be sure that by this time George has not failed to note and ponder the matter. In the succeeding verses emotion becomes yet a shade more tremulous.

Hir litil white feet,
Hir feet moe white then the black-
thornes blossome

By noone and by nighte tred the hart
in my bosome,
And O! they are sweet!

They fancie they goe
Ouer the greene of the grass alone,
They make of the hill-top theyr loftiest
throne.

How litil they knowe!

O feet of my deare,
Much moe then the sod of the world ye
haue prest,
Alle the waies that ye wander lye
markt in my breast
Farre-shining and cleare.

My spirit has meadowes
 Moe greene then the meadowes of earth
 are, my soule
 Has loftier hill - tops, and ouer the
 whole
 Your feet cast theyr shadowes.

O feet of my fayre,
 Thogh ye come to my hart torne and
 tyred, thogh ye perish
 Of colde in the worldes frostie breth, I
 will cherish
 And comforte ye there.

O feet of my may,
 Thogh in frolicke ye come to the hart
 in my breast
 To make yt your plaiegrounde, your
 daunce-place, your yeast,
 I will welcome that waye.

O litil white feet,
 Moe white and moe white then the
 blacke-thorne blossome,
 Thogh ye come at the last
 With bare thornes to trample the hart
 in my bosome,
 I in the past
 That haue beene a full springtyde made
 gladde of your blossome
 Will still finde the touch of you wisht-
 for and suet,
 O litil white feet !

Now the end.

We learn from the 'Iournall' that George Peele is "some daies absent"—in Sussex, as we know, though our fated Nat does not suspect it. He supposes "one of Geo.s prancks is toward." It is. Soon after his return Nat comes to him with big eyes and the mysteriously delivered letter signed "Jno. Wynne."

It is curt and much to the point.

"Nathaniell Dones yare a raskill. If yow doe nott come home and marrie my sister I will brake my cudgell ouer yowre hedd and ende alle with my fist."

Peele congratulates Nat maliciously.

"Thou'rt in truth a happy shepherd now, Natty Downes," says he. "Thy mistress turns kind at last, Natty Downes. Thou shalt enjoy her thou'st sighed for, Natty Downes. A blessing on thee and thy Bess!"

"Ha' done!" groans Nat, and confesses ruefully that he never loved Mistress Wynne nor pretended to until the day he first met Peele.

"And, O George, she is seven years my elder and hath a wall eye!"

George chuckles, "I ha' seen it!" and Nat gapes. "Young fool," says George, his mouth humorously awry, "why in Jesu his name didst light on Mistress Wynne for a sweet-heart? A dozen comelier were to hand."

Shamefacedly Nat explains the kindly notion that has resulted so unfortunately; "but I neuer didd thinck shee would heare of it, nor I knowe nott how shee came to."

"Why, I told her," says George, and the truth outs.

He was not, it seems, asleep to the philanderings of Nat and his lovely Annys, and they were little to his taste. So off he posts to Nat's old home to seek out Bess, that unknown cruelty, and make her serve his turn. He takes Nat's verses with him (whether in print or manuscript is not clear), and we are left to conjecture which party was the more dumfounded—George by the lady for whom Nat professed his consuming passion, or the lady and her brother by the

tale of it. Nat, who was beaten out of the village, might once have been laughed at as a match for his master's sister. But husbands are scarce for ladies of crooked looks, Elizabeth was getting on, Jonathan presumably jumped at being quit of her, and George cracked up Nat's fame and fortune with all the ardour of a poet's imagination. Both the Wynnes vow Bess's alleged denial of Nat a flat falsehood; if Nat says other of her he miscalls her. What! the honest name of Elizabeth Wynne bandied about the stews of London by this young cockerel? If he be making a jest of her, let him look to it! if he be in earnest, let him ask for her like a man! or Jonathan will know the reason why. This, the gist of Peele's story, explains the letter.

"And so to Sussex with thee, lad."

"But if I will not go?" cries Nat.

"Then Jonathan will come fetch thee."

"But if I run out of London before he come?"

And George, very blandly: "He is in the next room."

"God ha' mercy! then I'll run now."

Over my dead body, intimates George, planted at the door. "What, was it for nothing I brought him from Sussex and let him pay my bills by the way? Nay, Natty, thou shalt go back under brother Jonathan's arm."

"O!" protests Natty, "why all this, why?"

Then George turns serious and answers him. "Because,

Nat, my Annys is for Master Walsell, a dull honest dog and no poet."

"What's amiss with poets?" cries Nat, very sore. "I'm a poet, thou'rt a poet."

"Ay," saith George, "I'm a poet, and thou—half an one, Nat. And, therefore, why dost ask silly questions? Hast answered 'em in a breath. Natty, we poets know ourselves. We make sorry husbands, Nat."

The boy's answer for this is: "'I wold make Annys glorifiedly happie.'"

"I doubt it not—for a twelve-month," says George. "Master Walsell will keep her in sober content for all her days."

"George," says Nat, still, we picture, "between rueful and roguish," "both thou and I would choose the present twelvemonths' bliss rather than the futureful of sober content."

"Ay, for ourselves," says George, "but not for our daughters. Go home, Natty Downes, and marry thy Shepherdess, or Brother Jonathan will break his cudgel with thy poll and thy poll with his fist. I have seen both cudgel and fist, and I say go home." Then he claps Nat on the shoulder something kindly, his "eie twinkells," and he adds, "Natty, shalt forgive me this one day. I never did love a man but some time I made him my vietim."

And Nathaniel Downes went home to Sussex and married wall-eyed Elizabeth Wynne. We do not hear of his writing any verse afterwards.

ELEANOR FARJEON.

SYSTEM.

THOSE who met Colonel Cherryhinton for the first time were always in a state of perplexed wonderment how it was that he had ever got command of a regiment. The most astonishing people get into places of authority by virtue of passing examinations, or because their parents have distinguished themselves in the world. The British elector sometimes chooses freaks to represent him in the House of Commons, and there are those who think that anybody is good enough to be a Justice of the Peace, even though he may be a passable representative of necessity which knows no law. But the command of a regiment is quite a different thing. General Butler had a very outspoken contempt for the War Office, but there are ordinarily, at any rate, several candidates for a regimental command, and it does not seem judicious to choose a crank for the post and then send the regiment on active service.

There was no possible doubt about Colonel Cherryhinton's eccentricity. He was quite qualified in that way to be chosen by those who dislike the obvious for a position of authority in a service where steady stolid common form and strict attention to business are usually desirable. He might have been useful as a member of a borough council, or as the drafter of a Finance Act, or as the composer of the

libretto of a musical play, but as the colonel of a regiment on service he seemed out of place.

His regiment was one of those which formed part of the Expeditionary Force in the Third Burmese War. During the procession up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay his little foibles did not matter, for there was very little to do, and that was arranged by those higher in command, but later his regiment was one of those sent out to reduce the country to order. Now this was enough in itself to have driven the ordinary man mad, for there was no regimental transport, and there were no roads, and no maps, and no tents, and no mounted infantry to scout, and there were the most dubious chances of getting food or forage from the country. There was, moreover, no enemy ever visible, though there was never any lack of information about him, and occasional active proof of his existence in considerable and destructive bands. Several quite good-humoured commanders of columns became soured and violent in their temper. The sufferers were the junior officers, who were quite as much annoyed themselves, apart from this unnecessary worry. There were others, who were ordinarily quite commonplace in their language, but now developed a startling habit of swearing, not ordinary justi-

fiable bad language at a definite object, or for an obvious cause, such as a golf-ball or a missed place-kick at goal, but simply general, vague cursing at large, on account of the relief that resulted.

Colonel Cherryhinton, however, did neither the one nor the other. This was in itself ground, perhaps weak, but still plausible, for arguing an ill-balanced mind. He never cursed anybody or anything. He never appeared ruffled in his temper, not even when he and all the regiment had marched all night long on a night with no moon, most of the time on tiptoe, without speaking or smoking or halting, only to find some smouldering ashes and holes in the ground, which they were assured were the rebels' fire-places.

All that the Colonel said was that system was wanted. Everything would go well if there were system. The headquarters staff, the civil administration, the transport service, commissariat, guides, informers, and the officers and men of the column itself, none of them had any system. He was troubled with insomnia, and he thought he might as well get over the unpleasantnesses of this and make his officers what he called workmanlike by giving them night lectures when the weather was cool and there was nothing else to do but sleep, which he found no system could get him into the way of doing. So he commenced having all his officers assembled at his bedside at three in the morning, read them extracts from the

'Soldier's Pocket-book,' subjected all these to destructive criticism, and then invited discussion. Most of the field-officers frankly yawned, and some of them kept themselves awake by seeing that the others did not go on sleeping when Cherryhinton had finished his reading and begun his dissertations. The subalterns, from a spirit of mischief mixed with resentment, tried to get as much fun as they could out of the matter, and developed what they called live problems out of recent developments not dealt with in the 'Soldier's Pocket-book,' such as how an enemy was to be disposed of who would not fight and could never be found, who had no sporting instincts and yet destroyed all local supplies and had no respect for commanding officers. The Colonel's invariable reply was that such inconveniences were only to be overcome by system. Another "useful question for the practical soldier" in the dry zone of Burma, which occupied an hour and a quarter in the debating, arose from the junior subaltern's inquiry as to the Colonel's personal experiences in the relative utility of champing pebbles or hard berries as a means of overcoming thirst when water was not to be had, and what was to be done when there were neither hard berries nor suitable pebbles available? The Colonel's opinion was that the systematic soldier would as a matter of habit and discipline never drink anything in cantonments but soup and an occasional cup of coffee in the

morning. In this way he would not only lose weight—a desirable thing for most people in any circumstances—but when he went out campaigning would also be equally indifferent to and independent of berries and pebbles, and in fact would not know what thirst was. The mere thought of such a way of living induced the senior major to have two long whiskys and water—there was no soda, and spark-lets had not been invented in those days—as soon as he got back to his quarters from the symposium.

Practically the only transport available in 1886 and 1887 was the Burmese cart. This has a single pole and is drawn by two bullocks. It looks something like a timber sledge with a few struts at the side to keep things from falling out, but its chief characteristic was the primitive construction of its wheels. A solid slab of wood with a hole in the middle formed the basis of the wheel, and two crudely rounded lesser segments fastened on at either side were enough to give it a plausible kind of roundness, which the sanguine Burman hoped would be perfected in the course of time. A conscientious few with infinite labour, when they found a piece of wood big enough, made the circle out of one slab, but in either case the roundness left a good deal to be desired. Into this were fitted solid wooden axles, secured by a wooden lock-pin. There were no tyres; in fact there was not a bit of metal in a hundred carts, and

the idea of greasing or oiling the axles occurred to nobody. Consequently the noise they made was exoruciating. It was a medley of shrieks, wails, groans, and simply endless drawn-out creakings, as if a whole barnyard was being put to death by the Chinese method of the "thousand cuts." Not only were the cart-wheels without tyres, but their rims narrowed to two inches or less. Consequently they cut deep into the ground, and ruts were formed which were like small drains, and steadily became deeper until the axle caught the surface of the ground and the cart came to a standstill. Then the carts took a new line and the old process was repeated. Most of the carts were drawn by slow plodding bullocks, but sometimes there were still more leisurely buffaloes, or here and there a buffalo was yoked with a bullock. As a result the rate of progress was not much over a mile an hour, and sometimes, when a number of axles broke, was not even so fast as this.

Consequently columns with any transport went through the country with the ponderous immobility of a steam roller. Baggage-guards were out for hours. Tommies fell victims to sunstroke and heat apoplexy, or got into trouble for assaulting Burmese cartmen. The sepoys more frequently devoted their attention to the oxen. They twisted their tails, or tried to get pace by thrusting bayonets into the latter part of the beasts. The

rear-guard officer, if he rode, was so stiff that he had to be helped off his pony, and he burnt his palate with countless pipes. Meanwhile the main body was without kit or food, and steadily became more morose and despondent. The only person known to have taken an interest in the carts was a forest officer, who affected to be able to determine the timber that the wheels and axles were made of by the key in which they shrieked. Most other people thought they were like a cageful of mad monkeys and macaws protesting against a squareful of caterwauling cats. At high noon they suggested brain fever, and at midnight they were like a lunatic asylum with universal nightmare, or a *tekke* of howling Dervishes dreaming that they were being stuffed with fat pork in Strassburg goose fashion.

Colonel Cherryhinton did not mind the noise. He said it was a good thing for the unregenerate, because it suggested the street noises in the bottomless pit. He also said it consoled him during his fits of insomnia, because it distracted his mind, whereas dead silence made him lose his temper. The subalterns thought of hiring a cart to drive round the Colonel's quarters all night long, as a means of getting rid of the nocturnal parades, but the rest of the station would not hear of it. Though the noise did not affect him, Cherryhinton was fully convinced that the cartmen were absolutely with-

out system. Apart altogether from their slowness, there were constant delays caused by the breaking of an axle. Then the whole of the column had to be stopped while the axle was being replaced, or, if this was impossible, while the load was being transferred to another cart or distributed among several. The Colonel professed to have discovered that the main reason for the breaking of axles was that the cart-drivers almost always went to sleep. The noise and the jolting seemed to have as soporific an effect on them as high altitudes have on airmen. So the officer on the baggage-guard was instructed to ride up and down the line waking up drivers. This was by no means so easy as it seemed, for a man who could sleep in a Burmese springless cart going across a rough country was not to be wakened by a mere prod in the ribs. Much more energetic measures were necessary, and when a cartman was wakened up by vigorous shaking, or pulling at his legs and arms, the first thing he did was to stop his bullocks, which brought everything behind him to a standstill. The results were therefore not encouraging, but it was a great relief to the monotony of baggage-guard duty, and was rather popular with junior officers, sick of going at a funeral pace. But there was no difference in the breaking of axles, so the Colonel decided that they must all be tested for flaws. Railway carriage-axles, he said, were always tested,

therefore it was criminal negligence not to do the same with carts. The carts are rather low hung, so that inspection was not easy, and tapping with hammers or sticks or sword-hilts was not at all enlightening to the average subaltern. But in the East they are accustomed to puzzles of the kind. Youngsters straight out from home are put on Boards to value standing crops—maize, or gram, or millet—which they have never seen in their lives before, and they are as apt to make mistakes as the committee that rejected all the camels brought before it because they were broken-kneed, in entire ignorance of the fact that from their earliest youth up all camels have the appearance of having suffered that misfortune. The cartmen gave no help. Their carts were all requisitioned by the Civil Officer, and no matter how scrupulously they were paid, they detested the work. Moreover, they were fully persuaded that the pacifying of the country with carts to set the pace to the troops was an absurdity, and they felt certain that they would be taken to task by the dacoits for having helped the foreigner, as soon as they got back to their villages. Every other cartman, therefore, with the most sincere conviction, declared that his axles were many years old and in the last stage of decay, and that the wheels could not last for more than the shortest of marches. Others were in-

spired to unexpected cunning and removed the lynch-pins whenever they saw a favourable opportunity. The inspecting of axles therefore seemed to result in rather more accidents than before.

The carts were commandeered in a way that home-keeping wits would consider shocking. Even now the Burman is not at all eager to ply for hire, and in 1886 he was stubbornly opposed to it. He has nothing in common either with the hurry-skurry rider in bus or tram-car, or with the cabman who haggles for a fare. The Transport Officer had to make a rough calculation of the number of carts he would require, and sent a note to the Civil Officer. That official told his clerk, who called upon the native headman to get whatever was wanted.

The carts came in in batches from the different villages and unyoked wherever they could find room, which was certain to be in a place where they annoyed somebody, for the drivers usually slept under their carts, and the oxen were tethered to pegs in the ground or were allowed to wander at their pleasure if there was an enclosure. The carts from the same village naturally drew up together, but others seemed to have no other desire than to get as far away as possible. There were therefore always great delays and quite unnecessary confusion. At any rate that was what Colonel Cherryhinton said it was, and he told the Commissariat Officer that it could not be

allowed any longer. The carts were to be stopped outside, and only brought into the commissariat yard in batches of twenty-five at a time. These were to be drawn up in orderly lines with spaces of three and a half feet between each, and he also suggested that they should be numbered so that it would be possible for any one with a list to know immediately what was in each cart. "I suppose you think you know all about it," he said, "but there have been some fine messes through want of system. You remember the sovereigns that turned up in the ammunition boxes in the square at Abu Klea when cartridges were wanted, and there was a fine thing happened in the Perak war. Some ammunition boots were ordered up for the British troops, and when the cases got to the post and were opened, they were found to be full of the byre-stuff they use for making native fireplaces. They supplied the Sepoys with that sort of thing in those days."

"Very good, sir," said the Commissariat Officer, "it shall be tried, but my interpreter tells me that the cartmen won't have it."

The cartmen did most emphatically object. In the first place, anything more unhandy than the Burmese cart for movements in a confined space cannot be imagined. You might as well try to align goods trucks which have run off the rails and got on to the slag, or to push a bath-chair before you when it is only built

to be dragged and is fitted with a ball socket. If the carts were to be arranged side by side it had to be done by hand, and this required an amount of exertion and manœuvring that the villagers were incapable of, or did not choose to learn. It had to be done for them by the commissariat coolies, and they did it with chatter and tumult enough for a socialist interpellation in the French Chamber. There was only one interpreter, and he was not equal to the occasion, either in powers of persuasion or inventiveness of speech. "The Burmese language cannot say, 'back the cart,' because Burmese bullock illiterate animal and cannot know how to walk backwards. Moreover there is other confusion: Burmese cart is not procreated with intention to turn suddenly and shove backwards. Must give rehearsal, trial shot."

This proved much less satisfactory than even he anticipated. Both cartmen and bullocks refused to learn the new manœuvre. The men took their oxen out, tethered them, and then sat down and smoked and stared stolidly. The commissariat coolies acted after the manner of their kind. Not less than ten of them fastened on to a single empty cart. They sang a sort of chanty, zigzagged the cart about, and took about five minutes to get it into position, and then hunkered down to rest while the Burmans grunted contemptuously. Every now and then a commissariat sergeant wheeled one single-

handed, as an object-lesson, but commissariat sergeants are portly and have a thirst that is independent of the Suez Canal, or of exercise, and after a very few displays they adjured the interpreter to taunt the cartmen into energy. "I have told to them many times," said the interpreter, "but they are brazen-faced and say they cannot be like bullocks, and furthermore they say that bullocks only can draw carts forward. They are not instructed in backside work." A conductor remarked grimly that if he had them outside he could instruct them, but he was prevented by Army Orders. Only just before this a Headquarters Army Order had been issued, setting forth that it was necessary to conciliate the people, who were "proud and sensitive." They were not to be ill-used or spoken to harshly. They were not to be addressed as "*Hé you mashy boo*" or "Get on, you namly-pamly." *Mashibu* means "there is not," and *namly-pamly* is a jingle for *namalèbu*, "I do not understand." On the contrary the form *Ho Kimbya* was to be used in order to improve relations with the people of the country. *Ho Kimbya* may perhaps be best rendered "Wot-oh, mate," and is about as apposite to conciliating cartmen or moving carts as "What ho, she bumps" is to a carriage accident, or the National Insurance Bill.

Consequently when the Commissariat Officer and Colonel Cherryhinton began *Ho Kimbya*ing the cartmen and gesti-

culating in a way which was intended to represent the movements of wheeling carts into line, the Burmans unanimously came to the conclusion that they were drunk or mad, or both, and very speedily took themselves off, and all who could took their bullocks with them.

The whole of the first afternoon therefore was spent in getting about fifty carts into two lines. They proved next day to have been ranged too close together, and it was impossible to do anything with the first line until the second had been got out of the way. The rest of the carts were in a hopeless tangle inside and outside the yard, and the bullocks and their drivers were nowhere to be found.

After this the carts were drawn up head and tail in lines, but it was found that they required so much space to manœuvre that there was not room in the commissariat enclosure to have more than fifty carts or so at one time. Moreover the contingents from different villages objected to being ranged together. In those days there were few of the country people that had not relatives or friends out with the dacoits, and they did not want their conversations to be overheard, or their doings to be reported, or even their presence to be noted by people they did not know.

There was also the most energetic opposition to the marking of the carts with numbers in black paint or white chalk. The cartmen took the first

opportunity of scraping them off or wiping them out. They professed to believe that this marking made the carts the permanent property of Government, and they were also convinced that symbols which they did not understand were as bad as the evil eye, and would bring a blight on the cattle.

Consequently the Transport Officer reported that Colonel Cherryhinton's system could not be adopted unless he was allotted a huge cart-park. There was not the space for this near the sheds, and to make a cart-park elsewhere would mean a great many more sentries, and the marking of the carts would have to be done by tying on labels.

The Colonel had to give way, but he maintained that more system was needed in the sending off of the carts. "At present the carts start just as they please," he said; "you have everything jumbled up together."

"Well, sir, at any rate we have all the ammunition carts together," said the Transport Officer, taking off his helmet and mopping his head vigorously, "and they have a special guard with them, but it is simply impossible to keep the kits and the rations separate. Most of the men are as stupid as their bullocks, and they are all in a hurry to get off as fast as they can, so as to have the march over. I shall have to have a dozen interpreters if the convoys are to be arranged like a Lord Mayor's procession, and then it will be hours before they get started."

"Don't get excited," said the Colonel. "I know you have difficulties, but you make more of them by not having systematic arrangements to begin with. I grant that there is a good deal of worry about it, and that it will take you some time to get into it. But you must gradually work them up to orderliness. You must admit that it is much more satisfactory to have things done in a service way, and it will save you time in the end. You need not insist on having everything in sections right away from the beginning, but you must keep it in view, and I am sure you will thank me when things are settled. But there is one thing that you must attend to immediately. I notice that the carts go off as they please and there is no order among them at all. I was watching them between four and five this morning, and I noticed that as soon as a cart was ready the cartman went off just as if he was on his own business, no distances were maintained, and there was nothing that would suggest a regulation start."

"Well, Colonel, we do what we can. It's no easy job. This morning we sent off nearly three hundred carts—287 was the exact number—with supplies for the Mathibu post. We can't draw up that number in line and start them off together. There isn't room. They have to go off in eights and tens and dozens at a time. But they halt a little way out, and then when they are all ready the convoy officer starts them."

"Quite so. That is what I

am coming to. After noting your arrangements, which I specially again ask you to improve, I went down the road and I found Mr Ventris sitting with his back against a tree, smoking a pipe. He will not do that again. He had stopped the leading carts to get them all together, as he said, but I found he had misjudged his distance, and several times he had to move on and then stop again, before finally the whole convoy was in position and ready to go off. Now this showed a want of system and orderliness. I suppose you know the number of carts you are likely to have on any particular convoy, don't you?"

"Well, sir, we generally can form some sort of idea, but not always within five or six carts. They all look the same size, but they are not, and sometimes what looks a big cart holds very little."

"Well, well; that can't be helped, but meanwhile what I propose is this. You will estimate as accurately as possible the number of carts that are likely to start on a convoy. Then you can allow, say half a dozen carts additional. You must measure the length of a cart with the bullocks yoked. I made it four paces this morning, but you had better get it exact and then strike an average. The rest is easy, but you must allow two paces—no, that would be too much—four feet, yes, four feet would do, between each cart. In this way you will get the length of your convoy, and you can send out the carts in instalments, or one

by one, if it suits you better, to the extreme point. You can have that marked the night before with a post, or a bamboo, or anything of that kind. In this way you can get them marshalled systematically without making false starts and guess-work movements like young Ventris this morning."

"Very good, sir; I shall have orders issued to-night."

"Yes; and there is another thing. The cartmen start off just as if they were going on their own independent business. There is no method or smartness about them. I give you my word when they did go off it nearly drove me mad. The second cartman sat still and watched the first one go off as if he had never seen anything of the kind in his life before, and did not start until he saw him get round a corner, and it was just the same with the rest. They lurched off anyhow. I never have seen anything so melancholy in all my service. There was no notion of keeping distance. The column must have been twice as long as it should have been, and it had not a particle of symmetry about it. I attach the utmost importance to keeping distance, and I shall consider it a favour if you will bear the importance of it in mind. Four feet interval—yes, that ought to be enough. I should like to see them keep actual touch, but I admit that would be difficult anywhere with such stupid beasts as cattle, and it is quite impossible with these roads and these clumsy carts."

"Orders shall be given to the cartmen through the interpreter, sir, but I must warn you that the men are inconceivably stupid. They have no more intelligence than the tails of their bullocks, and they are as self-willed as a millionaire's only child."

"Yes, simply chaotic. But we'll soon make them methodical. I'm confident that in a very short time they'll do the whole thing automatically. And—I had almost forgotten—when they are all ready, you will have them started by bugle, of course. Two or three hundred carts will cover some distance, and it is essential that they should all start together, because the bullocks themselves will soon realise what is wanted. Good-evening, and thank you."

Colonel Cherryhinton walked off looking very pleased with himself, and the Transport Officer watched him out of the compound and then damned himself several times with the most heartfelt conviction and emphasis.

The interpreter stared when he had his orders given to him: "I do not think it is feasible, sir. We cannot work it. Burmese are not accustomed to battle - fighting movements. Those who are intelligent like to go warring in small companies, without too intimate connection with persons whose morals they do not know and whose future tellings they cannot visualise to themselves. In large companies they anticipate much iniquity and self-seeking. Intelligent men might

approve your Honour's programme, but bullock-men are not intelligent and will surely suspicion it. There is Burmese national proverb which proclaims bullock and his man are both clodhopper, or some such epigram translation. I humbly submit Colonel's system will not wash it. But I will, as in duty bound, tell to them as you and Colonel *thakin* ordered. But for ready reference and to save future recriminations and reminders, I would represent that bullock-men will make objection statements."

"Well, I can't help that," said the Transport Officer. "The orders are the Colonel's orders, and you know he will be there, so you had better look out."

When the next convoy was made up, the cartmen were so pleased that they were not wheeled about in the commissariat enclosure and so relieved to have no cabalistic chalk marks on their carts, that they listened quite cheerfully to the interpreter's instructions, and the first carts went lumbering off at quite a good pace out of the yard.

The interpreter mumbled darkly, "It is a mere flash in the pancake." He was right. As soon as it came to halting them at the four paces interval there was immediate trouble. The leading carts belonged to the same village, and they drew up so close to one another that the noses of the bullocks were almost touching the rear of the cart in front. Then there was a blank, and the other cartmen could not be

persuaded to go nearer than a cart's length or more. The Convoy Officer stormed and the interpreter argued volubly, but the cartmen were not to be moved. They squatted stolidly at the butt end of the pole and puffed placid cheruts and chewed contemplative betel. When they had anything to say it was, from their point of view, absolutely conclusive.

"These bullocks know the smell of the cart in front. All their lives they have halted so. It is not possible for them to learn otherwise."

"These bullocks know nothing of other village carts. They are very wild and suspicious. They will kick and make much trouble. It is impossible to go near."

"The road is narrow, but the country is very large. There is plenty of room for hundreds of carts, if the front carts go on."

"If we are to halt like this, we will take the bullocks out and let them graze. There is no sense in standing still in the middle of the country."

"These bullocks are honest bullocks. They know nothing about fighting. They cannot learn the foreign drill."

The Colonel came up in the middle of the altercation. At first he was no more successful than the others. The cartmen, in fact, were more stubborn than ever. But there were some of them who knew of his eccentricities, and they whispered to one another that this was the "mad Colonel." The interpreter seized upon the hint and went up and down

the line telling them that the whole thing was an idea of "old Luney's," and that the sooner they humoured him the sooner they would get away and get the job over. The Burmese are always very gentle with demented people, and never thwart them if they can possibly help it. So some attempt was made to carry out the idea. It was a very lame approach to what Colonel Cherryhinton wanted, but, at any rate, there were no very wide gaps. The Convoy Officer pointed out that the sun would very soon be up and that it would be a very hot march for the guard, so Cherryhinton agreed that it would do for a beginning, and gave the order to sound the bugle for the start.

The line was a very long one, so the Colonel and the bugler went down to somewhere near the middle. After some consideration, he had come to the conclusion that it would be as well to have as simple a call as possible. The cartmen were undisciplined and the cattle were untrained. He thought one *G* would be too abrupt to begin with, so he ordered the bugler to sound three *G*'s.

They were sounded accordingly by an impatient bugler who had not had his morning's tea. The cartmen in front craned their heads round to see what was happening. Several bullocks opposite the bugler twisted round and began kicking. One pair bolted sideways off the road and came to grief in a buffalo-wallow. One

wheel sank in it up to the axle, and that snapped short over. Otherwise nothing happened. "Tut, tut," said the Colonel, "this will never do. Interpreter, did you explain to the men that they were to start at the sound of the last *G*?"

"Explained to them! I have told to them, every single man, many times. But it is no use. They are jungle animals, without intellectual qualifications. I have ordered them till there was no more time to do it."

"I expect you were not simple enough in your instructions. I should advise you to say: 'Bugle sounds; Hit bullocks; Go'—three *G*'s, you know. Go and tell them that way, perfectly simply, at the head of the column. Wait—What is the Burmese for start, or drive on?"

"*Maung*, your Honour."

"Very well, tell them that the bugle says *maung*, *maung*, *maung*, and the officer in charge of the convoy here and the Transport Officer here will shout *maung* to the men back here in case there is any hesitation in starting. Go and tell them, and we will see if this cart-axle can be mended."

But it could not. The axle had broken close to the wheel, and it was the job of a whole day for the cartman to cut himself a new axle with his chopper out of a tree in the jungle alongside the road. So the carts behind were moved up to fill up the blank in the column. All this took at least half an hour.

The bugler suggested that he

had better go off the road a bit, so as not to scare the bullocks again, and Cherryhinton agreed. There was scrub jungle in clumps, and he went thirty yards or so off, so that he could not be seen, but there was no doubt about the vigour of his *G*'s. But again the carts stood fast. Colonel Cherryhinton shouted *maung* at the top of his voice and swayed his arms as if he were encouraging a tug-of-war team, or hooshing away fowls. The cartmen stared at him with mingled pity and indifference, and it was clear enough that they could not move until the carts in front of them started. So the Colonel cantered off to the head of the column to see what was the matter, and scared a good many bullocks out of formation during the process. There he found the interpreter in violent altercation with the leading cart-driver.

"What's the matter? Why have not the carts started?"

"If you please, your Honour, this fool person, no sooner the bugle sounded, he got off his cart. I ask him: 'What is the matter? Why you not drive cart according to orders duly issued?' He says, 'I have left betel-box on side of the road.' I told him he was damfool and highly insubordinate man. What matter his betel-box when Colonel *thakin* give order, and he talked continuously and called me execration. I told him not to do so, but drive bullock-cart according to previous order explained to him many times, and——"

"Very well, very well, that

will do," interrupted the Colonel. "It is very annoying, but you must not lose patience. Tell the man to get into his cart again and to attend to his duties and be sure that he is ready to go when the bugle sounds again. Go back and get them all ready again, and I will stay here at the head and see that he starts." The interpreter went off and the driver got into his cart, both of them growling away furiously to themselves. Apparently the carts took some time to get settled again, but in about twenty minutes the three *G's* blared out with all the vigour an indignant bugle could put into them.

Colonel Cherryhinton flourished his riding-whip intending to mark the time, but at the first bugle note the cartman with a *hé noa* prodded up his bullocks into a shambling trot and disappeared round a bend in the road.

The second cart stood fast, and the driver guffawed with quite unmistakable amusement.

"*Maung*," shouted the Colonel, "*maung, maung, maung*. Go on, you second man, and just bring that first cart to a stop, will you," he said, turning to the convoy officer. "It is extraordinary the perversity of these people. But the first man had evidently lost his temper. We will try again when we have got them in order again. We'll take this as a sort of rehearsal."

About twenty carts had started off after the second driver had finished laughing

and lurched off, but they had already straggled in the most disconcerting fashion. Two carts were absolutely close together. Then came several wide intervals, and the noise in the air suggested that the whole string had started.

"Halt the column," shouted Cherryhinton. "Don't *maung*; Ha—lt. Just stop them, interpreter. We really must try again. They're worse than they were when I took them in hand."

The interpreter brought them up with a lot of bad language, and they stopped with a sort of strangled shriek, as if a twenty-stone man had sat down upon a "speaking" doll.

There was a storm of remonstrances from the cartmen addressed to the world at large. "What manner of a created thing is this?" "We'll go back home." "Carts are not things to play with." "The sun's a palm-tree high." "We might have been a *daing* [two and a half miles] on the road." "The bullocks will be trashed." A good many of the children—the men all had their families with them—began to cry, and their mothers said, "Hush, or we'll give you to old Luney."

The first cart was brought back in a wide sweep through the jungle. The driver was expostulating in ineffectual rage, which subsided into a mixture of sulkiness and fear when he came near the Colonel again. The other carts were ranged up, and then Cherryhinton said, "We'll do it this

time, I think. It's perfectly simple; but I wish I could speak to them myself. I had better stay here, perhaps. Now, tell them the bugle says *Tra-ra-ra* or *Tra-ra-maung*. No, don't drive on, that man. He must only start when the bugle sounds *Tra-ra-maung*, you understand," and the Colonel swept his arms sideways as if he were dandling a baby or imitating a well-coached small boy reciting "Sail on, thou Ship of State." "Now I think they understand. It only wants patience, you see, and the result is so much more gratifying than slipshod lounging along anyhow. Now, I think we're ready. Pass the word back to the bugler, Mr Ventris, please."

The three *G's* sounded again. The first cartman was scowling fixedly at the Colonel, and did not start until the Colonel, the interpreter, the convoy officer, several of the guard, and a cartman or two had shouted *maung* at him. The others followed with the ponderous deliberation of a loaded railway truck being started by hand.

"Very slovenly; no proper spirit about it; but they've got the idea now. I think with a little practice—just halt them again, interpreter. We'll try a few starts by word of mouth. I'll give the time, *tra-ra-RA*. They start on the *RA*, of course." But the leading driver was no sooner stopped than he jumped down, propped up the pole of his cart with a forked stick and lifted the yoke off his bullocks, and at the same time

shouted to the men behind. Quite a number of them immediately followed his example.

"What is the meaning of this? Why are they out-spanning?" For the first time Cherryhinton looked really annoyed.

"That bullockman says he has not come here to learn battle-tricks and march-past. He says he will go to *Wundauk*, Civil Officer, and tell him he will not stay here all day. And besides, he make oath and swear it is time to stop march, not to begin march. There is no water for ten miles along road, and the water buffaloes will become mad and devastate everybody."

"Mr Ventris, have that cartman arrested. I will take him to the Assistant Commissioner myself. But before I go"—Colonel Cherryhinton looked down the line and saw all the cartmen taking their bullocks out, and then he looked at his watch. "Hullo! it's nine o'clock. We've been here three and a half hours. Well, I suppose it is latish. But it is very annoying; just when they had begun to grasp the idea. Why, even the bullocks had begun to realise what was wanted of them. Well, they can move on at half-past five this afternoon and go by moonlight. You can return your men to quarters, Mr Ventris, but give me one file to take this cartman to the Assistant Commissioner."

At the Civil Officer's the Colonel wanted the cartman punished for gross insubordination and disobedience of orders. The cartman gave an excited account of what he called the

senseless manœuvres, and said all the villagers would disappear if they were treated in this way, and no more carts would be to be had. He was the headman of a small village himself. The Assistant Commissioner sided with the cartman, and said the Colonel's ideas were purely vexatious and his action quite illegal.

Colonel Cherryhinton said discipline must be maintained, and if a case of disobedience like this occurred again, he would have the man flogged. The Civil Officer, who was not a competition wallah, but an unlitrary man who had left the army for the Commission, said if the Colonel did that, he would have the men who did the flogging arrested by the police, and would report the Colonel himself to the general officer commanding, as a person who would make good relations with the people hopeless.

The Colonel first of all began to grin, and then smacked his thigh with great emphasis: "By Gad, sir, you're the sort of man I like. You know your own mind, and you act on fixed principles, whether they are good or not. As a matter of fact, the whole of the cartmen would be all the better for a flogging; but you're quite right, this scoundrel here is no worse than the others. It was only his bad luck that he was the front man. Let the man go," he said to the guard. "Good

morning, Smith. You'll make quite a success in the Commission if you always remember to be firm. I shall have another try with these friends of yours in the evening. They improved quite a lot this morning."

But in the evening, as soon as the Colonel and the bugler appeared, the cartmen began to trickle off along the road. It was no use trying to stop them. If one cart was stopped, the others simply drove round. It is possible that they had got hints from the Assistant Commissioner or the transport officer, who was getting anxious about the Mathibu rations. At any rate, there was no stopping them any more than you could stop a gale of wind by puffing out your cheeks against it. The Colonel took it very well: "They really are much better than they were. Perhaps it was a mistake to start it with so big a convoy. We will get a dozen empty carts and practise them at it as an example to the rest. They will get into it by degrees. System is such a very desirable thing, and so conducive to work. Don't you think so?"

"Most conducive to work," said the Transport Officer. Colonel Cherryhinton lectured the officers of the regiment at three the next morning on patience. He said it was a very rare but a very necessary soldierly quality, almost as necessary as system.

J. GEORGE SCOTT.

THE IMMIGRANT IN SOUTH AMERICA.

READERS of the newspapers may have observed that the Italian Government has disputes pending both with Brazil and the Argentine Republic. There are superficial differences between the two cases, but in essentials they are identical. The point at issue in both is the ill-usage of the Italian immigrants. We are not directly concerned in the quarrel. The British subjects who go to South America go as capitalists or as the skilled men employed by capitalists. They are few in number, and it must be readily confessed that if they do not prosper the fault is mainly their own. We speak of the rule and not of the exceptions, which of course are to be found. And what is true of us is, in the main, true of the French and the Germans.

A handful of Frenchmen may be seen working in the vineyards of the Argentine province Mendoza. There are small German agricultural colonies in Brazil. Some of them are sinking into the native half-breed population. Others, notably in Santa Catarina and Rio Grande, occupy tracts of country, and have succeeded in obtaining the right to conduct their municipal affairs in German. So far from coalescing with the Brazilians, they are imposing the use of their own language on them. They present a problem which causes some anxiety to the governing

persons of the Republic. If they are not enterprising, and it is said that they are not, they are stolid and pertinacious agriculturists, they strike deep in the soil, and they are suspected by the Brazilians of cherishing ambitions incompatible with the unity of the country. All men are armed in Brazil. The central government is weak. The Brazilians increase slowly or not at all. Being, with few exceptions, half-breeds, they need to be continually recruited by the unmixed race on either side, or else they tend to die out. Their families are small and unhealthy. It is not easy to explain why. The facts are well known, but they are shameful to name. The reader will allow us to say no more than this—that a certain hereditary disease is not only widely prevalent but is all but universal in Brazil. The German population is sound. Its families are large, and they flourish greatly, for the climate on the tablelands of Santa Catarina and Rio Grande inside the Terra do Mar is favourable to children. So they grow, and there are many Brazilians who look forward with anxiety to what the German will do, perhaps at no very remote date. They do not fear the coming of the Kaiser with a fleet and an army. Against that danger they know they are protected by the United States. They

fear the German within their gates.

This German colony is a local and peculiar thing. When we speak of the immigration to South America, we are not thinking of the skilled Englishman or Scot, the French or the German, but of the great bulk of the Europeans who go to the former colonies of Spain and Portugal. Now they are to the extent of five-sixths of the total number of those who go to the river Plate, Italians and Spaniards. In the case of Brazil we must allow for the Portuguese, but even there the Italians are the majority, and the Spaniards, mainly from Galicia, are numerous. The contribution of other nationalities is trifling in comparison. These are "Austrians," so called, who for the most part are Poles. Polish villages are to be found in Argentina where the children born in the Republic are still wholly ignorant of the corrupt Castilian spoken by the native Argentines. There are Slovaks called Hungarians, and Russians of whom a half are Jews, and there are Syrians. These last, who began to come in very recent days, are already a marked element in Brazil and in the River Plate Republics. Half of them are Mohammedans. There are two mosques in the Brazilian State of São Paulo. Arabic papers are published both there and in Argentina. The Syrians are pedlars who wander far up to the Matto Grosso in Brazil, and in Argentina to the remotest borders of the west and south. Prosperity turns them into merchants, and

they congregate in the towns. They are by common consent sordid in their ideas and filthy in their habits. But they grow rich, and are a force to be taken into account. Any description of the drift of people into South America which omitted all mention of its oddities would be misleading. For some reason not easily apparent, the Corsicans favour Venezuela. A few years ago a crowd of Japanese coolies was brought in to develop the cultivation of rice in São Paulo. They had been recruited in the ports, and turned out to be perfectly useless on the land. In a short time they drifted into the towns, where they became notorious as footpads and housebreakers.

Minorities and oddities are negligible. Italy and Spain have supplied the great indispensable mass of labour, just as Great Britain has supplied capital. £300,000,000 of English money have gone into Argentina alone. With this and the Italian labourer the Republic might have grown rich, though it drew neither men nor funds from other sources. Without them it would not have escaped from its native state of stagnant sloth. The questions worth putting are these: How is this labour recruited? How does it work? How is it treated?

It will be obvious that this emigration of labour from Europe does not go of itself. The hundred and twenty thousand Spaniards who sailed from Corunna and Vigo alone in 1908, and the large number who left Almeria, went from

dire poverty under the stimulus of necessity. They did not all go to South America. Many, perhaps, of them went to Cuba or the United States. Ever since the "Pearl of the Antilles" was freed from the curse of Spanish administration, a stream of emigration has set into it from Old Spain. Whole villages have gone, taking their priests with them, and they prosper. Multitudes go to the United States, and in particular from Biscay and Santander. But we are not concerned with them. The Spaniards and Italians who go to the States may have much to contend with, but they do not suffer from the evils which have provoked the Italian Government to retaliate on Brazil and the river Plate. The Italian in the States is not always liked, and he is generally regarded as a hewer of wood and drawer of water. A story goes about that an Irish foreman who found much difficulty in making a gang of Italians understand what they were to do, turned to a countryman and said, "And these are the —'s they make popes of." But if the Italian is not rated high in the States, he does not suffer at the hands of *Fazendeiros* and *Estancieros*, district judges and *Comisarios* of Police, as he does in Brazil and the river Plate. The Northern continent is a different world from the Southern.

The labour which goes to the latter is mainly contracted for, and hired by capital, with passages paid out and back again. It is to a very great

extent migratory, and is a larger version of what we know in Europe in the shape of the harvesters who, among ourselves, come from Ireland and the Highlands to England and the Lowlands of Scotland; from London to the hop-fields and market-gardens of Kent; or on the Continent, from Poland to Germany and Denmark. The visitor who leaves a Western European port for South America will be taken into Cherbourg, perhaps to Corunna, certainly to Vigo and Lisbon, now and then to Leixoes for Oporto. At all those places he will see larger or smaller crowds of men, women, and children, drawn from the whole length and breadth of Europe, who ship for South America. In the busy seasons, that is to say when the coffee "cherries" begin to be plucked in São Paulo in April, or in November when the maize and wheat harvests are coming on by the river Plate, these third-class passengers will number a thousand or twelve hundred; and he will see the same sight if he goes by a German line, or by a Spanish, or by the "Messageries Nationales" from Marseilles (who bring the Syrians), or by the fine swift steamers of the Italian "Veloce" and "Lloyd Sabauda." To them should be added the Royal Dutch and the Austrian lines. It is, by the way, a useful corrective to national complacency, and also a warning, to learn how good most of these lines are. British officers, who are close observers

and fair critics of their rivals, think that the "Messageries Nationales" have fallen off. Constant strikes and bitter labour disputes have had their effect. But the Dutch line (as one would expect from such old masters of the sailor's business) are second to none for economy of working, accurate navigation, and seamanlike handling. The Germans are excellent, and the Italians are finely fitted and very swift. It may be puerile but it is human to feel hurt when the British packet you are making your voyage in is distanced by an Italian. The experience happened to the present writer, and it grieved him. When the ship he was coming home in was off Cape Trio in the early afternoon, a big Italian was seen coming from Rio, and rounding the Cape. She was then well astern. Before the dinner-hour she was on the port bow. By ten o'clock her masthead-light was barely visible ahead, and when she passed beyond reach of the Marconi she had gained 160 miles. And here it is germane to the matter to note that there is a large emigration of Italian seamen to South America. The small sailing craft which work on the shallow Argentine coast are almost all owned and manned by Italians. The large Marcantovich Company of Buenos Ayres, which does a great coasting and river trade, employs Italian officers and seamen.

The passenger immigrants

may be classed into those who come to stay, those who come to make a small fortune and then go home, and those who come for the harvest only. There is an obvious difficulty in settling what proportion the three elements bear to one another. The fate of many of the immigrants depends on their character and their luck. But it is not rash to maintain that nearly a half of the immigration is transitory. Of, in round numbers, 49,000 immigrants who land at Santos in Brazil before the coffee harvest, over 40,000 leave when it is taken in by September, for the harvesting of the coffee cherries is a long and elaborate process. In 1909 the number of Italians who landed at Buenos Ayres, the only port of entry for immigrants to Argentina, was, again in round numbers, 93,000, but those who left in the same year were 51,000. The proportion of Spaniards who stay is far higher—and that is a fact of considerable importance for the future of the Republic. But setting the one against the other, it is safe to say that about half the immigrants to Brazil and the river Plate are there for a time only. Now let us remember that the Southern tableland of Brazil is healthy, and nowise too hot for men from the south of Europe; that as much is true of the river Plate countries and all Argentina; that immense tracts of land lie idle (a third of the State of São Paulo is still primeval forest), and that the Governments profess an ardent

desire to attract settlers,—then the question presents itself, how comes it that the newcomers should be so eager to go away again? These countries are not indeed earthly paradises. There is a belt of unmanageable salt desert in Argentina. Drought and the locust are everywhere terrible enemies. But prosperity has been obtained in no small measure, and much more could be achieved. Why is the progress of settlement so slow? There is only one answer which can be truthfully made to the question, and though it may cause deep offence in certain quarters it must be given. The reason is that the Governments of these countries do not protect the settler against the feather-headed, brutal, and corrupt usage at the hands of judicial and police officials.

This statement applies to the labouring mass. The European, British or of any nationality, who is himself a capitalist or is employed by some wealthy body—bank, railway, land company, or what not—is sufficiently safe. The Governments are under financial obligations to these corporations, which pay “complements,” as Pepys would have put it, to important politicians. They have means of making themselves heard, and they cannot allow their servants to be treated with capricious injustice. It is for this reason that comparatively little is known among us of the real character of South American government. We suffer but little—and then the capitalists

who are gaining wealth have strong reasons for not offending the authorities. They say nothing except when speaking in confidence, and when they are sure their words will not be repeated. Nor, again, is it maintained that the European immigration is free from vile elements. The visitor to South America soon learns what is meant by a “caften.” He will learn from the papers, if in no other way; and he must be curiously obtuse if he feels pleased when he reads that this or the other British passenger ship has come in with six “caftens” on board, and that they are not to be allowed to land. As for what a “caften” is—it is enough to say that the “white slave” traffic is horribly active along the South American coast. Companies of high repute are not ashamed to profit by its money. There is no secrecy about the thing. It is obtruded on the notice of the first-class passengers by the flaunting swagger of persons of both sexes who come and go regularly, and whose purpose is notorious. They take a first-class cabin for themselves, and perhaps a score of second- and third-class berths for those they bring with them. The captain will tell you that they could be stopped, and that he hates to see his fine ship turned into—and he uses a very plain word. But the Companies do not act.

There are bad elements among the labouring immigrants. The common opinion of South America ranks

the Neapolitans among them. They come as harvesters or as labourers on public works, and they are too often criminal in character. Last year gangs of them were engaged in making the railway from São Paulo to Matto Grosso across the forest. The company provided them with guns for their protection against the Indians. One Sunday a number of them went out to amuse themselves. They fell upon a party of nine Indians, men and women, who were celebrating a marriage—murdered the men and violated the women. A few days later the tribe fell upon the labourers at work and shot six of them mortally with poisoned arrows—no excessive revenge for an abominable outrage. The immigrants are not always blameless for their own misfortunes. But the “caffen” and the murderous “Nap” could be controlled if the Governments enforced their own laws. If the six thousand so-called police maintained by the State of São Paulo, and very well drilled by a commission of French officers, were employed on constabulary duty, the “Naps” would not be allowed to butcher the Indians. They are really organised to be the nucleus of an army which can cow the central Government.

The judicial and police establishments of South America are generally maintained for any purpose except the avowed one. They are the political agents of the men in power, and because they are indis-

pensable they must not be punished for their excesses. Their hand is heavy on the poor settler in town or country. An Italian or other immigrant goes to São Paulo, which invited crowds of them after the abolition of slavery in 1889. He is promised good wages as a “colono” on a “fazenda” or coffee plantation. The colono is the man who does not merely come for the harvest, but remains on the land all the year. He is put in charge of 3500 coffee-trees, and is paid partly by wage, partly by the use of a thousand square metres of land per thousand coffee-trees—on which he can grow maize and beans, the staple food of Brazil—and a house; or he goes to the river Plate and is employed in “refining” an estancia or cattle station. The raw pampa is covered with coarse grass which is inferior food for cattle, and no food at all for horse or sheep. It is refined by being ploughed up and cultivated for wheat during four years. On the fourth alfalfa (lucerne) is sown with the wheat, and when the harvest is reaped the lucerne remains, and the estancia is refined.

When the “colono” of São Paulo, or the migratory agriculturist of the river Plate, is honestly treated, he can earn money. A large number of them do—and then return to Italy or Spain, to become peasant proprietors in their native country. But it frequently happens that he is not honestly treated. The Paulista

who grew up in the old slavery atmosphere is incapable of thinking that he is under any obligation to the people he employs. When it is inconvenient to him to pay he wont, and he knows that the courts will give no attention to the poor man. The "criojo" employer in the river Plate is not a jot more honest, nor are the judicial authorities and the police any better; outrages on women are common, more especially in São Paulo, where the so-called whites are, with few exceptions, half-breeds of Indian or negro blood, and peculiarly liable to the passion which causes incessant trouble in the States and our own colonies. In Brazil the one check on these excesses is the fear of assassination, nor is the case very different in Argentina or Uruguay. When the settler has bought land he commonly finds that he cannot obtain the title till he has bribed somebody at headquarters. At all times he is subject to arbitrary fines by the police. Protest and appeal are useless, for he must pay before he can appeal, and years will pass before he obtains a decision. The appeal, too, is not to the ordinary courts, but to the administration itself. In the towns there is less arbitrary brutality than in the country, and that is one reason why the immigrant shows a disquieting preference for the cities. Buenos Ayres is overcrowded, full of slums as bad as the worst in Europe. Yet even in the towns the excesses of officials are numerous. Men are imprisoned without

cause shown. If a commissary of police desires the good-looking daughter of a small tradesman, and finds himself denied, he will tax the father to ruin. In Buenos Ayres itself, which boasts profusely of its civilisation, the police, mostly Indians from Salta, have seized women in the streets. The higher authorities dare not check them, for they are politically indispensable, and knowing themselves to be so, are insolent.

The brutality of the police in Buenos Ayres has been notably increased by the anti-anarchist law. The outrages which served as their excuse were committed by Russians, but all the poorer foreigners have suffered. How this law works can be easily shown. An Argentino, son of a very wealthy landowner, told me with glee that the law was excellent, for, said he, "when my father has trouble with one of his foreign workmen he says to the police, 'That man is an anarchist,' and they carry him off." It was passed in a panic, and has been an instrument of fraud and oppression.

It is not necessary to go to grumbling foreigners for testimony to the excesses of the officials either in Brazil or Argentina. The parties excuse one another freely. Last year the "*Prensa*" of Buenos Ayres devoted a considerable space to an account of the state of a part of the province of Córdoba. A certain family had acquired control of the district by the help of their relative,

who had been governor. They filled all the places with their adherents. They held, and of course falsified, all elections. They had named as school-master in one village a ruffian whose character was so notorious that respectable people would not allow their children to go near him. They terrorised the countryside by a simple device. Arbitrary fines were imposed, and the victim was compelled to pay them by buying stamped paper which must be presented before an appeal could be received. The privilege of issuing the stamped paper was granted to a member of the family, and no account was ever rendered of the money paid. It is needless to say that the foreigner, who has no native family connections, is more readily victimised than the Argentine.

The name of Córdoba leads easily to the mention of a curious feature of the immigration to South America. It is the most clerical region of the Argentine, and the city of Córdoba was the seat of the old Spanish University. No languages, mathematics, or natural philosophy were professed there, but only "ens" and "essentia,"—or, in plain words, the dregs and dotage of the scholastic philosophy. Córdoba is one of the few places in the Republic which swarm with seculars and regulars. And an increasing proportion of these men is of foreign origin. It is becoming—and indeed has long been—very difficult to recruit in South America priests who

will obey the Church's law of celibacy, or regulars who will keep their oath of chastity. From Mexico southwards the disorders of the clergy, secular or regular, are notorious. Decent-behaved clerics can only be obtained by importing them. No doubt many of the priests of foreign birth come in what we may term a legitimate way. The native clergy would not be sufficient in number, to say nothing of knowledge of language, for the immigrants. The attitude of the Italian or Spanish settlers towards the Church must be realised, and it requires some explanation. Whoever looks at bookstalls, kiosks, or booksellers' shops may be tempted to think that all South America, of whatever origin, is furiously anti-Christian, anti-papal, and anti-clerical. They swarm with such books as 'La Folie de Jésus,' 'The Cardinal's Daughter,' 'The Crimes of the Vatican,' 'The Horrors of the Inquisition.' But the very men who read these books, and who avow their atheism and contempt of the clergy, retain a lurking fear of the priest as a wonder-working magician who may do them a damage. They will carry banners in a procession, and make use of religious ceremonies at marriage, birth, and burial—when the charge made by the clergy is not too high. The native clergy in country districts are extortionate, and that is one reason why marriage is so rare.

There is, however, something more than the necessity for

providing for the needs of immigrants or the deficiencies of the native clergy.

As the Governments impose no restrictions on the entry of clerics, South America has become the refuge of swarms of priests, monks, friars, and nuns, who for any reason are superfluous in Europe. The expulsion of the Spanish orders from the Philippines, the French Congregation Law, the recent revolution in Portugal, have been followed each in its turn by flights of clerical persons to South America. And there is deliberate policy in the movement. In Brazil the monastic lands were secularised on the establishment of the Republic, but it was decreed that the process should not be completed until the last survivor of the members of a religious house living in the time had died. Now it happened that the Benedictines had great possessions in Brazil. Of late years their houses have been copiously recruited from Europe, mostly from Southern Germany. The purpose, of course, is to retain the land by an evasion of the law. Unless it has been settled very recently, a delicate question is pending between the Brazilian Government and the Benedictines on this very point. And this is the type of much else. There is no doubt that, as the Church loses ground in the Old World—and as we can see from the example even of Spain, it does lose—it is trying to build up a new power in South America. The effort is hopeless enough, for it has

nothing to build on save the essentially heathen superstition of the ignorant native half-breeds, the lingering taste of the immigrant for ecclesiastical shows, and the traditional piety of the women. The men who possess what passes for education in South America are as destitute of all religious belief as of sexual morality. The Church will doubtless try to make an alliance with political parties—which in South America means factions fighting for the control of the “spigot of taxation,”—but victory in these contests is capricious, and defeat means destruction for the clerical establishments. Meanwhile, if the Roman Catholic Church is making any effort to increase its power by convincing South Americans of the wickedness of corruption and brutality, and of the simian immorality which degrades their families, its exertions are invisible and fruitless.

The misconduct of South American officialdom does not, of course, pass entirely without protest from European Governments. But these Republics are in a most fortunate position. England sends no colonists. She had her lesson once and for all from Brazil. The story is now an old one, and lies buried in consular reports. But it is remembered by our countrymen in South America, and they would be the first to resist any proposal for British colonisation. The Welsh colony in Southern Argentina languished, and would have vanished long

ago but for a plentiful use of Welsh pertinacity. We have already dealt with the cases of the French and Germans. The nations really interested are Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The second and third are too feeble to enforce respect. Italy is stronger, but even she is unable to extort respect for the rights of her subjects in view of the notorious fact that the United States would not allow her to make use of the most effectual means of coercion—the occupation of a port. Protests are idle, and are treated with derision. Only one weapon remains, but happily it is effective if vigorously applied. Italy can forbid the recruiting of labour by the agents of South American employers. She did so twenty years ago, in the case of Brazil, by the Prinetti decree which is still in force. She has just applied the same form of coercion to the River Plate Republics. The immediate pretext was the claim of these States to place sanitary officers of their own in Italian steamers bringing out immigrants. This was manifestly the merely official excuse for a strong measure. The sanitary officials would be a nuisance if only because they would insist on receiving bribes, but Italy would not lose the benefit of the £50 or £60 brought back by each of the thousands of harvesters who return every year, on so small a point. She must have resolved to make an end of the perpetual misuse of her people by cutting off, or at anyrate

largely reducing, the indispensable supply of labour.

If her measures are taken with energy, there can be no doubt that she will put severe pressure on the South Americans. Brazil must have Italian labour for its coffee harvest, and Argentina is far more dependent on the same source of supply for its maize and wheat harvest. So far, Brazil has lost by the action of the Prinetti decree, but it has been able to eke out its supply of labour by Portuguese and Galicians. Moreover, Italians on the way to the Argentine stop in São Paulo for the coffee. Even so, the Paulistas have been to a certain extent brought to book. The Italian consul at São Paulo is provided with funds to repatriate his countrymen, and he can secure justice for them by threatening to send away those of them who are aggrieved at times when their labour is indispensable. If the Argentine supply is stopped São Paulo will also suffer.

It is easy to understand why the Argentines were greatly agitated by the Italian decree. Their fine affectations of surprise that Italy should have taken so strong a step for so small a cause may be dismissed as one example more of the Latin capacity for play-acting. They know very well what is the real meaning of the Italian decree. They know also that within the last two years there has been a great exodus of Italians, provoked in part by the brutal application of the anti-anarchist law. They are

in fact threatened by a loss of labour which might be ruinous. Italy, too, will lose for a time, though not so heavily as the vanity of the South Americans makes them suppose. The Italians who bring most money home, and who return with the least injury to their health, are those who go to the United States, and they will not be affected. But whatever the loss may be, self-respect should make the Italians endure it, and their sense, which is good, must show them that a present sacrifice will bear fruit in future advantage.

They will, if they insist that a settlement of all other disputes and the giving of guarantees for the future must be the preliminary to the withdrawal of their decree, bring the South Americans to their bearings. In the interests of humanity it

is highly desirable that they should. Perhaps somewhat similar measures will have to be taken in the financial world some day. In spite of the much boasted prosperity of the last twenty years, neither Brazil nor the Argentine has brought its currency into good order, and both countries are for ever in the market in search of loans. But the financiers can look after themselves, and they have had their lesson. The unhappy immigrant misled by the profuse promises of South America is helpless against its corruption and brutality. It was high time that the Italian Government should act, and if its action has a little too much the air of a "combinazione," if it does shrink from openly giving its real reason, its action is none the less justified.

A SAFETY MATCH.¹

BY IAN HAY, AUTHOR OF 'THE RIGHT STUFF,' 'A MAN'S MAN.'

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.—THE CANDLE LIT.

THERE is no more disagreeable sensation in this world than that furnished by a sudden encounter with some one with whom we are on "awkward" terms. Most people know what it is to cross the street to avoid an old friend, or to dodge into a shop in order to escape the necessity of inflicting or receiving the cut direct. Very often the origin of the quarrel has been forgotten or ceased to be of real moment, but the awkwardness endures. Oftener still a reconciliation would be welcomed on both sides; but pride, pride, pride intervenes.

Now the best solvent of stubborn obstinacy is a sense of humour. As Juggernaut stood in the darkness, surveying the embarrassed little figure before him—in his eyes Daphne, five feet seven in her stockings, was always "little"—and feeling acutely consojus on his own part of an irresistible desire to shuffle with his feet, he suddenly and most providentially broke into one of his rare laughs—a laugh of quiet and unforced enjoyment.

Apparently this was not quite what Daphne expected.

"What is the matter?" she enquired. Her voice quavered pathetically, for she was highly wrought.

"I couldn't help thinking," said her husband, "of an episode in the history of two old friends of mine. They had been engaged for about three months, when they quarrelled—severely. They parted company for ever, and whenever he or she saw the other upon the horizon, he or she fled. However, after about six weeks of this sort of thing they were taken by surprise. One day the man saw the girl advancing straight upon him down the street, quite oblivious of his proximity. He dived into the nearest shop, which happened to be a baby-linen establishment—"

Daphne gave a sudden gurgle of laughter.

"—And when the girl walked in, two minutes later," concluded Juggernaut, "to match some silk, she found her late beloved diligently sampling Berlin wool. That did it! The sense of humour of that young couple came to their rescue, Daphne, and they walked out of the shop hand-in-hand, not caring a dump for anybody. To my knowledge they have never had a quarrel since. You see the reason why I laughed just now?"

Daphne sighed comfortably. "Yes," she said. The ten-

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sion of the situation was relaxed.

"I want to—to talk to you, Jack," she continued, suddenly heartened.

"Certainly," replied Juggernaut, with a slight return of his board-room air. "I'll turn the light on."

"Please don't," said Daphne hastily. "I would rather talk in the dark. Will you sit down on the settle?"

Juggernaut obeyed silently. The firelight played upon his face, showing the clear-cut lines of his mouth and his tired eyes. Daphne stood erect before him, keeping her face in the shadow. She had removed her hat and furs, and her thick hair caught the light fantastically.

"Jack," she began, industriously scrutinising the vista of the room reflected by an ancient convex mirror hanging on the far wall, "I want to say something. I want to say that I am sorry. I have done you an injustice. I always thought you were a hard man, and I have discovered that you are not. In fact," she continued with a flicker of a smile, "I have found out that you are very much the other thing." She paused.

"May I ask for chapter and verse?" said Juggernaut.

"Yes!" The old Daphne flashed forth. "Here are you, fighting all these men with one hand, giving no quarter, and all that sort of thing—" Juggernaut stirred suddenly in his seat—"and feeding the women and children with the

other! Aren't you, now?" She pointed an accusing finger.

"Since you tax me with it—yes," said her husband.

Daphne turned upon him impulsively, with the firelight full on her face.

"Jack," she said softly, "it was splendid of you!"

He looked up and saw that her eyes were glowing. She came a step nearer, and her head drooped prettily. "And I'm sorry if I have been unfair to you, Jack," she continued. "I—I thought you were just a feelingless sort of man, whose work was his world, and who cared for nothing but himself and what he had in view, and regarded women as merely useful things to keep house, and have babies, and so on. But now I *know* that I was wrong. There is more of you than that. Being me, I had to tell you."

She ended with a little catch in her voice. She had made her effort. She had humbled herself, and in so doing she had laid herself open to the cruellest of rebuffs. She waited tremulously. A hard word, a scornful smile, even silence now—and two lives would fall asunder for ever.

But the wheels of Juggernaut had never passed over a woman.

"Will you sit down?" said Sir John gently.

He made room for her, and she sank down beside him, leaning her head against the high back of the settle and gazing unwinkingly into the fire. She was conscious now

that this man was overflowing with tenderness towards her, but she would not look him in the face yet.

"How did you find out about the rations to the women?" he enquired presently.

Daphne told him.

"But you mustn't blame Jim Carthew," she said in conclusion. "He simply *had* to tell me."

"Where did you see him?"

"Last week, in Algiers. In fact, he brought me home; but I made him promise not to tell you I was in London. He is a good sort!" she added irrelevantly.

"In what way?" asked her husband curiously.

Daphne turned and surveyed him.

"Would you be angry if I told you—jealous, I mean?"

"What right have *I* to be angry or jealous?" said Juggernaut simply. "In what way," he repeated, "has Carthew been showing that he is a good sort?"

"Well, in bringing me his troubles. That always makes a conquest of any woman, you know. And in letting me take my troubles to him. A woman always *has* to take a trouble to a man, Jack, when all is said and done—even if he is only the family solicitor!" she concluded hurriedly. She had suddenly skated on to thin ice, and she knew it. The man to whom she should have taken her troubles had not been there to receive them.

"So Jim Carthew has his troubles like the rest of us?" said Juggernaut.

"Yes, and I never suspected how he felt about them," said Daphne. "He is fearfully reserved about the things he really feels, although he babbles enough about the things he doesn't. So, when I was in trouble——"

"What was your trouble?"

"I was lenely," said the girl. Juggernaut drew his breath sharply.

"I am glad you had some one to be kind to you," he said.

Then came a long pause—the sort of pause which either brings a discussion to an end or begets another, longer and more intimate. We all know them.

Finally Daphne braced herself.

"Jack," she said, "I want to say something more. I didn't mean to: I have said all I came here to say. But I must say this too—now or never. I—I—I was wrong to marry you, Jack. I didn't love you, but I thought it didn't matter. I felt how divine it would be to be able to help the boys and Dad. That was all I considered. Then, when I began to go about, and meet new people, and make comparisons, I—found myself criticising you! *Me—you!*"

"I wouldn't be too indignant about it if I were you," said her husband.

He reached out deliberately for her hand, and continued his contemplation of the fire.

"Go on," he said.

Daphne, foolishly uplifted, continued—

"I used to think you rough

and hard and unsympathetic. I began to prefer the men who buzzed round and murmured things in my ear. And when people began to pity me as a neglected wife, I—I encouraged them. I let women say catty things about you, and I let men make love to me. That sort of thing has been going on ever since the time”—Daphne’s grip of her husband’s hand tightened—“when you and I decided—to go our own ways. I don’t mind telling you now that it was a pill for me, Jack. My pride——”

“It was a brutal act on my part,” blazed out Juggernaut with sudden passion.

“No, it *wasn’t*; it was what I deserved!” insisted Daphne, whose nature did not permit her to be repentant by halves. “Well, anyhow, I determined to flirt in real earnest now. So I began to carry on in an experimental fashion. But I can’t say it was much fun. Finally I did fall in love with a man, in a sort of way—don’t hurt my hand, dear; it was only in a sort of way—and I let him see it. Well, I got a facer over *him*. One night, under the moon, I tried to flirt with him; and he—well, Jack, he fairly put me in my place!”

“What did he do?”

“He made me feel ashamed of myself.”

“What did he say?”

“Not much that we need talk of now, except one thing.”

“What was that?”

“He told me to go back to you.”

“Why?”

“Because he said”—Daphne’s

voice dropped low—“that you loved me.”

There was a long silence, until a live coal subsided in the grate. Then Juggernaut said—

“It was Carthew, I suppose.”

Daphne nodded.

“Jack,” she said, “Jim Carthew is the best friend that you and I possess.”

“I know it.”

They were silent again, until irrelevant Daphne enquired suddenly—

“Jack, what made you do that unpractical thing? The tea and sugar, I mean. It was only prolonging the strike: even *I* can see that.”

“It didn’t prolong the strike to any particular extent,” said Juggernaut with decision. “Not that I care,” he added with unusual inconsequence, “if it did. It made things no easier for the men; and it is with the men that the decision lies in cases of this kind.”

“But it was so *unlike* you,” persisted Daphne.

Her husband turned and regarded her quizzically.

“Was it?” he said, smiling. “We all have our weaknesses,” he added. “Mine are women and children. I think,” he went on with great deliberation, “that there is only one woman in this wide world who has ever suffered ill at my hands.”

“And she is——”

“My wife! Listen,” he continued rapidly, “while I make confession. You have spoken your piece bravely, Daphne. Now hear me mine.”

He rose in his turn, and stood before his wife.

"I never knew or cared very much about women," he said. "I do not remember my mother, and I had no sisters, which probably accounts for a good deal. Also, I was brought up by a man among men, and I learned to read men and handle men to the exclusion of all else. I was given to understand that women did not matter. I was trained to regard them as a sort of inferior and unreliable variety of the male sex. So I confined my dealings to men, and I found so much joy in handling and mastering men that my eyes became closed to the fact that life could offer me anything else."

"But didn't you miss female society? Most men can't get on without *some*," said experienced Daphne.

"You can't miss what you have never had, little girl. Perhaps if I had encountered female society early in life——"

"But didn't you sometimes instinctively long for a woman to come and take charge of you? Most men are so helpless and messy by themselves."

"Sometimes," admitted Juggernaut almost reluctantly, "I did. But I put the notion from me."

"Shall I tell you why?" asked Daphne quietly.

"I suppose it was because I didn't want to yield to a weakness."

"It was nothing of the kind," said Daphne with immense decision. "It was because you were *afraid*!"

"Afraid?"

"Yes—afraid! You would have nothing to do with

women, because you told yourself you despised them. We were a waste of time, you said—an encumbrance! The real reason was that you feared us. Yes—feared! Success was the breath of life to you. You had always had your own way wherever you went. You were the great Sir John Carr—the strong man—Juggernaut! You had never been beaten. Why? Because you had never had the pluck to try conclusions with a woman. Your excuse was that you were a woman-hater, when all the time you were a woman-lover. You have just admitted it, impostor! You were afraid that where every man had failed to turn you from your own hard selfish way of life, a woman might succeed. And so you ran away, and you have been running ever since. There, my strong man, there's the truth for you!"

For once in his life Sir John Carr, the terror of deputations, the scourge of unsound logicians, the respectfully avoided of hecklers, had no answer ready. The reason was obvious: no answer was possible. The victory lay with Daphne. She leaned back in the settle and looked fearlessly up into her husband's face. For the first time in her life she felt maternal towards this man—twenty-two years her senior—just as old Mrs Carfrae had predicted. She was utterly and absolutely happy, too, for she had just realised that she and her husband had come together at last. They were one flesh. The time for tactful

diplomacy and mutual accommodation and making allowances was overpast. No need now to guard the flame from sudden gusts and cross-winds. The candle was safely lighted, and, please God, it should burn steadily to its socket. The Safety Match had accomplished its task after all.

Then she gave a happy little sigh, for her husband's great arm was around her shoulders.

"All my life, Daphne," said his deep voice, "I have thought that the sweetest thing in this world was victory. Now I have just received my first defeat—you routed me, hip and thigh—and I am happier than I have ever been. Why?"

"Think!" commanded a muffled voice in the neighbourhood of his waistcoat.

Juggernaut obeyed. Then he continued, and his grip round Daphne grew stronger—

"I think I see. I married you because I wanted some one to keep my house in order and bear me a son. (That point of view did not endure long, I may say, for I fell in love with you on our honeymoon, and I have loved you ever since; but it was my point of view when I asked you to marry me.) I thought then

that it would be a fair bargain if I gave you money and position in return for these things. We could not help living contentedly together, I considered, under the terms of such a logical and business-like contract as that. Well, I did not know then, what I know now, that logic and business are utterly valueless as a foundation for any contract between a man and a woman. The only thing that is the slightest use for the purpose is the most illogical and unbusiness-like thing in the whole wide world. And"—his iron features relaxed into a smile of rare sweetness—"I believe, I believe, *cara mia*, that you and I have found that thing—together." His voice dropped lower. "Have we, Daphne—my wife?"

Daphne raised her head, and looked her man full in the face.

"We have found it, O my husband," she said gravely—"at last!"

The door flew open suddenly. There was a gleam of electric light. Graves, the imperturbable butler, inclined respectfully before them.

"You are wanted outside, sir," he said, "badly!"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.—ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

A confused medley of men and women—not to mention the inevitable small boy element—was pouring up the road from Belton Pit in the direction of the Hall, which lay beyond the brow of the hill in a green

hollow as yet unsullied by winding - wheels and waste-heaps. People who have made up their minds to do evil are usually in a hurry to get it over. Consequently our friends were advancing at a high rate

of speed, keeping up their courage by giving forth unmelodious noises.

Juggernaut's prophecy had come true. The rebellion had been damped down by sheer starvation; and now that starvation was overpast, the rebellion was flaming out again with tenfold vigour. That fine unreasoning human instinct which under a certain degree of pressure bids logic and argument go hang, and impels us to go forth and break some one else's windows, held the reins that evening. As the night-shift assembled at the pit-head, what time the day-shift was being disgorged, a cageful at a time, from the depths below, a great and magnificent project suddenly hatched itself in the fertile brain of Mr Tom Winch, who had been haunting the neighbourhood on business connected with the propaganda of his own particular revolutionary organisation for the past six weeks. Now was his chance. Evil passions, hitherto dimmed by hunger and privation, were reviving. The men were ripe for any mischief. What they were asking for, reflected Mr Winch, was blood, or its equivalent, and a man to lead them to it.

Mr Winch was, to do him justice, a master of his own furtive trade. In five minutes his project was circulating through the throng. In fifteen the crowd had pledged itself to do something really big; and in half an hour most of the windows of the pit

offices had been broken as a guarantee of good faith.

Having whetted its appetite on this *hors-d'œuvre*, the mob listened readily to Mr Winch's suggestion of a brisk walk to Belton Hall and a personal interview with its proprietor. The notion ran through the excited mass of humanity like fire through dry grass; and presently, as if from one spontaneous impulse, the advance on Belton Hall began. No one quite knew what he proposed to do when he got there, but the possibilities of the expedition were great. It was a picturesque procession, for every man carried a safety-lamp in one hand and a missile in the other. It was probably owing to the multiplicity of the twinkling points of light thus produced that no one observed the flickering halo of a solitary bicycle-lamp, as the machine which bore it slipped out from the side-door of the pit offices and silently stole away through the darkness, carrying a frightened messenger over the hill to Belton Hall.

It may here be noted that Mr Tom Winch, having despatched his avenging host upon its way, remained behind at headquarters—doubtless to superintend the subsequent operations with that degree of perspective which is so necessary to a good general. Mr Killick, an old acquaintance of ours, supported by his friend Mr Brash, led the procession.

"Supposin' the lodge gates is locked—what then?" en-

quired Mr Brash — ever a better critic than creator of an enterprise—as they trudged along the muddy road.

“We shall trample them down,” replied Mr Killick, ever contemptuous of irritating detail.

But the lodge gates stood hospitably open. The lodge itself was shuttered and silent; and the procession, pausing momentarily to deliver a hilarious and irregular volley of small coal, proceeded on its way.

Up the long avenue they tramped. There were electric lamps at intervals, intended for the guidance of strange coachmen on dinner-party nights. These were all ablaze. Evidently Juggernaut was expecting friends.

Five minutes later our glorious company of apostles rounded the last turn in the avenue, and the broad Elizabethan *façade* of Belton Hall loomed up before them. Every window was alight.

A flagged and balustraded terrace ran along the whole frontage of the Hall. In the middle of the balustrade was a gap, where a broad flight of shallow stone steps led down to a velvety lawn three hundred years old. Most of the crowd knew that lawn and terrace well. The grounds at Belton were constantly and freely granted for miners' *fêtes*, political demonstrations, and the like. On these occasions a band was nearly always playing upon the terrace, and not infrequently post-prandial orations were

outpoured from the rostrum formed by the stone steps upon the heads of a gorged and tolerant audience on the grass below.

To-night no band was playing; but at the head of the steps—motionless, upright, inflexible—stood a solitary figure. It was the master of the house, waiting to receive his guests—one against four hundred.

But to one who knew, the odds were not overwhelming. In fact, provided that the crowd possessed no resolute leader, the chances were slightly in favour of the figure on the steps. One man with his wits about him has two great advantages over a crowd. In the first place, he knows exactly what he is going to do, and, in the second, he knows exactly what the crowd is going to do. The crowd knows neither. It is impossible to foretell how a single individual will behave upon emergency: the human temperament varies too widely. But there is nothing in the world so normal or conventional as a crowd. Mankind in the lump is a mere puppet in the hands of the law of averages. Given, as noted above, a resolute leader, the conditions are changed. The leader imbues the crowd with a portion of his own spirit, and creates an instinct of unanimity. Then the odds are once more in favour of the crowd; for now it is a resolute will, all alone, pitted against a resolute will with force behind it.

Sir John Carr knew all this.

He had studied men all his life; and as he stood silent and observant, surveying the surging multitude at his feet—it had flowed to the base of the steps now—he noted that there was no leader in particular. The crowd were acting under the influence of blind impulse, and, if properly handled, could be swayed about and sent home.

Presently the hubbub ceased, and the men stood gazing upward, fingering lumps of coal and waiting for some one to fire the first shot.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," observed Juggernaut. [The ladies, be it noted, constituted the front row of the assemblage, their cavaliers having modestly retired a few paces under their employer's passionless scrutiny.] "If you have come to serenade me, I shall have pleasure presently in sending you out some refreshment. If you have merely come to burn the house down, I strongly advise you to go home and think twice about it."

The recipients of this piece of advice were undoubtedly a little taken aback. Playful badinage was the last thing they had expected. They murmured uneasily one to another, debating suitable retorts. Presently a shrill female voice opened fire.

"Tyrant!"

"Money-grubber!" corroborated another voice.

"Who starves women and children?" shrieked a third.

"Yah! Booh!" roared the crowd, taking heart.

"Chuck some of his own

coals at 'im!" was the frantic adjuration of a foolish virgin who had already expended all her ammunition against the shutters of the gate-lodge.

A lump of something black and crystalline sang past Juggernaut's head, and struck a richly glowing stained-glass window twenty feet behind him. There was a sharp crash and a silvery tinkle, followed by a little gasp from the crowd. The first shot had been fired. Juggernaut knew well that a broadside was imminent, and countered swiftly. In the startled silence which succeeded the destruction of the great window—it had lighted the staircase at Belton for generations—his voice rang out like a trumpet.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "You have a grievance. You have come up here to square accounts with me. You think you have right on your side: I think it is on mine. Both of us are spoiling for a fight. In our present frame of mind nothing else will satisfy us. Now here is a fair offer. Send up any two men you like out of that multitude down there, and I will take them on, both together or one after the other, as you please. I am rising forty-seven, but if I fail to drop either of your representatives over this balustrade, back where he came from, inside of five minutes, I promise to remit the dues on that odd hundredweight that you are making all this to-do about. Is it a bargain, gentlemen?"

He had struck the right note. The low, angry murmur-

ing suddenly ceased, and a great wave of Homeric laughter rolled over the crowd. The British collier has his faults, but within his limits he is a sportsman. He appreciates pluck.

"Good lad!" roared a voice out of the darkness. Then there fell another silence.

"I am waiting, gentlemen," said Juggernaut presently.

But he had to continue waiting. His audience, as previously noted, were sportsmen within limits. The limits, alas! in these soft days are too often rabbit-coursing, or the backing of a horse in a race which will not be witnessed by the backer. It is always gratifying to be invited to participate in a sporting event, but there is a difference between a seat on the platform and a stance in the arena. Getting hurt gratuitously is slipping into the *index expurgatorius* of modern field-sports.

Men began to look sheepishly at one another. One or two had started forward instinctively, but the impulse died away. A humourist was heard imploring his friends to hold him back. There was something unutterably grim about the towering figure up on the terrace. Democracy and the equality of mankind to the contrary, Jack usually recognises his master when it comes to a pinch. No Jack seemed to desire advancement on this occasion.

Juggernaut waited for another minute. He wanted the silence to sink in. He wanted the crowd to feel ridiculous.

That object achieved, he proposed to turn his visitors to the right-about and send them home. He had been through this experience before, and felt comparatively sure of his ground.

Provided, that is, that one thing did not occur. There were women present.

Now women are exempt from the law of averages: the sex snaps its fingers at computations based upon laboriously compiled statistics. If the women—or more likely a woman—gave the men a lead, anything might happen. And just as Juggernaut uplifted his voice to pronounce a valediction, the disaster befel.

"Now go home," he began. "You are not yourselves to-night. Go home, and think things over. Consult the older men: I see none of them here. If you are of the same mind to-morrow, I promise to——"

"Call yourselves men? Cowards! cowards! cowards! One of *us* is worth the lot of you!"

A woman, with a shawl over her head and a child in her arms, had mounted half-way up the steps, and was addressing the mob below. Sir John recognised her as Mrs Brash, a quiet little person as a rule.

"Come up, chaps!" she shrieked. "Are you going to let him stamp on us *all*? Look at his fine house, and his electrics, and his marble steps and all!" [They were plain freestone, but let that pass.] "Where did he get 'em all? From *us*—us that he has starved and clemmed this last two months! Are you afraid

of him—the lot of you? Great hulking cowards! I see you, Brash, hiding there! Isn't there *one* man here?"

"Yes—by *God* there is!"

With a bound, Killick, the brooding visionary, the Utopian Socialist, was at the top of the steps, brandishing a pit-prop and haranguing his comrades. There was no stopping him. Mrs Brash had fired the train and Killick was the explosion. His words gushed out—hot, passionate, delirious. The man's sense of proportion, always unstable, was gone entirely. He burned with the conviction of his own wrongs and those of his fellows. *Nobilis ira* gave him eloquence. He laid violent hands upon wealth and power and greed and tyranny, and flung them one by one down the steps on to the heads of his hearers. Most of what he said was entirely irrelevant; a great deal more was entirely untrue; but it served. For the moment Sir John Carr stood for all the injustice and cruelty that strength has ever inflicted upon weakness. Every word told. The mob was aflame at last. They hung upon Killick's fiery sentences, surging ever more closely round the steps. The next wave, Juggernaut saw, would bring them in a flood upon the terrace; and then—what? He thought coolly and rapidly. There was Daphne to consider—also little Brian. Daphne, he knew, was close by, standing with beating heart behind the curtains of the library window. He had forbidden her to come farther.

Perhaps, though, she had been sensible, and taken the opportunity of this delay to slip away. Of course, of course.

There was a movement beside him, and he realised that his education in femininity still left something to be desired. A hand slid into his, and Daphne's voice whispered in his ear—

"Jack, I want to speak to them."

Her husband turned and smiled upon her curiously.

"What are you going to say?" he asked.

"I am going to tell them about—about the tea and sugar. It's the only thing to do," said Daphne eagerly.

"I would rather be knocked on the head by a pit-prop!" said Juggernaut. And he meant it. Some of us are terribly afraid of being exposed as sentimentalists.

Meanwhile the crowd had caught sight of Daphne. The men fell silent, as men are fain to do when a slim goddess, arrayed in black velvet, appears to them, silhouetted against a richly glowing window. But there was a vindictive shriek from the women.

"Get back at once, dear," said Juggernaut. "You are in great danger. Telephone to the police, and tell Graves to get the fire-hose out. It may be useful in two ways. I promise to come in if things get worse. Hallo! who is that?"

A burly man in a bowler hat, panting with the unwonted exertion of a two-mile run, was approaching him along the terrace. He had

come up the drive unnoticed, and having skirted the edge of the crowd had gained access to the terrace from another flight of steps at the end. It was Mr Walker, the mine manager.

"I tried to get you on the telephone," he shouted in Juggernaut's ear, "but they have cut the wire."

"What is it?" asked Juggernaut.

Walker told him.

There was just time to act. The mob were pouring up the steps in response to Killick's final invitation. Juggernaut strode forward.

"Stop!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "Stop, and listen to what Mr Walker has to tell you!"

His great voice carried, and there was a moment's lull. Walker seized his opportunity.

"There has been an accident at the pit," he bellowed. "Some of your lads went down after you had left, to see what damage they could do to the plant. Some of the older men went down to stop them.

Something happened. The roofs of the main road and intake have fallen in, and Number Three Working is cut off—with eight men in it!"

There was a stricken silence, and the wave rolled back from the steps. Presently a hoarse voice cried—

"Who are they?"

Mr Walker recited six names. Four of these belonged to young bloods who had been foremost in the riot at the pit-head. There were agonised cries from women in the crowd. All four men were married. The fifth name, that of Mr Adam Wilkie, who was a bachelor and a misogynist, passed without comment. The sixth was that of a pit-boy named Hopper.

Mr Walker paused.

"You said eight!" cried another woman's voice in an agony of suspense. "The other two—for the love of God!"

"Amos Entwistle," replied Mr Walker grimly—"and Mr Carthew."

CHAPTER NINETEEN.—LABORARE EST ORARE.

Six men sat upon six heaps of small coal in a long rectangular cavern five feet high and six feet broad. The roof was supported by props placed at distances specified by the Board of Trade. One side of the cavern was pierced at regular intervals by narrow openings which were in reality passages; the other was a blank wall of gleaming coal.

This was the "face"—that point in the seam of coal which marked the limits of progress of the ever-advancing line of picks and shovels.

The men were well over two hundred fathoms—roughly a quarter of a mile—below the surface of the earth, and they had been prisoners in Number Three Working ever since an explosion of fire-damp and coal-

dust had cut them off from communication with the rest of Belton Pit six hours before.

The prisoners were Jim Carthew, Amos Entwistle, and Adam Wilkie, together with a hewer, a drawer, and a pit-boy, named Atkinson, Denton, and Hopper respectively. There had been two others, but they lay dead and buried beneath a tombstone twelve hundred feet high.

What had happened was this.

About four o'clock on that disastrous afternoon Amos Entwistle was sitting despondently in his own kitchen. He was the oldest and most influential overman in Belton Pit, but his counsels of moderation had been swept aside by the floods of Mr Winch's oratory; and like the practical creature that he was he had returned home, to await the issue of the insurrection and establish an alibi in the event of police-court proceedings.

To him entered Mr Adam Wilkie, with the news that some of the more ardent iconoclasts of the day-shift had remained below in the pit, in order to break down the roofs of some of the galleries leading to the workings—an amiable and short-sighted enterprise which, though pleasantly irritating to their employer, must inevitably throw its promoters and most of their friends out of work for an indefinite period.

Here at least was an opportunity to act. Entwistle hastily repaired to the pit-offices, where he knew that Mr Carthew had been spend-

ing the afternoon; and the three, united for the moment by the bond of common-sense, if nothing else, dropped down the shaft with all speed. Fortunately the man in charge of the winding-engine was still at his post, and of an amenable disposition.

Arrived at the pit bottom, they hurried along the main road. The atmosphere was foul and close, for the ventilating machinery had ceased to work. There was a high percentage of fire-damp, too, as constant little explosions in their Davy lamps informed them.

Presently they overtook the enemy, who had done a good deal of mischief already; for they had set to work in the long tunnel known as the intake, down which fresh air was accustomed to flow to the distant workings; and at every blow of their picks a pit-prop fell from its position and an overhead beam followed, bringing down with it a mingled shower of stone and rubbish.

There was no time to be lost, for the whole roof might fall at any moment. It was three against five; but authority is a great asset and conscience a great liability. By adopting a "hustling" policy of the most thorough description, Carthew, Entwistle, and Wilkie hounded their slightly demoralised opponents along the intake towards the face, intending to round up the gang in one of the passages leading back to the main road, and, having pursued the policy of peaceful

dissuasion to its utmost limits, conduct their converts back to the shaft.

The tide of battle rolled out of the intake into the cavern formed by the face and its approaches. Master Hopper was the first to arrive, the toe of Mr Entwistle's boot making a good second.

"Now, you men," said Carthew, addressing the sullen, panting figures which crouched before him—the roof here was barely five feet above the floor—"we have had enough of this. Get out into the main road and back to the shaft. You are coming up topside of this pit with us—that's flat!"

But his opponents were greater strategists than he supposed.

"Keep them there, chaps!" cried a voice already far down one of the passages.

"Catch that man!" cried Carthew. "Let me go!"

Shaking off Atkinson, who in obedience to orders had made a half-hearted grab at him, he darted down the nearest passage. It led to the main road, but across the mouth hung a wet brattice-cloth. Delayed a moment, he hurried on towards the junction with the main road, just in time to descry two twinkling Davy lamps disappearing round a distant corner. They belonged to Davies and Renwick, the ringleaders of the gang. What their object might be he could not for the moment divine, but he could hear their voices re-echoing down the silent tunnel. Evidently they were making for the main road, perhaps to

raid the engine-room or call up reserves. He must keep them in sight. Laboriously he hastened along the rough and narrow track.

Suddenly, far ahead in the darkness, he heard a crash, followed by a frightened shriek. Next moment there was a roar, which almost broke the drums of his ears, and the whole pit seemed to plunge and stagger. His lamp went out, and he lay upon the floor in the darkness—darkness that could be felt—waiting for the roof to fall in.

Renwick and Davies, it was discovered long afterwards, had reached the main road, running rapidly. Here one of them must have tripped over the slack-lying wire cable which drew the little tubs of coal up the incline from the lyes to the foot of the shaft. Two seconds later a tiny puddle of flaming oil from a broken lamp (which for once in a way had not been extinguished by its fall) had supplied the necessary ignition to the accumulated fire-damp and coal-dust of the unventilated pit. There was one tremendous explosion. Down came the roof of the main road for a distance of over half a mile, burying the authors of the catastrophe, Samson-like, in their own handiwork.

The survivors were sitting in the *cul-de-sac* formed by the face of the coal and its approaches, three-quarters of a mile from the shaft. No one had been injured by the ex-

plosion, though Carthew, being nearest, had lain half-stunned for a few minutes. Possibly the brattice-cloths hung at intervals across the ways to direct the air-currents had been instrumental in blanket-ing its force.

The party had just returned from an investigation of the possibilities of escape.

"Will you report, Mr Entwistle?" said Carthew, who found that the surviving mutineers appeared to regard him as the supreme head of the present enterprise and Entwistle as his chief adviser.

Amos Entwistle complied.

There were two ways, he explained in his broad north-country dialect, by which Number Three could be reached from the shaft. One was the intake, along which fresh air was conducted to the workings, and the other was the main road, which could be reached through any of the passages leading away from the face. The explosion in the main road had brought down the roof for a distance which might be almost anything. The intake was blocked too. It was some way from the scene of the explosion, but the props were gone, and the roof had come down from end to end, for all he knew.

"Is there no other way out?" said Carthew.

"None, sir."

Carthew indicated the row of openings beside them.

"Don't any of these lead anywhere?"

"They all lead to the main road, except that one at the

end, which leads to the intake. We have plenty of room to move about, and plenty of air; but we are shut in, and that's a fact, sir."

"Is that your opinion too, Mr Wilkie?"

"We canna get gettin' oot o' this, sir," replied the oracle with complacent finality.

There was a deathlike silence. Then Master Hopper began to cry softly. He was going to die, he reflected between his sobs, and he was very young to do so. It was hard luck his being there at all. He had only joined the riot from youthful exuberance and a desire to be "in the hearse," as an old Scottish lady once bitterly observed of a too pushful mourner at her husband's funeral. He entertained no personal animosity against the owner of the pit: in fact he had never set eyes on him. His desire had merely been to see the fun. Well, he was seeing it. He wept afresh.

Atkinson and Denton sat and gazed helplessly at Carthew. The part they had played in sealing up six souls in the bowels of the earth had faded from their minds: to be just, it had faded from the minds of their companions as well. The past lay buried with Renwick and Davies. The future occupied their entire attention.

There was another danger to be considered—the suffocating after-damp of the explosion. Carthew inquired about this. Entwistle considered that the risk was comparatively slight.

"The cloths hung across the

approaches to the main road should keep it away," he said. "It's a heavy gas, and don't move about much, like. We shall be able to tell by the lamps, anyway."

"Then what had we better do?" said Carthew briskly. "Dig?"

One of the men—Atkinson—lifted his head from his hands.

"Ah were saaved by t' Salvationists once," he said hoarsely. "Ah could put up a prayer."

"I think we will try the effect of a little spade-work first," said Carthew. "*Labor-are est orare*, just now!" he added to himself.

A few hours later they re-

assembled. They had tapped, sounded, hewed, and shovelled at every potential avenue of escape, but to no purpose. The intake and main road appeared to be blocked from end to end. Six men were mewed up with no food, a very little water, twenty-four hours' light, and a limited quantity of oxygen; and they had no means of knowing how near or how far away help might be.

All they were certain of was that on the other side of the barrier which shut them in men were working furiously to reach them in time, and that up above women were praying to God that He would deliver them.

CHAPTER TWENTY.—BLACK SUNDAY.

The search party had concluded its investigations, and stood at the foot of the shaft, which fortunately had not been injured by the distant explosion, waiting for the cage.

A pit-bottom is an unexpectedly spacious place, more resembling the cellars of a ducal mansion, or a city station in the days of the old underground, than a burrow in the hidden places of the earth. White-washed brick archways open up long vistas, illuminated by electric lamps. Through an adjacent doorway streams the cheerful glow of the engine-room, from which the haulage of the trucks is controlled. Only in the "sump," below the level of the flooring at the foot of the shaft, the water gleams black and dismally.

"Is there any other road to explore, Mr Walker?" asked a huge man in blue overalls, with a patent breathing apparatus strapped upon his back.

"No, Sir John. All we can do at present is to get the ventilating gear going again, and then send down a double shift to get to work on the main road, in the hope of finding some one alive at the end of it. Meanwhile we will go up and look at the pit-plan."

"How long do you think it will take to get through? You know more of the geography of this pit than I do."

"It depends on how far the roof is down. It will be slow work, for we must re-prop as we go. Twenty yards an hour is about the best we can expect to do, working top-notch all

the time. And if the road is blocked from end to end, as well it may be, it will be a question of days, Sir John."

"And in Number Three they have neither food nor drink?"

"Neither, to our knowledge. Probably they have a little water, though. We must get at them double quick. Here is the cage coming down."

The cage roared upwards between the wooden guides, black with long use and glistening with oil and water; and presently the party were back in the great shed which covered the pit-head, pushing their way through anxious inquirers to the office buildings.

Leaving the other members of the search party—an overman and two hewers—to report progress, Sir John and his manager shut themselves into the inner office. Here Walker unrolled the pit-plan, which, with its blocks and junctions and crossings, looked very like an ordinary street map.

"Here we are," he said. "We have been able to explore the whole pit except this part here—" he dug the point of his pencil into a distant corner—"and the reason is that the means of access to that particular level are blocked. Here is where the block begins." The pencil swiftly shaded in a section. "There is the intake, all blown to smithereens—that and the road to Number Three. But if there are men alive in the pit, Number Three is where we shall find them."

"Do you believe that they are alive?" asked Juggernaut.

"I do. It seems incredible that the whole roof should have come down. We must get the ventilating plant in order and dig them out—that's the only way. We should be able to start work immediately."

"Right!" said Juggernaut, bracing himself at the blessed thought of action once more. "I'll call for volunteers."

A minute later, appearing at a brilliantly lit window, he addressed the silent throng below him. To most of them this was the second speech that they had received from him in twelve hours.

"We have been down the pit," he said. "There has been a biggish explosion, and Number Three is out off by a heavy fall. The air below will be breathable in less than an hour, and we are going to set to work right away, and clear, and clear, and clear until we find out whether there is any one left alive there. Now—" his voice rang out in sudden and irresistible appeal—"we want *men*, and plenty of them. Short shifts and high pressure! Those poor fellows have very little water, no food, and a doubtful air-supply. I ask for volunteers. Who will come down? Step forward—now!"

A gentle ripple passed over the sea of upturned faces. Then it died away. The distance between the speaker and his entire audience had diminished by several feet.

"Thank you!" said Juggernaut simply. "I knew I had only to ask. Mr Walker, will you call the overmen together

and get going as soon as possible?"

So the work began. A few hours earlier the men of Belton had failed in an enterprise for lack of a leader. Now they had found one.

Sir John Carr drove the first shovel into the mass which blocked the main road, and for the space of thirty minutes he set a standard of pace in the work of rescue which younger and more supple successors found it hard to maintain.

Shift followed shift.

Sunday morning dawned up above, and the sun swung into a cloudless April sky, but still the work below went on

—grim, untiring, unprofitable work. Hope deferred succeeded to hope deferred.

Twenty-four hours of blind energy advanced the rescuers three or four hundred yards, but there seemed to be no end to the fall. Progress was growing slower, too, for the excavated material had to be carried back farther every time. Once during the second night word was sent up the shaft that two men had been hurt through a fresh fall in the roof, over-eagerness being the cause. Still the work went on. And so Black Sunday drew to a close, to be succeeded by a Monday of a very similar hue.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.—VEILLESSE SAIT.

Lady Carr was at the pit-head early on Monday morning. She had arrived in the Belton motor, just in time to provide for the conveyance of the two injured men to the county hospital, eleven miles away. She herself passed quietly in and out amid the anxious groups of men and women. She said little: it was not a time for words; but it was noted that she lingered for more than a few minutes in the company of Master Hopper's mother, and that her grave, slow smile appeared to hearten that broken widow mightily.

Presently she encountered her husband, whom she had not seen for two nights and a day.

"You here?" he said.

"Yes. I have sent those two poor men away to Kilchester in the car, and I am waiting for it to come back." Then a note of maternal severity intervened. "Have you been to bed at all since I last saw you?"

"Not much," admitted Jugernaut. "But I have a vague recollection of lying down somewhere for a few hours last night. It may have been on the office sofa or it may have been in the sump. What I am more certain of is that I have not washed for days. I feel like Othello. But what has brought you down to the pit?"

"I thought you would like to know," said Daphne, "that this affair is in the morning papers."

Othello looked, if possible, blacker than before.

"Have they got the names?"

"Yes, Jim Carthew's too. And what do you think the result has been, Jack? I have had a wire from—from—" for a moment Daphne's concern for the tragedy around her was swallowed up in the joy of the match-making sex over one sinner that repenteth—"whom do you think?"

"I don't know."

"Nina Tallentyre! It was the first thing she heard when she landed in England. She is *frantic* about him, and is coming down here to-day. She has offered to sleep anywhere, do anything, if only she may come. Jack, isn't it too heavenly?" Daphne positively crowed.

Juggernaut's teeth flashed across his grimy countenance in a sympathetic smile.

"You women!" he said softly. "We must fish him out for her after this, Daphne. Well, Mrs Entwistle?"

A middle-aged woman with hungry eyes was at his elbow. She was Amos Entwistle's wife.

"Would you come and speak to old Mr Entwistle, sir?" she said—"my man's father. He is too rheumatic to move about easy, but he seems to have something on his mind about another way of getting at them."

Sir John Carr turned and followed her promptly.

"Shall I come too, dear?" said Daphne.

"Better not. But go and

send Walker to me if you can find him."

Mrs Entwistle conducted Juggernaut to a sunny nook, sheltered from the keen breeze, against the brickwork of the power-house. Here sat Entwistle senior, stone-deaf, almost blind, but with his eighty-year-old wits still bright and birdlike.

He was no respecter of titles or employers, this old gentleman, and in high-pitched, senile tones he criticised the arrangements for rescue. The excavatory operations were a mistake. Time was being wasted. The poor lads inside had nobbut a little water to drink and nowt to eat. The air would be getting foul, too.

"You must get there *quick*, Sir John," he said, rising painfully from his seat. "See now."

He began to hobble laboriously away from the vicinity of the pithead towards the rather grimy fields which lay to the north of the colliery. By this time Walker had arrived, bringing with him a burly, bearded pit inspector, sent down by the Board of Trade.

Twenty minutes' laborious walking ended in a halt in the middle of a bleak pasture-field, from which a few unconcerned sheep were extracting some exceedingly dubious-looking nourishment. Mr Entwistle called a halt.

"Been thinking things over," said he, breathing stertorously. "Known this countryside, above and below, nigh

seventy year. The lads, they go buzzing round the pit-head, but the old man"—as a matter of fact he said "t'owd mon," but it will be simpler to paraphrase his utterance—"sits at home and thinks things over. They has to come to him in the end!"

All this was highly irrelevant and proportionately exasperating; but old age has its privileges. Doubtless Agamemnon, Menelaus, and other eager stalwarts longed with all their hearts to tear Nestor limb from limb, what time that venerable bore delivered himself of fifty lines of autobiographical hexameters as a preliminary to coming to the point; yet they never did. Presently Mr Entwistle concluded his exordium and tapped upon the ground with his staff.

"We are standing," he announced, "right over the road to Number Three. Two hundred fathom down," he added, in case they should have overlooked this point.

This, at anyrate, was a statement of fact. Walker produced and consulted the pit-plan. "You are about right," he said. "Well?"

"How far along this road is the face?" inquired the old gentleman. "It's a tidy number of years since I——"

Walker told him, with the result that the excursion was resumed. Presently Mr Entwistle came to a halt again.

"We're over Number Three now," he said.

Walker again confirmed him, with the aid of a compass-bearing and the pit-plan.

"Well?" he said.

The old man pointed with his stick to some dismantled and abandoned pit buildings farther down the valley, a full mile away.

"The old Shawcliffe Pit," he croaked. "Worked out this forty year. But I knowed it well when I were a lad."

Juggernaut, suddenly seeing light, caught the old man by the arm.

"You mean," said he rapidly, "that the Shawcliffe workings run up this way——"

"No, no," said Walker, interrupting. "You are wrong, Mr Entwistle. The Shawcliffe workings all run down the other way, to the north."

"Nay," persisted the old gentleman—"not all. They thowt there were a seam this way, and they drove one road out here, if so be they might pick it up. They had got signs of it, boring. But it were a faulty seam. It weren't until Belton Pit were opened, thirty years later, that they struck it fair."

"And that road runs out this way, from Shawcliffe shaft?" asked the Inspector.

"Ay, and it must come very nigh to the Belton Workings now — nigh to Number Three. I reckon——"

"He is right!" said Walker excitedly. "It's a chance! I have heard of this road, now I think of it." He turned to Entwistle again. "How far out do you think it runs? Quick, man—tell us!"

For answer the veteran, much inflated, stumped off again in a northerly direc-

tion, with all the assurance of a water-diviner in full cry. After fifty yards or so he stopped.

"I should say it ended about here," he said. "You can trust the old man's memory. The youngsters——"

Another lengthy deliverance was plainly threatened, but this time our Nestor observed, not without justifiable chagrin, that the majority of his audience had disappeared. The symposium was suddenly reduced to himself and his daughter-in-law.

Testily curtailing his peroration, to the exclusion of several valuable aphorisms upon the advantages of senile decay over youthful immaturity, the old gentleman resignedly took the arm of Mrs Amos, and permitted himself to be conducted back to his fireside.

But he had served his turn for all that.

The other three were hurrying back to Belton Pit talking

eagerly, Juggernaut leading by half a pace.

"It's madness, of course," said Walker cheerfully. "This pit has been closed for forty years. The props will be down——"

"The air will be foul," said the Inspector thoughtfully.

"Or explosive," added Walker.

"And there will probably be water," continued both together.

"Is the shaft still open?" asked Juggernaut brusquely.

"I believe so," said Walker.

"I suppose it would be possible to rig a derrick and tackle over it?"

"Yes."

They strode on a dozen paces.

"I am going down," said Juggernaut.

"I am going with you," said Walker.

"And I," said the Inspector, "am coming too."

They broke into a trot.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.—HOLD THE FORT !

The safety-lamps had burned themselves out hours ago, and the imprisoned party sat on in the dark. There was nothing else to do. Food they had none: their water was exhausted. They slept fitfully, but in the black darkness sleep seemed little removed from death, and time from eternity.

Jim Carthew lay with his head upon a friendly lump of coal, pondering with his accustomed detachment upon the

sundry and manifold changes of this world. He thought of death. Plainly he and his companions were about to solve the mystery of what lay hidden round that corner which our omniscience is pleased to consider the end of all things. What would they find there? Another life—a vista more glorious and sublime than man in his present state could conceive? Or just another long lane—just another highway of labour

and love, of service and reward? Or—a *cul-de-sac*—an abyss—a jumping-off place? He wondered. Not the last alternative, he thought: more likely one of the other two. Anyhow, he would know soon, and it would be interesting. His one regret was that he would not be able to come back, even for five minutes, to tell his friends about it.

Friends! . . .

This brought a new train of reflection. He thought of Jack Carr and Jack Carr's wife. Would the latter keep her promise, and come back to her husband? He wondered. She should be in Belton this week, all being well—that is, if this was the week he thought it was. But time seemed rather a jumbled affair at present. Besides, he was so infernally hungry that he could not reason things out. Never mind! . . .

He thought of Nina Tallentyre. *That* difficulty had solved itself, anyhow. No need for further hopings or strivings: that was a relief! When their rupture occurred he had prayed to be excused from living further. He had even petitioned that the earth might open and swallow him up for ever. Well, the earth had done so, so he ought to be satisfied. He was gone down into silence, and Nina was rid of him—well rid of him! He was well rid of her, too. She had led him a dog's life the last few months. A *dog's* life. He repeated the fact to himself pertinaciously, but without any great feeling

either of conviction or resentment.

He felt strangely contented and cheerful. His mind dwelt with persistence on the bright side of things. He thought of the day when she and he had first met, and Nina, in her superb, imperious manner, had desired him to take her out of "this rabble," and come and amuse her in a corner. He remembered subsequent meetings; various gracious acts of condescension on Nina's part; and finally one special evening on board a yacht in regatta-time, when they had sat together in a corner of the upper deck in the lee of the chart-house, with a perfectly preposterous moon egging them on, and the faint strains of *Caressante* pulsing across the silent water from the Commodore's yacht hard by; and Nina had nearly—almost—all-but—and then actually—capitulated.

She had gone back on her word three weeks later, it was true; but he drew consolation even now from the memory of something which had slipped through her long lashes and rolled down her cheek even as she dismissed him,—a memory which had carried through many a black hour.

It was over episodes like this that his mind lingered. Other and less satisfactory items declined to come up for review. Perhaps, he reflected, dying men, provided they had lived clean and run straight, were always accorded this privilege. Only the credit side of the ledger accompanied them on their journey into the un-

known. It was a comforting thought.

. . . He wondered what she would think when she heard about it. In a blue envelope at the bottom of his private strong-box they would find his will, a primitive document composed in secrecy, and endorsed: "To be opened when I have gone out for good." In this he had bequeathed all he possessed to "my friend Miss Nina Tallentyre," be she maid, wife, or widow at the moment. Carthew was not a man who loved by halves. All that he had was hers, whether she needed it or not. Of course she must not be made conspicuous in the matter; he had seen to that. The bequest was to be quite quiet and unostentatious. No probate, or notices in the papers, or rot of that kind. In the blue envelope was enclosed a private letter to his lawyers, dwelling on the importance of this point. They were decent old buffers, that firm, and would understand. They would square up any death-duties and other legal fakements that were necessary, and then pass on the balance to little Nina, to buy herself pretty things with. But no publicity! No embarrassment!

. . . He fell asleep, and dreamed, from the natural perversity of things, of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

When he awoke, low voices were conversing near him. Farther away he could hear the regular breathing of Master Hopper, who, with youth's ready amenability to Nature's

own anodynes, was slumbering peacefully.

"I can weel understand, Mr Entwistle," observed Mr Wilkie in measured tones, "that no decent body would like to be seen entering yin o' they Episcopalian Kirks."

Amos Entwistle's heavy voice agreed. He commented with heat upon indulgence in vain repetitions and other heathen practices favoured by the Angloian community; and related with grim relish an anecdote of how his own daughter, lured from the Wesleyan fold by the external fascinations of the new curate, had once privily attended morning service at the parish church—to return, shocked to the foundations of her being, with horrific tales of candles burning on the altar in broad daylight and the Lord's Prayer repeated four times in the course of a single service.

"But what I couldna thole," continued Mr Wilkie, who had been characteristically pursuing his own line of thought in the meantime, "would be no tae belong tae the kirk of the *land*. A Chapel body! I could never endure the disgrace of it."

Entwistle demurred vigorously. It was no disgrace to be Chapel folks. Sturdy Independents were proud to be able to dispense with State-aided, spoon-fed religion. Disgrace indeed! Were not Mr Wilkie's qualms on the subject of Dissent due rather to a hankering after the flesh-pots—the loaves and fishes—the—?

"Well, perhaps no exactly a disgrace," continued Mr Wilkie,

disregarding the latter innuendo, "but a kin' o' stigma, like. Man, it's an awful thing tae walk deon the street and meet the minister o' the pairish, and him pass by and tak' no more notice of ye than if ye were a Plymouth Brother or an Original Secessionist. I mind yince when I was in a Tyneside pit, I sat under Mr Maconochie — him that gave up a grand kirk in Paisley tae tak a call tae oor wee bit Presbyterian contraption, Jar-row way. Now, although Mr Maconochie's kirk was my kirk and him oor minister, I used tae feel far more uplifted if I got a good-day frae the minister o' the English Kirk—Golightly, or some sic' name—an *Episcopalian*! I canna imagine why, but there it was. I doot it was just orthodoxy. He was the minister o' the kirk o' the land, and Mr Maconochie, being, for him, on the wrong side of the Border, was not. Gin I had met yon felly Golightly trapesing doon the High Street o' Jedburgh, things would hae been gey different; for then——"

The point at issue, Entwistle's deep patient voice asseverated, was this. Should a man who was an Independent allow himself or his bairns to have aught to do with Church folk on any pretence whatever?

He was answered in the darkness by a third voice. Denton, the hewer—Atkinson, the retired Salvationist, shovelled and wheeled away in a tub what Denton hewed—had awakened from an uneasy sleep,

and was listening to the conversation. Of all that little band, probably he was the least prepared to die. He was a drunkard, a blasphemer, and an evil liver. But like the rest of us, he had his redeeming features. He had inspired and kept alive for a period of ten years the love of his wife—a feat which many an ex-sidesman, buried beneath a mountain of expensive masonry adorned by an epitaph beginning "Well done, good and faithful servant!" has signally failed to accomplish. He sat up now.

"Ah niver 'ad nowt to do wi' churches or chapels," he began defiantly. "But Ah knaws this. When my Maggie were lyin' badly four years ago, and us thought she was goin' to die, she asked me to go and fetch her pastor—that's what she called him. Ah ran along to his house and begged him to come. He said"—the man's voice grew thick, and one could almost see his sombre eyes glow in the gross darkness—"he said he was busy! There was a swarry that neet that 'twas his duty to attend, and next day he was goin' off to a political meeting to protest against t' Education Bill, or summat. He said, too, that he had enough to do ministerin' to the wants o' them that deserved ministerin' to, wi'out comin' to the house o' the likes o' me. When had he last seen me in t' chapel, he would like to knaw? Yes, *that* was what he wanted to knaw! He wanted to stand and ask me questions like that when my

Maggie!— . . . Ah cursed him, and his chapel, and his fat-bellied deacons till Ah were out o' puff with it: then Ah went off down the street half-crazed. There Ah runs straight into a young feller wi' a soft black hat and long legs. He was standing outside t' door of his lodgings, smoking a pipe in the dark. He was t' curate at t' parish church, and when he saw I wasn't in liquor, he asked me what was my trouble. I telled him. 'Is that all?' says he. 'Will I do? I've just come off my day's work, and I ain't got nothing to do but amuse myself now.' It were nigh ten o'clock. Well, he comes with me, and he sat by my Maggie all the neet through, and sent me with a note to a doctor that were a friend of his, and only went away himsel' at seven o'clock next morning, because he had to get shaved and take early service or summat. *That's* all your chapel folk ever done for me, Amos Entwistle."

"That was a special case, and proves no rules. Besides," said Entwistle soberly, "this is no time for religious differences. We are in God's hands now, and I doubt we shall all be in a place soon where there is neither Church nor Chapel."

"Would it no be best for us all tae keep silence for a matter o' ten minutes," suggested Wilkie, "and pit up a bit prayer each of his ain, we bein' no all of the same way of thinkin' in these matters? That gate, wi' so many prayers o' different denominations goin' up, yin at least should get

gettin' through the roof of the pit. Are ye agreed, chaps?"

"Ay, ay!" said Entwistle.

The others all murmured assent, save Master Hopper, who shrieked out in sudden fear. The proximity of death had become instantly and dreadfully apparent to him on Mr Wilkie's suggestion. Carthew reached out and pulled him to his side.

"Come over here, by me," he said.

Master Hopper, greatly soothed, crept close, and settled down contentedly enough with an arm round Carthew's shoulders. Presently Carthew heard him repeating The Lord's Prayer to himself in a low and respectful whisper.

The silence lasted longer then ten minutes. For one thing, the supplicants were exhausted in body, soul, and spirit, and their orisons came slowly. For another, there was no need to hurry. For nearly an hour no one spoke.

At length some one sat up in the darkness, and the voice of Atkinson inquired—

"Mr Carthew, sir, I think a song of praise would hearten us all."

"I believe it would," said Carthew. He was not enamoured of the corybantic hymnology of the Salvation Army, but the horror of black darkness was beginning to eat into his soul, and he knew that the others were probably in a worse plight. "What shall we sing?"

"At the meeting where I were saved," said Atkinson deferentially, "we concluded

worship by singing a hymn I have never forgotten since: *Hold the Fort!*"

"That sounds a good one," said Carthew, struggling with an unreasonable sensation of being in the chair at a smoking-concert. "Does any one else here know *Hold the Fort?*"

Yes, Entwistle knew it. Master Hopper had heard it. Mr Wilkie had not. He did not hold with hymns: even paraphrases were not, in his opinion, altogether free from the taint of Popery. If it had been one of the Psalms of David, now! Still, he would join. Denton knew no hymns, but was willing to be instructed in this one.

Atkinson, trembling with gratification, slowly rehearsed the words, the others repeating them after him.

"We will sing it now," he said.

He raised the tune in a clear tenor. Most north-countrymen are musicians by instinct. In a few moments this grim prison was flooded by a wave of sonorous melody. The simple, vulgar, taking tune swelled up; the brave homely words rang out, putting new heart into every one. One and all joyfully realised that there are worse ways of going to one's death than singing a battle-song composed by Moody and Sankey. With drawn white faces upturned to the heaven they could not see they sang on, flinging glorious defiance into the very teeth of Death—gentleman and pitman, Church and Chapel, zealot and infidel.

"Last verse again!" commanded Atkinson.

"Wait a moment!" cried Entwistle, starting up.

But no one heard him. The chorus was rolling out once more—

"*Hold the Fort, for I am coming—*"

Tap, tap, tap! Scrape, scrape, scrape! Hammer, hammer, hammer!

The hymn paused, wavered, and stopped dead on the final shout.

"By God!" screamed a voice—it was Denton's—"here they are!"

Carthew, with Hopper's arms tightening convulsively round him, started up.

"Is it true?" he asked hoarsely.

"Ay! Listen! They have found us. They are within a few yards of us," said Entwistle.

"Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!" sang Atkinson suddenly and exultantly, and the others joined him.

Entwistle was right. They were found. Reasoned calculation, dogged persistence, and blind indifference to their own safety had brought the search party triumphantly along the mouldering rickety passages of Shawcliffe Pit to the nearest point of contact with Number Three in Belton; and *Hold the Fort!* proceeding *fortissimo* from a subterranean cave of harmony not many yards away, had done the rest.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.—THE LAST TO LEAVE.

It was night once more, and the great arc lights snapped and sizzled above the waste-heaps and truck-lines surrounding the head of Belton Pit. But the scene was deserted. The centre of interest had shifted to Shawcliffe, a mile away. Here a vast silent throng of human beings stood expectantly in groups, their faces illuminated by the naphtha flares which had been erected here and there about the long-abandoned pit-head.

There was news — tense, thrilling news—and the prospect of more. The ancient shaft had been opened and a bucket and tackle rigged — there was no time to ship a cage—and a search party had gone down at dusk. Word had shortly been sent up that the road to the south was still open, though the air was foul and the props rickety. Then came a frantic tug at the rope, and a messenger was hauled to the surface, crying aloud that men were alive in Belton Pit. It was hoped, he added, that the search party would reach them by midnight, for the dividing wall was surprisingly thin. Sir John Carr's order was that blankets and stretchers should be prepared; also food and medical comforts, for the prisoners had fasted for something like sixty hours. With that the messenger had dived below once more, and the game of patience was resumed.

It was past midnight now,

and everything was in readiness. On the outskirts of the throng, at the side of the rough and lumpy road, stood a motor-car with two occupants — women. One of them was her ladyship; the other the spectators failed to recognise. But there were rumours about to the effect that she was a visitor to Belton recently arrived from London. Lady Carr had been seen meeting her at the station that afternoon.

The stranger's name, had it been told, would not have conveyed much information to the watchers. It was Nina Tallentyre.

There was a sudden swirl and heave in the crowd. The hand-turned windlass was at work again, and some one was being hauled slowly up the shaft. It was Mr Walker, the manager.

They made a lane for him, until he reached a convenient rostrum formed by an inverted and rusty truck. This he mounted and very briefly told them the news — news which made them laugh foolishly and sob by turns. There was no cheering: they were past that.

In the excitement the next man who followed him up the shaft passed unnoticed. It was Sir John Carr. He saw the hooded motor standing apart, Mr Vick sitting motionless at the wheel. Next moment he was in beside the two women,

overalls and all, holding Daphne's two hands in a single grimy fist and telling them what we know already.

"Is he *perfectly* safe?" asked Nina for the tenth time. She did not possess Daphne's aristocratic composure under critical circumstances.

"Yes—but very weak. I am sending him up second. The first is a pit-boy. When Carthew arrives you had better put him in the motor and take him straight home."

"Jack!" said Daphne.

She slipped out of the car and accompanied her husband into the darkness outside the radius of flaring lights.

"Are you going down again?" she asked.

"I am."

"And when are you coming up?" The unflinching courage which upholds so many women in the face of danger had never failed Daphne during those long days and nights. But now the courage was receding with the danger.

Juggernaut smiled.

"When would you have me come up?" he asked.

"Last," said Daphne, suddenly proud. "It is the only place for you. I will wait here. Nina can take her Jim home, and the car can come back later for you and me. Jack!"

Her husband turned and regarded her curiously. Their eyes met.

"Well?" he said.

"Jack," continued Daphne in a low voice, "is there much risk down there—for you, I mean?"

"There is always risk, of a sort, down a coal-pit," replied her husband pontifically. "A little explosive marsh-gas, or a handful of finely divided coal dust lying in a cranny, might suddenly assert itself. Still, there are risks everywhere. One might be struck down by apoplexy at a vestry meeting."

Daphne gave his arm a squeeze, an ingratiating childish squeeze, suggestive of the Daphne of old negotiating for extension of dress allowance.

"Jack, stay up here! You have done enough."

"*Post me, Satanella!*" smiled her husband. Then, more seriously: "Daphne, if I came to you and asked for orders *now*, where would you send me, I being what I am—the proprietor of the pit—and you being what you are—the proprietress of my good name?"

Daphne's fit had passed.

"I should send you," she answered bravely, "down the shaft, with orders to stay there until every one else was safely out."

"I obey," said Juggernaut. "*Au revoir!*"

"Jack!" said Daphne faintly. Her face was uplifted.

"It will be a coaly one!" said her husband, complying. Then came an accusation.

"Daphne, you are trembling! This is not up to your usual standard."

"I can't help it," said Daphne miserably. "I am a coward. But I don't mind," she added more cheerfully, "so long as no one else knows. *You* won't give me away!"

At that Juggernaut held her to him a moment longer.

"Daphne, my wife," he whispered suddenly — "thank God for you—at last!"

Then they fell apart, and she ran lightly back to the motor and Nina.

Once she turned and looked over her shoulder, waving her hand prettily. Her face, framed in a motor bonnet and lit by the glare of a naphtha light, looked absurdly round and childish, just as it had done upon a dim and distant morning in Snayling Church.

It was the last time in his life that her man was ever to behold it.

Master Hopper, partially restored by brandy and meat juice, and feeling, on the whole, something of a hero, arrived at the pit-head an hour later, there to be claimed by his mother and hustled off, by more willing hands than he could comfortably accommodate, home to bed. The bucket, which provided standing-room for two passengers, then went down again.

This time it brought up Mr Walker, holding a supporting arm round Carthew — a sick man indeed. He was less hardened to subterranean existence than the rest. Sympathetic murmurs arose. The bucket was swung out from beneath the pulley and landed gently on the edge of the shaft. Carthew stepped out and stood swaying uncertainly.

A tall girl came suddenly forward.

"Jim, dear!" was all she said.

Carthew surveyed her, and smiled weakly.

"Hallo, Nina! That you?" Miss Tallentyre took his arm.

"The car is waiting for you," she said. "Lean on me *hard*, old boy!"

And certainly no more desirable prop than this girl, with her splendid youth and glorious vitality, was ever offered to a weary mortal. Carthew, dazed but utterly content, put a feeble arm round the slim shoulders of the woman whose mere hand he had hitherto counted it heaven to touch, and the pair passed away together out of the crowd — and out of this narrative. Happiness has no history.

Others were coming up the shaft now. First Mr Wilkie, in a very fair state of preservation: then Denton, the reprobate, insensible — his hands were in tatters, so fiercely had he worked, — then Atkinson, still sheer drunk with the success of his own hymnology: then Amos Entwistle.

Denton's huge inanimate form was laid on a stretcher, to be carried home under the direction of his wife. (The wives of Renwick and Davis, poor souls, had gone home long ago.) But, the Belton Hall motor returning on that instant, Lady Carr insisted on carrying husband and wife home together. The rush through the night air brought Denton round, and he was able to walk into his own

house, leaning undeservedly upon the proudest little woman in the north of England.

Daphne returned to the pit-head for the last time. The rescue work was completed. Surely she might claim him now!

No, the block and tackle were not working. No one else was coming up at present. Only round the shaft a knot of men conferred eagerly. She would wait in the car.

She lay back, wrapped in a rug—a cold dawn was breaking—and closed her eyes. The rush and excitement of the three days had told upon her. She had no clear recollection of having slept for any length of time or eaten at any definite period. She had done work among stricken wives and mothers that Belton village would never forget, but she had not realised this. All her head and heart were filled by the mighty knowledge that after five years of married life she and her husband had found one another.

Meanwhile there was silence round the pit-head.

"Vick," said Daphne, suddenly fearful, "go and find Mr Walker, or some one, and ask when Sir John will be up."

Mr Vick, who had been dozing comfortably at his wheel, clambered down into the muddy road and departed as bidden. Ten minutes later he returned falteringly.

"Mr Walker has just gone down the pit again, my lady," he said. "There has been a

slight explosion of coal-dust, I was to tell you. Nothing serious—just a flash and a spit in a holler place in the roof, the message said."

"Is Sir John down there?" Cold fear gripped Daphne's heart.

"Yes, my lady."

"Is he safe, do you know?"

"I couldn't say, my lady," replied Vick doggedly. "I'll enquire."

He turned away, glad to escape, with the brisk demeanour of one anxious to investigate matters. But before he reached the pit-head the answer to all possible inquiries came to meet him, in the form of a slow-moving procession carrying something in its midst.

Very gently the bearers laid the stretcher on the grass by the roadside. Daphne, white, silent, but composed, stooped down and turned back the blanket which covered her husband's face. He lay very still. His head and eyes were roughly bandaged. Daphne whispered, so low that none other could hear—

"Jack—my Jack!"

His voice answered hers, from amid the bandages—faint, but imperturbable as ever.

"I'm all right, dear. Afraid it has got me in the eyes a bit, though. Take me home, wife of mine! You will have to lead me about with a string now!"

Daphne's head sank lower still, and she whispered, almost exultantly—

"At last I can really be of some use to you!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.—ANOTHER ALIAS.

"Brian Vereker Carr," enquires a voice, "what time is it?"

"Half-past four, sir," replies the same voice respectfully. "In twenty minutes"—in a more truculent tone—"you will have to go upstairs and get ready for tea. You will have to wash your hands—and your face too, I expect," adds the voice bitterly.

Thus, at the age of eight, does Master Brian Vereker Carr commune with himself—a habit acquired during an infancy spent in a large nursery where there was no one else to talk to. The necessity for this form of duologue no longer exists, for now a sister shares the nursery with him—Brian lives in dread of the day when she shall discover that her manly brother not only owned but once rejoiced in the great doll's house in the corner by the fireplace—but the habit remains. Besides, Miss Carr is only four years old, and gentlemen who have worn knickerbockers for years find it difficult to unbend towards their extreme juniors to any great extent. Hence Mr Brian still confers aloofly with himself, even in the presence of adults. There are touches of Uncle Anthony Cuthbert about Brian.

At present he is inadequately filling a large arm-chair in front of the library fire at Belton. The fire is the sole illuminant of the room. The curtains are closely drawn, for it is a cold winter evening.

Brian Vereker continues his observations, now approaching an artistic climax.

"If you go upstairs promptly *and* obediently, like a good boy, what do you think mother will give you?" enquires voice number one.

"Chocolates!" replies number two, with an inflection of tone which implies that it will be playing the game pretty low down if mother does not.

The owner of both voices then turns an appealing pair of brown eyes upon Daphne, who is sitting on the other side of the fireplace, engaged in the task of amusing her four-year-old daughter.

"We'll see," she replies, after the immemorial practice of mothers. . . . "And suddenly," she continues to the impatient auditor on her lap, "his furry skin fell away, and his great teeth disappeared, and he stood up there straight and beautiful, in shining armour. He *was* a fairy prince, after all! Brian, dear, tumble out of that arm-chair. Here is dad."

Daphne must have quick ears, for a full half-minute elapses before the door opens and a figure appears in the dim light at the end of the room. Apparently the darkness does not trouble him, for he circumnavigates a round table and a revolving bookcase without hesitation, and finally drops into the arm-chair recently vacated by his son.

"Brian Vereker Carr," enquires a small and respectful

voice at his elbow, "do you think dad will play with you to-night?"

"I am sure he will," comes a confident reply from the same quarter, "if you give him two minutes to light his pipe in, and refrain from unseemly demon—demonstrations of affection in the meanwhile."

"It's a hard world for parents," grumbles Juggernaut, getting up. "Where is my tobacco-pouch?"

His hand falls upon the corner of the mantelpiece, but encounters nothing there but a framed photograph of a sunburned young man on a polo pony—Uncle Ally, to be precise.

"Now where on *earth* is that pouch? I know I left it on the left-hand end of the mantelpiece after lunch."

There is a shriek of delight at this from Brian, in which Miss Carr joins, for the great daily joke of the Carr family is now being enacted.

"Where can it be?" wails Juggernaut. "Under the hearthrug, perhaps? No, not there! In the blotting-pad? No, not there! I know! I expect it is behind the coal-box."

Surprising as it may appear, his surmise proves to be correct; and the triumphant discovery of the missing property scores a dramatic success which no repetition seems able to stale. (This is about the fiftieth night of the run of the piece.)

Presently the pipe is filled and lit, Master Carr being permitted to kindle the match and Miss Carr to blow it out, the latter feat only being accomplished by much expendi-

ture of breath and a surreptitious puff from behind her shoulder, contributed by an agency unknown.

"Now Brian, young fellow," announces Juggernaut, "I will play for ten minutes. Let me speak to the sister first, though."

He lifts his daughter, whom he has never seen, from her mother's knee, and exchanges a few whole-hearted confidences with her upon the subject of her recreations, conduct, dolls, health, and outlook on life in general. Then he restores her, and shouts—

"Come on, Brian Boroo!"

There is a responsive shriek from his son, and the game begins. It is not every boy, Master Brian proudly reflects as he crawls on all fours beneath a writing-table, who can play at blind man's buff with a real blind man!

Daphne leans back in her chair and surveys her male belongings restfully. Time was when this husband of hers, at present eluding obstacles with uncanny facility and listening intently, with the youthful zest of a boy-scout, for the excited breathing of his quarry, found life a less hilarious business. There rises before her the picture of a man led from room to room, steered round corners, dressed like a child, fed like a baby—shattered, groping, gaunt, but pathetically and doggedly cheerful. Neither Daphne nor her husband ever speak of that time now. Not that she regrets it: woman-like, she sometimes feels sorry it is over and gone. She

was of real use to her man in those days. Now he seems to be growing independent of her again. Then she smiles comfortably, for she knows that all fears on that score are groundless. He is hers, body and soul. And she——

A small, unclean, and insistent hand is tugging at her skirt, and Miss Carr, swaying unsteadily beneath the burden of a bulky and tattered volume, claims her attention.

"Show me pictures," she commands.

She and her tome are hoisted up, and the exposition begins.

"Where did you find this book, Beloved?" enquires Daphne. The book is an ancient copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and we have encountered it once before in this narrative.

"Over there," replies Beloved, indicating the bottom shelf of a bookcase with a pudgy thumb—"under ze 'Gwaphics.' What's ze name of that genelman?"

To Miss Carr distinctions of caste are as yet unknown. In her eyes every member of the opposite sex, from the alien who calls on Thursdays with a hurdy-gurdy to the knight-in-armour who keeps eternal vigil in the outer hall, is a "genelman." Even if you are emitting flames from your stomach, as in the present instance, you are not debarred from the title.

Daphne surveys the picture in a reminiscent fashion, and her thoughts go back to a dis-

tant Sunday morning at the Rectory, with her youngest brother kneeling on the floor, endeavouring to verify a pictorial reference in this very volume.

"What is he doin' to the other genelman?" continues the searcher after knowledge upon her knee, in a concerned voice.

"He is trying to hurt him, dear."

"What for?"

So the inexorable, immemorial catechism goes on, to be answered with infinite patience and surprising resource. Presently the cycle of enquiry completes itself, and the original question crops out once more.

"What did you say was ze name of that genelman?" with a puckered, frowning effort at remembrance.

"Apollyon, dear."

"Oh." Then the enquirer strikes a fresh note.

"Do you know him?"

"I used to," replies Daphne. "At least," she adds, "I used to know some one who I thought was like him. But his name turned out not to be Apollyon after all."

"What *was* his name, then—his pwoper name?" pursues Miss Carr, deeply intrigued.

Daphne turns to another illustration, coming much later in the book, and surveys it with shining eyes.

"His proper name, Beloved?" she asks.

"Yes. What *was* it?"

"Mr Greatheart," says Daphne softly.

TURTLE-FISHING.

DUTY took me to a small Arab town on the coast of British East Africa last February, and chance found me in the fish-market one day.

The variety of fish was wonderful, and their colouring such as is only found in the tropics; but what chiefly attracted my attention was a group of half a dozen large turtles, fresh from the sea and sprawling on their backs, waiting for purchasers. I asked how they had been caught, and the question received rather a curious answer. Turtle-fishing, I was told, was practised entirely (with the exception of a stray animal caught now and again in a net) by natives who came from another part of the coast and stayed here only for the season. Their method of capture was to use sucker-fish attached to lines. These fish fastened themselves on to the turtles, and such was the tenacity of their hold that even the largest animals were unable to get away.

For months past I had heard rumours of this method of fishing, but I had never met any one who had actually seen it practised, and, to tell the truth, I was very doubtful if such a thing could be done. So, evidently, was my companion, an Arab Sheikh, who, though he had spent a lifetime on the coast, stoutly denied the possibility of such proceedings. The only way of satisfying myself

was to see a turtle caught by these means, and I asked the Sheikh if he would try and arrange for the fishermen to take me with them on their next trip. This he promised to do, but not without many protestations of the difficulty of overcoming the men's dislike to showing their trade secrets to outsiders. He evidently underrated his own powers of persuasion, however, for after a short interval he came to see me, bringing a native fisherman who willingly consented to show me all that I wanted to see. The expedition was arranged for the following morning.

Daylight saw us off. The natives were in their own craft, a roughly constructed canoe, with remarkably little beam for its length; the Sheikh and I in my boat. The way at first led between the coral reef, which fringes all this coast, and the shore. The scene was impressive even to an eye jaded with tropical beauty. The sun rising behind a low bank of clouds on the horizon gilded earth and water with its light; above it was a background of unbroken blue, which promised a day of calm and fiery heat. The sea lay between the reef and the sandy shore, rippling with the breath of a warm land breeze. Behind the sand stretched a monotony of grey-brown bush, relieved here and there by

clusters of ragged cocoa-nut palms and an occasional baobab tree. The beach ended in a point crowned with graceful casuarinas, and after that there was no more sand; coral took its place, and the bush came down to the water's edge.

Following our pilot, we passed through a narrow opening in the reef, nearly getting swamped in the surf as we did so, and emerged into the open sea. The breath of wind had died away and the water was like glass—glass heaving and swaying under the lift of a mighty swell—which was all that was left of the North-East Monsoon. A couple of rude oars—mangrove poles with a small circular wooden head tied on to the head—were brought out in the canoe, and with their aid and that of an energetic paddler in the stern good endway was made. The course was eastward, following at some distance the edge of the reef. Half an hour's progress took us to the fishing-ground, and the fact that we had reached it was unmistakable. At a short distance from the boat the oily surface of the water was broken for the fraction of a second: a turtle's head bobbed up, looked round, and dived in again with a noisy splash. The enjoyment that I was finding in the trip was, unfortunately, not shared by my good friend the Arab Sheikh. The stream of conversation which he had maintained since we started died away. Gal-

lant gentleman that he is, he made no complaint, but it was most evident that the monstrous rolling swell had been too much for him, and he suffered acutely. As nothing would have induced me to go back at this stage of the proceedings, I had my boat brought alongside the canoe, and I hastily transferred myself into it. The boat boys were told to take the Sheikh back to land with all possible speed, and to return for me later.

My new crew consisted of five natives: there were the two fishermen, two lads who managed the boat, and a small boy of about six who, I take it, was an apprentice and expected to make himself generally useful, which he did in the intervals of helping himself with surprising liberality from a pot of cooked maize flour into which various odds and ends had found their way.

Fishing now commenced in earnest. Two sucker-fish, or "taza" as the natives call them, were used, and a third was kept in reserve. These "taza" varied in size; I should say their length was roughly about 3 feet, 2 feet 4, and 1 foot 8 inches. With the exception of their extraordinary limpet-like power of attaching themselves to anything, there seems to be nothing abnormal about them. They are slender, green-coloured, scaleless fish, with something rather suggestive of a snake in their movements. The part by which they attach themselves to their

prey lies at the back of their heads. In appearance I can only compare it to the corrugated rubber-sole of a tennis shoe. It is only while they are in the sea, apparently, that they possess this power of attachment. I handled one of the fish myself, and it made no attempt to fasten itself to my hand either in or out of the water.

The "taza" are secured by passing a piece of cord under the skin of the body near the tail, passing it round the body and knotting it. This cord is then tied on to a fishing-line, just as an ordinary hook would be, and no further preparation is needed. When not wanted, the fisherman passes the line through the fish's gills and out at the mouth, knotting it so as to form a loop. The "taza" is then put overboard at the end of about 6 feet of line, and immediately attaches itself to the side of the boat and by it is towed along. I noticed the men were always most careful to secure the fish in this way, even if they were being put out only for a few minutes, and I concluded it was necessary to do so in order to bring the "taza's" head up to the direction in which the boat was going.

When wanted for fishing, the man puts his hand over the side of the boat, pulls the "taza" away from the board to which it is clinging, quickly unfastens the loop, and holding the body sometimes by the head, but more often by the tail, throws the fish a few

yards away from the boat. On reaching the water the "taza" darts away without hesitation, as if glad to gain even such restricted liberty, and the fisherman sits and holds the line to which it is attached as if he were using an ordinary hook and bait. And on this morning we had not long to wait for results. After only a few minutes' fishing, one of the men made a sudden exclamation, and his line began to pay out rapidly. His companion hastily hauled in his own "taza," passed the line through its gills and mouth, tossed it overboard again and seized an oar. The other two boys betook themselves to their paddles, and immediately we were in pursuit of the turtle to which the first "taza" had become fast. I had no watch, but I should say the turtle was played for about half an hour; once or twice it came up to the surface, but the curved back and head emerged only for a second and down it plunged again.

In its flight it covered a long distance, but it seemed to have no fixed plan of escape, for the course was constantly changed. Presently the fisherman seemed to find its strength failing, and began to cautiously haul in his line. After some conversation, his companion laid down his paddle and released his own "taza" from the side of the boat to which it has been clinging during the pursuit. Following the direction of the other man, he threw the fish a few feet ahead of the boat

and it rapidly swam down, drawing out the line as it went. It evidently failed to find its quarry, for after a few minutes it was pulled in by the tail and again thrown out, but this time on the other side of the boat. In this direction the quest was successful; the line became taut, and the fish had evidently joined its mate on the turtle's body. The second line was now transferred to the first fisherman, who held them both in one hand, while his companion busied himself in getting ready a roughly-fashioned, three-hooked grapnel attached to a rope. There was a short interval while the boat was paddled over the spot where the turtle was thought to be lying. Then the grapnel was looped on to the two "taza" lines by a cord attached to its shank, and it was lowered over the boat's side till it reached the bottom. An anxious moment followed. The man was evidently feeling his position, and waiting some indication that the grapnel was under the turtle. Suddenly he struck hard and hauled in a few feet of his rope. A broad grin broke over his face. There could be no question as to what had happened. The turtle was fast. All was animation; the rope was quickly hauled in; the two boatmen dropped their paddles and dived headlong over the boat's side. Looking down into the clear water, I could plainly see their forms struggling with that of the turtle, which was being rapidly drawn to the

surface. In a second all had emerged; each boy held grimly on to the turtle's fin, and its back was firmly pressed against the boat's side. Considering its size, it made very little resistance; the face seemed to bear an expression of surprised indignation and alarm. In the twinkling of an eye it was hoisted over the boat's side and placed on its back in the bottom. The feat was accomplished,—I could be sceptical no longer.

The turtle was a large one: measuring it later, I found it was 5 feet 8 inches from mouth to tail and 2 feet 9 inches across the base of its shell. I judged it to be old, for there were minute marine growths on the under part of the body. The grapnel had caught it near the joint of one of the hind fins. When it was lifted into the boat one of the "taza" was still clinging to the base of the shell, but the other had dropped off, no doubt disturbed by the action of the grapnel. One of the men unloosened the first "taza" without any apparent effort, and I was told their grip relaxed immediately they came out of the water.

The morning passed with varying success. In all, we were fast to four other turtles. Two were safely captured and two broke away. Of the latter we lost one after a long and stern chase, the men explaining that the "taza" had become tired and dropped off. The other escaped while efforts were being made to get the grapnel

into it. In this instance the turtle was fast by only one "taza," its companion, though sent to find it, evidently failing to do so or not caring to hold on.

In all cases the procedure was the same. The men told me that the fish attached themselves to any part of the turtle's body; all positions seemed alike to them, though one fish varied from another in its capacity to serve its master. I can answer for it that both those in use that morning were no sluggards. They never shirked, and seemed as keen at the end as they were in the beginning. After the third successful capture an accident befel one of them. We were fast in something which I at first thought was another turtle, until I saw the fisherman getting ready a long harpoon instead of the grapnel. This time I learnt it was a fish which the "taza" was trying to bring us, but its zeal proved its undoing, for before long the grip loosened, and when it was drawn in it was evident that our friend had had the worst of the contest. The narrow green body was scarred in three places with the marks of its opponent's teeth, and after looking at the wounds the man pronounced them likely to prove fatal. Freed from its line it was put back into the sea, and I saw it slowly swim towards the bottom, its body turning over as it went. Such faithful service had verily earned a happier end.

The first turtle was con-

siderably larger than the other two which we caught, their measurements being 3 feet 10 inches and 4 feet in length and 2 feet 5 inches in both cases across the base of the shell. The turtles' favourite ground evidently covered only rather a small area, for the men had put out a wicker cage as a buoy to mark the spot when we first arrived, and I noticed they always paddled back to its neighbourhood before starting to fish again after our various chases had ended. The number of turtles to be seen was really remarkable; every now and again a small black head would emerge above the surface, survey the scene for a second or so, and then there would be nothing but a widening ripple. From the chart I see that we were fishing in about 6 to 10 fathoms of water.

It was now midday, and as my boat had returned I got into it and started home. The sun was almost directly overhead, and its heat was like that of a scorching flame. There was no breath of wind from any quarter. A couple of Arab dhows in the distance lay becalmed, drifting with the current. The boat rose and fell on a surface of dazzling light. Look where one would, there was nothing for the eye to rest on; everywhere was glitter and glare, and the distant surf and the trees on the shore seemed to flicker and throb in the burning heat. Without a pilot, I thought it more prudent not to venture

on the passage through the reef by which we had come out, and we found our way back to the landing-place by another route.

In the evening my crew came to see me again. They said they had continued to fish until two o'clock, and had caught another turtle, but it was only a small one. That day had evidently been more fortunate than the previous ones, for then, using the same "taza," they had only been successful in one instance. The "taza," I was told, were caught on the coast at a place about seven miles away. They seemed to be scarce, and the fishermen had some difficulty in securing the supply they needed. The bait used is either a piece of fish or turtle. When they were caught the fish were placed in wicker cages submerged in the sea.

"Taza" do not thrive in captivity, and refuse to eat, although every imaginable kind of food has been offered them by their captors. If they cannot be used in the two days following their capture they are thrown away, as it is recognised that they have not sufficient strength left to be of any use to their owners: exceptionally strong fish might perhaps be utilised on the third day. They do not attain any great size, I believe, even the largest being not more than the length of a man's arm. The larger the "taza" is, the better work may be expected of it, and the fishermen say they can tell at once from

its appearance what value, from their point of view, each fish will have. It is all a matter of degree; any "taza" over 8 inches long will be serviceable, but their temperament differs. In some few cases, when the fish feels the strain of the line attached to the tail being tightened as the turtle to which it has fastened itself is being drawn in, it loosens its hold; in other cases, the action merely incites it to take a firmer grip. Calm weather or rough apparently makes no difference to the "taza," although the fishermen prefer the former, as it proves easier for them to manage their canoes. As long as the men know turtle exist in the piece of water they are working in, they put their fish out, and leave it to them to find exactly where the animals are. The highest catch my skipper acknowledged having made in one day was ten turtle.

If the supply is scarce the fishermen will go out with only one "taza," but they prefer using a couple. They like the fish to attach itself to the top of the turtle's shell, as in that case it is easier to get the grapnel into the base of the body without disturbing the "taza." The motive that guides the latter, they say, in attaching itself to any living object is to draw blood for its own nourishment. Turtle is preferred to fish, but before the turtle comes the dugong. If there is any choice in the matter, dugong is always the first object "taza" will seek.

All species of fish, shark included, seem alike to them.

My informants told me that if the supply of turtle failed they caught fish with the "taza." The method was the same, except that a harpoon instead of a grapnel was used in the final act. They professed to have caught dugong to which a single "taza" had attached itself. When I expressed surprise at the comparatively small resistance which the turtles had made once the grapnel was in them, they explained that this was due to the skill of the two boys whose duty it was to hold the animals as they were being drawn into the boat: with less

accomplished assistants, they said, the task would be a good deal harder. The "taza's" natural disposition seems to be that of a bully and disturber of the maritime peace. They were compared to me by an old Arab, with whom I have since discussed my experiences, as playing that part in the sea which is taken on land by the African hunting-dog. They attack their neighbours wantonly and spend their days in warfare and strife.

To the best of my knowledge I am the first white man to have seen turtles caught in this manner on this coast, and no description of it, as far as I am aware, has ever been published.

SPORT IN FICTION.

BETWEEN the middle of August and the middle of February lies that happy time, the approach of which no veteran sportsman, unable any longer to share in its delights, can contemplate without a sigh: reduced to visit only in memory the scenes of his former joys. Then as he leans back in his chair, when half through his bottle of *La Rose*, rise up before him the sights and sounds familiar to him in past years. He roams once more the heather and the stubble behind his well-beloved setters, hears again the cheery cry of "cock" from the thick of the wood, or gallops once again over the well-remembered "ridge and furrow" traces of the vanished plough on the broad pasture-fields of the Midlands. After such a reverie is it not natural that he should turn to some of those works of fiction in which sport of one kind or another fills a prominent place, and the descriptions given are often sufficiently vivid to correspond to the scenes already conjured up by memory?

The influence of manners upon literature, and of literature upon manners, is always an interesting study. They act and react upon each other. And such no doubt has been the case with fashion and fiction in the matter of field-sports. Fox-hunting was in full swing at the end of the eighteenth century, and in one

of the latest of that class of comedies, an exquisite of the period tells his valet that "one must hunt in Leicestershire"—"that is the correct thing." But it has been before pointed out that it was the long French war which—by closing the Continent against the English aristocracy, and driving them back upon such diversions as their own country afforded—really brought hunting into fashion, and taught men to find at Melton some compensation for what they had lost in Paris. But it was some time before hunting became a sufficiently prominent feature in English life to compel the novelist to take notice of it. Of the early Victorian era Bulwer and G. P. R. James were, we suppose, the two most popular novelists—and neither of them mentions field-sports except in the most casual manner, and for the purpose of this article we may dismiss them from consideration. The shooting scenes in 'Pickwick' need hardly be mentioned. They are pure farce; and if it signified anything it might be added that the author himself evidently knew little of the matter.

Novels in which sport (the word being limited through this article to field-sports) forms a conspicuous feature are of three kinds. There is first the novel in which it is introduced as an illustration of manners or customs, or serves

as a link in the chain of events through which the plot is worked out. In 'Guy Mannering' both the fox-hunt and "burning the water" are described, because they were customs peculiar to the country and the people of whom Scott wished to draw a perfect picture. In 'Rob Roy' the hunt leads up to the visit of Diana and Frank Osbaldistone to Justice Inglewood, and helps very materially to the development of the plot. In none of the three are these scenes introduced for their own sake. But towards the end of the thirties fox-hunting in England had become the fashion, and an element of English social life which the novelist had to take into account. And now we come to the second class of sporting fiction, represented by such names as Whyte Melville, George Lawrence, Anthony Trollope, and, in a slighter degree perhaps, by Thackeray. These all treat field-sports as a recognised national pastime which, in fiction professing to represent English society of all grades, take their place naturally alongside of banquet and ball, the club and the mess-room, the fair and the market, the garden and the farm, or whatever else helps to make up the varied round of diversions or interests familiar to all classes of our countrymen and countrywomen.

There is still a third class of sporting novelists, with whom sport is an end in itself. Perhaps we may call these the realistic school. The popu-

larity of such books as 'Jorrocks's Jaunts,' 'Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour,' and others of the same calibre, testify perhaps as strongly as the above-mentioned writers to the widespread interest in field-sports which animates the British public, though they appeal to it from a different point of view. The different treatment of sport, and of hunting in particular, by Mr Surtees, compared with the pictures drawn for us in 'Digby Grand,' 'Sans Merci,' and 'Can You Forgive Her?' must of course have been visible to all who have read them. The one class of fiction were written for sportsmen only, the other having a wider range and aiming at producing a complete reflection of rural life which shall interest the general reader and such as have no special familiarity with horse and hound, by stirring incidents and adventures intermingled with social studies displayed upon a broader canvas.

There is one point, however, in which the realistic school are superior to the "impressionist," in that they always give one, or try to give one, the real thing, such as an ordinary hunting man would call an average run, and thus presenting a much more truthful picture of what actually occurs in the hunting-field than the more highly coloured and more exciting description to be found elsewhere. Writers of this school, which we have called impressionist, always feel bound to show one "the

run of the season," some exceptional day, long to be remembered by the local sportsmen. But if this is less interesting to the practical sportsman who likes to follow the more checkered fortunes of an ordinary day, it is more so to the general public, who can be interested in a sensational run, but are not sufficiently well up in the subject to linger with pleasure over checks, drains, unstopped earths, and skilful "casts," which only the initiated can appreciate. The great Billesdon Coplow run with the Quorn hounds in 1801, from Billesdon to Enderby, was long remembered in Leicestershire, and pictures of it were to be seen in many of the principal inns; but nobody would think of giving that as a typical example of even Leicestershire sport. So with the runs described by Whyte Melville and George Lawrence. They answer the purpose with which they are written very well, but are not in everyday wear. But that is no objection to them from the general reader's point of view: on the contrary, it is in their favour. In 'Digby Grand' we have such a run admirably described, probably as well as it possibly can be, by the accomplished author, who combined in his own person both the sportsman and the scholar, and could translate an ode of Horace as well as crash through a bullfinch. A companion picture to it is the run in 'Market Harborough,' and we have just such another run, the finish of which is well

told, in Lawrence's 'Barren Honour.' It is more laboured than Melville's. Lawrence is a powerful writer. But his Alan Wyverne on his favourite hunter, "Red Lancer," is a trifle overdone. And Vereker Vane in 'Sans Merci' still more so. The highly sensational river scene in this novel, where the gallant Colonel being very much out of temper forces his horse backwards with him into a deep river, savours too much of Astley's. Lawrence's sporting scenes are in themselves not unequal to Melville's. But we cannot stomach such heroes and heroines as Guy Livingstone, Vereker Vane, Flora Bellasis, and Cecil in 'Sword and Gown.'

A run with the hounds as described by this class of writers is always more or less artificial, and the same objects are often repeated in all of them. We have the regulation "line of pollard willows" denoting the approach to some famous brook occurring with great punctuality. The Master of the Hounds is always a silent nobleman of high aristocratic appearance, intent on his duties in the field, but "opening his well-shaped mouth to some purpose" if a bungler overrides the hounds, or otherwise breaks any of the unwritten laws of fox-hunting. They are always of this type, —not, of course, alike in every feature, but all cast in one mould; we will not say *dis-similes veri*, but causing one's mind to revert to Sir Huddleston Fuddlestone in 'Vanity Fair,' and to wonder what

Whyte Melville or George Lawrence would have said to him. Thackeray does not attempt to describe a run, and therefore we cannot well compare him with either the Whyte Melville or the George Lawrence school. But we have always thought his description of the meet of the hounds at Queen's Crawley a perfect picture, true to nature at every point, without any exaggeration, or any of those "asides" to which Mr Thackeray was a great deal too much addicted on other occasions.

The whole description is too long to quote. But it is the real thing. The two whips, "clad in stained scarlet frocks, light, hard-featured lads on well-bred lean horses." The Master's groom "perched on a large raw-boned hunter, half covered by a capacious saddle. Sir Huddlestone Fuddlestone's favourite horse—the Nob." The young gentlemen collect round the pack in the corner of the lawn and talk with the huntsmen of past sport, the merits of Swiveller and Diamond, and the wretched breed of foxes. Sir Huddlestone himself, after paying his respects to the ladies, "hoists himself unwieldily on the Nob," and gives the word for Sowster's Spinney. Then they all move off, the labourers of the parish, with whom the day is a great holiday, following on foot. Who cannot see the Rev. Bute Crawley happening to trot out from the Rectory Lane on his powerful black horse, just as Sir Huddle-

stone and Rawdon Crawley pass by. The whole scene is before us.

Bute Crawley, Parson Dove, and Mr Gilfil in 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' should all be compared together, as coming from three such widely different authorities as Thackeray, Whyte Melville, and George Eliot. Mr Gilfil, an excellent parish clergyman, belonged to the time when the parson was in the same state of blissful innocence regarding his own condition as Adam before the fall. The other two must have known that their appearance in the hunting-field was beginning to be looked upon with disfavour, and the Rector of Queen's Crawley appears to have had some faint consciousness of the truth, not choosing to appear at the Meet and mingle with the sportsmen on the lawn. Parson Dove, we should imagine, was troubled with no such scruples; and his pretty daughter, who looked out for a husband among the red-coats, would not have allowed him to indulge them, if he had.

Mr Trollope's sporting scenes are perhaps less laboured, and they are not laid in the Shires, which relieves him of some responsibility. But the run from Edgehill in 'Can you Forgive Her?' is quite as much the run of the season, though not called so, as Melville's or Lawrence's. There are some very good characters, by the bye, in this novel; Maxwell the sporting banker is excellent. But it is told more naturally, and we seem to

follow the riders more easily. This, however, must always be the great difficulty which, in treating of hunting, sporting writers have to overcome. The *movement* of the hunting-field in a good run is not easy to transfer to paper. And unless you can do this, half the spirit of the thing evaporates. With shooting it is different. There is no rapid movement here to be described. Even in walking birds up, whether over dogs or not, the excitement is all confined to a few minutes. When you walk up to a point—when you first see the covey approaching the butts, or the rocketeer coming fast over the tops of the trees—there may be some such sensation for the moment. But nothing to be compared with what is experienced by a man who has ridden straight and galloped hard till he finds himself close to the hounds, with very few neighbours to challenge him. This is why fox-hunting in fiction can never seem quite so real as shooting: the rapidity and the joy inspired by it can only be feebly indicated by the pen.

The gun has not been celebrated in fiction so often as the horn, but most of the writers we have already named give some graphic pages to the partridge and the pheasant. Thackeray has an interesting little sketch in 'Vanity Fair.'

"As the birds were pretty plentiful, and partridge-shooting is, as it were, the duty of the English gentleman of statesmanlike propensities, Sir Pitt Crawley, the first shock of grief over, went out a little and

partook of this diversion in a white hat with crape round it; . . . sometimes, and with an exquisite humility, he took no gun, but went only with a peaceful bamboo cane: Rawdon, his big brother, blazing, and the keeper blazing away at his side."

How thoroughly real this is! Most famous English statesmen have been fond of partridge-shooting: Walpole, Pitt, Fox, Palmerston, Peel, Derby. "I kept this cover for Peel," says the Duke in 'Coningsby,' a month after Peel had left England for Rome. "How Peel would have enjoyed this cover," said the Duke, bringing down a pheasant. "He will have plenty of time for sport in the course of his life," said Mr Rigby, drawing his ramrod. In the same novel, Sidonia, the profound thinker, the deeply read philosopher, who had exhausted the sources of human knowledge and ransacked the history of mankind, turns wearily from an after-dinner political argument and asks his next-door neighbour "if the birds are plentiful in Lancashire this season." A few days afterwards he rides and wins a steeplechase.

Dickens has given us the Pickwickians out shooting, but as that is pure comedy we will pass on to others. Whyte Melville, Lawrence, Anthony Trollope, and even Thackeray and Disraeli, have all given us good shooting scenes. But Lawrence, who in 'Sans Merci' has shown how the rocketers were knocked over by the old Baronet, who married Flora Bellasis, and was so pleased with himself that his wife

having joined the party he gave the keeper a ten-pound note to pay her ladyship's footing as he said,—Lawrence has drawn for us in an earlier novel¹ a highly exciting poaching affray, one side of shooting life which we do not remember to have seen touched upon in fiction. Like most of Lawrence's scenes, however, it is on too large a scale, too heroic and too purple, so to speak, to be at all a typical picture of what it purports to represent. Of course such things may have occurred, and it is only natural, perhaps, that writers who always give us the run of the season to describe fox-hunting in general should also give us the fight of the century to describe poaching in general. On this occasion there are between twenty and thirty on each side. If such combats are to be described at all, Mr Lawrence has certainly done it to perfection. The picture has all his faults, and all his rather meretricious merits. Lanky Jem, the tall and brawny poacher, suddenly gripped round the neck by Bertie Grenville, the short and slim young Guardsman, who springs upon his back and pulls him down, are in Lawrence's most characteristic style.

Whyte Melville has given us both a battue and a partridge shoot, three guns over dogs. The latter is his best performance in the sporting line, and indeed we are not sure that it is not the very best description

of such a scene that we have ever met with. A young lady bringing out the lunch is driving her pony-chaise down a country lane, from which she sees the shooting-party beating a wide turnip-field. One of the shooters, John Gordon, is a man she is fond of, and who is as fond of herself, but there has been some misunderstanding between them, and they are scarcely on speaking terms. That does not prevent the girl from fixing her eyes on the figure of her lover, and when two partridges get up in front of him and he kills them both, right and left, she is supposed to be highly gratified. She shares with all the heroines of this school their admiration of physical prowess in the other sex,—like Helen, in 'Barren Honour,' when she sees Sir Alan Wyvern jump the big fence which the rest of the field had declined: so Lady Julia, in the 'Brooks of Bridlemere,' when she sees Jack Brook clear a double post and rails on foot, rides home reveling in the secret consciousness that such "a man" loves her, though he has never said a word. In "Sport in Fiction" we must say this view of the question is a trifle overdone. Whyte Melville will back inches against intellect in competition for a lady's favour—and if not always inches, certainly pluck. That a woman could not love one whom she knew to be a coward may be true enough. But

¹ 'Barren Honour.'

would she always love an athlete, whom she knew to be a fool, in preference to one who was neither?

The three "guns" are soon over the hedge and into the lane, and the basket being opened, Lord Holyhead surveys its contents with great satisfaction, and having devoted himself for some time to the pigeon-pie and the claret, under the influence of that refreshment declares partridge-shooting to be the queen of field-sports. He is immediately tackled for this assertion by Lady Gertrude herself, and his answer is one which so exactly expresses my own sentiments on the subject that I give it entire. I have said exactly the same thing myself, long before I read, and long after I had forgotten, 'All Down Hill.' On being asked if he really preferred it to grouse-shooting—

"'Infinitely superior,' he answered with a vigorous application to the claret. 'I cannot admit the comparison. Look at the variety of a day's shooting in a low country. The constant change of scene. The snug farm on the rising ground, the pretty village in the valley, the rich autumnal woods to back their slopes of bright yellow and intense green. Luxuriant hedgerows everywhere, a glorious river gliding peacefully to the sea,—and Lady Gertrude with her pony-carriage for a foreground! Then think of those eternal tracts of moor. Now that is what I object to in grouse-shooting—the same scenery, the same objects, the same grey, the same brown, the same purple. 'Pon my life, it's almost as bad as the sea.'"

To this may be added the greater variety of shots in

partridge-shooting when dogs are used.

The rest of this description is equally good. The gradual approach of the cool and fresh September evening, the dew rising, the birds beginning to call from the stubbles—all appeal to the veteran's memory with the sweetness of dried rose-leaves. By the bye, why is it that partridges have given over calling? It was one of the cheeriest sounds one used to hear on a September evening. Now, as far as my own experience goes, it is seldom audible. The modern scarcity of cover may have something to do with it, for I have heard it in Wales where cover is abundant. "Shouting" the natives call it.

A pretty little picture this luncheon-party,—the English lane with its hedges of hawthorn and sweet-brier and the tall elms on one side, the wide stretch of bright-green roots on the other, showing well against the dark wood beyond: the pretty girl with her ponies, and her three admirers, as they all are seated round her,—only indeed such a picture as may be seen in almost every part of England in September and October, but with a never-failing charm though witnessed for the hundredth time.

When the keeper, an old servant, ventures on a civil hint that it is time to move, the party breaks up, and John Gordon, who has been disturbed by Gertrude's demeanour towards him, misses his three first shots, to the un-

speokable astonishment of the old keeper. So did Charley Forester miss the rabbit which got up under his feet when somebody's carriage drew near; so did Ferdinand Armine, otherwise a dead shot, when he had just fallen deeply in love with Henrietta Temple, miss everything that rose up before him. So true is it, as Lord Beaconsfield observes, that there is no end to the influence of women on our lives.

Two other gentlemen of fiction we have yet to mention whose nerves were upset by a somewhat different cause, though not unconnected with womankind.

The scene in 'The Small House at Allington' is very true to nature. Crosbie, engaged to the old squire's niece, goes out shooting with the squire's son, whom he endeavours to pump with the object of ascertaining whether the old gentleman is likely to give the young lady a marriage portion. Bernard Dale resents this cross-examination, and returns an unfavourable answer.

"Then you think he will give me nothing?"

"Nothing that will be of any moment to you."

"It's confounded hard."

"Then they went in among the turnips, and each man swore at his luck as he missed his birds. There are certain frames of mind in which a man can neither ride nor shoot, nor play a stroke at billiards, or remember a card at whist, and to such a frame of mind these two men had arrived."

I am not ashamed to say that I have experienced the truth

of these remarks myself—and this more than once. I remember that in my youth I had a slight altercation with my host before starting, and it upset us both for the day. He shot badly, but I could not shoot at all. I missed every bird that came near me, and finally gave up my gun in despair to the head keeper. There were four of us out, and the bag which was thirty-seven brace ought, with decent shooting, to have been nearer sixty.

There is a popular prejudice according to which field-sports tend to harden and brutalise the character, a prejudice which sporting fiction of the best kind is well calculated to rebuke. I will begin with Sir Walter Scott, a keen sportsman in his youth, but showing clearly how the sportsman's instincts do not refuse to mingle with the instincts of humanity. His intercession on behalf of the gallant badger, who had maintained such a stout fight against the whole Mustard and Pepper family, and which provoked such an extremity of wonder in Dandie Dinmont, is one instance. In another—that inimitable picture of the death of the fox in 'Rob Roy,' which we wonder that Landseer never painted—Scott has a word of pity for "poor Reynard"; and again in 'The Betrothed,' in his capital description of the hawking party, he represents the cry of the heron as protesting against "the wanton cruelty" of his persecutor. Yet Scott loved to be in at the death. We see it again in the "burning the water" in 'Guy

Mannerings,' where Bertram desired to be put ashore, as he could not witness without pain the sufferings of the salmon, who flapped about in the bottom of the boat in their death agonies; and it is curious to note how not only in fiction, but in one's own personal experience, these two rival instincts come into collision with each other.

I remember some two years ago I took part in an otter hunt. I ran with the dogs. I was as keen as any one present to witness a kill, yet when after a long hunt, lasting for several hours, the otter was at last beaten by the hounds, I would have given something to know that he had escaped. I have often, when watching a covey of partridges or seeing rabbits feeding and frisking outside a plantation, without a gun in my hand, almost wished that I had never grown so fond of shooting them.

Sympathy with the fox has often animated good sportsmen, as it is said that sympathy with the criminal has often animated many good Christians, however deeply they execrated his crime. Let us speak of the fox, at the moment, in the language of our forefathers, as "the villain," "the nightly robber," and the parallel is complete. Bromley Davenport tells us that when he has seen a beaten fox lying down in a hedgerow, he has often tried to get the hounds away from him. Yet, had he been killed, Davenport would have been very sorry not to be "up." Trollope, too, in a capital

description of a run with the hounds in 'Can you Forgive Her?' shows that he was not insensible to emotions of the same kind.

This mixture of softness and harshness, which we see in so many sportsmen,—sportsmen, that is, of the best type, and equally conspicuous in sailors and soldiers, between whom and the sportsman there is a strong affinity,—is surely very suggestive. I have sometimes fancied that these two rival passions might have been implanted in us for wise purposes—the one to soften the heart towards sympathy with pain and misery; the other to harden it against those trials which, besetting our state of probation, are said to be necessary to the perfecting of the human character, and at the same time to form that sterner moral fibre which, while nations remain as they are, is needful for their defence against aggression. The value of field-sports as a nursery for soldiers has, of course, been too often insisted on to make it necessary to dwell upon it here.

I have quoted these passages in support of my contention that English gentlemen are by no means insensible to the harsher aspects of field-sports, and that in their pursuit of them, apart from the personal gratification which they afford, they are actuated by a belief that their wholesome influence largely predominates over any objectionable elements which are no doubt to be found in them.

All the writers we have

named are so many witnesses to their undying popularity with all classes but the superior few, who still cling to the old superstition that a fox-hunter is necessarily an illiterate boor, and a game-preserver little better than a *Front de Bœuf*. Thackeray points out how all the villagers follow the hounds on foot, and similar scenes may be witnessed at every meet in the kingdom. The mechanics and operatives flock out of Leicester in the same way when the Quorn meet in the neighbourhood. Whyte Melville's friend, Sawyer, who travelled down to Market Harborough with one of the keenest fox-hunters in Leicestershire, found him buried in a volume of Tennyson. Pollock, in 'Can You Forgive Her?' is a man of letters. All these, and more that could be named, are wholesome protests against the vulgar creed, echoes of which may still be heard in holes and corners, that field-sports are a brutal and tyrannical relic of feudalism, abhorred by the peasantry, who would gladly rise up against them had they any chance of success. Field-sports, together with the love of natural history, which is their twin sister, are, of course, at the bottom of an Englishman's love of rural life, and are to a great extent answerable for that peculiar compound of suppressed gentleness and outward hardness which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, is one note of the English character, especially of the English aristocracy. It is the

compound which makes brave, chivalrous soldiers and sailors, and strong merciful rulers.

Conceding all they can ask to the revilers of field-sports, the novels which deal with them are at all events preferable to some which have more recently become the fashion. I think my meaning may be further illustrated by Coleridge's well-known comparison between Fielding and Richardson. Richardson, of course, must not be ranked with the class of novelists whom I have been comparing with the representatives of "Sport in Fiction." Yet what Coleridge says is nevertheless quite applicable to the case before us. He preferred the so-called brutality of 'Tom Jones' to the so-called morality of 'Pamela' and 'Clarissa Harlowe.' And brutal though field-sports may be, yet it is better that the young should revel in the description of a good run, followed by "a kill in the open," than brood over works which, as Coleridge says of Richardson's famous novels, "poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of tinct. Lytt." Therefore I am all for the cause of Sport in Fiction. And I wish another succession of writers with the literary skill of Melville, Lawrence, and Trollope would arise to present us with fresh works of the imagination, breathing the same masculine and healthy tone, and the same "cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit" which Coleridge recognised in Fielding.

FROM THE OUTPOSTS.

TIGERMAN.

THE depressing horror of a great famine is a thing not to be lightly recalled or described ; but at the time—so readily does the human temperament adapt itself to abnormal surroundings—the gruesome details make very little impression on a mind inured. A man's capacity for pity is as limited as are his other faculties ; and in the midst of scenes which he will never be able to recollect without a shudder, he soon becomes—I will not say callous or hard-hearted, but acquiescent and resigned to the workings of a Providence which must, after all, bear the responsibility for its own acts.

During the Indian Famine of '99 I was employed for some months on special relief work in a corner of the province of Rajputana, and I soon acquired that armour of stoicism without which no man of ordinary sensibility could have endured such surroundings. I had seen the countryside strewn with the corpses of wretched beings, who through fear or ignorance had refused to leave their homes to seek relief until too late ; I had seen cholera sweep down with the dusk of night on a crowded famine camp, and slay its thousands before the morning ; I had witnessed the last extremity of demoralisation to which wretched humanity can be driven by hunger—the mangled corpse by the road-

side, and the furtive, hang-dog look of the unfortunate who has fed. I had thought myself impervious to horror ; but I confess that my philosophy was not proof against the story of the Tigerman, which was told me one night, after dinner, by Cotterell of the Bombay Army, who was on famine duty in the district next to mine.

His district was a hilly tract of jungle-country, inhabited chiefly by tribes of Bhils, the aboriginals of India. These little fellows were very badly hit by the famine, for thrift is a thing unknown to them, and they never make provision against a bad season. Their ancient and simple remedy for a scarcity in their own homes was to plunder their neighbours, and this, in all simplicity of heart, they now proceeded to do ; but it did not serve them, for this time their neighbours were nearly as badly off as themselves. Also the strong hand of the British Government intervened, and after a village or two had been raided and sacked a party of troops was sent to keep order. Their arrival was the signal for a stampede to the woods and hills ; the Bhils, basing their expectations on their former experience at the hands of certain native potentates, looked for nothing less than a general massacre ; the relief works which were opened by

the Government were looked on as merely traps to lure them into the power of their would-be destroyers; and in spite of all that the relief officers could do, thousands of folk perished out of sheer inability to understand that any one could want to save them.

I met Cotterell by chance at a place called Fatehgarh, a little village on the borders of both our districts. There were very few white men in those parts; and when, on arriving, I saw his tents pitched near mine, I was delighted at the prospect of society. He was out when I arrived, but after I had had tiffin and got through some office-work, he strolled in and introduced himself. He was a tall, thin fellow, with hollow cheeks and eyes which told of jungle-fever; indeed he looked well on his way to the grave, and he was not long in getting there, poor fellow, for I saw his death in the papers a few months later.

We went for a stroll together in the evening, and, of course, he came over to dine with me. I have never seen a man enjoy his dinner so much. There was a little toy railway in one corner of my district, which meandered down by several junctions, growing larger and more important at each, until at last it joined one of the main lines of traffic; and by this I was able to procure, from Bombay, regular consignments of precious things like whisky, and bread, and food in tins, and—luxury of luxuries in that

arid famine-stricken land—real green vegetables, cabbages and peas, the sight of which completely unmanned my guest. He had been lodged in his inaccessible hills for nearly six months, and the sordid monotony of his staple diet of roast goat and onions had parched the very fountains of his appetite. After dinner we talked away over the cheroots and a bottle of Madeira, and a very agreeable companion I found him; but he seemed to have a strange aversion to describing his own experiences during the famine. We talked for some time about the Transvaal War, which was the chief topic of conversation in those days, and I gathered from him that our misfortunes in that unlucky country were no more than we deserved, for not allowing the Indian army to take part in the "show." From this gloomy topic we reverted naturally to the state of things around us. I spoke casually of a man-eating tiger I had heard of in his district, and asked if he had tried to get a shot; but a strange expression of disquiet came into his face as soon as I mentioned the subject, and he hastened to change it. Presently there was a rustle outside the doorway of the tent where we were sitting, and a thin, wild face looked in: some starving Bhil who had dragged himself here in search of food. My companion saw him as he was lifting a glass of wine to his lips. He threw himself back in his chair, and half the contents were spilled from his

untasted glass, as his hand replaced it shakily on the table.

I said nothing, but sent the beggar off to the bazaar to get some food, passed the wine, and quietly waited for him to speak. For a time he too sat silent, glancing at me covertly, while the jackals howled in the moonlight outside; but finally he finished his glass and delivered himself of the following monstrous story.

"You spoke just now," said he, "of a man-eating tiger in these parts. I first heard of him about a month ago. The news came from Goorus, one of the wildest and most inaccessible places in my district; but as I happened to be in the neighbourhood I soon got an opportunity of moving up there for a few days. Goorus is a small village in the hills, surrounded by an almost pathless jungle; the Bhils were as wild as hawks, and I could scarcely get them to come near me; what with hunger and dread of the man-eater they were quite demoralised. The latter was a most mysterious brute; they of course put him down as a devil, and trembled when they spoke of him. He had never been seen; but at intervals one of the villagers disappeared and was heard of no more, except in one or two cases where the bodies had been found in the jungle, half-eaten and horribly mangled. The strangest thing was that they never found his tracks; the brute was so cunning that he avoided every bit of soft ground, and kept to the rocks and grass.

"I first tried sitting up over water for him. The only water for miles outside the village was a pool in the bed of a deep nullah coming down from the hills, about a mile away, and I made sure he must come there to drink. Luckily there was a three-quarter moon, and on the evening of my arrival I posted myself in a thick tree near the water and waited. The banks of the nullah were covered with thick scrub, and the bottom, where the moonlight did not penetrate, was black as pitch. I watched until near midnight, but nothing came.

"The next evening I went again to the same place; and this time, about two hours after sunset, I became aware of something moving down the nullah towards the pool. The darkness was so impenetrable that I could not distinguish even the outline of its form; but a startled plover got up and flew away screaming, and soon after I heard a rustle of dry leaves lower down the nullah. The thing was getting closer, and I fixed my eyes on the first patch of moonlight it would have to cross. I suppose, just before it reached the moonlit patch, it must have caught a glint from the barrels of my rifle; for I saw a dark, undefinable shape start up among the bushes and dash off headlong up the nullah. My heart, which was beating hard, stood still; my hair bristled up; my body was covered with a cold sweat of fear; for the Shape, dim, indistinct, and absolutely unrecognisable, was not that of a tiger or any other

wild beast I had ever seen. It had stood upright, I thought, and moved on two legs, not on four. My imagination broke loose, and the wildest ideas thronged my brain. I thought of gorillas, of monstrous unknown apes; anything seemed possible in those vast moonlit solitudes and that lonely night.

"I went back to my tent and tried to sleep, with a loaded revolver under my pillow. The next morning I heard that another Bhil, a boy, had disappeared; and about noon my shikarry brought the news that his mangled body had been found in the forest, about a mile or so from the pool. The sunlight made me laugh at my midnight fears; and in the afternoon, with only my shikarry and a single Bhil to show me the way, I went to the spot. It was near the head of a ravine in the hills, at the foot of a huge black rock; dense forest surrounded it on every side. I determined to wait for the man-eater's return, and concealed myself in a hollow near the top of the rock. My shikarry, armed with a hog-spear, hid himself in a tree some way off.

"The afternoon faded into twilight, the twilight deepened into dusk. The voices of the forest fell silent, and the moon, nearly full, rose over the tops of the trees. With the darkness my terrors began to return. I cannot give you an idea of the awful stillness, the utter loneliness which surrounded me. I would have given worlds to hear a jackal howl. Every

living creature seemed to have deserted the forest and left me to fight to the death with the unknown beast. A dry leaf, fluttering down behind me, made me start as if I had felt a ghostly hand on my shoulder.

"At last—I do not know how many hours I had sat there—my straining nerves were jarred by a noise. Something was coming down the hill, through the bushes, towards me. I could see nothing, I could only judge of its progress by the rustle of its footsteps on the dry leaves. It came down opposite to me; the bushes parted, and a head protruded through them. It was the head of a man! Long, black, unkempt hair hung over its face and shoulders; it seemed to have no flesh, only bones; and its eyes—oh, those eyes in the moonlight!"

Cotterell paused, and relit his cheroot, which had gone out. By the light of the match, held in his shaking fingers, I saw his thin face white as a sheet. I have no doubt mine was the same, for my blood was chilled by his tale, and by the reality of his horror. A wolf in the distant jungle howled like a lost spirit, and the jackals were silent.

"It came out into the open, and crouched over the dead body. There was a long knife in its hand. I moved my rifle mechanically: I do not know whether I could have fired in cold blood. The thing before me raised its eyes, and they met mine. For nearly half a minute, I suppose, we glared at each other; then it sprang

to its feet with a horrid cry, and rushed at me.

"I fired both barrels and missed. The creature clambered up the rock, and seized my leg. Hardly knowing what I did, I hurled my rifle at him. He dragged me from my seat, and we rolled together to the bottom of the rock. I fell undermost, but I caught his knife-hand and held it by the wrist. His other hand gripped my throat, and I felt the cold, bony fingers pressing into my flesh. For minutes we struggled there in death-grips. The fall had half-stunned me, and I felt myself growing weaker. His wild eyes gleamed, and his bare teeth grinned hungrily at me. In another minute I think I should have lost consciousness; but a shadow fell over us, the grip on my throat relaxed, and I sat up and saw the shikarry standing there, the bloody hog-

spear in his hand. On the ground beside me my adversary was writhing in the throes of death.

"I was deadly sick, and I think I fainted for a few minutes. The shikarry was as frightened as I was, but we managed to get back to camp; and next morning I galloped down from Goorus as if a fiend was after me. When I reached the famine camp at Palankot, and saw the fat scoundrel of a Brahmin overseer, with his lying account-books and his oily smirk, I believe I nearly embraced that vestige of civilisation.

"About a fortnight later the body of a child was discovered in a cave in the hills. It had died of hunger. In the same cave were found a few charred sticks, a human skull, and some bones.

JOHN HOSKYN.

UN COUP MANQUÉ.

In the early days in Raxeria there stood, about a hundred miles from the capital, a great walled native city, six or seven miles round about, holding some thirty thousand fanatical Mohammedan inhabitants. At their head an Emir, a very potent chief, who had made himself what he was by the sword, and kept himself in power by continual raidings of the country all about his city. The *modus operandi* was simple enough. After the harvest there is a season of three months or so, the driest part of the dry weather, when the

streams all dry up, the rivers are fordable, there is no work possible on the farms, and all the grass and light bush have been burned away, so that the face of the country is bare and open, and ideally suitable for the conduct of warlike operations. At this season the Emir was in the habit of summoning all his followers to follow him forth to war. The force he led was of such strength as to render impossible any effective resistance by those against whom it might be directed. More than half the men were mounted, a great number of

them were armed with Dane guns, and the rest were well supplied with spears and swords. The army was of course attended by a rabble of half-armed scallywags, human jackals, who looted and burned and murdered whatever the army left. Towns and villages were burned, all movable property was collected, stock was driven off, people who resisted were slain, and all others were borne off to be sold into slavery.

The Governor of the new Protectorate endeavoured to beguile this Emir from his evil ways, and did indeed come to some sort of arrangement with him, by virtue of which, and in consideration of a cash subsidy, he agreed to go a-raiding no more. Needless to say, the effect of this arrangement was little enough. The Emir got the money, and for a time sat quiet. Then his "young men" got restive, and the raiding recommenced, being conducted in places as remote from the capital as conveniently possible. Remonstrances produced no effect, and the time came when the Emir had to be told that further disregarding of the agreement would lead to his being dealt with by the forces at the Government's disposal. Whereat the Emir laughed, and went raiding in good earnest.

The position of the Governor and of his administration was precarious in the extreme. His total armed force did not exceed four hundred native infantry, with a couple of guns, interesting as antiquities rather

than valuable as weapons. He cabled Home for permission to increase the establishment of troops, and for more white officers and non-commissioned officers. The latter were sent, and he was authorised to raise another four hundred men locally,—natives, of course. The recruiting was taken in hand, and the tiny capital became a drill-ground and a rifle-range for the nonce. They were optimists in those days, and it was hoped to have the men in trim for service in a couple of months, so a very gallant major of horse-gunners was sent off with a company of the old troops to get into touch with the Emir's forces. His orders were to get as close as possible to the big city, and to establish himself there in position, in observation. He was in no circumstances to attack, and was so to fortify his position as to render a surprise attack unlikely of success. If at any time he considered the enemy were about to attack him in force, he was to retire upon the capital. Now the major (brevet) was a horse-gunner; he was young, and he was an Irishman. He went off up country with his little army of 120 native infantry and a white subaltern. Men who knew him said they thought it unlikely that O'Flaherty would be seen retiring upon the capital, chased by an Emir and his horde of black followers.

Reports came occasionally from him, but gave remarkably little information. There was nothing to report. It was known that he was in a posi-

tion within striking distance of Dirubaji, the Emir's city, and that he engaged from time to time in small skirmishes with the enemy's horse. Meantime, in the capital, preparations for the general advance of the whole force were being pushed forward. The impression got abroad that there was to be a proper "show," with a suitable number of casualties, and a little shower of C.B.'s, C.M.G.'s, D.S.O.'s, and brevets to follow. News of all this got to O'Flaherty, through the medium of private letters.

The Irishman had his own ideas as to the requirements of the situation. Once established in his fortified camp, he commandeered all the horses he could lay his hands on, and went to work to transform some forty of his men into mounted infantry. There was riding-school for hours in the hot sun, out at the back of the camp, each day. Drill was interspersed with dashing little cutting-out forays, wherein supplies were captured right under the walls of the city. Nothing was safe from the M.I. They watched the six gates of the place, and swooped down on cattle and sheep, and anything, coming in and going out. The Emir's army was mobilised, and camped on rising ground close to the eastern gate, which was the nearest to O'Flaherty's position. The army occupied its lines nightly, and spent the day within the walls of the city. It numbered somewhere about six thousand men. The British force could not hope to carry the place by

assault during daylight, for, besides the men, the city had high and thick walls, and a deep fosse; and a night assault, if successful, meant only that the attackers would find themselves in a very efficient trap with the coming of day. On the other hand, one or two tentative attacks on the British camp seemed to have satisfied the townsmen that there were wiser courses open to them than open assault. They held their city, and they tried to starve the invaders out. The honours, such as they were, were all with O'Flaherty, but the situation was in fact a stalemate.

The horse-gunner's fertile brain had matured a scheme, the object of which was nothing less than the capture of the Emir, from the midst of his own city and people, and the carrying of him off to the camp. Briefly, the plan was this: Matthews, the subaltern, was to move after dark, with fifty men, and to be in position on the north side of the town by dawn, when he was to make a vigorous feigned attack, keeping his men out of sight, but making plenty of noise and firing furiously. Thus for an hour, when he was to draw off gradually, and make his way back to the camp. O'Flaherty himself was to take the M.I., forty in all, and the balance of about twenty men were to remain in the camp under the white colour-sergeant, to hold it, and to cover the retreat thereon of the two parties. The mounted people were to be in position close upon the Emir's army before dawn, and, half an

hour before sunrise, they were to fall upon the sleeping host, which, O'Flaherty reckoned, would offer no real resistance, but would bolt *en masse* for the town. He calculated upon slipping through the gate, he and his men, amidst the fleeing mob. Once inside the walls, one of the troopers who knew the interior of the city guaranteed to conduct the party to the Emir's palace. By the time they got into the town Matthews ought to be roaring at the gate on the north, and this, it was hoped, would increase the confusion and panic to such a point as to make it possible for the forty to gallop to the palace, secure the Emir, and get away with him before an effective resistance could be organised.

At first all went well. The mounted men got the army on the run, and passed through the gate with the stream of fugitives in the half-light of dawn. It was time for Matthews to be making himself heard, but no indication came from him; within their walls, and in daylight, the townsmen were not long in rallying, and the position of O'Flaherty and his men was rapidly becoming critical. As they dashed up to the palace, the leader well ahead of his men, a big stout man on a big horse rode out from the centre gate, and the guide yelled that this was the Emir. The Irishman rode straight for him, and tried to grapple him round the waist. But he was a small man, on a small horse, and the Emir a big man on a big horse, and his pony went

down with the shock of impact, bearing his rider with him to the ground, where he lay stunned. In a moment spear-men were swarming out of the palace, and O'Flaherty, senseless on the ground, was speared in a dozen places ere the troopers arrived and drove through the press.

They got their leader on to another horse, roughly bandaged his wounds, and turned to fight their way back out of the city. All this time there was no sound from Matthews on the north. It was a furious ride from the palace back to the gate, the troopers riding in a compact body, firing, stabbing with their bayonets, and, in their midst, held by a couple of troopers upon a horse, their unconscious leader. It was a great fight, well fought, by gallant men. Many a man went down then who did not rise again, but the others got clear, and made their way to the camp, carrying the hacked and bleeding body of the horse-gunner.

Later in the day Matthews returned, in a rough litter, delirious. A bad attack of fever had bowled him over soon after starting the night before, and, though he made his way to the position ordered, when morning came he was unconscious. His men, without orders, waited an hour or two, heard the firing in the town, and then fixed up a stretcher, on which they placed their commander, and made their way back to camp. They had not fired a shot, and they had had no casualties.

So the scheme failed, apparently. Actually, it did not. For the Emir and his people, having sampled the quality of O'Flaherty and his forty, had no mind to face the army that they heard was being collected down at the capital. Negotiations were set on foot at once, the Emir went into exile, upon a pension, another was installed in his place by the Governor, a political officer was established at Dirubaji, and O'Flaherty lay for a long time in hospital. He did not die, in spite of near a score of spear wounds, but

lived to endure the enmity of those who had been disappointed at the failure of the anticipated "show," and of the shower of decorations and brevets that would have followed it.

In fact, everybody was cross with him, always excepting the men of his company, who made songs about the red lion who ate a city; and they brought their men-children for him to put his hand upon their heads, so that *they* might grow up to be lions, capable of eating cities.

BERKONO.

BAGESWAR FAIR.

West of Nepal and bordering on Thibet is the district of Kumaon, a comparatively little known portion of our Indian Empire, and yet a country full of wild beauty and romance. A land of pilgrimage to the Hindu, sacred from its association with his gods. A land of infinite variety: dense woods of fir, of oak, and rhododendron, bare rugged hills, well-watered valleys, fields of rice and wheat and millet, and rising high above all, the calm, majestic, snow-clad heights which guard our frontier and fill mere mortal man with joy and wonder by their beauteous majesty. Here, where now is peace and beauty, once the Rajput, then the Gurkha ruled and fought; the latter with a ruthless severity which proved his own undoing, for it was largely due to local discontent that Colonel Gardener was able to bring his little recorded but strenuous

campaign to a successful termination at Almora in 1815.

It was from Almora, the capital of this district, that four work-weary soldiers set out on a holiday one January afternoon. An Adjutant, a Quartermaster, a Cantonment Magistrate, and an Odd-job Subaltern. The leave had been fairly earned, and the time was a short five days. It was a glorious day, bright, cold, and crisp. The road to Takula was good, and latterly opened out into a fertile valley, watered by a tributary of the river Kosi, and filled with growing wheat. On either side the hills rose up a thousand feet, and were covered sparsely with gigantic fir; while every here and there a prosperous village could be seen nestling in a hollow among straw-stacked trees. Along the road were many hundred villagers, mostly

women, all going to the fair at Bageswar, whither we also were bound.

It would appear that women, more religious than the men, attend in greater numbers—for Bageswar is at the junction of the Gumti with the Sarju, a tributary of the Ganges, and is, therefore, doubly holy.¹ For a few days in every January the waters at this place have a special potency, and wash away the sins of all who bathe in them. The origin of the fair is then religious; incidentally it encourages cleanliness, trade, and gaiety.

To the north-west as we rode along lay Gannanath, the long bare ridge where Hastibal, one of our most gallant opponents in the Nepalese War, met his fate. At last Takula Dak-Bungalow (Rest-House) was reached, and fortune favoured us, for the bungalow was empty, and the Khansamah (cook), expecting the Deputy Commissioner, had prepared an extra special feed. High tea, a bath, and dinner followed each other in rapid succession, for a seventeen-mile ride in the cold air had given us all the best of appetites.

Our baggage left at eight next morning and we at nine.

he scenery was much the same, except that mustard was added to the wheat, and the banana grew more freely, while orange and lime trees

were also met with. At the top of a steep rise we came to the Dewaldhar Tea and Fruit Gardens, owned by Mr Chirinji Lall, an Honorary Magistrate and gentleman of some importance in this neighbourhood. Here we dismounted and left our horses, for down to the Sarju valley is a drop of three thousand feet, a steep descent extending some three miles. The crowds were thicker, all "ganging to the fair," except a few Thibetans with their droves of sheep carrying borax to Almora and beyond. On our left we passed a field so large that, tradition says, two women lost their lives in reaping it.

A former owner's wife and mother went out to do the work: before commencing it they placed their midday meal in the middle of the field, each vowing that she would not touch her food until she had reaped her share; but neither reached her lunch, and so they died.

This brought us to Bageswar, first across the Gumti to the town, through the Bazaar, and then across the Sarju, spanned by an iron suspension-bridge, where we met our host, the Deputy Commissioner, and soon reached his camp.

Bageswar town is situated in the angle formed by the two rivers. It is small, but the houses are well built, mostly two-storeyed, with beautiful old

¹ In India, where the junction of any two rivers is considered sacred, this sanctity is very much increased if they are tributary to the Ganges, the sacred "Gunga" of the Hindus.

black wood-carving on the upper storey, which looked quaint, however, against the brand-new corrugated iron-roofed verandahs of some of them. In the cold weather the place is inhabited largely by Almora merchants, and is a prosperous commercial centre, where produce from the fertile valleys around is collected, and goods are brought through by the Bhotia traders. In the hot weather and rains it is hot, unhealthy, and comparatively deserted. The river Sarju contains some good fish, Mahseer or Indian salmon, but they are difficult to catch here. The Temple is on the river bank, not far from the junction. We were not allowed inside, but learnt that it was rebuilt in the fourteenth century by Rajah Lakshmi Chand, and that it contains an old Sanscrit inscription of a much earlier date.

On the left bank of the Sarju was the Exhibition ground, a few hundred yards from the Dak-Bungalow. Across one end was a shelter in which looms had been erected for weaving silk and wool, and students from the Weaving School¹ could be seen at work. Lengthways were lines of roped-in enclosures, and in the centre a long line of booths, in which the traders displayed their wares. In one were high-class silk and woollen materials turned out by the Weaving School; next door, Thibetan carpets, cloths, rugs, and curios; in another, a Thibetan saddle, a Persian saddle-cloth,

embroideries, jewellery, and turquoise. In another were some excellent Thibetan blankets, both thulmas and chutkas, the former being fleecy on both sides, the latter on one side only. The contents of the other booths were much the same as these. Outside, in the roped-in enclosures, were stacks of bamboo matting, baskets, shoes, iron cooking-pots, and many other things, including even aluminium ware from Madras. At the far end of the ground were four miniature "Great Wheels," each with four spokes, and with a car hanging from each spoke. The wheels were rotated by pulling hard down on the descending car. Wheeling the wheel seemed popular, and trade was brisk. Back upstream, across the Sarju, some half-mile away, was a camp of pony dealers, where several Bhotia ponies were for sale. Short, big-boned, and sturdy, they were a useful lot, but none of a very high class were on view. Farther on was a Thibetan camp, most picturesque of all. A row of single-fly tents, a surly dog, and swarms of dirty but bright-faced children, men, and women, all full of fun and laughter, the women bandying jests with the men, and all keen to sell their jewellery and ornaments. These women wore gold nose-rings, flower-shaped, and set with stones. Their heavy silver necklaces, strings of beads and coral, and silver ear ornaments, were very effective; besides which each had a perfect chatelaine full of

¹ One of these Bhotia women-weavers was at the White City.

tweezers, bells, and Jews'-harps. In front of their right shoulders they wore musk-deer's tushes and lucky bones, and their hairs were done in hundreds of fine plaits. One of them was making tea when we arrived, churning it up with ghee (clarified butter) and salt, in a long cylinder.

Interesting as all these camps, exhibits, and women's jewellery were, still more interesting was a study of the different races round about us, their appearance, characteristics, and dress. Here were representatives from all parts of this borderland: Thibetans and Bhotias with their Mongol features, Dhanpuris, and the more familiar Kamouni. Most of the Thibetans were dirty and unkempt, but there was a notable exception in a Llama, tall and dignified, with a face denoting considerable character. He made a striking picture in his long red coat as he strode away through the crowd. We learnt that he was a refugee, and that the rest of his party having fallen into disfavour had died of poison, while he had fled. The Bhotias of these parts must not be confounded with the inhabitants of Bhotan near Darjhiling. These people come from this borderland, called Bhot. Two races of them were most in evidence, the Darma Bhotia from Eastern Bhot, towards the Lipulekh Pass and frontier of Nepal, and the Shoka or Johar Bhotia from farther West, and round Milam. Of these the Shoka is by far the finest, physically and intellectually.

Great strapping fellows, with broad, open, good-natured faces; we liked the looks of them at once. The Dhanpuris, those hillmen from round Kapkote, close to Bageswar, were noticeable with their toga-folded blankets. Two corners fastened round the waist, two corners pulled round the shoulders across the chest, a fold of slack brought up, and all secured with metal skewers connected by a chain.

The day of our arrival was taken up with food, and visiting the scenes described. That night a thousand fires were blazing about us. The sight was lovely, reflected in the water; but on strolling round the smoke and smell were trying, and the songs and dances which we saw were of quite a common kind.

Next morning, Friday, was the big day. The more devout Hindus had bathed before sunrise, and been relieved of much, both sins and grime; and filled with purity, engendered by the wash, proceeded to the Conch-Man's stall, where they called up the gods with lusty breath by blowing hard his shells. All day long we heard this sound, for though many bathers were content merely to wash their mouth and teeth, and comparatively few plunged right into the icy stream, yet none forgot the Conch-Man or failed to test his shells.

At nine we hunted jackal: the run was short, but eventful for the writer, who found a ditch full of soft squeegee mud and water, and had the only fall, right into it.

After breakfast prizes were distributed for the best exhibits of each kind, including Bhotia ponies. Then lunch, and then the sports.

The pony race for Bhotia ponies was great fun. All except one were ridden bare-backed,—a few hundred yards along the straight, round a flag, and back across a short piece of plough. The ponies did not like the turn, where several falls took place, and several times the crowd was charged. The leader in the first heat fell off within a few yards of the winning-post, and took so long to mount that he came in last.

The greasy pole was full of grease and took a lot of climbing. The prize was won, eventually, by one of our Gurkha orderlies, although a bright Jhampani (dandy carrier) made a good attempt in his master-given livery.

The ascent in the Khud race was good, but the descent poor to those accustomed to the way a Gurkha flashes down.

The Shokas won the Tug-of-War. They must have weighed a stone a man heavier than any other team, and had little difficulty in pulling their opponents over, although none of them really knew how to use his weight.

That evening, after dinner, we saw some excellent dancing. Chairs were brought out and a bonfire lit, around which first the Dhanpuris, then the Thibetans danced. The Dhanpuri

dance was slow, rhythmical, and, like most Oriental dances, somewhat monotonous. The Thibetans, on the other hand, danced with the utmost vigour. Some twenty of them formed a ring round the fire, and danced and sang and shouted with all the zest and enjoyment of an English Bank-holiday party, but with much more method. In some of the dances the women and children joined in as well, but did not display as much vigour as the men. An exception was an old lady with a lonesome tooth, who looked at least sixty years old. The accompaniment was a tom-tom, or native drum, and a kind of zither, which was played by a most piratical-looking individual, who danced as he played. He seemed to be a leader of the dance.

On Saturday the fair ended. One feature had struck us all most forcibly, the absence of police. Where else could a crowd of twelve thousand men, women, and children, moreover a crowd composed of diverse races and religions—for Hindus, Buddhists, and Mahomedans were all represented—be found happy and contented, quiet and orderly, in the absence of any police control. It was a pleasing reflection to carry back to our various duties, that here, at any rate, was content, and here the Sahib was still the Sahib, and commanded the respect due to his work and his performance of it.

J. LOCH.

A JOURNEY TO THE FALLS OF GUAYRÁ.

SUFFICIENTLY few men have seen the Guayrá Falls to make some account of them worth writing. When I left Buenos Aires with the Falls as my objective, I had little knowledge of where or what they were. The first I had heard of them, and all I knew of them, was derived from a brief account in a Buenos Aires newspaper of a journey made in the previous year by Mr Angelo de Rin. I am not aware that Mr de Rin has written anything else on the subject. His letter sufficed to arouse a wish to see the Falls. I was confirmed in my desire by the knowledge that a distinguished Paraguayan *Estanciero*, Don Jorge Stewart, was ready to accompany me and would undertake the preparations for the journey. Don Jorge's British origin is revealed in his name, but like many Europeans born in the New World he has discarded his father's nationality, and he is in language and all essentials a good Paraguayan. I take this occasion to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I am under to this gentleman. His horses, men, and local knowledge enabled me to make the journey in such comfort as is possible under the conditions of South American travel.

From Buenos Aires to Asunción, the capital of Paraguay, is five days by river steamer, and from Asunción to Villa Rica six hours by the Central

Paraguayan Railway. Villa Rica is the second town of Paraguay, and though sufficiently primitive, has some passable shops and an inn. Stewart joined me there soon after my arrival. He was accompanied by Mr James Hawes, an English cattleman, who has been many years in the country, and by three native peons, men of Spanish origin with an admixture of Indian blood and speaking the Indian language called Guaraní. I may here note that a knowledge of Spanish does not suffice to carry one through the remoter parts of Paraguay. The use of Guaraní is general, and many know no other language. We took the road next day. Our transport consisted of three pack-mares. The art of loading and fixing pack-saddles is little practised or understood in Paraguay, and this deficiency was the cause of frequent trouble and delay. Stewart had brought in all twenty-five horses; so that besides those in use we drove before us sixteen loose horses. The horses of Paraguay are small and of poor quality. Many are not trained to eat corn, and when pasture is bad it is impossible to expect hard work of them. The number of spare horses with us was excessive, and the collection of them each morning occasioned much loss of time. Later on we left the greater number of them at an *estancia* by the way. I would recom-

mend travellers to be satisfied with two horses apiece, or best of all to rely upon mules.

Our first stage was to Mr George Box's farm. He is an Englishman in charge of a timber-cutting enterprise, on whose hospitality, I feel sure, all travellers may count. Next day took us through a *picada* (forest-track) of about twenty miles. We spent the night at Caguazu, a typical Paraguayan village of houses of mud and wood ranged in a square round a green, in the middle of which stands a wooden church. Thereafter we made a short stage to the *estancia* of Paraiso, one of the Stewart family's properties, where we remained three days, and killed a cow and provisioned ourselves. Food is scarce in Paraguay, and it is not safe to move in the country with the expectation of finding it. Beef and mandioca are the staple foods of the country. Occasionally biscuit is obtainable in the form of a *galleta*, of the size and shape of a walnut, but much harder. Oranges grow abundantly in the forests, but they are almost always of the bitter variety. In open country I was often able to get so-called partridges and the other larger Tinamou known as *martineta* (*Rhynchotus rufescens*). For the rest there was no shooting to be had. I never saw anything larger than an armadillo. There is much talk of jaguars or "tigres," as they are called, and they are feared, apparently without reason. The Paraguayans are not hunters, and know nothing of the habits of the animals that live among

them. That sport would be obtainable by any one who had time to get in touch with the Indians, and was able to secure their guidance, is very probable. Our next stage was to the village of Ihu. Leaving this we entered the *picada* of Palomares, which must be a good twenty miles long. The track led across some bits of morass, which gave much trouble to the horses. We were fortunate in having dry weather. I doubt whether after rain this road would be passable. We slept a night in the forest and the next two in the open, doing short stages through a picturesque, uninhabited country, which brought us to the *estancia* of San Blas. This and two or three other similar farms are the property of a native company, occupied with the collection of *yerba de maté* in the surrounding *yerbales*, as the woods are called in which is found *Ilex paraguayensis*. Its collection is the sole industry of the few inhabitants of this part of the country, and such *estancias* as there are exist for the cattle necessary to feed the workers. *Maté* is the national substitute for tea in a large portion of South America. Of its qualities as a stimulant and restorative I can speak from personal experience. We went next to San Guillermo, another *estancia* of the same company, distant about twelve miles, and thence to Naranjito, also a *yerba* collecting station, in charge of a hospitable Brazilian mulatto. We were much encouraged by him, as he was the first person we had

met who seemed to have heard definitely of the Guayrá Falls, and he believed we were on the right road for them. We had no serviceable map with us, and I believe none exists of this country. We had been guided by the compass and a knowledge of general direction. Such men as we had made inquiries of on the way had either never heard of the Falls, or else implied that they were very far, and that we should never reach them. From Naranjito the track leads through forest of extraordinary rankness, and dense with bamboos of great girth and height. We spent one night in these depressing surroundings, and arrived early next day at Isahu, another *yerba* depôt on the Jejuy river, a tributary of the Paraguay, navigable for small barges, and consequently in water communication with the rest of the world. At Isahu we secured the services of a guide—or *vaqueano* in South American. This man, though useless in regard to knowing the way, was a good fellow, and socially an addition to the party. He was a noted *raconteur*, and his interminable stories across the *maté* and the mandioca, illustrated by elaborate pantomime, were the delight of those who knew Guaraní. He took us next day a long stage to Laguna San Antonio, a small lake in a natural clearing in the forest, beside which there is a ranche and *yerba* depôt. We were made welcome by the owner, with the unfailing hospitality of the country. He and his

family lived in less squalor than others we had seen so far, and they had a well-spread table, with something other than beef on it, and they made bread of mandioca flour and drank milk. The next day was rainy, and we remained where we were. We sat round the fire and sucked *maté*, and there was much conversation with our hosts, especially on aviation and the cinematograph, of which they had vague ideas. They knew little of the triumphs of modern science, and when in the course of the day I shaved with a safety razor, I was watched with breathless interest. They were as much amused looking through a field-glass as any natives of Central Africa.

Leaving San Antonio, we entered the forest and continued in it all day along a disused *picada* of nearly thirty miles. This track was much grown over and in parts almost obliterated. Many trees had fallen across the path, and it was often necessary to use the machete to circumvent them. This bit of forest, according to local information, contains a large Indian population, and occasionally their tracks were visible where they crossed the *picada*. We met one small party. It is rare to come across Indians on the road. They keep out of the way of white men, but I am inclined to think that the Indian population of Paraguay, and possibly of all South America, is much in excess of the official estimates. We were told of a race of pigmy Indians who

were occasionally seen, but they were said to be very shy. The "Christians," as they call themselves in contradistinction, and the Indians of these parts, present a curious study. Two races, closely allied in blood and scarcely distinguishable in appearance, using a common language and living in close proximity, are separated by habits and religion to a point of being hardly conscious of each other's existence. There is no intercourse between them. Occasionally, I believe, an Indian woman will take service in a Christian household, or a Christian man looking for a wife will find her among the Indians, and leaving his own people adopt their mode of life. But such cases are rare.

The *yerba* depôt of Sapumi is just outside the forest, and we spent the night there. The owner was away, and the ladies of the family entertained us. The guide mentioned that we had crossed the frontier during the day and were now in Brazil. The women denied this, maintaining that the house was in Paraguay. Later I met the owner of Sapumi, who confirmed the guide's view that the house was in Brazil. I had never before come across people who did not know in what country they lived. Next day we recrossed the frontier into Paraguay. We slept out the following night, and the day after, early in the afternoon, reached the settlement of Laguna Cai. The depôt here was in charge of a Frenchman, an intelligent man and less ignorant of the country round

than others we had come across. He had never seen the Guayrá Falls, nor did he know the exact distance to them, but he believed they were near. He said that there were nights at Laguna Cai on which he had heard the sound of them. This distance, as I subsequently found, is about thirty miles. How far this is conceivable I am not prepared to say. Certainly as we approached the Falls two days later no sound was perceptible until we were within, approximately, three miles. We left our pack animals and spare horses at Laguna Cai, and went on next day a short stage to a small *yerba* store in the forest. Here there were a couple of peons in charge, and a little Indian boy, who said that his father, who lived near, knew the way to the Falls and would lead us there. We accompanied the boy next day a few miles into the forest, where, after yelling for a time, the father appeared from a neighbouring hollow. He wore a shirt and trousers, and a rag round his head with parrot feathers in it—I believe an emblem of authority. He carried a machete. After some discussion it was agreed that he should take us at once to the Falls. The forest track we now followed was hardly distinguishable, and there were streams with steep banks awkward to cross and many fallen trees. After a few hours a distant rumble became audible, which grew louder as we went on. Late in the afternoon we had a curious *rencontre*. I was

walking in front when I saw through the trees a short way before me some men and mules. They had stopped and were saddling up, and as I got near them I knew them for countrymen. Unlike the Englishman in 'Eothen,' when he met his compatriot in the desert, I did not pass them by. We had a few minutes' conversation. They were Messrs Tennac and Patterson (if I remember rightly), and had been engaged in the survey of some land that had been acquired by an English syndicate on the other side of the river. They said we were on the edge of a marsh which they had just crossed with difficulty, and advised us not to attempt it with our enfeebled horses. They had not come the same route as ourselves, but had followed the Paraná as far as possible, and then taken a *picada* running parallel to it, and so had not passed through Laguna Cai. I believe they had had a rough time and were short of food. According to them, the country was uninhabited for many miles round. We did not remain long in conversation. They were anxious to get on before dark, and, moreover, we were being bitten all the while by numberless "Marignis," a small blood-sucking fly of extraordinary ferocity. So they went on. We withdrew a few hundred yards from the marsh and the flies to a small clearing, where we spent the night.

At dawn next morning I started to walk to the river. I crossed the marsh which had

stopped us on the previous day. It was about 300 yards wide and very soft. There is a tree on the far side on which is carved a name and a seventeenth-century date—possibly the work of one of the Jesuit missionaries who were the first white settlers in the country. I turned south from the tree and walked for about a mile through the forest. The path had been "cleaned" by the passage of the other party, and they had made rough bridges across one or two streams by which I profited. I came out of the forest on to a large ledge of rock overlooking a gorge in which are contained the entire waters of the Paraná. This gorge is deep and narrow—perhaps 60 feet by 200 feet across. It stretches to the right and left two miles or so in all. There is forest on both sides up to the edges of the gorge. A mile away the river bifurcates, being divided by a rocky island. The main stream appeared to be coming down these two branches. There is no sheer fall. The incline is steep and even, and the great mass of water is turbulent beyond anything imaginable. Nearer where I was, and from the opposite side, the river, leaving the lake, enters the gorge by four other channels more or less at right angles to the main stream. The first three of these are steep and rocky, and the water comes through as a cataract rather than a fall. In the last, which enters the river about opposite where I was, the water is less dis-

turbed. The whole of the water in sight is churned white as milk, except far away down-stream, where it can be seen resuming its normal colour. There is an island of rock in mid-stream which adds to the confusion. The noise is great, but I doubt its being audible at the distance asserted by some. My companions joined me, and we made our way along the top of the gorge until stopped by a stream which goes over the edge into the river—in itself a waterfall that people would go far to see in other countries. We remained there for a few hours looking at the scene. In the trees close by there were blue and yellow macaws. Hunger drove us back to our camp. Having eaten all we had, we began our return journey.

To see the Falls of Guayrá in detail would require several days, and the means of crossing the lake above the gorge. I do not know what accounts or surveys of the Falls exist.¹ Messrs Tennac and Patterson had spent some days in the neighbourhood, but I am not aware that they have written anything on the subject. The Falls were known to the Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century; and they were visited about the middle of the eighteenth by the Boundary Commissioners who delimited the Spanish and

Portuguese possessions. Apart from Mr de Rin's letter, the only account of the Falls I have read is that by two Croat brothers named Seljan, who visited them in 1905, and wrote a somewhat highly coloured narrative of their journey. They appear to have followed approximately the same route as myself, but they mention several place-names which I do not identify. In Mr A. S. Barclay's "Economic Survey of the River Paraná," published in the 'Geographical Journal' of January 1909, the Falls are well described in a few words, but I understand the author has not himself visited them. I believe comparatively few have done so—few have even heard of them.

In an account by Lord Curzon of his visit to the Victoria Falls in 1909, which appeared in 'The Times,' he makes reference to other great cataracts of the world, but Guayrá is not among them. 'The Times' of December 27 last publishes an article on the Falls of Iguazu (125 miles below Guayrá). Referring to the Guayrá, the writer says that he is "not one of the twenty odd Europeans who have looked upon" those Falls. I do not know how this number is arrived at, but I have no reason to question it. I have knowledge of seven, including myself. The writer of this

¹ I have since ascertained from the Royal Geographical Society that there are accounts of visits to the Guayrá Falls by Patino in 1868 and by Antonelli in 1896, in the Journals of the French and Italian Geographical Societies respectively.

article calls Guayrá "one of the world's half-discovered wonders." "Its dimensions are stupendous," he says, "exceeding those of any other known falls—about 2 miles along the crest, 310 feet high, and discharging 13,000,000 cubic feet by volume per minute." He places the Grand Falls of Labrador second to them, then Victoria Falls, Iguazu, and last Niagara. As regards the extent of the crest and the volume of water I have nothing to say, but I think to describe the Guayrá Falls as being 310 feet high is deceptive. As far as my brief observations go, there is nowhere any perpendicular fall of water. The drop between the upper and lower rivers may well be 310 feet, but it is spread over a distance of a mile or more. Should any one undertake the journey expecting to see the waters of the Paraná go over a precipice 310 feet high, he will be disappointed. Grand as is the swirl of water through the gorge, the beauty of Guayrá lies to my mind in the perfection of its natural surroundings. In time these may be destroyed. Guayrá will become a popular resort with hotels, whose guests will dine on terraces surmounting the rocky ledge that overlooks the gorge; but the time is far distant.

The distance traversed by us

from Villa Rica to the Falls was roughly 250 miles.

Having accomplished my purpose, and being in a hurry to return, I now left my companions and baggage, and taking with me only our guide and a blanket, I started on my way back to Asunción. We did in two stages what it had taken us four to do coming. We spent a night with friendly Indians in the long *picada*, and reached Laguna San Antonio on the third day. Here the owner advised me, if I wished to go to Asunción, to turn west and make for Puerto Rosario on the river Paraguay, where I would find a steamboat to the capital. He said that he was himself going to San Estanislao, which was within two days' ride of Rosario, and he offered, with the usual hospitality of his nationality, to mount me and take me with him. I accordingly left my guide and horse to await Stewart's arrival, while we took the road through the villages of Igatimi and Curuwati to San Estanislao. Here I left my companion, and went on with one of his peons a stage and a half to Puerto Rosario. I arrived there on the eleventh day after leaving the Paraná. A steamer came down the river in the night, and on the afternoon of the next day I was in Asunción.

CLAUD RUSSELL.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

A LIFE OF CLARENDON—THE YOUTH OF EDWARD HYDE—BEN JONSON AND SELDEN—AN UPHOLDER OF KING AND CHURCH—THE CIVIL WAR—YEARS OF EXILE—THE MORAL EFFECT OF THE REBELLION—THE KING'S FINAL ACT OF INGRATITUDE—CLARENDON'S HISTORY—MR LLOYD GEORGE'S LEAPS IN THE DARK.

SIR HENRY CRAIK'S *Life of Clarendon*¹ is a spirited attack upon the position of the Whigs. These worthy men, worthy in their own esteem, have for many years believed themselves the only arbiters of English history. As they would, if they could, be masters for life of the country, so they have determined that none should consider the past save through their jaundiced eyes. With tranquil effrontery they have declared that the highest impartiality lies in the constant denunciation of Tories and Toryism. Should a Tory arise to sketch the history of his country in the colours of truth as he saw them, the Whigs denounced him for a pamphleteer, claiming that the last word of accuracy was spoken by the partisan voice of Lord Macaulay. From the Whiggish judgments of the past we are at last escaping. And few writers have served the cause of justice and equity with a better zeal and wisdom than Sir Henry Craik.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, has always stood in especial need of defence. The Whigs, and Gardiner

among them, have dealt hardly with him. They have cast upon his character the dust of misunderstanding and innuendo. The consistency and loyalty which were among his virtues have seemed detestable to his critics. He has been belittled for the mere reason that he was a staunch upholder of the monarchy by those who forget that by his innate love of monarchy, and by nothing else, must he be tried. For a statesman of Hyde's temperament the smallest defection from kingly allegiance would have been a political crime, and his enemies have found fault even with his austere sincerity. Sir Henry Craik, therefore, has abundant excuse for his eloquent vindication, and he has adopted throughout his work the soundest method of controversy. He has preferred to show his hero as he was, rather than to reply to the aspersions of opponents. And in the result he has given us a full-length portrait of Clarendon, set against the proper background of his time, which all men who are not "impartial," with the impartiality of the

¹ The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., LL.D. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Whigs, will recognise as the portrait of a brave, wise, and dignified gentleman.

Born of an ancient family at Dinton, near Salisbury, in 1609, Edward Hyde grew to manhood under the best auspices. The sketches which he has left of both his parents help to explain the plain, unswerving honesty of his own career. His father had served Elizabeth in Parliament, and had also indulged "his inclination to travel beyond the seas." But not even a sojourn in the Rome of Sixtus V. had made him a wanderer, and he settled down early in life to the simple pursuits of a scholar and a country gentleman. "He lived," says his son, "with great cheerfulness and content, being a person of great knowledge and reputation, and of so great esteem for integrity that most persons near him referred all matters of contention and difference which did arise amongst them to his determination: by which that part of the country lived in more peace and quietness than many of their neighbours." While Henry Hyde saw most clearly the duty which lay at his feet, "his wife, who was married to him above forty years," as her son tells us, "never was in London in her life: the wisdom and frugality of that time being such that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journeys, but upon important business, and their wives never: by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in

their houses, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours." The training which he received in this home of well-ordered simplicity had an influence upon Hyde unto the end. What his early life lost in movement and variety it gained in intensity, and the characteristics which marked his maturity were already evident when he first went to seek his fortune in London.

The first lesson that he had learned was that "he had to make his fortune by his own industry," and when he had renounced an early design of taking orders, it was natural that he should look to the law for an avenue of preferment, so that with as much lightness of heart as was possible to him he became a student at the Inns of Court. At the outset it was life rather than law that he studied, and he threw himself into the society of the Temple, intent upon amusement, with considerable zest. But he did not wholly forget the claims of study. "When he did indulge himself in the liberty," he wrote many years afterwards, "it was without any signal debauchery, and not without some hours every day, at least every night, spent among his books." It was in these days of irresponsibility that he learned to know the wits of the town, and even sat in the "Old Devil Tavern" at the feet of Ben Jonson himself. He was too young, as yet too remote from letters, to stand high in that great man's intimacy. Nor was he

ready to sacrifice all to win the approval of the literary dictator. To know Ben Jonson was in Ben Jonson's eyes a liberal profession. "But Mr Hyde's business," he tells us, "had its claims upon his time," and he could not endorse the poet's belief "that business ought never to be preferred before his company." However, he was familiar enough with the "Old Devil Tavern" to cherish a pious memory of its wits, and to indite many years after a wise and flattering character of Ben Jonson, its supreme arbiter.

Far nearer to his heart and mind was the judicious Selden, whose friendship he prized above all things, and whose conduct he always excused, even when he did not approve it. The passage in which he does honour to Selden does honour to himself. "Mr Selden was a person," he wrote, "whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability were such that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best Courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good, and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding. . . . Mr Hyde was wont to say that he valued himself upon

nothing more than upon having had Mr Selden's acquaintance from the time he was very young, and held it with great delight as long as they were suffered to continue together in London." The influence of Selden's wisdom and intelligence is seen in all that Hyde wrote and thought, and he exaggerates not a jot the worth of the philosopher's acquaintance.

Throughout his life Hyde was a loyal and faithful friend. His belief in the sanctity of friendship was whole-hearted. He knew how much might be learned of humour and manners from the company of good and wise men. By their learning and instruction he formed his studies and mended his information. With that touch of priggishness which was not always absent from his reflections, he declared "that he was never so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." This is a boast not always possible even for the most modest or most fortunate of men. It was not beyond the reach of the friend of Lucius Carey, Sidney Godolphin, Edmund Waller, John Earle, John Hales of Eton, and William Chillingworth. For Hyde too was of the privileged scholars admitted to Carey's house at Tew, whither they came "to study in a purer air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society."

So it was that when Hyde threw himself into the noisy battle of politics, he was conscious of a fair equipment. He had the valuable experience which comes of converse with the wise and good. He possessed a set of political principles which were destined to stand him in good stead, even in times of civil strife. He was a staunch upholder of King and Church, and though his eyes were never blinded to the faults of Charles I. or of Laud, he was ever ready to condone the faults of those whose sacred offices he revered. He was an aristocrat, who believed devoutly in the principle of aristocracy, and though he might deplore the injudicious counsels of his King, he could not tolerate for a moment what seemed to him the excesses of the Parliament. On which side he would fight there was never a doubt. Meanwhile he was a very zealous member of Parliament. "He was very much in the business of the House"—to use his own words; "the greatest chairman in the committees of the greatest moment; and very diligent in attending the service both in the House and at committees." It was at a committee appointed to examine the enclosure of certain lands that he first encountered the redoubtable Cromwell. Mandeville, the most courteous of men and rebels, was defending the enclosure, when Cromwell broke in upon the debate with great violence. "In the end," says Hyde, "Cromwell's whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behaviour so insolent, that

the chairman felt himself obliged to reprehend, . . . which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him, with the utmost malice and revenge, to his death."

When Hyde espoused the King's cause, the only cause possible for a statesman of his strong opinions and unswerving honour, he stood on the pinnacle of prosperity. He was rich, fortunate, and highly esteemed. "Under this universal acquaintance and general acceptance," he writes with a proud candour, "Mr Hyde led for many years as cheerful and pleasant a life as any man did enjoy, as long as the kingdom took any pleasure in itself. His practice grew every day as much as he wished, and could have been much more if he had wished it; by which he not only supported his expense, greater much than men of his rank and pretences used to make, but increased his estate by some convenient pieces of land adjoining to his other." His character had hardened with prosperity. Though in his youth he had been a complacent witness of gaming and debauchery, "he had, by God's immediate blessing, disentangled himself from these labyrinths, and was enough composed against any extravagant excursions." With an amiable insight into his own character he confesses that he had ambition enough "to raise his spirit to great designs of raising himself, but not to transport him to endeavour it by any crooked and indiscreet means." It was his just boast that "he

was never suspected to flatter the greatest men, or in the least degree to dissemble his own opinions or thoughts." Though he knew perfectly well that he was inclined to pride and passion, though his love of wrangling and disputing was troublesome enough, he was clear-sighted as to his own virtues. In a passage all the more welcome because the most of men make a practice of dissembling their good qualities, he says boldly and aloud, "That which supported him and rendered him generally acceptable was his generosity (for he had too much a contempt of money), and the opinion men had of the goodness and justice of his nature, which was transcendent in him in a wonderful tenderness and delight in obliging. His integrity was ever without blemish, and believed to be above temptation. He was firm and unshakable in his friendship."

Such was the man who opposed with what energy he could the encroachments of Parliament. Openly conscious of his virtues, he could not and did not betray them. His career was one of singular evenness and uprightness. When Gardiner says that he had none of "the larger qualities of statesmanship," he means no doubt that he was not prepared to sacrifice his Tory principles upon the hastily constructed altars of new ideas. He was neither a Marten nor a Harry Vane. He believed that any attack upon the person or sovereignty of Charles I. was an unforgivable

crime. But there is as much room for the exercise of the larger qualities of statesmanship in the adherence to monarchy and the monarchical principle as there is in revolution. And had Hyde been cordially supported by the King and the King's army, he might have proved himself able to stem the tide of rebellion, and to reform the Government without bloodshed. He did not over-estimate the value of that vague thing called personal liberty. He saw no sanctity in an overturned throne. Had he had his way, he would have given relief to the people and done no violence to the established order. "This, at least, is certain," says Sir Henry Craik, "that out of the countless actors in that great drama there was not one who steered his course more straight, who was more honest in his first choice of adherence, or maintained more unchangeably the principles which he had set before himself, than Edward Hyde." That is a fair judgment, far removed from the rancour which in a Whig historian "may be combined with an almost Quaker-like profession of what is called historical impartiality," and in it we heartily concur.

When the crisis came in England's fate there was no room for Hyde's dexterous moderation. The Constitutional Monarchy which he advocated was shaped in accord with Conservative principles, and unacceptable to the reckless spirit of the time. But

the war made quite clear the path which he should follow. With Falkland and Colepeper he gave counsel to the King, and remained till the end his faithful servant and friend. The King generously acknowledged his devotion. "I must make Ned Hyde Secretary of State," he wrote in a hapless letter, which fell into the wrong hands, "for the truth is, I can trust no one else." But it was not long before Hyde encountered a universal jealousy. "He had great enviers," he wrote, "of many who thought he had run too fast." If he ran too fast, it was in a paltry race. The best advice which he or others could give the King was powerless to save him. Those who commanded what Hyde described as "a dissolute, undisciplined, wicked, beaten army, only terrible in plunder and resolute in running away," were one and all unfit for their trust. Goring did little else than drink and play. "For God's sake," Hyde wrote to him in a memorable letter, "let us not fall into ill-humours which may cost us dear. Get good thoughts about you, and let us hear speedily from you to a better tune." Goring could play no better tune than intrigue and debauchery. Sir Richard Grenville, on the other hand, was busy with extortion. Few of the others thought of their cause or their King. When the Court repaired to Oxford, it went thither to pursue the familiar path of luxury. They found pleasant quarters in the ancient colleges, and counted

rather for mouths to feed than for arms to fight. Ruin and defeat were inevitable, and they came with sure foot. Disaster upon disaster overwhelmed the unfortunate King. The rout of Naseby was followed by the surrender of Bristol,—a surrender all the harder to bear because it was due to the folly and inaction of Rupert. There seemed no hope in any quarter of the sky, and the King did his best to save his house from extinction by sending Prince Charles across the sea.

With the Prince went Hyde, as tutor and councillor, and for sixteen years he did not revisit his native land. However much he deplored his absence from the conduct of affairs, he turned his mind to history, and it is perhaps to his exile that we owe an imperishable record of the Civil War. Sir Henry Craik pictures him in Jersey, living with his friends Hopton and Capel, and treated by Sir George Carteret, the Deputy - Governor, with the utmost cordiality. "Theirs was a thrifty life," says Sir Henry, "and in one of his letters Hyde tells how they could afford only one good meal in the day; but they had abundant consolations. Hyde enjoyed, as he was wont to say, 'the greatest tranquillity of mind imaginable.'" When his friends were called to serve the cause elsewhere, he took up his abode with Sir George Carteret at Castle Elizabeth. "There he built for himself a small lodging against the wall of the church," again we quote

Sir Henry Craik, "on which he inscribed the motto fitted for his quiet retreat, 'Bene vixit qui bene latuit.'" Lonely otherwise, he had the companionship of his books and papers, and ten hours every day went to the compiling of the first part of his monumental History in its original form. Presently his calm was disturbed by an order to join the Prince in France, and thereafter he wandered up and down Europe, an unsuccessful envoy. Spain knew him, and Holland, until at last he accompanied King Charles II. on his restoration to the throne.

The hopes of a happy return, which Hyde had cherished through the long years of exile, were speedily disappointed. He came to an England which he knew not, a strange, dismoded man. He sketched the change which had overtaken the realm in a passage of despair. "In a word," said he, "the nation was corrupted from that integrity, good nature, and generosity which had been peculiar to it, and for which it had been signal and celebrated throughout the world; in the room thereof the vilest craft and dissembling had succeeded. . . . In the place of generosity, a vile and sordid love of money was entertained as the truest wisdom, and anything lawful that would contribute to being rich. There was a total decay, or rather a final expiration, of all friendship; and to dissuade a man from anything he affected, or to reprove him for anything he had done amiss, or to advise him to do anything

he had no mind to do, was thought an impertinence unworthy a wise man, and received with reproach and contempt." Such as Hyde conceived it was the result of the Rebellion, is, indeed, ever the result of democracy, and Charles II. did little to repair "these dilapidations and ruins of the ancient candour and discipline." The austere Hyde could not expect to find sympathy or support in the courtiers and mistresses of Whitehall. Nor was his position relieved of embarrassment when his daughter was secretly married to the Duke of York. His influence with the King speedily decreased. Charles II., never eminent for gratitude, soon forgot the devotion of his ancient tutor, who had endured exile and privation in his service. He saw in Hyde a Minister inflexible alike in candour and honesty, and therefore disinclined to tolerate his extravagance or to condone his follies. At last Hyde's very presence at Court irked the King, and he bade the Duke of York "to advise the Chancellor to be gone." Another term of exile seemed preferable to prison or Tower Hill, and once more Clarendon, as he had now become, landed on French soil, which he was never destined to leave. For a while he sojourned at Avignon, and was driven thence "by the multitude of dyers and silk manufacturers, and the worse smell of the Jews." Finding Montpellier better suited to his taste, he there dwelt with dignity and in good repute.

"When any English came thither," he writes, "none forebore to pay respect to the Chancellor." But the appreciation of Montpelier was not enough for him. He was homesick for England, and in 1671 he made a last appeal to the King, to whose service he had devoted his life. "It is now full seven years," he wrote to Charles, "since I have been deprived of your Majesty's favour, with some circumstances of mortification, which have never been exercised towards any other man, and therefore I may hope, from your good nature and justice, that a severity which you have never practised upon any other man for half the time, may be diminished in some degree towards me." And he concluded his piteous appeal by praying that the King would "at least signify his consent that I may return to beg my bread in England, and to die amongst my own children." It is in perfect consonance with Charles II.'s character that he left this letter without an answer. When Clarendon died three years later, it was at Rouen, which was nearer to his native land than Montpelier, and where the long-wished-for summons to return might more speedily have reached him.

Eminent as he was in council, it is as the historian of his time that Clarendon will be ever remembered. His book has its faults and limitations, no less than the masterpieces of Thucydides and Tacitus. Those who look upon history as a mere means of strengthening the Whig position will

doubtless convict Clarendon of monstrous partiality, and it may be confessed that he thought it no part of his duty to look back upon events with the eyes of a Roundhead. Sir Henry Craik points out with perfect truth that he had little sense of natural scenery or of its dramatic elements. He might have gone further, and admitted that he never set the persons of his drama against any background, natural or artificial. He was interested supremely in men, not things, in the conflict of wills and the passions of the mind. Above all, he was interested in character. History for him was "character in action," and as he had known all the actors in the drama which unfolded itself before his eyes, and in which he had played a foremost part, he could measure their motives and discern their traits. And in this love of character he was true to the fashion of his time. Sir Thomas Overbury and John Earle, faithful disciples of Theophrastus, had not worked in vain. They had shown that it was not romantic incident alone which could move the curiosity of men. Divination of character held sway in their minds and in the minds of their readers. Clarendon did but transfer their method from the delineation of types to the delineation of individual men, and he did it with a surety unequalled save in the ancients. And while in politics he naturally and rightly took the view of an honest partisan, in the drawing of character he was just, even to his foes. He hated

Oliver Cromwell, the one man of genius, in peace and war, who emerged in the Civil Wars, with the hatred of a convinced royalist. Yet he did not withhold from him the tribute of his lofty praise. If Cromwell could not but be a criminal in his eyes, he was a criminal whose grandeur dazzled the onlooker. Here are a few sentences culled from his character, which proves his impartial sense of history. Some words are charged with malice, it is true. But the recognition of Cromwell's greatness is unstinted. "He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. . . . He achieved those things, in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded. . . . When he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom. . . . In all matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for law. . . . His greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. . . . He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavel's method." Here are some fragments of a tribute paid to grandeur which does as much honour to Clarendon's insight as to his good faith.

Clarendon, in composing history, followed the best models. He admits in a letter that

Livy and Tacitus were his masters, and then adds an apology: "I am contented you should laugh at me for a fop," he says, "in talking of Livy and Tacitus, when all I can hope for is to side with Hollingshead and Stowe, or (because he is a poor knight, too) Sir Richard Baker." There was no need of an apology. Clarendon has nothing in common with such patient chroniclers as Hollingshead and Stowe. The only link which binds him to Sir Richard Baker, who composed his characters in prison, is misfortune. In aim, as in achievement, he is of the grand school. Even his faults of style came from an exuberance of mind. He uses too few words, and uses them too often. That is to say, his dictum is verbose, and yet lacks variety. The compensations are obvious. As Dr Johnson says, "there is in his negligence a rude, inartificial majesty, which, in that nicety of laboured eloquence, swells the mind by its plentitude and effusion." On all counts his memory is entitled to our respect. He was a faithful public servant, a sound Tory, the vivid painter of a vivid age.

It is only by an irony that the term politician may be used for men so dissimilar in temperament and ambition as Clarendon and Mr Lloyd George. Clarendon was a political philosopher, with a definite aim and purpose from which he could never have been turned by the gust of popular fury. Mr George holds

neither views nor philosophy of his own. What he does conforms to no principle of governance. His policy, when it is no worse, is a series of leaps in the dark. So long as his action wins the suffrages of the people, he cares not what are their results. England and the Empire may go hang, so long as he guards his personal vanity and keeps a comfortable majority. And being but a barometer of other men's feelings, and not himself a thinking statesman, he can never foresee the consequences of his deeds. The full folly of his famous Budget is only now coming to light. The Report of His Majesty's Commissioners of Inland Revenue, recently published, contains a mass of curious information. We all remember how many benefits were to be conferred upon the world by what was proudly known as "Lloyd George Finance." Not only was the expense of Old Age Pensions to be defrayed, but a general scheme of Insurance, then higher in the clouds even than to-day, was to be paid for without extra taxation. In brief, there was refreshing fruit for every lip, and enough over to stock many Covent Gardens. And now comes the report upon the Land Values to show the hollowness of Mr George's thoughtless schemes. Every word of it bears the mark of the master's hand. It contains, for the best reason, few figures. The strong box at the Treasury has not yet been burst asunder by the inrush of gold. But if the fig-

ures are few, the report is not without a vast deal of rhetoric of the approved kind. It indulges in the familiarly vague phrases, such as "property enhanced in value by the action of the community at large." It boasts that "to find a parallel to this scheme of universal valuation we must go back to the Domesday-book of William the Conqueror," and it tells us the amiable story of "an estate which has remained in the hands of one family from the date of Domesday-book to the present time." Why this story should be told save as an awful warning we do not know. We can easily imagine the blind rage which inspires Mr George when he hears of an honest landlord who has survived a thousand years the attentions of the tax-collector.

Even apart from its anecdote, the report will be read with interest. It is soothing to know that there are 11,000,000 hereditaments in the Three Kingdoms which expect the valuer. Of these valuations some 300,000 appear to have been made, and it speaks eloquently of Mr George's modest temper that he thinks he has every reason to be satisfied with the progress achieved. At this rate of progress we may hope to see the new Domesday-book completed by 1950 or thereabouts, and then, we suppose, the sad process must begin all over again. It is, therefore, most consoling to economical citizens to know that a full staff of valuers has been engaged. They at any-

rate have tasted the refreshing fruit. One of them receives £1200 a-year. Fifteen more are cheap at £800. Forty-nine others have been procured—a bargain—for £550 rising to £700; one hundred and seven fortunate men begin at £350, to end at £500; and there are fourteen hundred others, “at various salaries and wages.” All is well, therefore, with the staff, which is ready, no doubt, to draw its salaries and to vote for Mr George like one man. Only one cloud veils the sky of Mr George’s content. The duties on land values have hitherto produced little or no return. The principal valuers share between them some £77,600, while the fourteen hundred whose salaries are not given receive, let us hope, a living wage. And what has been the result of their costly exertions? In 1909-10 the Undeveloped Land Duty produced £1189, and dropped in 1910-11 to £1162! That Mr Lloyd George is disappointed we do not for a moment suppose. He is still in office, and still valuable. What matters it, then, that the duty which was going to create for the working man a new heaven and a new earth should bring into the coffers of the State a paltry fifteen hundred pounds, not much more than the comfortable salary of the chief valuer? The voter has a short memory, and no doubt Mr George will soon find another site (undeveloped) where he will build his heaven and his earth.

It seems like a comedy. It is a tragedy. The useless

scheme devised by Mr George, and advocated as a definite means of attacking the landlords of England, has had the effect which could easily have been foretold. While it has done no good to the Exchequer, it has shaken the public confidence in landed property. The old beneficent landlords, who took an interest in the prosperity of their tenants, have taken the Chancellor’s warning and got rid of portions, at least, of their estates. Having been told that it was the Government’s purpose to fine them because they were the owners of land, they could do no less. And the sale of the land has injured not the landlords, but the tenants and small-holders, whom Mr George took under his especial care. The German Radical Jew, who is ousting many of the feudal landlords, has not the sentiment of his predecessors. For him land is like any other commercial enterprise—a means of making money. He intends that his estate shall pay as good a dividend as can be wrung out of it. We heard of one new landlord the other day who warned all his tenants that he would instantly double their rent. And when the tenants have borrowed the money on mortgage to buy their holdings, their state is no happier. No longer can their rent be returned to them after a bad season. If their farm-buildings want repair, henceforth they will have no one to look to for help. The interest on the mortgage must be paid to a solicitor, who can-

not, even if he would, make a reduction in a year of draught. In brief, the pleasant relations which once existed between landlord and tenant are in many places gone for ever. And Mr George doesn't care. He has spent a vast sum upon valuers, and has collected £1162, which ought to be enough for any rhetorician.

Mr George is treating the question of Insurance in the same light-hearted spirit of ignorance in which he treated Land Values. The speech which he delivered a fortnight ago in Whitefield's Tabernacle—an odd place for such an oration—showed that we may expect of him nothing of wisdom and moderation. He made the same statements as usual, in the same tone of truculent familiarity. He repeated for the tenth time that the workman will get ninepence worth for fourpence a week. Every one knows that he will get nothing of the sort, but the universal knowledge does not appal Mr George. "Are you surprised," he asks impertinently, "that the Scotsmen of Kilmarnock voted enthusiastically for it? That is not the race to reject 9d. for 4d." Let not Mr George be over-confident. The Scots are not the race to forgive the man who dupes them, and when they discover that the boasted 5d. is not 5d. at all, they will take a proper revenge at the polls.

We do not expect accuracy from Mr George, and the rash statements which made up his speech neither surprise nor annoy us. What is of far worse omen is the tone of petulance which the Chancellor has adopted. The framer of the absurd Budget of 1909 still demands our faith in a bill, not because it is wise or beneficent, but because he is its author. He appears to think his own honour is engaged. Good or bad the Bill shall pass, because he has said it will pass. The profit of the people is nothing to him. Economy is nothing to him. He refuses to discuss his proposals, or to combat objections. "The Bill is going through this year. I will fight it through, or I will fall." For this bombastic piece of melodrama there is no excuse at all. A vast number of Englishmen would rejoice at nothing so much as at Mr George's fall. But it is not Mr George, it is England, that will suffer by the Insurance Bill, and he would be better employed in attempting to defend his handiwork than in advertising his sensibility. Unluckily there is no chance of reform for him. He has listened too often to the sound of his own voice, and like Mr Gladstone, intoxicated with his own verbosity, he believes that he can do nothing wrong. May his awakening be not too long delayed!

CONCERNING THE COOLUN.

"Ad subitas Thracum volucres nubemque sonoram
Pygmæus parirs currit bellator in armis."

IT is about ten of a fine October day in the plains of Upper India. Out of doors the power of the sun is asserting itself, but the hours after day-break have already begun to be marked by a distinct freshness. This morning a gracious dew glistened on the lawn whereon a little blue-and-white water-wagtail, after an absence of many months, was seeking his subsistence, while regarding the master of the house with all the confidence of an old friend. White filmy cobwebs glittered on the grass and among the low garden-bushes. The air itself was not the same atmosphere as that of a week ago. Clear and light, it had brought with it this morning a sense of physical exhilaration to which dwellers in the plains had long been strangers. The Joint Magistrate during his early ride has joyfully noted these signs of the seasons, and is now waiting breakfast with a new appetite, when suddenly across the cawing of the crows outside and the chattering of the minahs there comes to his ear a far off but unmistakable cry—

Krach-krach-krnakkul.

As promptly as the Pigmy warrior our friend is outside in

the verandah seeking for the source of the sound. With eyes unaccustomed to the glare this is not easy to detect until the vibrant "krach-krach" has been several times repeated. Ah, there it is now. Right overhead is the spot—the "nubes sonora" which resolves itself on inspection into a congregation of fifty, sixty, or seventy specks, representing the great slate-coloured birds of whom we hope to see more at closer quarters hereafter. For the moment we hail their appearance with unfeigned delight. Year after year this epiphany comes about in exactly the same way—somewhere between the 1st and the 31st October—bringing with it a certain message of encouragement and good cheer. "Krach-krach-krnakkul," that is, being interpreted, "Here we are back. The rains are over. The cold weather is upon you." And no one ever knew these sagacious birds to be wrong. If they could but impart a little of their faculty to the savants of the Meteorological Office at Simla what strides the limping science of weather prediction would make to be sure.

For thousands of years the crane has been an object of

interest to humanity. His striking appearance, his resonant cries, and the mysterious regularity of his habits ensured from the earliest times the attention of men. It is to be feared that he also forced himself upon their notice by his appetite. Those who have noticed the ravages that can be made in a field of rice or vetch when a good-sized flock of geese or cranes have been allowed to enjoy a quiet night thereon, can form an idea of the toll that must have been taken from the crops by these hungry birds before the days of firearms. Whereas a single shot sends them flying off for miles nowadays, in old times no doubt all the shouting of the farmer and his hands would scarcely move them from one end of a field to the other. At any rate it is certain that the Greeks from the earliest times knew at least as much about the crane as we do now. Not to quote passages from the *Iliad* downwards, indicating how closely they had observed his habits, what is more surprising is how accurately they had learned where he went when he vanished from their view. The Birds of Aristophanes in enumerating the services they perform for men, claim that by their means the farmer is enabled to tell the moment at which to sow — when he sees the cranes noisily making off for Libya. More precisely Herodotus tells us that the cranes flying from the cold of

the region of Scythia resort to Libya and Ethiopia for wintering. The exactitude of this knowledge of the migration was curiously confirmed in our own day. Readers of Slatin Pasha's enthralling account of his captivity at Omdurman may remember how he was one day suddenly summoned before the Khalifa to interpret a mysterious writing found attached to the neck of one of these birds that had been shot by a Dervish. The suspicious message turned out to be nothing more than a notice from an ornithologist in Southern Russia saying that he had released the crane at such a place and begging any one into whose hands it might fall to send him notice of the where and when of its capture, as a clue to its peregrinations. It was certainly a strange chance that this precarious post-card should have found its way to one of the two or three persons of all the then population of the African interior who was capable of reading it. But if the Russian naturalist had remembered his "Aves" and his second book of Herodotus he would have been aware that the information he was searching after was common knowledge more than 2000 years ago. In some ways men's powers may have advanced with civilisation: but in observation they have certainly gone back.

But the crane has other merits beyond the punctuality of his habits. He is excellent

to eat, a fact that was perfectly appreciated by our forefathers in the days when he still nested in Britain: and though individual birds may differ in this respect, as is the case with almost all wild fowl, a roast coolun, whether hot or cold, is an acceptable addition to the sideboard, especially towards the beginning of November, when the resources of the Anglo-Indian larder are at their lowest. It was somewhere about this time of year that I was commanded by the lady who then ruled our District—in the name, be it understood, and person of her husband—to get her a wild goose to help out a dinner she had arranged for the ensuing week. “But, my dear madame,” I ventured, “I cannot get you a goose, because the geese have not yet come in.” “Well, then, a bustard.” “But the bustard have all gone,” I say with some relief, for an order to produce a bustard would not be the same thing as a commission to get a turkey from the poulterer’s. “How you young men make difficulties! But something I must have: imagine what the Natives would think if they knew that the Collector could not get a dish of game in his own District.” Diffidently I suggest the possibility of a coolun, for the merits of this bird are not sufficiently known nowadays; but the proposal finds unexpected favour, and it is soon arranged that the approaching week-end is to be devoted to

the pursuit. The first outing of the season is always a thing to look forward to, and if crane-shooting does not rank high as gunnery, the thought of what will happen should one return empty-handed supplies an element of excitement to the expedition. Twenty miles out of the station there is a large tract of waste, low-lying ground, through which runs a chain of what might at this season of the year be taken for lakes, lakes which in March will be isolated pools, and by May will have disappeared altogether. This spongy plain, fringed by autumn and winter crops of all kinds, is the favourite haunt of large flocks of *grus communis*, and though it is one thing to see these birds even in hundreds and another thing to get a shot at them, there is no place hereabouts where one is more likely to score. Accordingly tent, servants, and necessities are sent out by cart early on Saturday morning, and after the day’s work is done with one starts to ride out. There is a good road the whole way, and with a good nag to start on and an ideal covert hack to relieve him halfway, we are in before it is really dark. How good a thing is that first evening of the season in camp. How bright the yellow of the lamp’s glow inside the tent: how white the tablecloth, what a whisky and soda is this that our boy has ready for us. Surely Hatch & Hedges must have sent us some of their oldest liqueur by mistake.

And what a dinner produces itself subsequently: one might have fared worse in Piccadilly. And was there ever a more luxurious bed, though it is but an affair of poles and canvas and travels in a mean-looking bag? Bed, however, is a luxury in which one will do well to be frugal, for much depends on being in good time for the cranes next morning. Accordingly we rise while it is dark and are ready to take the field with the first grey of dawn. Unluckily the shikari is absent. An attack of the fever that is always abroad at this season has kept him at home: but the resident Native official has provided two coolies of a caste that devotes itself to bird-snaring, and who know the locality thoroughly, to act as gun-bearers and guides. In the brief morning twilight we set off, now along alleys in the tall crops which throw off showers of moisture, now across newly sown fields whose clods are glutinous with the heavy morning dew. Soon the harsh cries of innumerable water-birds apprise us that we are nearing our ground.

A heavy white mist hangs over the plain, which is all in favour of the operations in hand. Presently, as we cautiously skirt the plain, a small isolated party of cranes is viewed on a flat spit of ground running down to the lake, in a position which offers a fair chance of a stalk. A stack of straw, 150 yards from where

the birds are, provides a good basis of operations; then a deepish artificial ditch, which later on will serve for irrigation purposes, to conduct the water of the lake with the aid of basket-lifts to the adjoining fields, affords a means of approach to within forty or fifty yards of the party. We are soon mustered behind the stack. The coolies are left there in ambush, and taking the gun the crane-killer starts on his crawl. It is a muddy but an easy business, and he is soon arrived at the nearest point to the prey. Here he pauses in concealment to get his breath for the run in that will gain him a few yards, but even while he is securely admiring the great birds, which look doubly large through the mist, there is a sudden croak of alarm, a flapping of wings, and they are off before a man could pick up a gun and get in a cartridge. The disaster seems unaccountable, until he looks behind him and sees the two coolies, who had been left behind the stack, coming up across the open with fluttering garments as phlegmatically as if they were going out to weed their fields. Here was a singular instance of the stunting effects of over-specialisation. These men belonged by birth to the caste of fowlers in whom hereditary aptitude has developed a wonderful expertness. If it had been a question of walking into a tank, stalking up to a flock of ducks, the head covered with an inverted

earthen jar, and dragging them noiselessly under water; or of working them on a dark night up to the standing net and eventually springing them just at the effective distance, these men would have been quite alive to the requirements of the situation. But here was a new sort of shikar, involving the intervention of a gun; so why should it occur to them that to walk down upon the crane in full view with their white wrappings streaming in the breeze was in any way prejudicial to the common object? They had been told by the official who recruited them that their business was to accompany the Sahib. Accompany him they would: what did anything else matter?

It is useless to be angry with people like this. Besides, as no shot has been fired the position is not irretrievable. The cranes have not been alarmed, and the ground holds quantities of them. But much marching and counter-marching fails to discover any others in an accessible position. At last, however, just when one begins to apprehend that they may be off for the day, we catch sight of a flock feeding incautiously on the brink of a high field of urhar. The stalk is an easy affair: one has only to get through the almost arboreal crop without making too much noise, to arrive within thirty yards of the unsuspecting birds. The first barrel lays one out flat on the ooze, and the second brings down another winged

from the rising flock. In an instant the whole sky seems to be full of great grey birds, mounting into the air from every quarter of the compass with harsh cries of indignation and protest. Meantime it is impossible not to admire the behaviour of the crippled crane. Unable to fly, he does not think of running, but comes straight for us as we emerge from the urhar with open beak and angry screams—a charge which for pluck would have done credit to a tiger. The next moment the staff of one of the coolies descends across his long neck and the poor thing's troubles are over.

There is no more to be done here. No crane will allow himself to be approached again on this ground to-day, or to-morrow for that matter, and, besides, two are enough to satisfy any one. On the way back we come across a bunch of teal, which being for some reason reluctant to quit the ground they are on, give some small-game shooting for a change, and leave two couple behind them. Yet it is no more than 9 A.M. when we return to the tents, and the day's sport over. But time seldom drags on these outings. And when one has cleaned and put away the gun and seen to the toilet of the horses and one's own, there is a visit to be paid to the old Zemindar, who lives with his sons and grandsons, and daughters and granddaughters (only these of course are invisible) in a dwelling half

farmhouse half fortress, with a great rectangular courtyard surrounded by a great wall, on to the interior side of which are built a series of chambers, stables, granaries, cattle-sheds, and bedrooms for the servants and retainers, on a model that takes us straight back to Ithaca and Pylus in the *Odyssey*. And our host's talk, whose memory goes back beyond the Mutiny, is of the good old times of his youth, and the better times of his father, when Government officers were greater Bahadurs than they are nowadays, when the earth yielded better harvests, when coolies and menials would work for next to nothing, and a country gentleman could settle a difference with a money-lender in his own way, without the certainty of a subsequent appearance in the law courts—in which there may be a spice of truth, for this particular piece of the District was something of an Alsatia some seventy years ago, being on the corner of the anarchical kingdom of Oudh, insomuch that special guards had to be set by European passengers travelling by boat along the highway of the Ganges, when they tied up for the night, if they did not want to be boarded and plundered.

But to return to the cranes. In spite of their wariness they sometimes fall easy victims owing to the regularity of their habits. If a flock has been noticed in the early dawn flying low over

a particular point, it is worth while to take post there the next morning, even though the spot may be close to highroads and habitations. Perhaps it is that the birds know that at this hour no one should be about but harmless peasants: but certainly at the morning flight they often seem to part with their usual caution. Let me recall the circumstances of one such interview. The time it is 5.30 A.M., and our boat is floating in the darkness along the broad surface of the Ganges. Anything more unsimilar to the orthodox fowling-punt there could not be. It is, in fact, little more than a rough cage of woodwork built round a capacious hold, which when loaded with stones, timber, or other country cargo will ride close to the water, but now, being empty, rides conspicuously above it. Our trust, therefore, is not in concealment but familiarity. A short piece both at bow and stern is roughly decked with planks, and on the aft deck crouches a shivering steersman. The hold is occupied by two other boatmen, striving to warm themselves over a small pan of charcoal embers, and a couple of sportsmen. As the first signs of dawn come into the sky the discordant cries of water-birds are heard a short way down stream. Here the wayward river, in subsiding after the annual rains, has left an island patch, which is still in that spongy condition as regards its surface that is appreciated

by wildfowl. Here, as our shikari tells us, a party of cranes take up their quarters by night, to make across the river at sunrise for the fields on the opposite bank. Will they repeat the performance this morning?—That is the question, and it begins to be a doubtful one. We have seen two or three skeins of geese trailing in the distance across the eastern sky. Two or three small parties of gadwall have rustled overhead, bent on keeping some early appointment up river. It is nearly broad day, and in another minute or two, slowly as our barge floats, we shall be past the island, when suddenly there comes the well-known trumpet of the crane, and we catch sight of a flock of ten or twelve making straight for us. Swerving slightly as they come up, they are a little far for the 12-bore; but the second murderer is armed with an 8-bore choke, whose arguments a goose or crane at fifty yards finds it difficult to resist. One is crumpled up by the right barrel, another catches it hard, wobbles as he rises to clear the river bank, drops into the water, and by the time he is recovered life is extinct. The sanguine shikari insists on going off in the small boat after a third, hit but not seriously hurt by the 12-bore, which he assures us he will pick up and bring back. For our part we are content to brew tea and light tobacco, while we drift down stream to a landing-point where the horses will

be ready to take us home, a bare mile, to bath, breakfast, and business.

It would be absurd to maintain that crane-shooting is a very high form of sport, or one that the most enthusiastic would care to pursue every day. When Jerdon mentions that there was a man in his time in India who was known to have killed over a thousand bustard, one feels that this enthusiast's outlook on life must have been somewhat limited. Doubtless the bustard is a noble bird, but one stalk is very much like another, and an existence devoted solely to his destruction must run a risk of being stunted in other directions. Personally I should think that any one who had got his dozen—and this will mean some time and trouble nowadays—might well recognise the splendid creatures' right to live. The pursuit of the crane has this advantage, that it is only possible for some four months in the year, and, moreover, is attended with more variety of incident than the chase of the Otides. Yet though it has none of the exhilaration of snipe-shooting, when birds are thick and one's hand and eye are in, an occasional by-day after geese or crane has its own charm. It takes one generally to pleasant scenes and places away—though they need not be far away—from the commonplace of daily life. Pitched beneath a mango-grove on the margin of a lake or river, though per-

haps not twenty miles from a bustling modern town, one may taste that sense of isolation and independence, the fascination of which sends men on painful journeys into the wilds and wastes of the earth. For a person who has business to attend to, these joys are beyond reach; but camp life, which is within the compass of everyone in India, supplies a very tolerable substitute. There is no form of hardship and discomfort that cannot be attained within the limits of an ordinary vacation: a man may freeze in the snow, or steam in tropical forests, or parch in the desert, as his preference lies, to his heart's content: while simple solitude is always to be had by him who has a week-end to spare at less cost than a return ticket to Margate, to say nothing of the hotel bill. It is a measure of our real distance from the people of the country that at times like these the figures of the natives on the landscape, the houses of the neighbouring villages, no more disturb the sense of being alone with nature than do their flocks and herds as they wend their way out or home in the course of an existence hardly more monotonous than that of their owners. Bowed to the earth in a changeless round of tasks, varying only with the regular succession of the seasons, the cultivator of the plains of Hindustan, albeit inheritor of an ancient civilisation, represents perhaps the lowest degree of mental inertia.

The aboriginal of the jungles, who is being continually called upon to exercise his faculties, is an alert and intelligent personage by comparison. The difference between them is much the same as that between the farmyard geese, whose migrations are confined to a waddle to the village common, and the keen creatures with whom the sportsman is concerned — travelled birds who have seen much of the world and have come to know themselves and one another, who have learned from the old gander who leads the V in emergencies all the secrets of aviation, judges of climate and crops, old campaigners who can make the most of short commons or pillage to the best effect when plenty offers, can tell the range of a choke-bore and distinguish a coolie from a shikari without lifting their heads. To outwit a flock of these bright-eyed, sagacious birds is no such simple job, and there is always a fair sporting chance of coming back empty-handed. So much the greater the satisfaction when the patient stratagem succeeds, and after a close shot from boat or ambush has rewarded the solitary stalker with as much spoil as his gun-bearers can conveniently carry, he is in no mood to envy the owner of the biggest shooting in all England. The birds are hoisted on the heads and shoulders of the coolies, the pipe is lit, and we set out homewards. Darkness is settling over the scene,

but a red glow lingers in the west, whence a cool stir of the evening breeze reaches us in puffs across the solemn mere. The innumerable tribes of coots, night-herons, storks, land-gulls, bitterns, and promiscuous waders now break into concert with their strange cries. The "skeep-scape" of invisible snipe catches the ear on every side. Under the stars ghostly companies of duck and teal hurtle past, rather heard than seen. When a man can tell the different tribes by the rustle of their wings he may feel that

he is beginning to be qualified for the degree of Wildfowler. The present apologist of the cranes has neither the natural aptitude nor a tithe of the experience required for pretension to that title. But, in truth, very little of either is required to catch the taste of the thing, which, when once contracted, draws him back to scenes like these with as strong a fascination as the eternal snows exert over the mountaineer, or the brandy bottle over the determined votary of Bacchus.

G. M. CHESNEY.

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE career of the Eighth Duke of Devonshire, as it is displayed in the pages of Mr Bernard Holland's admirable biography, has an interest which is already archæological. If he were a statesman, we know not what they are who presume to carry on the traditions of his craft. Between him and his successors there is no binding link of purpose or ambition. He has been dead less than four years, and he seems to-day as remote as the heroes of Plutarch's world. So fast have we travelled down the inclined plane of lawlessness, that we can hardly realise that this staunch champion of law and order ever lived and spoke in our midst. But the wanton revolution which has lately taken place in the conduct of affairs increases the value of Mr Holland's presentment, and we can wish our politicians no better fate than that they should keep before them the high example of this wise and patriotic Duke.

For fifty years, as Lord Cavendish, the Marquis of Hartington, and the Duke of Devonshire, he took part in the government of his country, and never for a moment did he loosen his hold upon the faith and respect of the people. There was none, either friend or foe, who did not trust his lofty sense of honour and his profound knowledge of affairs. His countrymen always recog-

nised that he brought far more to the task of government than he expected to get out of it. For him politics was no adventure. He was not forced by necessity or a false ambition to trim the sails of his bark to the popular breeze. The son of a noble and distinguished house, he inherited the best traditions of Whig policy, and he hoped to serve England, not to compel England to serve him. A sense of duty sent him into the House of Commons, and a sense of duty kept him there. There is a vast deal of evidence in Mr Holland's volumes to prove that, if he could, he would early have retired to the private life of an English gentleman. "We are in again, I am sorry to say," he wrote in 1873, "not without an attempt on my part to get free." Though he would not put his colleagues to any inconvenience, he had already "come to detest office." When Mr Gladstone had discovered prematurely that he was arriving at "the closing of his days," Lord Hartington hoped against hope that he might not be forced to succeed that eminent man. "It will really be a great relief to be out of it," he wrote; "and not only on idle grounds. I should never have liked it; but I don't think I could endure the toleration I should have to put up with." When he saw that he could no longer escape the leadership, he assumed it with a strong

hand. Yet the reluctance to lead never left him. "It is extraordinary," he wrote to Lord Salisbury many years later, "what an attraction office seems to have for some people." It had none for him, and he boasts the unique distinction of having refused three times to be Prime Minister.

This is the first secret of his profound influence: the whole world knew him to be disinterested. And not merely was he disinterested; he had an unconcealed dislike for cant of every sort. When Mr Gladstone was rushing up and down the country denouncing what he called "Bulgarian atrocities," Lord Hartington deplored the summoning of a Conference. "I see no great harm," he wrote to Lord Granville, "if it is a failure, so long as the moderate men of the party are not mixed up in it. They cannot talk more nonsense than has already been talked at the meetings; but why should we encourage any respectable member of the party to go and listen to, and be in some sense perhaps committed by the speeches of men like Freeman, Canon Liddon, Jenkins, Maxse, Lyulph Stanley, &c., &c., and innumerable parsons? The number of the latter on the list is quite enough for me." It was this same hatred of cant that made him take a modest view of his parliamentary services. He did not believe that because he was returned to the House of Commons by an enthusiastic constituency he was the saviour of his country. The vice of pomposity was impossible to

him. "I have seen much of the shorthorn world," he wrote, when men's minds were inflamed by the Eastern Question, "who do not appear to be wiser than other people." Once upon a time when an orator in the House of Lords said, "this is the proudest moment of my life," the Duke murmured to his neighbour, "the proudest moment of my life was when my pig won the first prize at Skipton Fair." It was his great virtue never to put false values upon things, nor to disguise his preferences. He firmly believed that his birth and destiny called him to the political field. The obligation of honour did not leave him a free man. Had he been free, perhaps he would have given to sport not his leisure but his life. "Sometimes I dream that I am leading in the winner of the Derby," he said, "but I am afraid it will never be anything but a dream." It is certain that he never dreamed that he was Prime Minister.

And with this nonchalance were bound up a transparent honesty, and a perfect sense of truth. He made no sacrifice to the exigence of the moment. By a happy fate he was spared the disgrace of rhetoric. Such words as he had, and they were persuasive rather than many, he employed not to cloak but to reveal his mind. As Mr Holland says, "the witch, Imagination, had no power over him." It was his constant endeavour to strip falsehood of her trappings. A magnificently ingenuous passage in a letter of Mr Gladstone's

lucidly explains the difference between the two men. "I have been a good deal distressed," wrote Mr Gladstone in 1883, "by a passage as reported in Hartington's very strong and able speech, for which I am at a loss to account, so far does it travel out into the open, and so awkward are the intimations it seems to convey." It would be impossible to surpass the unconscious humour of these observations. Candour is always "awkward" in the eyes of the politician, and to travel out into the open ways of truth is inexcusable when it might cost a vote. And the Duke of Devonshire was always in the open. "He cared only to state things as they were." His opinions were plain for all men to approve or discuss. If his colleagues did not share his opinions, then he resigned; and the fact that he and others resigned at certain crises of our history reminds us that politics, even Radical politics, were once the pursuit of honourable men. We can imagine no difference of opinion so great that it would persuade a single member of the present Government to resign. The Duke himself noted this pitiful falling off in public morality. "I take a very gloomy view of the prospect," he wrote in 1908. "Campbell-Bannerman seems prepared to go to any lengths, and Asquith, Haldane & Co. will do nothing effectual to stop him." He, of course, in such a case would have resigned instantly. For the limpets of office there is no resignation, but a wicked responsibility in

the misdeeds of others. When Lord Hartington severed the last link which bound him to Gladstone, Auberon Herbert, who disagreed with him in politics, wrote him a letter which should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the walls of Westminster Hall. We make no apology for printing here these sentences of honest wisdom. "I think we may go right or wrong about Ireland, or almost any great matter," wrote Auberon Herbert, "and, if wrong, recover from our mistake; but the one thing from which I think there is no salvation is when men begin to have no confidence in themselves and their own opinion, and to become the mere instruments of party. I have long hoped to see you break with what I have believed to be a false position, and I think your having done so will give a new sense of duty and a new power of action to hundreds of men throughout the country. Every man who consents to action of which he is believed to disapprove helps to lower the sense of individual responsibility in all others whom he influences, and the moment he refuses to do so any longer he wakes others from a mental and moral sleep." There, expressed by another, is the Duke of Devonshire's creed of politics, — a creed long since trodden under foot by ambitious adventurers, not one of whom will ever wake himself or others from the torpor of self-interest.

In the common sense of the word the Duke was not quick-witted. "All through life," he

said, "I have had to work with men who thought three times as quick as I did, and have found this a great disadvantage." The disadvantage was not as great as he thought. The very slowness of his reasoning added enormously to his tenacity. When once he had determined upon a course of action, he was not easily driven from his course. The ample simplicity of his mind enabled him to discard all that was not essential to the policy in hand. He could not juggle with right and wrong. He would have scorned to assume the facile omniscience dear to some of his colleagues. He gladly acknowledged an ignorance of what he did not know, and thus discovered another reason why all men should trust him. His attitude towards the Fiscal question was straightforward and characteristic. He had been brought up in the school of Free Trade, and his Conservative instincts persuaded him not to change his view. It is clear that he did not understand the arguments of Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain. And not understanding them, he very rightly left the Government. The uncertainty of his position he explained to a friend with his own dry humour. "The politics of the family are rather mixed," he said. "Victor is a Balfourian, Dick is an out-and-out free-trader, and God knows what I am." There is no jugglery here.

The deliberation of his thought saved him from the worst pitfall which yawns for

public men. He was never the victim of a discursive cleverness. He could not chatter of Shakespeare and the musical glasses. The light which came from his brain was intense, not diffused. He regarded art and literature with the same candour wherewith he looked upon life and politics. It is recorded that he once picked up 'Paradise Lost' and began to read it aloud. Then stopping for a moment he said, "How fine this is! I had forgotten how fine it was." Try to imagine what Mr Gladstone would have said on a like occasion, and you may measure roughly the contrast between the two men. It is indeed this contrast which most forcibly seizes the mind of the reader of Mr Holland's biography. For many years Mr Gladstone and the Duke were colleagues or adversaries. They represented two sides of English politics. They were incompatible always in method and ambition, and the wonder is that they worked together as long as they did. It was unfortunate for Mr Gladstone that they were at last dissolved. For if the influence of Mr Gladstone upon Lord Hartington was inappreciable, the influence of Lord Hartington upon Mr Gladstone was always salutary. Mr Gladstone was an actor, protean and irresponsible. For him words were a thousand times more important than deeds; and by a cruel irony, even the words which he spoke were almost meaningless if unaccompanied by his massive gesture and the flashing of a

vulturine eye. His mind was in a constant state of fluidity. The heresy of yesterday was converted by opportunity into the gospel of to-day. The past was nothing to him; the future immaterial. He vaunted only with persuasive eloquence the advantage of the present. In all things the Duke was his antithesis. He was far too honest and sincere ever to act a part. So securely anchored was he to the traditions of his race and time, that he could not separate the present from the past. Unchanging as the rocks of his native Derbyshire, he was loyal always to himself and to others. The story that he yawned in the middle of his own speech is true in essence, if not in fact. He cultivated a plain, even a dull, presentation, partly because plainness was natural to him, partly because he had a wise distrust of rhetoric. He had that quality which the French call *morgue*, and this prevented him from displaying an enthusiasm which he did not feel. He was a first-rate administrator, with a vast power of work, and he could get the heart out of a blue-book with astonishing speed and accuracy. As Mr Holland says in precisely the right words, "his work was done with a weary, or bored thoroughness." His attitude was that of a man "refusing to be hurried." He could never have been described, like Mr Gladstone, as "an old man in a hurry." His character, as summed up by Mr Holland, wholly justifies his influence. "Hartington," writes

Mr Holland, "as Lord Granville once told him, resembled a certain diplomat of the day, who says that his head is so constructed that it can take in very little of what is not perfectly clear. He was, as the French say, of a *caractère très une*, or, as we say, 'all of a piece,' *unum hominem*. . . . His speeches only succeeded, so far as they did succeed, because of the weight and sincerity of his character. His word was known to be one with himself; he was, as the saying goes, 'as good as his word.' He was averse to speaking, nor was he flattered by the applause of the crowd. Had he evoked any loud applause, he would probably have felt like the Greek aristocrat who, hearing plaudits, turned to a friend near him and asked, 'Have I said anything very foolish?'" A far different statesman from the noisy rhetoricians who to-day usurp the reins of power, and who think the Empire well lost if only the raucous applause of fools echoes in their ears.

Such was the man who was appointed by providence to be a watch-dog upon the actions of Mr Gladstone. How faithfully he performed his office is related in Mr Holland's pages. It was particularly in Ireland that he dogged the footsteps of his great chief and opponent. His qualifications to speak of Ireland were many. He was an Irish landlord who liked and understood the people of the country. He had been Irish Secretary, and was familiar with all the tricks and

deceits of the agitators. His clear sense of reality convinced him that you could not solve a difficult problem of government by such empty phrases as "a nation struggling to be free." He believed in reform, in land reform especially, and he believed in law. He was therefore at the opposite pole from Mr Gladstone, whose sentimentality assured him that you could staunch the blood of murdered men and relieve the persecuted from boycotting by murmuring such empty words as "the union of hearts." The divergency between the two showed itself early. In 1870, when the sanguine Mr Gladstone was confident that the disestablishment of the Church had created a new Ireland, Lord Hartington poured a cold douche upon his colleague. "It would be the height of insanity," said he "to suppose that the establishment of religious equality or the passing of a law regulating the tenure of land would put a stop to the Ribbon conspiracy. I cannot see on what possible ground it could be imagined that the establishment of equal and just legislation should have any effect on the minds of men who have a system of laws of their own—not just laws, but the most unjust, the most arbitrary, the most tyrannical, the most barbarous. I cannot see what sympathy such men could have with good legislation." These words were spoken in 1870, and they are the prelude of as wise and consistent a policy as ever was

followed by a wise and consistent statesman.

Henceforth he exposed, with all the force of sincerity that was his, the lightest suspicion of Home Rule. "I said that I believed, and I believe it fully now,"—thus he spoke in 1880—"that it would be fatal to all hopes the Liberal party might ever have of getting a majority and of regaining power in this country, if they were to show any complicity with those who agitated for the separation of Ireland from the Empire." But it was not mere expediency which moved him; his resolution was based upon reverence for law, a reverence far deeper than any desire he might have cherished of getting a majority. "Whatever may be the fate of our efforts," he said a year later, "to improve the law, we hold now, as we have always done, that it is our duty to carry out the existing law as it stands, and not to surrender the powers, ordinary or extraordinary, which Parliament has confided in us into the hands of the Land League or any other body." How strangely antiquated sounds this public respect for the law in the ears of those who have not forgotten the contempt of our present rulers and the scandal of the Swansea Schools!

But it was in 1885 that the real struggle against Home Rule began, and the value of the letters which Lord Hartington wrote and the speeches that he made then and in the following years cannot be overrated. The revolution of time has brought us back to pre-

cisely the same situation we were in then, and Lord Hartington still speaks with all his ancient force and cogency. Truly he forged an armoury of weapons, which those who come after him may wield. Some are still left, we trust, who can draw the bow of Achilles and scatter, with aim unerring as his, the enemies that gather about us on every side. The first clear note of warning was struck in December 1885, in a letter to Lord Granville. "From all I can hear," wrote Lord Hartington, "Gladstone appears to be acting in a most extraordinary manner, and I should think will utterly smash up the party. I don't know who is going to support him in proposing a Home Rule policy for Ireland. Chamberlain and Dilke, as at present advised, are, I hear, entirely opposed to it; but they may come round." Meanwhile Gladstone had no counsel to give his followers, except that they should not "commit themselves." By this he meant not to commit themselves *against* Home Rule. In favour of Home Rule he said and wrote what seemed good to him. Lord Hartington at once pounced upon this discrepancy. "Mr Gladstone," he wrote, "may say as much as he likes about our not committing ourselves; but he has committed himself up to his chin." There was a vast deal of clamour and discussion on all sides. Chamberlain and Harcourt were as much opposed to Home Rule as Lord Hartington, though, as we all know, Harcourt presently found it convenient to swallow his

views. Lord Hartington never wavered. His course was clear at the outset. In January 1886 Gladstone offered him office, which he declined. "He was very civil," says Lord Hartington, "and we parted apparently good friends." But the severance was now final and complete, nor did Lord Hartington delay in making clear his position to the House of Commons. The first speech which he made after the parting left no room for doubt. Its peroration has lost none of its meaning in the quarter-century which has elapsed since its delivery. "I believe that now, at all events," said Lord Hartington, "the people of this country will require that their representatives shall, in relation to Irish affairs, agree to sink all minor differences, and to unite as one man for the maintenance of this great Empire, to hand it down to our successors compact as we have received it from our forefathers, and at the same time to maintain throughout its length and breadth the undisputed supremacy of the law." Even if Lord Hartington's views appear contemptible in the eyes of Mr Gladstone's successors, we believe that a General Election will prove them still cherished by a vast majority of his countrymen.

It was, indeed, the sanctity of the law which came first in Lord Hartington's esteem. When Sir William Harcourt defended the Plan of Campaign by citing the lawless and rebellious habit of the Whigs, Lord Hartington was cold in

his contempt. "It is extremely difficult," said he, "to argue with opponents who avow there is a moral justification for defiance of the law. I believe we are here in this House to amend the law, if necessary; but to support the Government in the enforcement of the law. We are not here for preaching or condoning resistance to the law, either passive or overt." While his general principles of law and order were perfectly sound, he covered in detail the whole field of the controversy, and it is this thoroughness which makes his speeches of the utmost importance to-day. He spoke of Ulster in a tone which our flippant Ministers might still regard as serious were they not the kept puppets of Mr Redmond. "The people of Ulster," said he, "tell you they will not willingly submit to the form of government which it is proposed to impose upon them. I have never attempted to say whether you are to believe that the people of Ulster say what they mean or not, but I will say that it is a very ill-advised action, at all events, on the part of the supporters of the Bill, to treat the manifestations of Ulster as mere bluster." Ill-advised was the action of the Home-Rulers then, ill-advised is it likely to prove now, and not ill-advised merely, but unsupported by a shred of argument. If Ireland were right to resent the rule of England, then would Ulster be doubly right to refuse to bear the yoke which

Mr Redmond and his Catholic friends would lay upon her.

In one other respect the situation is unchanged. In 1885 Home Rule was a policy which, as Lord Hartington said, "emanated from the brain and will of a single man." As in 1885 so in 1893. "It is not a policy," said the Duke of Devonshire, "which has proceeded from a political party; it is not a policy advocated by a political party and then adopted by its leaders. It is a policy which has been imposed upon his followers by the single will of one man." Every word spoken twenty years ago is true to-day. Home Rule is not the policy of the nation; it is not the policy of a party. Ireland, secure in the prosperity of her land-purchase scheme, does not want it. Mr Asquith does not want it. Probably Mr Redmond does not want it, for it would put an immediate end to his career. It is hardly likely that Patrick Ford, the master of us all, wants it, since it would rob him of a comfortable commission. Who, then, wants it? Mr Devlin? Perhaps. But again we are reduced to the will and brain of one man.

Another argument, the confusion and fallacy of which remains to be exposed, was countered again and again by the Duke of Devonshire. The advocates of Home Rule could never make up their mind whether Ireland was to stand in the same relation to England as Canada, or whether henceforth England and Ireland should be related one to the

other as the separate provinces of Canada are related. The same uncertainty prevails to-day. The example of South Africa is ever on their lips, and if Ireland follows their example, then she shall be completely independent, save in name. The Duke demanded a clear answer to his question: "When the Government speak of the measure sometimes as one preserving the unity of the United Kingdom, and sometimes the unity of the British Empire, are we to read these terms in the sense in which they are now applied to the United Kingdom, or only as they are now applied to the British Empire?" To this question the Duke received no answer.

We are not likely to fare better than he. And yet on the answer depends the fate, not only of the United Kingdom but of the British Empire. However, the battle will presently be engaged, and we shall be the better able to fight it, because we have before us the shining example of those who defended the Union twenty years ago. Nothing contributed to win the battle then so much as the wisdom and moderation of the Duke of Devonshire, and we can imagine no better preparation for the fray than a deep and faithful study of Mr Bernard Holland's well-balanced, well-reasoned, and appreciative biography.

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TROUBLES WITH A BEAR IN THE MIDI.

THE whole affair, like so many other poignant episodes of the masculine career, had a Beautiful Lady as its first cause. She was young, Russian and romantic, and was certainly the most impressive personality in the ancient town of A. where I was an inconspicuous sojourner. I will not throw spots on the sun by endeavouring to describe her beauty, nor will I soil the memory of her cosmopolitan charm, her wit, her amusing petulance, by attempting to reflect these qualities in the dull mirror of my prose. I can only say that her absence from any place where one happened to be was an acute personal loss. It was she who, from her rooms on the first floor of the hotel, first perceived the disastrous plight and engaging air of the hero of this history. The hotel overlooks the market-place, where the statue of a great Provençal poet (the

only modern statue that I know which contrives to look unconscious of its trousers) stands proudly regardant. It was market-day, and the little square was filled with groups of honest and swarthy rustics, who shouted simultaneously in a dialect that was difficult to the foreign ear; the café at the corner drove a roaring trade in high-coloured fluids, and the literary person in the hotel abandoned his work in despair and leant on his balcony to survey the gay world.

I was the literary person. I had been contemplating the scene for some minutes when I observed that all the groups began to consolidate into a single one, from which a grand hum of excitement arose. The crowd was too thick for me to discover its centre of interest, but I heard the unpleasant sound of a concertina, and at intervals I thought that I saw a peculiar furry object which

rotated, as astronomers say, on its own axis. I was still engaged in trying to discover the exact nature of this object, when feminine cries arose from the window immediately above my own. I looked up discreetly, and saw the Beautiful Lady making gestures expressive of impotent annoyance. Her eyes met mine, and she pointed a dramatic finger at the crowd.

"Go and stop them," she said. "Send them away, send them home. They are cruel. They are many to one and it is not fair, as you say in England. Please, please go!"

When I thought afterwards of this appeal it dawned on me that her allusion to English principles of fair-play was an excellent stroke of diplomacy. At the moment I was bewildered, and stared at her in wild surmise.

"What is it?" I asked. "Are they mobbing an unpopular priest?"

The Beautiful Lady shook her head very energetically and wrung her fair hands. "Much, much worse!" she cried. "It is a bear, a tiny bear, and it is tired, and the man is sticking it with a great spear to cause it to valse. Oh, please go down and save it!" She was terribly disturbed; I imagined that, being a Russian, she had a special patriotic interest in bears. In any case my duty was plain. I made a gesture expressive of courage and devoted obedience and descended into the square. But I was not at all sorry

that she had described the bear as tiny.

The crowd was so thick that I had great difficulty in apologising myself into its centre, but at last I succeeded, and stood face to face with the object of interest. He was, as the Beautiful Lady had said, a bear, but he was not so small as I had fondly anticipated, being at least four feet high when he stood on two legs. This feat seemed to be his only accomplishment, but subsequently I discovered that he laid him down and pretended to die whenever the stirring air of the "Marseillaise" was performed on cornets, concertinas, or other instruments. I have never been able to discover the exact significance of this act, but presumed that it was supposed to depict the fate which awaited all the enemies of France. He looked extremely tired, dirty, and hot, but in spite of all he contrived to preserve an expression of roguish good-humour which was irresistible. He wore a muzzle and a little toque full of feathers, which obviously dated from the days of Rostand's "Chantecler," and was most unbecoming; an iron girdle encircled his waist, and from the girdle depended a heavy chain which was held by his companion.

The latter was a Basque,—member of a community with which I am denied all intellectual commerce owing to linguistic difficulties,—and though his race is ancient and mysterious and his language a marvel to philologists, I am

prepared to state with emphatic confidence that he was not a good man. He was armed (in addition to the concertina) with a stout stick, to which was lashed a steel spike about three inches in length, and with this horrid weapon he had so prodded the hinder parts of the bear that they were covered with sores and most painful to the charitable eye. The Basque was not only a bad man and squinted, but he was a bad musician; he expressed from his concertina sounds which very fairly represented the wailing of many tigers caught by a flood, but were absolutely remote from all harmony, ancient or modern. He worked the concertina with a frenzied energy and sang fearsomely through his nose, pausing at frequent intervals to set aside the instrument and administer the steel spike to the bear. That unfortunate beast would rotate ungracefully for a few moments and would then sit down heavily, like a fat lady. Altogether it was a sorry spectacle, but the crowd seemed to enjoy it, especially the prodding, which made them laugh hugely. An overgrown boy with skeleton bare legs, very high collars, and hair offensively pomaded, contributed to the general amusement by beating the bear with a smart cane whenever the animal was near him.

I stood for some time wondering how I was to act. It was of little use to invite the Basque, through a probably unsympathetic interpreter, to prod the bear less; the only

result of that course of action would be that the Basque would almost certainly prod me. He looked capable of any desperate deed. I glanced up at the hotel; the Beautiful Lady was still at her window, and evidently had observed my progress through the crowd; she made incomprehensible signals with both hands and her head. Perplexed, I had turned again to look at the bear, when a man by my side, a gaunt person with a grizzled beard, who had displayed less amusement at the performance than his neighbours, addressed me in French. His remarks were to the effect that it was a poor sort of show, and that in his youth he had seen better Basques bring finer bears to the town. Bears were most intelligent and sympathetic beasts, he informed me, if they were treated well, but this one—and he shrugged eloquently.

A sudden inspiration came to me, and I inquired if bears in general were costly to buy, and if he knew what the Basque would have paid for this particular one. He seemed to think it improbable that the Basque had paid anything at all, but named a modest sum as the usual price. I looked again at the window, the Beautiful Lady was still there, and her attitude was almost angular with suspense. I turned again to my neighbour and asked him if the Basque spoke French; he replied that it was possible, but that he knew that the Basque usually conversed in the dialect of

the district. My neighbour was obviously a son of the Midi; I put on my best manner and asked him if he would do me the immense favour of acting for a moment as interpreter. He seemed surprised, but consented very politely. When, however, I explained that I wished to buy the bear, he looked completely mystified, and assured me that the bear was the feeblest of its kind, no artist, and quite incapable of bringing fortune to any one who travelled round with it. Apparently he had jumped to the conclusion that I was a peripatetic master of the concertina. I should have been wise if I had left him with this illusion, for when I began to explain that it made English people sad to see an animal in that deplorable state, he looked extremely uncomfortable, stared very hard into space, and began to move away, muttering inaudible phrases. He had finally classed me as a lunatic. A moment later he had vanished in the crowd, and after a vain attempt to follow him I was about to engage the Basque in person, when a shy young man with watery eyes and a pale face laid his hand on my sleeve. He explained that he had been unable to avoid hearing some of the previous conversation, that he had been much interested by my desire to purchase the bear, that he knew the Basque personally, and would, if I so desired, act as interpreter.

His aspect did not inspire me with confidence. I anticipated that he would fall an

easy victim to the repartee of the Basque, who was certainly the most truculent barbarian that I had ever had the misfortune to see. But I was wrong. The young man approached and spoke to the Basque, who stared at him savagely for a moment, grinned, and shouted some phrase which I could not understand, but which was obviously offensive. The mild young man instantly proved himself a lion in disguise. Placing his nose within an inch of that of the Basque, he emitted an appalling torrent of invective for the space of two minutes, accompanying his remarks with gestures of the most extravagant ferocity. The Basque made several futile attempts at interruption which were almost pitiful, and at the end of the two minutes he was a wilted man. He spoke, and probably demanded some exorbitant sum, for the young man fell upon him again with undiminished fury. Then the Basque tugged the bear towards him and embraced it with sentimental fondling; the bear, who was obviously unused to such treatment, looked grotesquely uncomfortable. Finally, after some exchange of words, the young man turned towards me and named a moderate sum as the price at which the Basque was prepared to sell the animal.

It was then that I was seized with a qualm, and remembered that I was a stranger in a strange land, with no knowledge of the concertina and very little of natural history.

I asked the young man with the watery eyes if, in the event of my buying the bear, the Basque would be deprived of all means of livelihood, but the young man was convinced that the Basque would have no difficulty in finding another of the species. According to him bears, in the Basque country, were as plentiful as mushrooms. Still I hesitated; then I looked up at the hotel windows. The Beautiful Lady was watching me anxiously. I pulled out my pocketbook and bought the bear.

The ironical laughter of the stalwart sons of Provence as they watched me inducing the bear to walk to the hotel still rings in my ears. I am of a retiring nature, and had never before been an object of interest to more than one or two persons. The bear was smitten with appalling terror when he found that a stranger had become his ward, and resolutely sat down after every third step. The pomatumed youth smote him with his cane, and I boxed the ears of the pomatumed youth, who burst into a passion of weeping. I half expected the crowd to exact vengeance for this violent deed, but it only grinned more vastly, and implored me to smack the bear's head also. The painful scene reached its climax at the door of the hotel, where the proprietor, usually a taciturn personage, was dancing like a dervish and uttering fantastic cries. By this time I was completely bewildered by the noise of the crowd and the immense re-

sponsibility which I had incurred, but when I surveyed the agitated limbs of the proprietor the humour of the situation laid hold of me suddenly, and I fell into a mad mood. I began to laugh; I believe that I solemnly introduced the bear as one of my long-lost friends. The proprietor ceased from his capers with alarming swiftness, and put on all the dignity of a strong man who has been deeply outraged.

"It does not come here," he said briefly. "It goes away. This," he indicated the whole hotel with one superb gesture—"this is not a Barnum-Bailey. I am the father of progeny, but that imports little. Even if I were celibate I would refuse to allow the presence of a savage and dirty beast. I recommend you, monsieur, to discover the lodging of the bear. I will then instantly dispatch your possessions to the same address."

I attempted to reason with him.

"Perhaps, monsieur," I said, "you would be so good as to lend me a stable for the use of the animal, who is, you perceive, intensely amiable." At this moment, most unfortunately, the concierge of the hotel came to the door, and the bear, on perceiving him, made a determined movement in the direction of his ankles. I discovered afterwards that the poor animal, for some unknown reason, had a dislike for any one who wore a uniform. The concierge vanished like thistledown in the wind,

and the proprietor looked me straight in the eyes.

"Never in the world," he said, "since he would devour my horses."

"Impossible, monsieur," I retorted, "he is a vegetarian by habit and by heredity." The proprietor made a gesture denoting the most languid interest.

"Ah!" he observed, "absolutely like monsieur." This was true, for I had desisted from eating meat during my sojourn in Provence, but I disliked the tone of the remark.

"At least," I said, growing impatient, "you will allow me to chain him for a time in the stable-yard?"

"And have all the riff-raff of the countryside coming to stare at him all day long? Never, never, never."

He folded his arms, pointed his beard at the sky, and appeared to be lost in intimate self-communion. I knew, however, that he was enjoying this unparalleled opportunity for cutting a figure before the crowd which was now swarming round the hotel. I noticed that the Basque occupied a prominent position in its front rank; he seemed to be in the highest spirits. Certainly the situation was badly in need of an end. I glanced round at the crowd, and was on the verge of making an impassioned appeal to it for a temporary lodging, when a diversion was created by the appearance of the proprietor's sister, an amiable spinster of mature years, who wore a false front and a

changeless smile. Usually she sat in a glass case in the hall, simpering helplessly over the accounts of the hotel, which were really quite beyond her comprehension, but now Providence had tempted her to take the air. She saw my monster at once, and without any symptom of surprise or fear walked straight up to him.

"Ah! it is Toto," she remarked, "the poor Toto." And she sat down on the lowest step and called the bear. The bear shuffled towards her, and put down his head to be scratched. "We are old friends," she explained to me; then added politely, "monsieur is a friend of Toto also? And likes to lead him about? That amuses people, it seems."

I saw my opportunity, and turned dramatically to the proprietor.

"You see, monsieur," I said, "the gentle nature of the beast. He suffers tender women and innocent babes to play with him. And it is to this timid and trusting creature that you refuse a temporary lodging,—this pet of your own family! Monsieur, I cannot refrain from the word. You are unreasonable."

The proprietor was visibly staggered, but he attempted to remain obdurate. "Desist, Hélène," he said to his sister, "he is utterly infested with fleas, and for the rest unsafe." Then he turned to me and spoke in English. "I do not care, I do not mind one bit," he said rapidly. "He shall get out. He shall go away. He will ruin the good name of my

hotel. My *clientèle* will go to the place opposite."

"Not a bit of it," I replied; "they'll all come here on purpose to play with him."

"And he will eat them; he will eat all, all!" said the proprietor. "It is no use; he goes. He goes right off."

The business began to look desperate. At the very moment, however, when I had decided that it was absolutely imperative for me to go forth into the town and hunt lodgings for the bear, there was a swishing sound of skirts, and the Beautiful Lady entered the fray. She ignored the landlord, and went straight to the bear with a large handful of the landlord's sugar. In spite of his muzzle the bear contrived to consume this offering with remarkable swiftness. The Beautiful Lady then removed the Parisian toque from the animal's head, patted him gently, and turned to me.

"So you have bought him," she said; "how very, very nice of you. And now you will take him to England and he will live to a fine old age in your park, and you will never play the concertina to him. You have done a very good thing."

I did not consider it a suitable occasion for explaining that all my vegetable and territorial possessions consisted of three window-boxes in a London flat, and that the prospect of my owning a park was about as probable as that of spending my declining years in the Kremlin. "Yes, I've bought him," I said, "and now

I don't know what to do with him. Of course," I added, and a ray of hope shone suddenly across the mists of the future,—"of course, if you would care for him he is yours."

The Beautiful Lady smiled sweetly at me, but shook her head with decision.

"You are very kind," she answered, "but what could I do with him? Even if he could be induced to sit still in the auto he would frighten my maid to death. And, in any case, I could not take him back to Russia. My father is very peculiar, and would probably shoot him at once. He is like an Englishman in that: he thinks that all animals are made to be shot. But *you* are different; you will be very kind." And she looked at me with shining eyes. Her expression inspired me to behave heroically, but in my inmost soul I wished that the bear was far away in his early home beyond the Pyrenean pines.

"I must find a place for him to stay in," I said. "You don't, I suppose, happen to know of any one who lets comfortable lodgings for bears? The proprietor refuses to take him in."

The Beautiful Lady made no audible comment on this piece of information, but elevated her eyebrows loftily and turned slowly towards the proprietor. "Ah, monsieur!" she murmured, and continued to gaze at him. The effect of this treatment was remarkable; after a moment the proprietor began to writhe and buzz in the manner of an irritated old

gentleman in a French farce. "Mademoiselle, it is impossible, impossible," he stuttered at last. "I cannot harbour wild beasts; I am no menagerie. And there is not room for a cat."

The Beautiful Lady looked at him with eyes full of pity. "No room!" she said; "then you are ignorant, monsieur, that the second garage is empty? Or are you determined that this poor animal shall wander homeless throughout the night until, rendered desperate by hunger and weariness, he forces his way to some domestic hearth or attacks some harmless wayfarer? If such a disaster occurs, monsieur, who but you will be responsible?" And she folded her arms and stood, like a vision of outraged Justice, looking down on the bald patch that crowned the proprietor's head.

The proprietor became the victim of an acute attack of Southern frenzy. "But this is not to be borne!" he cried, "that strangers should bring savage beasts to my house and then insult and threaten me because I refuse to take them in! There is a law against such treatment; it is formulated in the Code, in the Code of Napoleon!" His voice died away in a hoarse rattle; he became purple, terrible of aspect. The fair *Hélène* besought him to calm himself, the crowd pressed nearer with wondering eyes. But the Beautiful Lady was unperturbed; she smiled at him and laid her hand on his arm.

"And if I beg this favour of you, you will refuse, monsieur?" she said in thrilling tones. "I, at least, am not a stranger, and if I ask you to lend me the second garage for one night, you will fly into a passion and say terrible things and glare at me like an enraged lion? Ah, monsieur, is it wholly kind? Yet they say that the men of your Department are, above all, chivalrous to women."

She continued to look at him, and at length he began to collapse slowly but perceptibly. "Ah! if it were your bear, Princess," he murmured at last, with a reluctantly gallant bow.

"Call me mademoiselle," she said, "and assume that it is my bear. For the present this gentleman has lent it to me, and I am therefore bound to see it housed and fed. Remember, too, that the bear is to Russians as the Gallic cock to the French; we cannot endure to see one of them in distress."

I do not know if this last profound argument impressed the proprietor very deeply, but at any rate he became milder and milder. "Well, as it grows late, and there are difficulties——" he said. "But ah! what a villainous beast!" he added pathetically, pointing at the bear, who was making signals of internal distress to the fair *Hélène*.

"But if we reserved our kind actions for the benefit of the good and beautiful only, what should we be?" said the Beautiful Lady.

The proprietor struck a magnificent attitude and bowed towards her.

"That is what I have done myself, mademoiselle," he said. "For this night the second

garage is at your disposal." And a few minutes later I was towing the unwilling bear towards the second garage. So easy are the triumphs of Beautiful Ladies!

II.

The new home of the bear was nothing more glorious than a large stable with a concrete floor. After he had attempted to consume a pool of petrol and been thwarted, rather timidly, by me, he ceased to take any interest in his surroundings, but sat in a corner staring mournfully at a white-washed wall. His expression of roguish good-humour had vanished; he looked bored and weary, and all the blandishments of the Beautiful Lady and the fair H  l  ne failed to arouse him from his torpor. The former decided that he was hungry; the latter was of the opinion that he was about to go to sleep for three months—a restful custom which, she informed us, was invariably followed by bears whenever they found themselves in a place of safety. I hoped that it might be so, but was dubious. The fair H  l  ne was always shaky on facts. One thing at least was obvious, the bear must be fed, and I went out into the square to find out from the Basque the particular form of food that suited the animal. But the Basque had vanished; no doubt he was celebrating an unparalleled occasion in his favourite *cabaret*. The greater part of the crowd had vanished

also, but there were still a few people in the square, and when they saw me they made facetious remarks to each other in their own dialect. I felt hot about the ears, and returned to confer with the Beautiful Lady.

I had imagined that a Russian would be thoroughly posted in the details of a bear's private life, but I was disappointed. After much discussion, however, we were able to draw up a kind of menu, founded partly on our own observations and partly on literary authorities. I give it with notes of the sources of information.

A bear can eat—

- (1) Sons of prophets (and so, presumably, all men who are not too old. Holy Writ is the source of this item.)
- (2) Buns. (We had seen bears do it in the Zoological Gardens.)
- (3) Old and faithful retainers. (V. Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline'.)
- (4) Sugar. (We saw him do it.)
- (5) Peppermint drops. (H  l  ne had once offered him some, and he ate them with symptoms of pleasure.)

- (6) Naughty children. (This item was derived from vague recollections of romances read in early youth.)
- (7) Bread and cream. (Hélène, but authority suspected.)
- (8) Honey. (Proverbs, Romances, and Natural History.)
- (9) Men in uniform. (? Observations not yet complete.)

It was, on paper, quite a substantial menu, but actually several of the items were almost unobtainable. Sons of prophets seemed to be extinct, old and faithful retainers were scarce and probably expensive, and though the town doubtless abounded in naughty children (among whom the pomaded boy was chiefly indicated, in spite of the meagreness of his shanks, as an *hors d'œuvre* for the bear) we had to remember that the birth-rate in France was on the decline. Eventually I went with Hélène to the kitchen and returned with a portion of raw beefsteak, a bowl of bread and milk, and, as honey in the comb was not procurable, a pot of dark-brown stickiness which was erroneously described on its label as the produce of bees. We set these offerings on the ground near the bear and watched him with the rapt anxiety of augurs who expect an omen.

My wild assertion that he was a vegetarian turned out to be correct. The bear sniffed the beefsteak, and then turned away sadly and was making for his corner when he saw

the so-called honey. Next moment he was trying to swallow it, pot and all, and I remember that during the struggle which ensued I contemplated with some misgiving the chances of his hugging me. But he was really the best-tempered animal that ever wore fur, and allowed me to take the pot from him with no protest fiercer than a broken-hearted groan. I poured the honey on the floor, and he consumed it instantly; the bread and milk followed it in another moment, and then it was manifest that he was still hungry. He uttered more groans, and stood upon his hind legs bowing grotesquely towards us. Afterwards he danced a few steps and performed his fat-lady act once more. I think it was then that we all began really to love him. But he was obviously unhappy, and I was afraid that in spite of his refusal of the beefsteak he was secretly pining for a man in uniform. The Beautiful Lady became sad whilst she watched him. "It is so little and he is so large," she murmured tragically; "he will waste away. It is terrible." I tried feverishly to remember what other vegetables were usually associated with bears, but could think of nothing. A bear devouring a cabbage seemed a fantastic idea; carrots did not sound quite so unsuitable, but yet— The Beautiful Lady could only suggest grapes, but at that season of the year there was no grape in the length and breadth of Provence.

Suddenly we were rescued from this appalling situation. The cook, a stout and swarthy personage who shaved once a week but was otherwise charming, had come to the door of the garage and was watching with a cynical eye our attempts to satisfy the bear's hunger. Presently, without saying a word, he left us, but returned a few minutes later with a huge pail which contained a fearsome *galimatias* of all kinds of garden-produce swimming in grease. He presented it to the bear, who plunged his head into the pail with a snort of intense satisfaction and finished the whole mess without pausing to take breath, like a school-man at Oxford who floors a scone. The cook, who was a person of humour, placed his hand on his heart and made the bear a profound bow; the bear rose on his hind legs, returned the bow, and then sat down and regarded us with the utmost benevolence. He seemed to be really sorry when we went, and uttered little protesting moans. "Isn't he a dear!" said the Beautiful Lady. I was so greatly relieved by the solution of the two problems of housing and food that I agreed rapturously; but, like the person in the poem, I sighed when I thought of the morrow.

I did not have to wait even until the morrow for new developments. Being overwrought with the excitements of the day, I went to bed early and was asleep before midnight. Exactly at half-past that witching hour I was

awakened by what seemed to my startled ear a conflict of giants, followed a moment later by the rattle of flying feet, the clash of the tocsin, and the groans of the stricken. I sprang from bed and rushed to my window, which overlooked the stable-yard. By the light of the moon I saw the figure of a man, apparently in military uniform, who was tugging frenziedly at the cord of the bell which hung at the entrance to the yard and shouting as if all the infernal hounds were unleashed and hard on his track. As soon as he saw me, without ceasing to jerk the bell-rope, he made frantic signs towards the door with his free hand. Meanwhile, the awful groaning grew louder, mingled with a noise not unlike that of calico torn suddenly.

I descended the stairs with a heart full of the most dismal foreboding. Halfway down I met the proprietor, who looked daggers at me; his suspicions evidently coincided with my own. We were followed by various other members of the staff, including H  l  ne, who even in that awful moment had not forgotten her false front. The proprietor opened the door, and then a terror-stricken but voluble chauffeur burst in upon us, explaining that he had taken the hotel car, which was not expected to return until the next morning, to the second garage, and had there been severely assaulted by a tiger. He had managed to escape after a terrible struggle, and the tiger was now in the act of devour-

ing the car. Without pausing to examine the alleged wounds of the chauffeur, the proprietor seized a lantern and made for the garage, closely followed by the owner of the bear and the male members of the staff. We found the bear reclining against the back of the car in an attitude of repletion; he had contrived to devour a considerable portion of a front tyre and had smashed the glass screen. But he was quite good-tempered and quite un-

ashamed, and as soon as he recognised me he arose and bowed. I made no acknowledgment of his politeness, and, feeling that my presence was superfluous and my costume irregular, I returned at once to bed. The last sound that I heard before I sank into haunted slumber was the voice of the chauffeur demanding compensation for his shattered nerves. Thus ended the first day of my existence as a bear-fancier.

III.

I will not dwell on the scene that took place next morning, when the cost of torn tyres and nerve-shattered chauffeurs was reckoned up by the proprietor and duly enshrined in writing by the fair *Hélène*. In justice to the bear I must add that his personal charm during the next few days became so enthralling that I forgave him even this expensive escapade, and, if I had been rich, I would have willingly provided him with a fresh motor-tyre for breakfast every morning as long as his life lasted. He was the most docile of all four-footed monsters; his perfect manners were no false and superficial veneer, but the sincere and spontaneous expression of a gentle soul; he began very soon to regard even men in uniform with affability, and I refuse to believe that he would ever have had the heart to plunder a beehive. Everyone in the hotel except the proprietor and the mangled chauffeur became

devoted to him; even the Beautiful Lady's maid, a highly nervous Parisian with a waist like a wasp, was detected in the act of going alone to present him with some smuggled delicacy. He contrived to upset entirely all one's preconceived ideas of the nature of bears; he was never surly, and if he ever hugged any one in the course of his life I am absolutely sure that the embrace was a result of the most whole-hearted affection.

The proprietor, as I have said, remained cold, but though he grumbled because the second garage was occupied, he did not insist that its inmate should find new quarters. I believe that very soon he became secretly gratified by the interest which the inhabitants of the town and various distinguished strangers displayed towards his queer guest, and when the great man of the district (who was actually a poet: Provence is a marvellous country!) re-

quested an interview with the animal, he even condescended to act as showman, and took to himself all the credit for the bear's vastly improved condition. The great man seemed of the opinion that the bear had been foolish in exchanging a vagabond career for the bourgeois fleshpots of hotel life, and wrote a little poem, in Provençal, to that effect. The manuscript, I believe, still hangs in the dining-room. Meanwhile, my influence over the animal waxed wonderfully; he would come when I called, and used to follow me about the yard, greatly to the joy of sundry small boys who were perpetually squinting through the chinks of the big door. He was so tame that sometimes I did not trouble to lock the door,—a sin of omission which eventually resulted in disaster. The Beautiful Lady would frequently descend from her bower and join these promenades, and whenever she did so the idea that I could possibly have refrained from buying the bear seemed ridiculous and wicked.

So, for a week, all was joy: the bear's wounds became healed, he grew in grace and consumed great quantities of the cook's savoury mess, and the Beautiful Lady postponed her departure in order to enjoy the pleasures of his society. One morning, however, a cloud came over these fair skies: he refused to eat or to walk, and sat gazing at the wall of his home with a heartrending air of severe boredom. He persisted in this melancholy atti-

tude for the whole day, and then we held a consultation. The fair Hélène, always romantic, was of the opinion that the poor beast was pining for a female companion, and earnestly exhorted me to procure one. "Imagine," she said, "all the dear little infants." But the Beautiful Lady and I agreed that the sufferer was in need of exercise and the amusement that follows a change of scene. "He is used to walking and meeting many people," said the Beautiful Lady. "You must take him for a little excursion." I quite appreciated her remark that a walk through the town with a bear would be a novel experience, and would make me even more famous (there had been already several delicious descriptions in the local papers of my scene with the Basque); but I am by nature shy and self-effacing, and I must own that when she suggested the promenade I thought of the cook, who was very fond of Toto and obviously in some need of exercise. . . . The cook, when I approached him privily, said with rapture that he would undertake the affair; but just when I was rejoicing at having obtained so ready an assent, his brow clouded, he smacked his thigh loudly, and exclaimed that the expedition was one which his wife would never permit. She would imagine that he was cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. The end of it was that I had to take Toto myself.

He allowed himself to be

muzzled and chained without uttering a protest, but it was apparent that he did not share our theory as to his need of healthy exercise. I managed to urge him as far as the middle of the square, and there he most conclusively and conspicuously sat down. In vain I tugged at his chain and addressed him alternately with withering malediction and melting endearment; he refused to move. Precisely at this delicious moment a party of lynx-eyed tourists from my own, my native land invaded the square in two waggonettes. I carefully refrained from seeing them; but the Beautiful Lady (who was engaged in prodding Toto with her parasol) and my English shooting-coat were far too vivid features in the foreground. The waggonettes halted close to me, and a voluble quacking arose from their occupants. Without any hesitation, the Beautiful Lady walked majestically towards the tourists and invited them to come to my assistance, but before they could recover breath to answer I had raised Toto to his legs, and dragged him with convulsive pushing and hauling down a small side street, where most of the innocent youth and pride of the town were engaged in playing some game of chance in the gutter. Toto moaned piteously, and the youth and pride aforesaid ran as I can never hope to see children run again. In five seconds the street was empty; in ten seconds every window framed the eloquent countenance of

a highly excited mother. I took off my hat at least fifty times in the most rapid possible succession, and when Toto sat down I was able at last to find charity in my soul for the Basque and his steel spike. I looked round for the Beautiful Lady. She was not in sight; possibly she was still explaining matters to the tourists. In the immortal words of the young hero of melodrama, I had to see this thing through Alone.

We emerged at last from that haunted street on to the river bank, which was full in the sun and, as I expected, deserted at that hour of the morning. Here, as sitting down would have caused me no annoyance, the malicious Toto mended his pace, and towed me in a manner which gave me my first knowledge of the amount of strength which he really possessed. Our progress, though undignified, was uneventful, until we met a mule drawing a cart which contained a sleeping peasant. The mule, on perceiving Toto, uttered a loud snort of surprise and rose in the air like Pegasus; the peasant, equally promptly, descended with a thud to his native soil. I dropped Toto's chain and made for the mule's head; Toto shambled off down the riverside and the mule attempted to bite me, but became quiet as soon as the bear withdrew from his vicinity. The peasant was quite uninjured and still only half-awake; I informed him that his mule had shied at my little pet

dog, pressed a two-franc piece into his hand, and set off to capture Toto, who had disappeared in a small clump of bushes on the edge of the river.

By this time I was excessively hot, and I resolved that as soon as I had retrieved the animal from his bosky lair, I would return at once to the hotel. The grove of bushes, though small, was thickly planted, and though I could hear Toto snorting and groaning within it, I could not locate him accurately until I had gone down on my hands and knees and thrust my head through the lower branches, when I was able to see him sitting in his fat-lady attitude and swaying pensively to and fro. I called him, but he was obviously well-contented with his leafy bower, and pretended not to hear me. This pleasant pastime continued for some minutes, during which I became hotter, I suppose, than any one in this world ever was before, and at last I lost my temper and used violent language. Toto instantly began to sink into blissful slumber. I was on the point of wriggling through the bushes and dragging him out by force when a peremptory voice from the road, which was immediately above us, caused me to emerge partially from my ambush and look up.

I saw then that a somewhat corpulent personage in the uniform of a gendarme was standing on the edge of the road. My attitude at the moment was sufficiently bizarre, but the expression on the face of the

personage betrayed neither suspicion nor amusement; it was perfectly passive, but intimated, in some way, that he was quite prepared to deal successfully with any emergency that might arise. He seemed to have sprouted magically from the earth, and I was so greatly astonished by his sudden appearance that I remained on my hands and knees and stared at him blankly.

"Monsieur has without doubt lost something?" he inquired after a moment.

I rose to my feet slowly, trying to think of some expedient which would induce him to depart. It was highly probable that he was already aware of a mad foreigner who kept a bear in the hotel, and if he discovered that the mad foreigner had lost control of the animal on a public thoroughfare there would be trouble. Possibly he had been put on my track by the infuriated mothers of the town. I was so hot and irritated, however, that I resolved to stake everything on one desperate lie, and to trust that some kind fate would lead the gendarme out of sight before Toto took it into his head to move.

"A thousand thanks," I said, raising my hat, "but I have lost nothing. I am a botanist, and these bushes have a peculiar interest for botanists."

"Ah! a botanist? I demand pardon," he said politely. I was certain then that he had no suspicion of Toto's presence, but I was not nearly so certain that he had accepted my explanation. There was doubt

in his eye; he walked away for a few steps and then returned.

"I thought that I heard monsieur uttering cries," he said.

I smiled at him confidentially. "Not cries," I said, "but exclamations of discomfort. It is regrettable that you should have heard them, but it is very hot and the branches struck me in the face."

My solitary accomplishment is that of speaking fluent French, and I said the above sentences so glibly, and with such an intensely natural intonation, that I believe the gendarme really for a moment believed my botanical lie. He saluted and seemed about to retire, when from the grove of trees there arose a loud and melancholy series of groans, followed by the sound of twigs that broke beneath the impact of a heavy body. Before I had time even to revile my evil star Toto came rolling through the leafage, stood blinking in the sunlight for a moment, and then sat down contentedly beside me. The gendarme did not utter a sound of surprise, but he regarded the affecting scene below him with an offended eye.

"So this," he said, "is one of monsieur's botanical specimens. I have already heard of monsieur."

I threw up my hands. "Well, the truth is out," I said; "the fact is that when I first saw you, monsieur, I imagined that you would wish to incarcerate my bear, who escaped for a moment whilst I was arresting a runaway mule. But now that we have conversed together

I know that you are not a man of that type. You see for yourself that the bear is muzzled and that he is the gentlest of all beasts." And I made Toto lay his head on my knees whilst I stroked his ears. The gendarme was visibly interested and came nearer.

"He is certainly tame," he murmured, and I assured him that he could pat the animal. He stooped to do so, but alas! at that moment Toto's old dislike of uniforms was born anew. He rose on all fours, made a resentful plunge, and became hopelessly involved amid the legs of the gendarme. Next moment that personage had fallen heavily and Toto was shuffling away along the road. When I had caught him the gendarme had picked himself up, and having brushed the dust from his clothes marched towards us with immense dignity.

"You will hear more of this," he said curtly. "The animal is dangerous. I command you to take him home instantly." He glared at me for a moment and then departed along the road. Toto and I trailed sorrowfully homeward amid the applause of the populace, and for the rest of the day I was haunted by the fear of fine or imprisonment. But the only result of the episode was that I received a note from the Chief of Police informing me that Toto would not be permitted to parade in the streets. The Beautiful Lady was highly indignant, and wanted to answer the letter, but I managed to dissuade her from this rash and futile course.

IV.

That dismal promenade, which was the greatest mental strain that I have ever been called upon to endure, seemed to have done wonders for Toto. He recovered his appetite and his affability, and wore a perpetual expression of such good-humour that even Hélène became convinced that he no longer suffered from the pangs of celibacy. But though our affection for him increased every day, a bitter foreboding began to poison the cup of pleasure. The brother of the Beautiful Lady was anxious to return to Paris, and I had already missed several engagements in London. The question of Toto's future became a haunting obsession. If only I had been the proud possessor of an ancestral estate, as the Beautiful Lady had imagined, the problem would have been easily solved, but at that time I inhabited a small set of chambers on the fourth floor in the Temple, and I was quite convinced that the legal atmosphere of those antique groves would be very bad for a bear, and doubted the tolerance of the Benchers. I wrote to all my acquaintances who possessed ancestral estates, and they sent me charming letters in return, promising to find some friend with a passion for bears; but they all shied badly at the animal. One bold spirit, indeed, volunteered to adopt Toto; but as he seemed to think that the poor brute could exist comfortably in a small

hen-coop I declined the offer with thanks. For the same reason I was reluctant to apply to the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris or the Zoological Gardens in London; the idea of Toto as a public spectacle in a cage and growing daily more bilious with buns was intolerable. It was bad enough to have to part with him at all, but at any rate I would arrange for his declining years to be spent in comfort.

At length the Beautiful Lady and her brother departed after a heart-rending scene of farewell in the second garage. She promised to find a home for the bear as soon as she reached Paris,—promised, too, to write incessantly demanding news of him. She sent some sweets from a shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra which made Toto very sick, but I never heard from her again. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.* Day after day passed, but still no beneficent foster-parent glowed like a sun on the horizon, and at last I became desperate, and began seriously to contemplate the prospect of becoming a naturalised citizen of Provence, and of passing the remainder of my days in rustic seclusion with Toto. But Fate and the French Government conspired to prevent this sequel.

It befell that, about a week after the departure of the Beautiful Lady, a Saint's Day was celebrated in the town and was the occasion for a

large influx of peasantry from the surrounding villages which knew not Toto. Shortly before sunset the peasants had assembled in the market-place, and were presumably engaged in drinking to the spiritual health of the saint ere they departed for their homes. It was the hour of Toto's evening walk in the yard; unmuzzled, he was roaming thoughtfully to and fro, rubbing himself as he went against the walls, whilst I sat on an inverted bucket and contemplated him with melancholy pride. The yard door, which gave egress to the square, was shut. Beyond it I could hear the loud hum of gossip which rose from the assembled villagers.

Suddenly the door of the yard was partially opened and a man's face appeared in the aperture. Probably because it was excessively dirty I recognised the Basque at once. He stood for a moment watching the bear and grinning unpleasantly, and as it occurred to me that he wanted to see his old companion once more and to apologise for his own former behaviour, I called to him to come in. He looked at me, still grinning, and shook his head; then, putting his fingers to his lips, he gave a long shrill whistle. Toto, who had not observed his old tormentor, jumped round as if a hornet had stung him, stared for a moment at the Basque, and then made for the door at a pace for which I should never have given him credit. When, however, he reached the place where the Basque was stand-

ing, I suppose that some memory of the iron spike must have revived in his besotted skull, for he bolted past the ruffian, squeezed through the half-opened door, and vanished from my sight. Ten seconds later I heard a vigorous and combined yell of astonishment ascend from the market-place, and I reached the door in time to witness a very smart stampede of men, women, children, horses, dogs, cats, and mules, combined with an instantaneous collapse of sweet-stalls, crayfish-and-snail stalls, a newspaper kiosk, and most of the tables and chairs in the café. I was rewarded also with the agreeable spectacle of several honourable and bulky citizens in the act of climbing trees, and of others, not less bulky and honourable, who precipitated themselves over the railings that protected the statue in trousers. Meanwhile Toto, proceeding at a lively gallop, twice completed the circuit of the market-place, and gave vent, for the first time since I had known him, to a most blood-curdling sequence of roars. The sight of the Basque had evidently shaken up his nervous system very seriously. After these engaging evolutions he sat down (*à la F.L.*), and allowed me to approach and to capture him. I imprisoned him in the garage and returned to the market-place, and then bulky and honourable citizens crawled painfully down trees and over railings, and said things to me which it is not fitting to reproduce.

I had a dismal suspicion that this was the End of All, and I was right. Early next morning I received a polite but highly formal document which entreated me to step round and interview the Chief of Police. It was brought to me by my old friend the gendarme, who listened to my somewhat sickly jests with a non-committal air, and marched heavily behind me when I went to visit his superior. The Chief of Police, a handsome gentleman with a grey moustache, was polite but firm. The animal, he said, had become a source of public danger, and must be removed from the town. When I explained that an order for Toto's removal was tantamount to banishing his owner, the Chief of Police offered me his regrets, but was quite inexorable. Toto had either to go or to be executed as an enemy of mankind. If the latter horrible event happened, said the Chief of Police, I might apply to the Government for compensation. But he did not look as if he thought that I should obtain it. He gave me two days in which to make my plans, and promised that he would use his influence to make things easy for me. Only the bear must go. The inhabitants of the town had begun to insist. He had heard all the history of Toto, and when once his ultimatum had been pronounced, was extremely courteous and sympathetic, and actually concluded the interview by asking me to lunch. I accepted, and found that his wife was as charming as him-

self, and that he had two adorable little girls who were wildly eager to adopt the bear. Next morning he wrote to me saying that if I wished to convey Toto to Paris he could arrange with the railway company for a kind of horse-box to be placed at my disposal. I gladly took advantage of this kindness, for my celebrity in the town had by this time become extremely embarrassing. In a directory I discovered the address of a keeper of live-stock who lived in Paris, and I telegraphed, asking if he was prepared to meet Toto at the Gare de Lyon and to support him in luxury for a week. To my surprise and relief he answered in the affirmative.

Over the harrowing scene of departure I prefer to draw a discreet veil. Suffice it to say that the fair Hélène wept, that the maids wept, that the cook was deeply moved, and that even the proprietor had his emotions. The journey passed without incident, probably because Toto had been drugged with innumerable delicacies before starting. I went to inspect him through a grill in the door whenever the train stopped at a station, and on each occasion I found him plunged in profound stupor. He created a small sensation when he reached the Gare de Lyon, but he was still torpid, and very soon we were discovered by the keeper of live-stock, who drove us away in a malodorous van. I found that he was able to give the bear comfortable quarters, and, after bidding Toto good-night, I drove to my

hotel. Toto displayed no emotion at my departure.

My luck, or Toto's, held good, for next morning I found a letter which promised an admirable future for him. An Englishwoman who possessed a large country house near Besançon had heard from a friend of my difficulty, and wrote to offer a home for him that was to be either temporary or permanent, according to my wishes. I had heard of her as an enthusiastic Female Suffragist, and for a moment I was visited by fears that she would make Toto walk in processions as a specimen of the Effete Male or the Typical Brute of a husband. But she sent her own husband (who was certainly not a brute) to meet Toto, and he fell an easy victim to the charms of the bear. Toto now fattens slowly in a luxurious domestic atmosphere, far from his Pyrenean home, and far from the ancient

town where he emerged for a fortnight into the glare of fame.

Our parting scene was brief, and we set an iron restraint on our emotions; it was said, however, that he pined for me for a while, and until I lost him I never realised how strong a fascination he possessed. Someday, I hope I shall see him; perhaps, if I live and do well and become the owner of a park that is not ancestral, I may comfort his declining years. But the mists of the future are heavy, and who shall reckon on the constancy of bears? The subject is omitted in all bestiaries. One thing only I know, that if the company of this species of animal is expensive, sensational, and teeming with anxious moments, his absence is the cause of boredom, yearning and vain regret. With which moral I drop my theorbo.

ST JOHN LUCAS.

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

V. A COINER OF ANGELS.

"BEWARE," growled Ben, "'tis Lalage that lights
 The blue corpse-candles round the last poor pose
 Of penny poets, combs their long lank hair,
 And puts the dead-weights on their cod-fish eyes!"
 "O, *mea culpa*, father," pattered Kit,
 "But once, at least, she lit a rosy lamp
 That makes the grey old tomb of Horace glow
 As oosily across the centuries
 As any Mermaid Inn. What! Shall the Muse
 Cut cabbage for the pot and dust and bang?
 One kiss of Lalage outweighs" . . .

"The brains
 Of penny poets," bellowed Ben, "who cloak
 Their bawdry with the solemn name of Art!
 Sir, artists, if they sin, should sin like men,
 Flesh of the flesh of men, bone of their bone,
 Not cloaked with that hypocrisy of Art."

"Bully, I'll pledge you drink for drink on that!
 You took me wrongly. Blow my brains out, Ben,
 When I go simpering down that primrose-way
 With penny poets. Drawer, bring a jar
 Of best Virginia and another pipe,
 This damned thing gurgles like our jolly host
 Asleep behind a barrel."

Across his knee
 He snapt the pipe, and leant across to Ben.
 "I meant no more than this," he said, and hummed
 A snatch of song, the while I stood and held
 Pipe and tobacco, at his elbow, thus:—

SONG.

I.

Dulce ridentem, laughing through the ages,
Dulce loquentem, O, fairer far to me,
 Rarer than the wisdom of all his golden pages
 Floats the happy laughter of his vanished Lalage!

II.

Dulce ridentem,—we hear it and we know it!
Dulce loquentem,—so musical and low!
 "Mightier than marble is my song!" Ah, did the poet
 Know why little Lalage was mightier even so?

III.

Dulce ridentem,—through all the years that sever,
 Clear as o'er yon hawthorn-hedge we heard her passing by,—
Lalagen amabo,—a song may live for ever!—
Dulce loquentem,—but Lalage must die.

He suddenly sank his voice,—“Hist, who comes here?
 Look—Richard Bame, the Puritan! O, Ben, Ben,
 Your Mermaid Inn’s the study for the stage,
 Your only teacher of exits, entrances,
 And all the shifting comedy. Be grave!
 Bame is the godliest hypocrite on earth!
 I’ll startle him an he boards me. Hist! Be grave!
 Remember I’m an atheist, black as coal.
 He has called me Wormall in an anagram.
 Help me to bait him; but be very grave.
 We’ll talk of Venus.”

As he whispered thus,
 A tallowy face with small black-beaded eyes,
 Close to a long and melancholy nose
 Peered at him through the doorway. All too well,
 Afterwards, I recalled that scene, when Bame,
 Out of revenge for this same night, I guessed,
 Penned his foul tract on Marlowe’s tragic fate;
 And, twelve months later, I saw that tallowy face
 Riding to Tyburn in the hangman’s cart
 For thieving from an old bed-ridden dame
 With whom he prayed, at supper-time, on Sundays.

Like a conspirator he sidled in,
 Claspings a little pamphlet to his breast,
 While, feigning not to see him, Ben began:—

“Will’s *Venus and Adonis*, Kit, is great,
 A round, sound, full-blown piece of thorough work,
 On a great canvas, coloured like one I saw
 In Italy, by one—Titian! None of the toys
 Of artistry your lank-haired losels turn,
 Your Phyllida—Love-lies-bleeding—Kiss-me-Quicks,
 Your fluttering Sighs and Mark-how-I-break-my-beats,
 Begotten like this, whenever and how you list,
 Your Moths of verse that shrivel in every taper;
 But a sound piece of craftsmanship to last
 Until the stars are out. ’Tis twice the length
 Of Vergil’s books—he’s listening! Nay, don’t look!—
 Two hundred solid stanzas, think of that;
 But each a square celestial brick of gold
 Laid level and splendid. I’ve laid bricks and know

What thorough work is. If a storm should shake
The Tower of London down, Will's house would stand.
Look at his picture of the stallion,
Nostril to croup, that's thorough finished work!"

"O, ay," cried Marlowe, blind to Bame, "and think,
Think, Ben, of Will's white goddess, glorious
From melting palm to nectarous mouth, she lives!
And, though 'tis work throughout, yet there are lines
That drip with lyric honey, as where she boasts
She swayed the sinewy-throated god of war,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain!"

"'Twill shock our Tribulation-Wholesomes, Kit!"

"Ay! He leaves nothing out! But that's the wonder!
Not even the blue veins in the violets
Whereon the dainty Adonis leans and pouts.
But then—your Puritans—they will not see
His hand in that divine ambrosial clasp,
That *lily, prisoned in a gaol of snow!*
They'll meditate a more luxurious page
Turned down for" . . .

"Talk of Aphrodite's kiss!
He's listening! Kit, his face is three yards long,
And there's just one bright dew-drop on his nose!"

"O, ay, that kiss of Venus! Deep, sweet, slow,
As the dawn breaking to its perfect flower
And golden noon of bliss, then slow, sweet, deep,
Like a great honeyed sunset it dissolves
Away!"

A hollow groan, like a bass viol,
Resounded thro' the room. Up started Kit
In feigned alarm—"What, Master Richard Bame,
Quick, Ben, the good man's ill. Bring him some wine!
Red wine for Master Bame, the blood of Venus
That stained the rose!"

"White wine for Master Bame,"
Ben echoed, "Juno's cream that" . . . Both at once
They thrust a wine-cup to the sallow lips
And smote him on the back.

"O, Ben, you've sent
His dew-drop into Venus' blood," cried Kit.
"Nay, into Juno's cream! I saw it go,"
Roared Ben, "shot like a falling star from heaven!"
"What is it, sir? Green-sickness?" Tenderly
Kit asked him. "Nay, the staggers, Kit, the staggers,
I know the symptoms!" "Drink this Master Bame

Red wine for the green-sickness!" "Nay, white wine
For staggers, Kit, I tell thee! Red means death!"
"Try both then, Master Bame!" "Bacchus, that's good!
He's emptied both, Kit, both, dew-drop and all!"

"Sirs, you mistake!" coughed Bame, waving his hands
And struggling to his feet, "I am not vexed
With fleshly griefs. It was my spirit groaned
To see your feet entangled in the nets
Of the Strange Woman!"

"He means Venus, Ben!"

"Name not that scarlet Ashtaroth!"

"She's white,

I swear, sir, brow, breast, foot, white as the moon,
Isn't she, Ben? Nay, whiter! When she leaned
To kiss young Adon in the summer fields
Upon her elbow, thus, against her side
The lilies looked as brown as your old hat.
My friend here knows her well. Only her lips
Are scarlet. Ben, who groaned?"

"Sirs, I have brought
A message from a youth who walked with you
In wantonness, aforetime, and is now
Groaning in sulphurous fires!"

"Kit, that means hell!"

"Ay, sirs, a pamphlet from the pit of hell,
Written by Robert Greene before he died.
Mark what he styles it—*A Groatsworth of Wit
Bought with a Million of Repentance!*"

"Ay,

Poor Rob was all his life-time either drunk,
Wenching, or penitent, Ben! Poor lad, he died
Young. Let me see now, Master Bame, you say
Rob Greene wrote this on earth before he died,
And then you printed it yourself in hell!"

"Stay, sir, I came not to this haunt of sin
To make mirth for Beëlzebub!"

"O, Ben,

That's you!"

"'Swounds, sir, am I Beëlzebub?
Ogs-gogs!" roared Ben, his hand upon his hilt!

"Nay, sir, I signified the god of flies!

I speak out of the scriptures!" snuffed Bame
With deprecating eye. "Ogs-gogs, you'd best!"

"Nor did I come to emperil my soul's life
By looking on the wine when it is red!"

"Why, Kit, I told you so! White wine for staggers!
The red means death!"

"O, no, the pamphlet, Ben!

"Twas the Greene-sickness!"

"Neither did I come
To pluck your souls out of the fire."

"I breathe!"

"I breathe again!"

"No, sirs, I come to save
A brand that you have kindled at your fire,
But not yet charred, not yet so far consumed,
One Richard Cholmeley, who declares to all
He was persuaded to turn Atheist
By Marlowe's reasoning. I have wrestled with him,
But find him still so constant to your words
That only you can save him from the fire."

"Why, Master Bame," said Kit, "had I the keys
To hell, the damned should all come out and dance
A morrice round the Mermaid Inn to-night."

"Nay, sir, the damned are damned!"

"Ay, but you wish
They were not so! You wish that they were saved?"

"Yea, sir, but being damned . . ."

"Come, sit you down!
Take some more wine! You'd have them all be damned
Except Dick Cholmeley. What must I unsay
To save him?" A quick eye-lid dropt at Ben.
"Now tell me, Master Bame!"

"Sir, he derides
The books of Moses!"

"Bame, do you believe?—
There's none to hear us but Beëlzebub—
Do you believe that we must taste of death
Because God set a foolish naked wench
Too near an apple-tree, how long ago?
Five thousand years? But there were men on earth
Long before that!" "Nay, nay, sir, if you read
The books of Moses . . ." "Moses was a juggler!"
"A juggler, sir, how, what!" "Nay, sir, be calm!
Take some more wine—the white, if that's too red!
I never cared for Moses! Help yourself
To red-deer pie. Good! You are hungry, too!
That's two clear points for hell! But—as for Moses—
Bolt not your pie, or pious wrath will end
With indigestion! All the miracles
You say that he performed—why, what are they?
I know one Heriots, lives in Friday Street,
Can do much more than Moses! Eat your pie
In patience, friend, the mouth of man performs
One good work at a time. What says he, Ben?
The red deer stops his—what? Sticks in his gizzard?
O—led them through the wilderness! No doubt

He did—for forty years, and might have made
 The journey in six months. Believe me, sir,
 That is no miracle. Moses gulled the Jews!
 Skilled in the sly tricks of the Egyptians,
 Only one art betrayed him. Sir, his books
 Are filthily written. I would undertake—
 If I were put to write a new religion—
 A method far more admirable. Eh, what?
Gruel in the vestibule? Interpret, Ben!
 His mouth's too full! O, *the New Testament!*
 Why, there, consider, were not all the Apostles
 Fishermen and base fellows, without wit
 Or worth?"—again his eye-lid dropt at Ben.—
 "The Apostle Paul alone had wit, and he
 Was a most timorous fellow in bidding us
 Be subject, sir, to worldly magistrates
 Against his conscience! I shall fry for this?
 I fear no bug-bears or hob-goblins, sir,
 And would have all men not to be afraid
 Of roasting, toasting, pitch-forks, or the threats
 Of earthly ministers, tho' their mouths be stuffed
 With curses or with crusts of red-deer pie!
 One thing I will confess—if I must choose—
 Give me the Papists that can serve their God
 Not with your scraps, but solemn ceremonies,
 Organs, and singing men, and shaven crowns.
 Your protestant is a hypocritical ass!"

"Profligate! You blaspheme!" Up started Bame,
 A little unsteady now upon his feet,
 And shaking his crumpled pamphlet over his head!

"Nay—if your pie is done, you shall partake
 A second course. Be seated, sir, I pray.
 We atheists will pay the reckoning!
 I had forgotten that a Puritan
 Will swallow Moses like a red-deer pie
 Yet choke at a wax-candle! Let me read
 Your pamphlet. What, 'tis half addressed to me!
 Ogs-gogs! Ben! Hark to this—the Testament
 Of poor Rob Greene would cut Will Shakespeare off
 With less than his own Groatsworth! Hark to this!"

And there, unseen by them, a quiet figure
 Entered the room and beckoning me for wine
 Seated himself to listen, Will himself,
 While Marlowe read aloud with knitted brows.
 "‘Trust them not; for there is an upstart crow
 Beautified with our feathers!’”

“The damned peacock!”

Growled Ben, "an that means Will, in green and blue
 Greene should repent it if he were alive
 And met me cudgel to cudgel in Spitalfields.
 Read on, Kit, read"—"*That with his tiger's heart
 Wrapped in a player's hide supposes,*"—O
 That's good, 'supposes'!—"he can bombast out
A blank verse with the best of you."—He bids
 All green eyes open! "*And, being an absolute
 Johannes fac-totum is in his own conceit
 The only Shake-scene in a country!*"

"Feathers!"

Exploded Ben, "Why, come to that, he pouched
 Your eagle's feather of blank verse, and lit
 His Friar Bacon's little magic lamp
 At the Promethean fire of Faustus. Jove,
 It was a faëry buck, indeed, that Will
 Poached in that green-wood."

"Ben, see that you walk

Like Adam, naked! Nay, in nakedness
 Adam was first. Trust me, you'll not escape
 This calumny! Vergil is damned—he wears
 A hen-coop round his waist, nicked in the night
 From Homer! Plato is branded for a thief,
 Why, he wrote Greek! And old Prometheus, too,
 Who stole his fire from heaven!"

"Ay, cut away

The scaffolding, you'll send all Europe down!
 I say, 'tis old Detraction's foulest blow,
 Subtlest and meanest, thus with the dead hand
 To stab the living Present in the back,
 And hale it down, because it counts for gain
 The wealth won by the Past, as all the Past
 Hath counted, since, like Ocean, Homer drew
 Into his thunder a thousand thousand streams
 Of tributary song? Who printed it?"

"Chettle! I know not why, unless he too
 Be one of these same dwarfs that find the world
 Too narrow for their jealousies. Ben, Ben,
 I tell thee 'tis the dwarfs that find no world
 Wide enough for their jostling, while the giants,
 The gods themselves, can in one tavern find
 Room wide enough to swallow the wide heaven
 With all its crowded solitary stars."

"Let us begin, then, lad, with swallowing this!"
 The voice of Shakespeare quietly broke in,
 As laying a hand on either shoulder of Kit
 He stood behind him in the gloom and smiled

Across the table at Ben, whose eyes still blazed
With boyhood's generous wrath. "Rob was a poet.
And had I known . . . no matter! I am sorry
He spoke so late. His heart's blood beats in this.
Look, where he says he dies forsaken, Kit!"
"Died drunk, more like," growled Ben. "And if he did,"
Will answered, "none was there to help him home,
Except a poor old cobbler, Ben, that found him
Dying in the streets, and took him to his house,
And let him break his heart on his own bed.
Read his last words. You know he left his wife
And played the moth at tavern tapers, burnt
His wings and dropt into the mud. Read here,
His dying words to his forsaken wife,
Written in blood, Ben, blood. Read it, '*I charge thee,
Doll, by the love of our youth, by my soul's rest,
See this man paid! Had he not succoured me
I had died in the streets.*' How young he was to call
Thus on their poor dead youth, this withered shadow
That once was Robin Greene. He left a child—
See—in its face he prays her not to find
The father's, but her own. '*He is yet green
And may grow straight,*' so flickers his last jest,
Then out for ever. At the last he begged
A penny-pott of malmsey. In the bill,
All's printed now for crows and daws to peck,
You'll find four shillings for his winding sheet.
He had the poet's heart and God help all
Who have that heart and somehow lose their way
For lack of helm, souls that are blown abroad
By the great winds of passion, without power
To sway them, chartless captains. Multitudes ply
Trimly enough from bank to bank of Thames
Like shallow wherries, while tall galleons,
Out of their very beauty driven to dare
The uncompassed sea, founder in starless nights,
And all that we can say is—"They died drunk!"

"I have it from veracious witnesses,"
Bame snuffled, "that the death of Robert Greene
Was caused by a surfeit, sir, of Rhenish wine
And pickled herrings. Also, sir, that his shirt
Was very foul, and while it was at wash
He lay i' the cobbler's old blue smock, sir!"

"Gods,"

The voice of Raleigh muttered nigh mine ear,
"I have a dirty cloak here on my arm;
But, if a Queen's feet had not trodden it,
I'd wrap it round that piece of Tyburn tallow

And gag his greasy tongue. Hi! Drawer, take
Yon pamphlet, have it fried in cod-fish oil
And bring it hither. Bring a candle, too,
And sealing-wax! Be quick. The rogue shall eat it,
And then I'll seal his lips."

"No—not to-night,"

Kit whispered, laughing, "I've a prettier plan
For Master Bame."

"As for the pamphlet, Kit,"

The voice of Shakespeare quietly resumed,
"Why, which of us could send his heart and soul
Thro' Caxton's printing-press and hope to find
The pretty pair unmangled. I'll not trust
The spoken word, no, not of my own lips,
Before the Judgment Throne, against myself
Or on my own defence; and I'll not trust
The printed word to mirror Robert Greene.
See—here's another Testament, in ink,
Written, not printed, for the Mermaid Inn.
Rob sent it from his death-bed straight to me,
Read it. 'Tis for the Mermaid Inn alone;
And when 'tis read, we'll burn it, as he asks."

Then, from the hands of Shakespeare, Marlowe took
A little scroll, and, while the winds without
Rattled the shutters with their ghostly hands
And wailed among the chimney-tops, he read:—

Greeting to all the Mermaid Inn
From their old Vice and Slip of Sin,
Greeting, Ben, to you, and you
Will Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe, too.
Greeting from your Might-have-been,
Your broken sapling, Robert Greene.

Read my letter—'tis my last,
Then let Memory blot me out,
I would not make my maudlin past
A trough for every swinish snout.
First, I leave a debt unpaid,
It's all chalked up, not much all told,
For Bread and Sack. When I am cold,
Doll can pawn my Spanish blade
And pay mine host. She'll pay mine host!
But . . . I have chalked up other scores
In your own hearts, behind the doors,
Not to be paid so quickly. Yet,
O, if you would not have my ghost
Creeping in at dead of night,
Out of the cold wind, out of the wet,
With weeping face and helpless fingers
Trying to wipe the marks away,
Read what I can write, still write,
While this life within them lingers.
Let me pay, lads, let me pay.

Item, for a peacock phrase,
 Flung out in a sudden blaze,
 Flung out at his friend Shake-scene,
 By this ragged Might-have-been,
 This poor Jackdaw, Robert Greene.

Will, I knew it all the while !
 And you know it—and you smile !
 My quill was but a Jackdaw's feather,
 While the quill that Ben, there, wields,
 Fluttered down thro' azure fields,
 From an eagle in the sun ;
 And yours, Will, yours, no earth-born thing,
 A plume of rainbow-tinctured grain,
 Dropt out of an angel's wing.
 Only a Jackdaw's feather mine,
 And mine ran ink, and Ben's ran wine,
 And yours the pure Pierian streams.

But I had dreams, O, I had dreams !
 Dreams, you understand me, Will ;
 And I fretted at the tether
 That bound me to the lowly plain,
 Gnawed my heart out, for I knew
 Once, tho' that was long ago,
 I might have risen with Ben and you
 Somewhere near that Holy Hill
 Whence the living rivers flow.
 Let it pass. I did not know
 One bitter phrase could ever fly
 So far through that immortal sky
 —Seeing all my songs had flown so low—
 One envious phrase that cannot die
 From century to century.

Kit Marlowe ceased a moment, and the wind,
 As if indeed the night were all one ghost,
 Wailed round the Mermaid Inn, then sent once more
 Its desolate passion through the reader's voice:—

Some truth there was in what I said.
 Kit Marlowe taught you half your trade ;
 And something of the rest you learned
 From me,—but all you took you earned.
 You took the best I had to give,
 You took my clay and made it live ;
 And that—why that's what God must do !—
 My music made for mortal ears
 You flung to all the listening spheres.
 You took my dreams and made them true.
 And, if I claimed them, the blank air
 Might claim the breath I shape to prayer.
 I do not claim it ! Let the earth
 Claim the thrones she brings to birth.
 Let the first shapers of our tongue
 Claim whate'er is said or sung,
 Till the doom repeal that debt
 And cancel the first alphabet.
 Yet, when like a god, you scaled
 The shining crags where my foot failed ;

When I saw my fruit of the vine
Foam in the Olympian cup,
Or in that broader chalice shine
Blood-red, a sacramental drink,
With stars for bubbles, lifted up,
Through the universal night,
Up to the celestial brink,
Up to that quintessential Light
Where God acclaimed you for the wine
Crushed from those poor grapes of mine;
O, you'll understand, no doubt,
How the poor vine-dresser fell,
How a pin-prick can let out
All the bannered hosts of hell,
Nay, a knife-thrust, the sharp truth—
I had spilt my wine of youth,
The Temple was not mine to build.
My place in the world's march was filled.

Yet—through all the years to come—
Men to whom my songs are dumb
Will remember them and me
For that one cry of jealousy,
That curse where I had come to bless,
That harsh voice of unhappiness.
They'll note the curse, but not the pang,
Not the torment whence it sprang,
They'll note the blow at my friend's back,
But not the soul stretched on the rack.
They'll note the weak convulsive sting,
Not the crushed body and broken wing.

Item,—for my thirty years,
Dashed with sun and splashed with tears,
Wan with revel, red with wine,
This Jack-o-lantern life of mine.
Other wiser, happier men,
Take the full three-score-and-ten,
Climb slow, and seek the sun.
Dancing down is soon done.
Golden boys, beware, beware,—
The ambiguous oracles declare
Loving gods for those that die
Young, as old men may; but I,
Quick as was my pilgrimage,
Wither in mine April age.

Item,—one groatsworth of wit,
Bought at an exceeding price,
Ay, a million of repentance.
Let me pay the whole of it.
Lying here these deadly nights,
Lads, for me the Mermaid lights
Gleam as for a castaway
Swept along a midnight sea
The harbour-lanterns, each a spark,
A pin-prick in the solid dark,
That lets trickle through a ray
Glorious out of Paradise,

To stab him with new agony.
 Let me pay, lads, let me pay!
 Let the Mermaid pass the sentence:
 I am pleading guilty now,
 A dead leaf on the laurel-bough,
 And the storm whirls me away.

Kit Marlowe ceased; but not the wailing wind
 That round and round the silent Mermaid Inn
 Wandered, with helpless fingers trying the doors,
 Like a most desolate ghost.

A sudden throng
 Of players bustled in, shaking the rain
 From their plumed hats. "Veracious witnesses,"
 The snuffle of Bame arose anew, "declare
 It was a surfeit killed him, Rhenish wine
 And pickled herrings. His shirt was very foul.
 He had but one. His doublet, too, was frayed,
 And his boots broken . . ."

"What! Gonzago, you!"

A short fat player called in a deep voice
 Across the room and, throwing aside his cloak
 To show the woman's robe he wore beneath,
 Minced up to Ben and bellowed—"Tis such men
 As you that make we women what we are,
 Gonzago!" Then with skirts upheld he turned
 To Bame and sniffed—"And 'tis such men as you
 Would like to make we women what we are,
 Only—we will not let you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"We women or wee women," piped a Scot,
 And all the throng of players rocked and roared,
 Till at a nod and wink from Kit a hush
 Held them again.

"Look to the door," he said,
 "Is any listening?" The young player crept,
 A mask of mystery, to the door and peeped.
 "All's well! The coast is clear!"

"Then shall we tell
 Our plan to Master Bame?"

Round the hushed room
 Went Kit, a pen and paper in his hand,
 Whispering each to read, digest, and sign,
 While Ben re-filled the glass of Master Bame.
 "And now," said Kit aloud, "what think you, lads?
 Shall he be told?" Solemnly one or two
 'Gan shake their heads with "Safety! safety! Kit!"
 "O, Bame can keep a secret! Come, we'll tell him!
 He can advise us how a righteous man
 Should act! We'll let him share an he approve.

Now, Master Bame,—come closer—my good friend,
 Ben Jonson here, hath lately found a way
 Of—hush! Come closer!—coining money, Bame.”
 “Coining!” “Ay, hush, now! Hearken! A certain, sure,
 And indiscoverable method, sir!
 He is acquainted with one Poole, a felon
 Lately released from Newgate, hath great skill
 In mixture of metals—hush!—and, by the help
 Of a right cunning maker of stamps, we mean
 To coin French crowns, rose-nobles, pistolettes,
 Angels and English shillings.”

For one breath,
 Bame stared at him with bulging beetle-eyes,
 Then murmured shyly as a country maid
 In her first wooing “Is’t not against the law?”
 “Why, sir, who makes the law? Why should not Bame
 Coin his own crowns like Queen Elizabeth?
 She is but mortal! And consider, too,
 The good works it should prosper in your hands,
 Without regard to red-deer pies and wine
 White as the Milky Way. Such secrets, Bame,
 Were not good for the general; but a few
 Discreet and righteous palms, your own, my friend,
 And mine,—what think you?”

With a hesitant glance
 Of well-nigh child-like cunning, screwing his eyes,
 Bame laughed a little huskily and looked round
 At that grave ring of anxious faces, all
 Holding their breath and thrilling his blunt nerves
 With their stage-practice. “And no risk?” breathed Bame,
 “No risk at all?” “O, sir, no risk at all!
 We make the very coins. Besides, that part
 Touches not you. Yours is the honest face,
 That’s all we want.”

“Why, sir, if you are sure
 There is no risk . . .”

“You’ll help to spend it. Good!
 We’ll talk anon of this, and you shall carry
 More angels in your pocket, master Bame,
 Than e’er you’ll meet in heaven. Set hand on seal
 To this now, master Bame, to prove your faith.
 Come, all have signed it. Here’s the quill, dip, write.
 Good!”

And Kit, pocketing the paper, bowed
 The gull to the inn-door, saying as he went,—
 “You shall hear further when the plan’s complete.
 But there’s one great condition—not one word,
 One breath of scandal more on Robert Greene.
 He’s dead; but he was one of us. The day

You air his shirt, I air this paper, too.”
No gleam of understanding, even then,
Illumed that tallowy face: no stage, indeed,
Has known such acting as the Mermaid Inn
That night, and Bame but sniggered, “Why, of course,
There’s good in all men; and the best of us
Will make mistakes.”

“But no mistake in this,”
Said Kit, “or all together we shall swing
At Tyburn—who knows what may leap to light?—
You understand? No scandal!” “Not a breath!”
So, in dead silence, Master Richard Bame
Went out into the darkness and the night,
To ask, as I have heard, for many a moon,
The price of malmsey-butts and silken hose,
And doublets slashed with satin.

As the door
Slammed on his back, the pent-up laughter burst
With echo and re-echo round the room,
But ceased as Will tossed on the glowing hearth
The last poor Testament of Robert Greene.
All watched it burn. The black wind wailed and moaned
Around the Mermaid as the sparks flew up.
“God, what a night for ships upon the sea,”
Said Raleigh, peering through the wet black panes.
“I give you a toast to drink in silence, lads,”
Will answered,—“The unwithering memory
Of Robert Greene, and . . . all tall galleons,
And all good seamen lost on the Ocean-sea.”

SOME SERVICE REMINISCENCES.

BY COLONEL C. E. CALLWELL, C.B.

INDIA, they say, is no place to soldier in in the twentieth century. Education and progress have acted like a blight. But although its glories were already on the wane in the later 'Seventies, the gorgeous East had still much to recommend it in the last generation to the impecunious young officer. Those were halcyon days, days when polo-ponies were procurable for one hundred rupees, days when you beat your punkah coolie if he went to sleep on duty, days when an appreciable portion of the forty-two hours' lectures laid down for gunners during the hot weather took the form of reading a work of fiction out aloud to them, days when the natives had not yet been stirred up to discontent by feckless bodies bent on creating ill-feeling between the governed and the governing races. Still, the temperature in the Plains in June and July was as high then as it is now, and a newly joined subaltern in the enjoyment of good health could not hope for a trip to the Hills in his first year in the country.

People who have not travelled far afield are under the impression that out in India one is perpetually discovering serpents under one's pillow and scorpions in one's boots. These creatures, of course, exist in quantities; but, throughout the

whole of two tours of service in that sunny land spent in a number of different localities, I do not remember seeing a single scorpion at large, nor did I come across more than a score of snakes—and nearly all of those were met with within the space of a couple of hours on one day. It was during that first hot weather and at Dinapore that the Ganges rose day by day alongside the shady "bund" where the regimental bands sometimes played of an evening, until one forenoon the great river came creeping up the surface-drains, spread itself out over the maidan and the roads, and began lapping against the verandah of our mess bungalow. We were watching the rising of the sacred waters, somewhat disturbed lest they should bring a corpse to violate our privacy, when something was descried struggling along the surface towards us, and presently a cobra dragged itself wearily out of the turgid flood and paused an instant to recuperate ere seeking out a hiding-place. The intruder was dealt with speedily and effectually. But others followed, and deadly little mercurial cherails came wriggling along, so that the bungalow for a while underwent a species of siege, and the whole of the servant establishment had to be formed up to keep

close watch and to announce each fresh arrival. When the native lights upon a snake there is a tremendous shouting, and if there is a "Sahib" about he is summoned to come and conquer the reptile; but once the enemy has received the *coup de grâce* by a shrewd stroke from a riding-whip or polo-stick, the native will stamp passionately on the remains, accompanying the process with a torrent of opprobrious remarks concerning the morals and the extraction of the victim's female relations. The unwelcome refugees ceased to present themselves after a while, and any of those resident in our compound which did not gain the verandah no doubt perished in their burrows and lairs.

When an especially high tide invades Shadwell, or if the Thames converts some up-river village temporarily into a Venice, the inhabitants rather enjoy the experience than otherwise. But out in India, buildings are for the most part either fashioned out of sun-dried bricks or else are constructed with plain unadulterated mud, so that an inundation has to be taken more seriously. That afternoon an urgent message reached us from the Cantonment Magistrate, calling upon one of us to effect a raid upon the habitation of an old lady and to remove her to a place of safety. She dwelt in one of the few two-storeyed bungalows in the station, and in one which happened to lie rather low. It appeared that

the whole of her ground-floor was already awash, that she had retired upstairs, and that she had sent a note announcing her intention of sticking to the ship and intimating that she had betaken herself to bed. The Cantonment Magistrate pointed out to us that he had hundreds of things to attend to during the present emergency besides salving obstinate old ladies; he remarked that this was just the kind of situation where an artillery officer was bound to distinguish himself; he expressed unbounded confidence in our discretion, individually and collectively; and he gave us a free hand. So a brother subaltern embarked in a dog-cart drawn by natives and splashed off to the old lady's residence, determined to remove her dead or alive. She absolutely declined to stir when summoned; but, by dint of cajolery interspersed with threats of bursting in the door of her bedroom and removing her "as she was," she was eventually induced to bow to the inevitable. Her bungalow subsided that night, and when the floods had receded its ruins were found to consist of little more than a mound of mud and tiles and household furniture; but the old lady always maintained that she had been treated outrageously, and she made a formal complaint to the Governor-General in Council.

The fates decreed that I should find myself again at Dinapore in another battery, two or three years later, on

another tour of Indian service; and as there happened to be no captain, and as the other subalterns were even younger, I was left in command when the major went off to the Hills on leave. All went merry as a marriage-bell during this brief term of early responsibility, but for one unfortunate incident connected with the battery horses. The veterinary surgeon came to me one morning with an anxious air. He announced that a steed which had for some days been segregated and kept under observation, now displayed unmistakable symptoms of glanders; he declared that the animal must be slain forthwith, and he gave it as his professional opinion that the carcass ought to be utterly destroyed for fear of contagion. Shooting the horse was a simple matter; but making away with the remains obviously offered a more formidable problem. There was, however, a scientifically constructed "cinerator" in the lines—a circular mud platform, standing about six feet above ground-level, and furnished with ventilating-shafts coming up from below to ensure an abundant draught. The virtues of this erection had never been put to the test, and the opportunity which now offered itself for trying how the device would act was too good a one not to be taken advantage of. So faggots and hampers and straw were piled up on the altar, and then, to the accompaniment of much grunt-

ing and chatter on the part of the battery native establishment, the carcass was hoisted up and perched on the top of the combustibles like the remains of a defunct Brahman. The torch was duly applied, and the hearts of the spectators were gladdened by the sight of a blaze which appeared to herald a speedy triumph.

But nothing would induce that horse to burn properly. Fresh fuel was sent for and applied. A native very nearly immolated himself in trying to pour on kerosene oil,—the scantiness of his raiment proved his salvation, for there was so little of it that he was able to shed it in a moment. In the meantime a column of dense smoke rose up from the funeral-pyre, and as the wind was blowing from the most inconvenient quarter a cloud soon hung over the cantonment like a pall. Zeal and fertility of resource were alike of no avail. The horse merely went on cooking slowly, in defiance of our most strenuous efforts, and a scent of roast meat pervaded the entire station. The Cantonment Magistrate wrote out a peremptory—indeed an almost intemperate—ukase, ordaining that the nuisance was instantly to cease. The Principal Medical Officer declared that the artillery were jeopardising the health of the community. It was a day of stress and anxiety, and years afterwards, when a homestead out on the veldt would sometimes refuse to ignite at a

juncture when despatch was to be desired and when Boers were about, I often recalled that early episode of the glandered horse at Dinapore. The object to be consumed could scarcely have shown itself more fire-proof had it been made of asbestos.

The Afghan War was in full swing during my first tour of service in India, and, by what turned out to be a stroke of rare luck, I was ordered up to the Panjab to do duty with a battery which was short of officers, but which was so saturated with fever that it could not be sent up to the front. Almost immediately afterwards, however, that mysteriously constituted intelligence department, bazaar rumour, announced to us one evening that our troops had got into difficulties at Kabul, next day tidings arrived that the field force had been driven into the cantonment of Sherpore, and a few hours later orders came to hand for us to march straightway to Peshawar with all convenient speed. But after proceeding to that frontier city we had the mortification of seeing other batteries arrive from down country, march past us, and disappear into the Khyber,—for the doctors had pronounced us to be unfit for active service.

Marauding is endemic in the environs of Peshawar, the Pathans were at this time in an even more than usually pronounced state of effervescence, and night alarms were by no means infrequent. The city was full of out-throats;

and, although a border thief would be intent rather upon loot than upon doing a mischief to an unbeliever, and although an efficient Afridi will steal the bed from under you without disturbing your slumbers, one generally had a revolver handy somewhere near one's pillow. One night I awoke with a start. Doors and windows were rattling, there was an uncanny rumbling sound, and there seemed to be some living thing under the bed engaged in rocking it about. Convinced that the bungalow was being attacked, I snatched up my revolver and rushed out on to the verandah. At the same moment all the doors leading out on to the verandah burst open and the others issued from their apartments, also in pyjamas and with revolvers in their hands—it was a mercy that nobody was shot. But all had grown still again, and on comparing notes we came to the conclusion that there had been a sharp shock of earthquake. This theory received vociferous support from our servants, who all came running across in a body and in great excitement to say that some of the outbuildings in which they resided were somewhat the worse for the seismic disturbance—all the servants, that is to say, but one. Him we found steeped in repose under his blanket in a sheltered corner of the verandah, and he had to be treated quite roughly before he could be aroused. He was the chowkedar (The watchman).

"And when the last dread Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
And when the last grim joke has
closed
The great Black Book of Jobs,
And when the graves thrust forth their
dead,
From Cork to Candahar—
The man who'll sleep right through
it all
Will be the chowkedar."

There was a brother officer staying with us that night as a guest who was on his way through from the Kabul side to the Bolan to join a horse-artillery battery to which he had just been appointed—a fine soldier, sanguine, enthusiastic, and full of confidence in himself. It was a few months later, on sick leave in the hills beyond Kashmir, that I read the story of his tragic end. When Sir F. Roberts' triumphant troops rushed joyously into Ayoub Khan's camp after the victory of Kandahar, they came upon the body of Hector MacLaine with his throat out, lying not a stone's-throw from the Emir's tent: he had been taken at Maiwand and had been kept captive by the Afghans for several weeks, only to be foully murdered at the last moment before his remorseless jailers fled across the Arghandab on their way to Herat. Oddly enough, the journal which contained the news came to hand when I was travelling with another man of mark who, like MacLaine, was destined to be struck down by the assassin's hand.

At the age of six- or seven- and-twenty Alexander Dalgleish had already undergone a protracted series of adventures

such as it is given to few to meet with in the course of a lifetime of three-score-and-ten. We joined forces as a result of a chance meeting on the confines of the Happy Valley, and sojourned together as nomads for several weeks. But it was not until we had dwelt in intimate companionship for many days that it was gradually borne in on me that this quiet, retiring, weather-beaten Scotsman was one of those pioneers in whose tracks the British Empire has been built up. Apprenticed to the merchant service as a lad, he had only just obtained his certificates when it so happened that he found himself aboard a tramp steamer in the harbour of Bombay at the moment when a commercial mission was being organised, which was to form a corollary to the political mission under Sir Douglas Forsyth, which had recently visited Kashgar—then the metropolis of a flourishing khanate under the sway of the celebrated Yakoo Beg. A relative of Dalgleish's was included in the *personnel* of this commercial mission, and, when the proposal was made to him, the young sailor gladly threw up his post on the ship and attached himself to the party who were about to take a caravan over the Himalayas and to thrust themselves into the heart of Central Asia. The mission in due course made its way to Yarkand with the approval of the autocrat ruling over Kashgaria, Yarkand being a more populous city and a greater centre of oriental trade

than Kashgar, the capital. Relations were established with the merchants of this remote region hidden behind the purdah of the mighty hills, and, when the time was ripe for the party to return to India, Dalgleish, who was still a mere boy, was left behind in charge of goods remaining unsold, and in the capacity of a representative of the company remaining on the spot with whom the association might occasionally be able to communicate. For two or three years he remained in Yakoob Beg's dominions with the acquiescence of that potentate, the solitary European in a vast stretch of country which had been torn from the Celestial Empire and transformed into an independent Moslem State by the greatest man who had arisen in Central Asia since the days of Nadir Shah.

But the Atkhalik Ghazi, as Yakoob Beg was called, was already in the afternoon of life, and evil times were approaching. The Chinese were preparing to recover possession of the territory which he had wrested from them when in his prime. Intrigues against his authority were rife in Yarkand and Kashgar, and when he placed himself at the head of an army to meet the forces despatched against him by the Son of Heaven, and was already marching towards the frontier, he died mysteriously—as such rulers often do. Instantly the State was convulsed with faction. Two pretenders for the throne met

in battle at Aksu, and there Dalgleish received his baptism of fire, having accompanied the pretender who proved successful, as an honoured guest. The fight, Dalgleish told me, was decided by the guns of his side, which were handled with great daring by the commander of the artillery, an ex-jemadar from India, who had fought against us as a mutineer at Delhi. But all this time the Chinese preparations were maturing, and scarcely had the victor of Aksu, Kuli Beg, established himself as Emir, when it was ascertained that an invasion from the east was at hand. During his exile Dalgleish had acquired a remarkable command of Turkish, Persian, and various Central Asian dialects, he was known and trusted by the notables, and so he was invited by Kuli Beg to take command of the Kashgarian army. He declined this honour, having learnt that he would assuredly be assassinated by rivals desirous of the post were he to accept; but the refusal was taken in bad part by the Emir, and from that time he knew that his life was in danger. The Kashgarian forces eventually offered but a feeble opposition to the Celestial soldiery, and after they had suffered two or three reverses near the frontier they practically abandoned the struggle. Dalgleish did not, however, wait to see the end. Aware that he was regarded with suspicion in a land which was now in a state of anarchy, he fled one night with a single faithful servant, and succeeded

in making his way back over the mountains to Kashmir a few days before the invading army captured Kashgar and then moved on Yarkand. Such, in brief and to the best of my recollection, was the story gleaned at first hand from one who had been an eye-witness of strange happenings, but who seldom spoke of all that he had gone through.

A silent, self-contained man, the Indian Government for a long time failed to realise that here was an expert whom they could use on secret service, and when they decided to turn his knowledge and experience to account his days were already almost numbered. It would appear that he was engaged on some official or semi-official journey when, a few years after we had been wandering in company amongst the hills which look down upon the Vale of Kashmir, he was murdered on the Karakorum Pass.¹

Amongst the artillery units passing through Peshawar on the way to Afghanistan there was a heavy (elephant and bullock) battery, and as one of its subalterns fell seriously ill before it continued its march across the frontier, I was attached in his place and proceeded with it to Kabul. We did not, however, have a particularly exciting time, although we were called upon near Jellalabad to bombard a village on the far side of the

Kabul river as an interlude. As a matter of fact there were two villages, one a friendly village and the other a hostile village. The hostile villagers were harrying the friendly villagers, and our rôle in the broil was to afford support to our allies by shelling the place of abode of their antagonists. Unfortunately we made a mistake and took the friendly village as our target; but as our bombardment proved somewhat ineffective, no great harm was done, and the friendly villagers took the thing in excellent part and treated it as a capital joke. They sent a message to say that they would never in future be afraid of artillery fire.

Crossing some of the passes between Jellalabad and Kabul with the heavy ordnance proved no light task; but the elephants performed miracles, and they always seemed to know by instinct what was the best course to pursue if a gun stuck. Sometimes they butted with their heads. At other times they "manned" the wheels with their trunks. But they were awkward animals for horsemen to meet on the narrow roads cut in the hill-sides, with a wall on one side and a rocky declivity dropping hundreds of feet on the other. Horses have a great fear of these huge beasts, which some of them never seem to get over. The value of mounted infantry had been exemplified strikingly

¹ The tracking down and the apprehension of the murderer by Captain Bower (who is now commanding the Abor expedition) was a very remarkable achievement.

during the course of the Zulu War, and Sir F. Roberts had recently started a scheme for forming a brigade of this novel arm at Kabul, by utilising some of the pack-ponies that were available. But a single one of our elephants appearing on the scene while these new-fashioned troops were practising evolutions would dismount a large part of the brigade.

Some months later I was summoned to rejoin my original battery at Dinapore, which was under orders for home that trooping season. The railway, which at the beginning of the war only ran as far as Jhelum, had, in the interval, been extended a long way towards Peshawar; but the permanent way, constructed in haste, had not settled down very satisfactorily along the new stretch. It was used mainly for freight, passenger trains proceeding very gingerly for fear of misadventure. The train left Rawal Pindi about sundown, accompanied by a large breakdown gang ready for all emergencies; we ran off the line twice in the first twenty miles, and the passengers spent most of a bitterly cold night watching the operations of the working party engaged in getting the locomotive and such carriages as had accompanied it off the rails back into position again. The accidents both took place at points where a train, as long as it moved at a sedate pace, could not come to much harm; but there were embankments and viaducts along the

line where one which had missed the road might have come to very serious grief. Still, such experiences were of small account compared to the adventures which one was apt to encounter between Middleburg and Pretoria in the middle of 1901. In the Service one meets, indeed, with all manner of vicissitudes in connection with railways, and sees rolling stock and permanent way turned to strange uses.

Towards the end of the South African War, for instance, some of us were despatched by sea from Cape Town to Port Nolloth in Namaqualand, with the object of succouring a copper-mining centre called Ookiep which General Smuts was investing. Fringing this portion of the littoral of Cape Colony there is a stretch of waterless "sand-veldt," forty miles wide, intervening between the shore and the uplands of the interior; and had it not been for a miniature mining railway which linked up Ookiep with the sea, we should probably be at Port Nolloth still. Everything and everyone, except the horses and just sufficient men to lead the horses, was transported across this inhospitable zone of rolling sand-dunes in the dainty little trucks of the toy railway. Even the water for the horses on their trying march had to be carried forward in tanks placed on the trucks, and the cumbrous mule-waggons of the country, which served as military transport in ordinary times, had to be packed with their fore-wheels in one truck and their hind-

wheels in another, risking an upset when going round a curve. The Royal Navy had, with characteristic originality and resource, set about preparing one of the little locomotives for the worst. Not content with the festoons of cables, which had done such good service in Natal, and which had earned the title "Hairy Mary" for the engine so decked out at the hands of the troops, armour-plating was brought into requisition at Port Nolloth, and was applied so freely that the locomotive might have faced a battleship. It was not observed until steam had been got up in preparation for a trial trip that the weight of the engine had grown so excessive that the rails on which it was reposing had become flattened down: a journey along the line would probably have rendered the permanent way unserviceable for months, and it might have rendered a military advance into the interior in time to relieve the imperilled township an impossibility.

It was on a railway of analogously modest calibre, with its terminus at Carnarvon, that two of us enjoyed a quaint experience on a staff-ride a few years ago. We were bound for a place the name of which was spelt almost entirely with "l's," and we meant to cycle back. So we took third-class tickets and bicycle tickets at the shanty which served for station, and we were invited to place our bicycles in the solitary first-class car on the train, a saloon compartment

of approximately the dimensions of the normal hotel omnibus. We took our seats in the saloon and prepared to enjoy the view; but a cantankerous Celt, who came to inspect the tickets, pointed out that we had not first-class tickets, ignored our references to the bicycles, and turned us out. So we made the journey in a third-class compartment, while our bicycles travelled "first."

An officer who was on the Headquarters staff with me at one time used to narrate an amusing experience of his in a train when he was a Sandhurst cadet. He was in a first-class carriage going up to town with two other cadets, the only other passenger in the compartment being an old gentleman in a corner. One of his comrades was a youth much given to pranks, and as the train slowed down when running into Vauxhall, where the tickets were to be taken, this budding Napoleon suddenly exclaimed, "I say! Mum, you fellows!" in a blood-curdling whisper, and disappeared under the seat. The ticket-collector came along in due course, took the tickets from the visible occupants of the compartment, and was proceeding on his way, when the old gentleman, who had been fidgeting a good deal in his corner, interposed and stopped the man. "I think it right to tell you, conductor," he said, "that there's a person under that seat who has not got a ticket." "Hie, you!" ejaculated the ticket-collector, peering under the seat; "you

just come out o' that." There being no response to this invitation, the collector proceeded to seize the cadet by the leg and to endeavour to haul him out into the open. A struggle ensued; but the cadet had managed to wedge himself in, and he proved a fixture. Other station hands arrived. A crowd collected. The guard came to see what was the matter. Finally the station-master bustled up full of importance, and was apprised of the cause of the delay. "We can't hang up traffic all day with this sort of nonsense," was his verdict; "she's behind already. You," he told the ticket-collector, "go up in the carriage to Waterloo and give him in charge." The door was banged, the whistle sounded, and the train glided out of the station.

No sooner was the train well under weigh than the cadet slowly emerged from his lair and confronted the ticket-collector. "What the devil do you mean by assaulting me like this and seizing hold of my leg?" he demanded peremptorily.

"Seizin' ye by yer leg!" rejoined the man derisively. "What're ye travellin' under the seat for?"

"Travelling under the seat!" exclaimed the cadet furiously; "I always travel under the seat!"

"Why ain't ye got a ticket then?" retorted the collector warmly.

"Not got a ticket?" snapped the cadet, stamping his foot; "here's my ticket!"

"Then why didn't ye give it me?" expostulated the man.

"Why didn't you ask me for it, you blundering idiot!" shouted the cadet, and then he wheeled round on the old gentleman in the corner. "And you, sir," he said, "will you please explain what you mean by giving false information to this servant of the railway company to the effect that I was travelling without a ticket? It is you who, by your unwarrantable interference in a matter which nowise concerned you, have delayed the train and caused serious confusion. Something was said just now about somebody being given in charge. If the ticket-collector does his duty he will give *you* in charge, and if the railway company do their duty they will prosecute you for causing an obstruction and for wantonly annoying a passenger." By this time the train had drawn up alongside the platform at Waterloo, the door was thrown open by a porter, the cadet picked up his hat and umbrella and quietly descended from the compartment and walked off, and the old gentleman and the ticket-collector were left looking at each other very foolishly.

But tricks cannot always be played upon railway officials with impunity, as a young subaltern, now a well-known general officer, found to his cost one time. He had arrived at some large station where the tickets were being taken as the passengers emerged from the arrival platform, and in a moment of light-heartedness he took it into his head to dash past the collector and to bolt

from the station. Instantly there was a hue and cry, an athletic porter chased the fugitive and ran him down, other porters came to secure the prisoner, and he was haled, breathless, before the station-master, who was purple in the face with indignation. "I only did it for a lark," he panted apologetically; "I'm sorry I gave so much trouble. Of course, I've got my ticket all right. Here it is," and he felt in his pocket. To his consternation the ticket was not there. He searched his other pockets, and turned out money in plenty, but no ticket: whether he had lost it in the carriage or it had been dropped in the chase and the scuffle, it was gone. This made matters look decidedly awkward. His offers to pay the fare were treated with derision, already ominous references were being made to the police, and there seemed to be considerable prospect of the young humourist spending some hours in a dungeon, when two brother officers, who had been amused spectators of the scene, came forward. Cards were produced, names and addresses were taken down, and it was intimated to the culprit that he would be proceeded against by summons for attempting to defraud the railway company.

The youngster realised that he had got himself into an unpleasant scrape, so, having had an interview with his colonel and after consulting a solicitor, he repaired to London next day and sought an audience with the secretary of the

railway company. He was ushered into the official's sanctum and told his tale. The secretary looked him up and down contemptuously for a minute. Then he spoke in a freezing tone as follows:—

"That's a very nice story—a very nice story! Do you seriously imagine that I am going to be taken in with such rubbish as that? The thing is as plain as it is discreditable—you were travelling without a ticket, and I must say that your device for escaping the consequences would have been worthy of a half-witted boy at a dame school. Now, somewhat late in the day, you are beginning to perceive that honesty is the best policy—even for an officer and a gentleman. A conviction for attempted fraud would not, I take it, raise you in the esteem of your superiors in the service which you adorn. Let this be a lesson to you, my young friend, or your military career is likely to come to an abrupt and an ignominious termination. However, I do not wish to be hard on you or to take a step which would probably prove fatal to such prospects as you may happen to possess of advancement as a soldier, so I shall ask my directors not to prosecute. Good morning." And the discomfited warrior was shown out of the office by a grinning underling.

But to go back to Dinapore:—Within a few days of my return to the fold, an order, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm, arrived for us to proceed with all speed

to Bombay with a view to embarking for South Africa, where rebellion had broken out in the newly annexed Transvaal. Active service often enough proves a disappointment; but all military men who have enjoyed the experience will agree that few greater delights are met with in the soldier's career than the receipt of a mandate to take the field. *Per contra*, few more bitter mortifications can be encountered than to have an order to join in a campaign countermanded at the last moment, or to find on reaching the theatre of war that hostilities are at an end. A belated battery, bound for the Albert Docks *en route* to Egypt, marched off from the parade ground at Woolwich in September 1882, to the strains of "The Girl He Left Behind Him" and "Auld Lang Syne," officers and men full of pleasurable anticipations of a brush with the fellaheen within two or three weeks. On the very next day intelligence arrived of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and on the morrow back marched the battery with all ranks looking pitifully crestfallen. It was bad enough to be sold like this, the commanding officer remarked later on in the mess; but the last straw had come when they were played up to barracks to the tune of "Slap! Bang! Here we are Again! Jolly Dogs are We!" a music-hall ditty which had recently enjoyed a temporary popularity. But for its being a forced contribution extorted under regu-

lations from which there was no escape, he was hanged if he wouldn't withdraw his subscription to the R.A. Band to signify his disapproval of the outrage.

All the way from Bombay to Durban we were in a terror lest the campaign should have fizzled out before we reached Natal, and it was a great relief to be greeted on arrival with the news of Sir George Colley's repulse at Laing's Neck that very morning. A few days' later came the report of the reverse on the Ingego. And there seemed to be a silver lining to the cloud even in the case of the disaster on Majuba Hill, because after such an untoward event there appeared to be every prospect of a fight to a finish. But we had reckoned without Mr Gladstone. Aboardship in the winter of 1899-1900, steaming south towards Cape Town, one was ever anticipating the worst, imagining that Ladysmith and Kimberley would prove to have been relieved without us, and that the war would virtually be over when we cast anchor in Table Bay; but out of the two or three score of shipmates occupying the saloon, four officers had been killed and more than a dozen had been wounded before the tide finally turned at Paardeberg and Pieters Hill.

The brigade of all arms which proceeded from India to Natal in January 1881 possessed a special interest in that it represented practically the last of the "old soldiers" to go on the war-path. Numbers of

men of all ranks composing it were serving to complete twenty-one years with the colours, and the 15th Hussars, the battalion of the 60th, the 83rd, the 92nd, and my battery were a band of veterans. It was a totally different type of force from the reserve-fed army which a year later embarked for Egypt to cope with Arabi Pasha. As the battery had to be horsed in Natal it could not proceed up country at once, and eventually half of it (with which I remained at first) never went to the front at all. The railway then only ran up to within ten miles of Pietermaritzburg, so that when summoned to join the other half-battery a few days after the armistice, it was a case of marching up in company with a field company of Royal Engineers from home which was on its way to Newcastle. Gunners generally pride themselves on knowing how to make themselves comfortable on the line of march, but they have much to learn in this important particular from the gallant sappers. The equipment of a field company R.E. includes, or at all events then included, a goodly number of "Clarkson's Boxes" borne on pack-horses — admirably designed receptacles, fitted with tinned tongues, jams, potted meats, bottled beer, and all those little necessities which are calculated to make luncheon at the time of the midday "out-span" a grateful institution. One of these halts took place by the bridge over the Tugela at Colenso, and we little thought

as we rested there that this peaceful spot was to be the scene of desperately contested affrays nineteen years later. The midday halt generally lasts for two or three hours, and one is sorely tempted to indulge in a siesta after satisfying the cravings of hunger; but surrender to one's inclinations in this respect should be tempered with discretion, and neglect of this precaution nearly terminated the earthly career of a leading light of the Accountant Branch at the War Office, who had been especially sent out to South Africa to endeavour to extract order out of the confusion into which the accounts of the campaign had fallen. The accounts always fall into confusion during a campaign in South Africa. This financial expert fell fast asleep after luncheon one day, with his head on an ant-heap and his mouth wide open, and he awoke with a start to find his false teeth going down his throat and sticking somewhere about half way. Fortunately there was an Army Medical man somewhere near at hand who managed — with a shoeing smith's pincers, it is said — to recover the teeth. But the financial expert was very near leaving his bones on the limitless veldt.

A Roman Catholic chaplain was on his way up to the front at the same time as we were, — a fine figure of a man, with the blue eyes, the dark hair, and the handsome face of the typical Irishman. He sat right away back in the saddle, swinging a stick like a shillelagh as he

cantered along, and he had a brogue which it did one's heart good to listen to. We often met him at dinner at night when there happened to be a wayside inn which looked promising at the halting-place,—one of those hostleries where the hands from the farm come in to the evening meal, and where one man is as good as another if he is not better. One evening, when there was a large gathering at one of these festive boards, somebody asked him across the table during a pause in the conversation, "D'you ride along by yourself as a rule, Father?" "Dade and I do," says he; "that is, of coorse, unless there'd be somebody roidin' with me. And, faith, one just loikes a fellah to be tahkin' to, for it's a tarrible lonesome country—sure the Bog of Allen's College Grane compared to ut. Ye roide along, moile by moile, and ye niver see a livin' thing, not even a bur-r-d, barrin' it'd be a dead mule or jackass lyin' by the soide of the road. When ye git to where ye're goin' to, bedad ye aren't there at all at all; and if that little brown mare of moine—the thafe of the wor-rld that she is—takes a sup out of a bit of a shtrame, sure there isn't any wather in ut." There was a retired general officer present, who was acting as representative of one of the great London daily papers; he said that a man like that was a perfect treasure to a journalist barren of "copy," and some of the good Father's Hibernianisms no doubt served

to aid in filling up a column, in default of lurid details concerning battles and Boers.

One afternoon while I was at Newcastle, four men whom I took to be farmers rode up to the gun-park. They appeared to be having an altercation with the sentry, and on going over to see what was the matter I found that the gunner was endeavouring to make one of the party, a very striking-looking old man, understand that he must not smoke his big pipe in the gun-park. The old man was arrayed in rusty black clothing, his trousers had rucked up from the saddle, his white socks had dropped down over his boots, and it would have been gross flattery to have called him good-looking; but he had a strong, determined face, framed in singular side-whiskers, and evidently he was something more than the mere cultivator of Dutch extraction. Another of the party was a big, well-set-up figure, sitting his rough pony like a horseman, whose almost patriarchal beard only partially concealed a genial, friendly countenance. The other two were younger, and one of them, noticing my approach, rode up and, speaking very fair English, gave me to understand that Mr Kruger and General Joubert would like to see the "cannons" if there was no objection, and asked if the sentry was right in forbidding smoking. So one or two drivers were called over to hold the rather ragged steeds of the visitors as they

dismounted, old Kruger let his pipe go out although he looked dissatisfied with the decision, and the party were shown what there was to be seen about the guns and ammunition. Old Kruger never spoke; but General Joubert was clearly interested and expressed surprise that we had muzzle-loaders, asking whether the French and Germans had not adopted breech-loaders long ago. The younger man who had addressed me, and who, I believe, was the third of the "triumvirate" who were negotiating a final (?) settlement with Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir Evelyn Wood, interpreted into the Taal, although General Joubert appeared to understand English fairly well. After looking round the horses and declining an offer of refreshment, the four mounted their ponies and rode off. It

was the first and last time that I saw Oom Paul; but nineteen years later, two days after the fight of Bergendal, most of the batteries of the Natal army hurried off to gain a point overhanging the great depression in which the railway winds down from the high veldt towards Koomati Poort and Lorenzo Marques. We hoped to cut off the train in which it was understood that the ex-President of the South African Republic was about to take his departure for Portuguese territory. It would have been a case of snap-shooting, in which artillery when carrying out practice over land ranges is seldom at its best. Still, we might among us have managed to put a shell into the locomotive and to disarrange its interior; but the expedition proved abortive, for we were late.

(To be continued.)

THE 'RICKSHA BOY.

Two men stood at the parting of the ways.

Before them the Woosung River, shallow, treacherous, yet not unbeautiful, rippled its muddy surface in the sunshine, catching glints and gleams that were like the sheeny tints of an opal. Behind them the Bund, gay with flags and trees and a bright procession of traffic, seemed to flaunt all its attractions on the breeze.

The two men had turned away because they hated the sight of it, though both knew that Shanghai could be a pleasant place enough when approached in a proper fashion. It was not their fault that they had not so approached it. They had come as men looking for work, and they had not found it kind. For though one of them was well-born and well-bred, and the other well educated, they were nearly penniless. On their journey through the Interior, in ignorance of the Chinese character in remote districts, where the white man is still the dreaded "foreign devil," they had made themselves feared and hated by a reckless use of the camera. When their carts were looted they had got away with but what they carried on them.

Shanghai had no welcome for impecunious strangers. It had been defrauded by plausible stories too often, and the dead-beat, "left on the Bund," had worked out the mines of

charity. Also this was an unlucky moment, for, not a month before, a first-class impostor had taken in the whole town. The story was still fresh in the public mind, and no one was inclined to give work to a broken-down Englishman. Fielding knew that it would be useless to apply to the consul in face of all that they had heard, but in despair Allerton went—and came away again with a very red face, declining to say a word about the interview.

There was a long silence as they stood watching the opal river. Then Fielding said, "Well?"

Fielding was longer, leaner, more determinate than his companion. It was his misfortune that on the trip which had brought them to this out-of-pocket condition his brains should have been subservient to another man's money. Without Allerton's financing Fielding would never have explored that interesting and little known tract of country, while, on the other hand, without Fielding's pluck and ready wit Allerton would have died a score of deaths and would never have stood, as he did now, fit and well, but penniless, a thing so incomprehensible to him that he was bewildered.

There was another silence, and then Fielding spoke again.

"If you haven't any ideas of your own, you'd better adopt mine," he said with a touch of

impatience. "I suggest that one of us shall go to Hong Kong and look for work. You don't want to wire home for money, I have no one to wire to. There's just about enough left for one passage. We'll toss for who shall go, and whoever wins must make it a point of honour to take the first billet that offers, no matter what it is, and keep himself up to the collar until he can send the other fellow enough to join him. He must deny himself small luxuries; he must scrimp and save; he mustn't have a pipeful of tobacco until the two are reunited. He must strain every nerve to send the passage-money at the earliest possible date."

"Of course. Anybody would."

"Everybody wouldn't," snapped Fielding, in a moment of sharp intuition. "There are some fellows who are a dashed sight too easy-going to remember others when once they are out of the wood themselves."

"If I win the toss," Allerton said, "I swear that I'll do no more than exist until I've earned enough to start us both."

"So do I. Agreed then. Will you toss, or shall I?"

"You," said Allerton. Then he cried, "Wait. Let us think it over!"

"Surely you've thought it over long enough," Fielding said coldly. "The tender won't wait. She's been hooting this half hour."

He took a small coin out of his pocket and looked at it.

"The dragon you go. Cry!" he said.

"Dragon!" cried Allerton, with a promptness that brought a smile to Fielding's face.

He clapped his hands upon the little piece and showed it. The dragon was down.

"Best out of three," said Allerton feverishly. "I—should have said so before."

With a cool glance at him, Fielding spun the coin and showed the dragon in his palm. Then, with an exasperating slowness, with a kind of drawl in his movements, he threw the coin again, this time allowing it to fall to the ground. Instantly it was covered with dust. He stooped and blew the surface clear.

"Which side—which side?" asked Allerton.

"Dragon. Can't you see?"

Allerton went down upon his knees to look, and gave a gasp of relief. It was evident that he did not wish to be left to fend for himself in Shanghai.

Fielding's expression did not change, save for a sudden look of intentness that came into his eyes, but he felt alarmed when he saw the increasing satisfaction of Allerton's face.

"He'll forget me," he thought. "I can feel it in my bones that he'll forget me as soon as he's in easy circumstances himself."

Aloud he said: "Then that's settled. Here's the money for your passage and ten dollars to start you in H. K. Not a very large amount, but it's got to be enough. Here's the balance for myself, seven dollars thirty. And I think we'd better change coats. Mine's too big for you,

but it's not so worn. I wonder if I can get into yours without bursting the seams. Right-o. Better fit than I expected. Here's the haversack, — last remnant of your carefully planned outfit!"

They walked to the tender, which lay bumping gently against the wooden jetty.

"You remember the terms of the compact?" Fielding asked, with a cheery voice and a searching eye.

"Yes, that's all right. You'll hear from me very soon. How long will that seven dollars last you?"

"Just until I hear from you, and no longer."

"I'll write very soon,—as soon as possible. I hope you'll get on all right."

"You needn't worry about me," said Fielding drily. "You've got to take care of yourself, and then to remember the compact."

Just as the tender started, when she was about six feet from the pier, Allerton was overcome with compunction at leaving Fielding behind.

"I wish you'd won the toss," he said. "There's time to change even now if you would. You'd get on just as well as I should in Hong Kong. Won't you——"

But the Woosung widened between them.

Better not to ask how he lived,—what he ate or where he ate it. It suffices to say that he existed upon seven dollars and thirty cents for three weeks. At first he tried again to find some sort of work

that he could do with either his head or his hands, and wandered about the city making inquiries; but everybody appeared to be particularly satisfied with the people whom they employed already, and did not consider themselves justified in taking on an extra hand. And later, when rations grew very short, he gave up the attempt, partly because he had great trouble in making his tired brain and limbs obedient to his will, and partly because he felt that to call at a man's office to ask for work and possibly prove one's incapability by fainting upon the doorstep would be a subtle form of begging in which he would rather not indulge. So he shunned his fellow-countrymen, and lived among the Chinese. He called at the post office as soon as it was possible to hear from Allerton, and continued to call there, growing more and more discouraged day by day. On the first morning that he was entirely out of funds he found that a steamer had arrived from the south, and went again to the post office full of hope. Perhaps Allerton had written in time to save him at this eleventh hour. He might have found a billet, got an advance, and hastened to send some of it to his ohum. A single dollar would help him to tide over for the moment, anyhow. He would not think of what would happen later if there was no letter.

By this time the clerk knew him by sight, and he shook his head at him the moment that

Fielding entered the doorway.

"Go and look!" said Fielding.

The man went to the letter rack and came back saying that there was nothing for any one of his name to-day.

Fielding turned to the door. He did not see the orderly street, the substantial buildings, and the green trees with the sun shining upon them. He saw starvation, with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes that stared into his, starvation personified, with twitching lips and restless glance. The next moment he gave an unbalanced laugh when he realised that he had seen his own reflection in a glass door. He went out into the street feeling a little shaken.

Beside the pavement a coolie was waiting with a 'ricksha. He patted the cushion invitingly, saying, "Licksha, licksha!" And, moved by some unreasoning impulse, and forgetful that his pockets were empty, Fielding stepped into it. The boy lifted the shafts and turned for his direction, and Fielding pointed forwards with his arm.

They followed the long straight road until they were beyond all landmarks known to Fielding, and most of those known to any foreigner. They left the houses behind them and came to queer huts and shanties and big open spaces with heaps of building rubble, old rusty iron, and the refuse of timber-yards. The tide plashed up in a single ripple that reached the boundary of a little garden. The 'ricksha boy had

looked round curiously at his fare more than once, and now he put down the shafts and approached him with outstretched hands and the question, "How much farther do you wish to go?"

Fielding regarded him vaguely, and then suddenly became alert and turned out his pockets.

"I have no money," he said briefly. "How did I get here?"

The boy began to swear, but was stopped by a stern look. Fielding got out of the 'ricksha, walked across the road and sat down with his back against the wall of a little house. The 'ricksha boy, realising that one cannot get money out of empty pockets, accepted the situation, and thumped on the closed door of the hut, crying, "O, Wu, boat-builder, I have brought you a guest. May he be more profitable to you than he has been to me!" and he rattled off in search of a more lucrative fare.

Wu, who was bending over a half-finished boat in the middle of his back garden, was small and old and shrivelled. He had kindly eyes, and the sun and air had given him rosy cheeks that looked strange upon a yellow face. His cousin, who was warder of the yard, and responsible to their various owners for the safety of the heaps of scrap-iron and timber, helped him with his trade.

Wu did not leave the boat until midday, when he came into the house to prepare his rice. While it was boiling he opened the street door to

see if any were passing with whom he might exchange civilities, and his eyes fell upon the long figure of the foreigner under the wall.

Fielding had got beyond the belt-tightening pitch of hunger and was merely drowsy. The friendly autumn sun shone upon him, and he felt dimly grateful for its warm benison. He had slipped down until he lay upon the ground with one arm across his brow. He did not wish to be disturbed. The sharp edge of his suffering was past, and it was followed by something very like peace. He had had dreams of manna in the wilderness, of kind hands ministering to him, of light and friendship. But they were past; and he was done with his hot, resentful anger against Allerton, and the wish to meet him and extract an apology. He was beyond the reach of all that could worry and annoy. He was tired and heavy, and a great stupidity was upon him, so deep that painful thoughts could no more pierce his brain than starvation could disturb his body. He looked forward tranquilly to oblivion and the nothingness that he felt approaching nearer every hour.

The little boat-builder stared at him with an astonished exclamation, and then touched him with his foot to gain his attention. With a painful effort the long form withdrew itself about an inch. Wu lifted the arm that hid the brow, and a pair of vacant eyes gazed up at him. It did not need the man's thinness

and sunken cheeks to tell the Chinese his extremity,—the eyes alone did that. Wu stared curiously, but with a look that was not destitute of sympathy. Then he dived under the low doorway and returned with his rice-bowl, and Fielding came to himself to find that he was sitting up, drinking the hot fluid with grains floating in it. "Give me some more!" he cried in English, but Wu took away the bowl and hid it from sight. "Go to sleep now," he said, "I will come back presently." And Fielding dozed again. At evening when the sun was off the roadway and the ground beginning to grow cold, Wu reappeared, and helping him to his feet led him into the hut and showed him a place on the k'ang where he could lie down.

That was how it began.

Wu had a good opinion of foreigners, supposed that they were always rich men, and deemed that a friendly turn done to one of them would be well paid. Also he had a humane heart, and in his care for Fielding was actuated about equally by kindness and the desire for a reward. His wife was dead, his only son in America; the warden of the scrap-heaps was not an amusing person for one's sole companion. Wu found the foreigner extremely interesting and entertaining.

Fielding told him frankly that he had no money to requite him for his kindness, but that he was willing to work. Wu asked if he could

build a boat, and Fielding confessed that he could not. The Chinese inquired what trade he followed, and on hearing that he had none, was disposed to consider him either very rich or else very idle. And he asked, with much flowery circumlocution, how he came to be in such an impecunious condition. Fielding answered that he had been robbed in the Interior, and asked whether Wu could suggest any way of his earning a livelihood.

There ensued a long controversy between the two Chinese as to the calling which it would be proper, under such circumstances, for a foreigner to adopt. Fielding was not quick enough at the language to understand all the ramifications of the conversation, and ceased to take an interest in it. All that he gathered was that Wu had a little hoard of savings that he was anxious to let out at an usury of fifty per cent for six months. As he waited for the sing-song talk [to wear itself out, some accident of memory threw before him the steady swing and stride of the 'ricksha boy who had brought him to Wu's door no further in the past than yesterday. Surely this was a form of unskilled labour which was always in demand. He thought the matter over quietly for a moment, and then told his new friends that he had decided to pull a 'ricksha, if they would help him at the start.

Wu was staggered at the idea. He said that no foreigner had ever pulled a

'ricksha, and that, speaking as one in the dust to one above the clouds, he would like to discourage Fielding's august mind from entertaining such a suggestion. Fielding said that if he had been willing to build or row a boat for a living, why not pull a 'ricksha? No foreigner had done so because no one had been quite in his position. Wu said that he had seen foreigners rowing boats, but never pulling 'rickshas. However, he added (having gleaned from Fielding's purposeful face that he must find some other bourse for his savings), it was a good way to earn a living, if the sage's honourable dignity could descend from its altitude to enrich the 'ricksha boy's calling with its brilliant example. The cousin slipped his horny fingers into Fielding's collar and felt the back of his neck.

"He will never do it," he said. "He has no muscle."

But mindful of the half-arm balance that had been the pride of his youth, Fielding answered, "It will come. Help me to procure a 'ricksha, old uncle."

So after many days of enjoyable bargaining Wu hired a 'ricksha with brass rings round the handles, and arranged for Fielding to purchase it by instalments. He also bought him a suit of cotton clothes, a fur cap, and a long black queue which he fastened deftly inside the lining. Fielding put the best face he could upon the matter, and invited Wu to come for a run round the town. The

Chinese was delighted. He got into the 'ricksha and Fielding trundled him away. It was easy work until they came to streets crowded with traffic. Then, turning a corner too fast, the runner narrowly missed a Mandarin's chair on one side and a lamp-post on the other, and swerved so quickly that Wu was nearly thrown out. Then he ran into another 'ricksha that was coming towards him, shouted "Flea!" at the coolie, and turned to go on. But the coolie's face arrested him, and he recognised the boy who had left him at Wu's door that first day of his Chinese life.

"I will pay you next week," he said. "Come for it."

As soon as Wu considered him expert enough to be a professional, Fielding was registered under the name of "Ah-sing," and nobody seemed to notice any discrepancy between his pseudonym and his physique. And he ran the autumn into winter up and down the streets of Shanghai. And if his feet were rather long and white and narrow for a 'ricksha boy, they were soon covered with mud. And if the hair at his temples had an inclination to curl, the barber shaved it twice a week. He did not look Chinese or un-Chinese, but in the mixed crowd of Shanghai passed for one of the tall Northerners who also wear the queue. He paid a little boy to go to the post office to ask for letters whenever the southern mail came in. But his chit was always returned, initialled by

the clerk, with the words, "No letters by this mail."

He wondered what had become of Allerton. He must have got work or assistance before now. Why had he not written? Surely not even that casual partner would have left a chum so completely in the lurch. He might have forgotten or been slack about it for a week or two, but even Allerton must have realised how grave was the outlook for the man left in Shanghai. Fielding had long ago discovered that Allerton was incurably lazy about matters that did not pertain to his own personal comfort. Was he slack enough to let a friend die if he had the means of saving him? Perhaps Allerton himself had died or met with some misfortune, and Fielding was doing him an injustice in blaming him. But when Fielding remembered his friend's unstable character, and the expression of his face when he won the toss and went on board the tender, he was disposed to believe that Allerton might even now be living in Hong Kong, safe and well and with means at his command, knowing his obligations, and fully meaning to keep his promise, yet somehow in no hurry to do so as long as life went well with himself. And Fielding drew in his breath, and hoped that something would soon happen to arouse that tardy conscience.

It was a great blow to him to part with his English clothes. Wu apparently con-

sidered that he would never need them again, and pawned them to pay for the Chinese suit. Fielding lamented it bitterly. He felt as if he had been denationalised, and the last straw that bound him to his country had been severed. It was no use being angry with Wu. He was a good-natured little fellow, if shrewd, but Fielding wished that he had left him those treasured old clothes until he could have earned enough by his 'ricksha to pay for the cotton ones. He was becoming more and more deeply embedded in this uncongenial life. He struggled vainly, but could not find a way out. He told himself that he must think of some brilliant plan, but when his work was over his brain felt so deadened and incapable of effort that he could only eat his rice and lie down and sleep. He decided that the way to freedom lay through his daily toil; he would devote himself to his 'ricksha until he had saved enough for a passage to Hong Kong, and then fly. But he did not earn money fast. A very short day's work tired him considerably, until he was accustomed to it. Then the purchase money for the brass-ringed 'ricksha had to be paid, and Wu recompensed for his board and lodging, and when he had a few cents over it was a great temptation to piece out the rice meals with delicacies from the food-stall at the corner. They were appalling concoctions, but very palatable after an unvaried diet of grain.

The day's work was woefully hard, but perhaps this was a redeeming quality, for when it was over he had no energy to lament either past or present, but would lay his tired length down upon the k'ang and sleep soundly, conscious only that the night was not long enough for rest. He was out soon after daybreak, searching the streets for a fare, or else waiting on the cold stand with his wadded coat over his shoulders. And at noon he came in, yearning for a chop and a glass of beer, and Wu gave him rice and weak tea. He spent the afternoon running up and down the Bund, to house and office, jetty and station; and at dusk returned wearily, and partook of millet and hard biscuit and more weak tea. Sometimes there were eggs, never very fresh, boiled hard and eaten with plenty of rough gritty salt. And the rain drenched him, and the snow chilled him, and the wind cut him, and the sun baked him. And his face grew pinched and wistful, while his muscle developed abnormally.

Time slipped by unheeding, until one winter morning the sound of bells woke him in the early dawn and he guessed that it must be Christmas. While he was out in the streets looking for a fare, a girl waved to him across the road. He ran obediently to her side and found that he must take her to church. They spoke no word in their common language, but he knew that she was English, and that she

had a Christmas face, full of kindness for others. He put down the shafts at the church door and stood panting while she burrowed in her muff. She paid him with a 'ricksha ticket from a tiny purse, and then, because it was Christmas, gave him also a small coin and a bright nod. Her opinion of the Chinese rose when she noticed his clear, enlightened face, but she never guessed that it was an English heart that beat under the blue poo tunic.

He watched her as she went into church. A green wreath round a pillar near the door proclaimed the festive season; so did the organ just beginning to breathe a Christmas hymn. He saw his fellow-countrymen rising to their feet, heard the burst of praise, and a look of despairing home-sickness came into his face. He was minded to leave his 'ricksha where it stood and enter—take off cap and queue and go and kneel in a workhouse seat, if there was such a thing. But he positively dared not. For he knew that the words and tunes, familiar since his childhood, breaking in upon this strange life of his, would set him weeping, and the bland churchwarden might feel it his duty to eject a poor half-witted Chinese. He stepped between the shafts, swung round, and ran swiftly until he was out of ear-shot.

He dared not think of home. His mind leapt aside from the thought as a man might leap from the point of a bayonet. Then it came hovering back

and circled round it, playing moth and candle, not able to keep away, but knowing that it would be fatal to go near. He could only think of two ways of escape from his present plight: the river was one exit, the opium-den another. But he scorned both. Either he would get out of this false position honourably, or else he would remain in it. The life was at all events an honest one. But he loathed it, and every circumstance that went to make it, and himself for having descended into it.

He ran the short winter days into spring, and still there was no word or sign from Allerton. The warm weather came. He discarded the fur cap and fastened his queue inside a shady, cone-shaped hat of millet-straw. The foreign population of Shanghai dispersed in all directions, up river, home, or to Japan. The sun shone down upon Fielding and wore him thin, and he ran the long summer days into autumn again.

Christmas came round, and he was half-minded to wait about near the church for a sight of the girl with the Christmas face, but he chose instead to ply for hire in the Chinese quarter of his district, for he felt that if the thoughts that Christmas brought him last year had been acute, this year they would be intolerable. When he reached home in the evening, the voice of the river at the foot of the little garden seemed to have gained an inviting note. It spoke of a blessed oblivion, where tired

brain and muscle might find rest.

One day Ah-sing took his 'ricksha out and met a man hurrying towards the station.

"Go quickly. I am late!" he cried as he stepped in.

Ah-sing picked up his shafts and raced off, his sandalled feet flying over the ground. The fare was merciless. "Quiquity dzo—quickly go!" he repeated, and the 'ricksha tore along. They caught the train by a hair's-breadth, and the coolie turned a wet, white face as he held out his hand for his money. He mopped his brow with the little 'ricksha towel. The few extra cents that the man gave him did not avail Ah-sing much. He tore open his coat to the cold air and sank down upon the foot of the 'ricksha with closed eyes.

"Lean back," said a coolie waiting near, who had himself experienced being over-driven. "Lean back and spread out your arms."

Ah-sing did as he was recommended, and presently he regained his breath, stood up, nodded to his fellow, and went off slowly down the road. No more 'ricksha pulling that day. He went home to Wu, lay upon the k'ang, and turned a deaf ear to the call to supper, though he watched from a distance, rather enviously, Wu eating both shares of the rice. In the early morning the heat oppressed him, and he kicked off his quilt, stretched up a hand to the paper window and broke as many panes as he could reach; and a moment

later regretted that he had done so, for he became shiveringly cold. Conscious of a rising temperature, he lay and shook, wondering whether this was going to be the end. Later in the day Wu came and stooped over him, and Fielding thought that he was Allerton, cursed him for a faithless friend, and then suddenly clung to him, crying, "No, no, old man. I didn't mean it, because, you know, you may be dead!"

Wu felt his pulse carefully at the right wrist and then at the left, told him that he had fever, and that he would cure him; and fetched his cousin to assist. They lit the k'ang stove with kowliang stalks and brought a big copper-bottomed wooden basin which they filled with water and onions and set upon the fire. By-and-by a piercing aroma ascended, discernible even to Fielding, who considered it unfeeling of Wu to boil onions on a day when he felt too ill to live. As soon as the cauldron simmered the two Chinese wrapped Fielding in a couple of quilts, dragged him across the k'ang, and, taking off the wooden cover, laid him over the bowl so that his chest acted as a lid. They propped him there securely and put a bit of wood under his chin so that it might not drop down upon the hot edge of the earthen stove. Then they went back to their boat-building.

The hot fumes billowed around Fielding and warmed him gently and gradually. At first the heat was grateful

enough, but as the fire in the stove burnt up and the onions began to burble and gurgle beneath him the scalding moisture permeated his wrappings, until he felt that he would be drowned in the reek of it. His arms were fast at his sides. He could not move or even raise a shout. He could only scratch helplessly with his toes upon the k'ang and gasp in miserable impotence, while Wu's hammer tapped in the distance.

It struck him that he was wedged here just as firmly as he was fixed into his Chinese life. Once he had been a man with a will of his own, free to roam the earth. Then he had been a toiling ant that ran over a restricted area. Now things had become so circumscribed that he could not lift his arms. Presently they would narrow again—to the limits of a coffin.

The hot air seemed to scald and flay him. In desperation he told himself that he would not bear it for another moment, but strive as he would he could not escape from his position, so he was obliged to endure. The steam, however, drew the fever out of him, and the strength went with it, leaving him limp and wretched, but on the road to recovery. As the fire died down the heat became less unbearable, and he was just swooning off into rest when Wu entered, wrapped another quilt round him, and mercifully filled up the stove.

Wu and his cousin ate their rice beside him, unconcerned, and went out again to finish

their day's work. Fielding thought that he was going to die—hoped it, and just when it seemed almost possible, the two men returned, burrowed into his wrappings to feel his pulse, and then lifted him off the stove. They tore away the wet quilts, swathed him in dry ones, and rolled him as if he had been a mere log to the farther end of the k'ang, where he remained for many hours in blissful drowsiness.

And he had dreams of home, of ineffable happiness among his own people, in a golden world of light and smiles, where no echo of the past ever reached him. It was a sad shock when the face of Wu broke through them, forcing him to a realisation of the k'ang and the little earth-floored room, unlovely in the grey morning. He endured starvation all day in cheerful patience, but when another grey morning broke, and he saw Wu eating his early rice, he sat up, feeble but determined, and requested his share.

A day or two later Wu told him that there was a liner from Hong Kong at the mouth of the river, and bade him take his 'ricksha down to the jetty where the tenders came in, and make up for lost time by charging some newly arrived foreigner double fare.

Fielding trotted slowly to the little pier and watched the launch arriving. There was nobody who especially engaged his attention: a handful of men who looked all alike, a naval officer in uniform, and two ladies who were being met by a missionary. Fielding ran his

'ricksha into line with the others, and stood patting the cushions, and crying, "Licksha, licksha!" He thought that one of the ladies would be the easiest fare and give him least work, and tried to catch her attention by inquiring, "Wan-chee licksha?"

"Do you see that man?" said the missionary, pointing at Fielding with his stick. "He's an opium-smoker?"

"How thrilling!" said one lady; and the other asked, "But how do you know?"

The missionary answered them both, "I am afraid that you wouldn't think it thrilling if you lived among them as I do. I know it by the look in his eyes and his cadaverous face. All opium-smokers have that expression. It means that they are pretty far gone too."

"But he's so different from the others, and much handsomer."

"That's the Mahomedan type,—big eyes. He'll be from the north. A little Tartar blood in him, I daresay."

"What a pity he's an opium-smoker!"

"Yes, it's very sad; but with an open-air life and plenty of exercise he'll hold out better than some of them do."

The good man turned and addressed Fielding, who, knowing only the sort of Chinese spoken by Wu and his associates, could understand but the words "big smoke." He shook his head. The missionary repeated the question, but Fielding was saved from the necessity of replying by a man

who approached from behind and stepped into the 'ricksha. Without looking at him or asking his direction, Fielding lifted the bar between the shafts and swung off.

It was now dusk, and lights were beginning to wink in streets and houses. The 'ricksha boy toiled along the straight road until the walking-stick of his fare touched his left arm, and he turned down a street in that direction. They came to a bit of rising ground, and Fielding panted up it, thinking that he would rather have the little lady who said that he was thrilling than this heavyweight.

"Can't you get along a little faster?" said the fare. "Qui-quity dzo!"

These were the words that he had been dreading to hear, and an unexpected terror was added to them. The voice was so like Allerton's that Fielding became possessed by the idea that Allerton was in the 'ricksha,—come back from Hong Kong, or the grave, or wherever he had been, to drive him up hills faster than he could go. In vain his brain told him that there is a great likeness between English voices, and that he heard them too seldom to judge of different tones: he was convinced that the man behind him was Allerton, and felt inclined to throw down the shafts and run. The day was over when he had wished to meet him face to face and demand an explanation; he would rather escape unrecognised if he could. Once at the top of the slope he ran his

fastest, feeling that it would be better to drop dead from exhaustion than be discovered. It was past lighting-up time, and he stopped at a booth by the roadside to borrow a match and light the paper lantern. Then the toe-strap of one of his rope-sandals broke, and he paused again to take them off and thrust them behind him.

"Can't you get along at all?" asked a cross voice.

"Shi—shi," he answered breathlessly, running on.

But he had not gone far before he trod on a piece of sharp tin that he had failed to see, and it cut his bare foot. He sprang quickly aside, jerked the 'ricksha, recovered it and himself, blundered on for half a dozen paces, and then fell headlong. He took the shafts down with him, and the fare tumbled out into the road. The latter rose to his feet, indignant, abusive, walking-stick upraised. The 'ricksha boy walked quietly to a lamp-post and leant against it. He measured the other man up and down with his eyes. The stoutish, overcoated figure was Allerton; the voice was Allerton's; the face with its angry eyes belonged to Allerton; and the menacing attitude was simply Allerton out of temper with an inferior.

The 'ricksha boy sank down upon the edge of the pavement. He was still breathless. He wrapped his arms round his knees, laid his face down upon them, and said, "Catchee other piecee licksha boy. My no can do."

"Nonsense," said Allerton, his first rush of words over. "We're very near the house now. Come along."

"No can do," said the boy. "Catchee other piecee——" He shifted his face unwarily, and the lamplight fell upon it. He saw Allerton looking at him intently, and their eyes met. "Other piecee licksha boy."

Allerton advanced towards him, knocked cap and queue from his head, stared again, and said "George!"

"Go away!" cried Fielding, his voice almost a shriek, "I'm nearly through with it now. I'm nearly done. You wouldn't pull me back? You wouldn't add that to your cruelty?"

Allerton took him by the shoulder, saying, "Don't. Don't!" And George Fielding laid himself down upon the curb-stone and hid his face.

That night there went a wild tale through Shanghai that a foreigner had been seen pulling a 'ricksha in which sat a coolie. But the thing seemed so improbable that no sane person gave credence to it.

Fielding came to himself to find that he was entering a house with a Chinese servant on one side of him and Allerton on the other. They went into a lighted room and he leant up against a tall piece of furniture, laid his head back against it and closed his eyes. The face of the Chinese boy was so full of curiosity that Allerton dismissed him, and then stood waiting for Fielding to speak.

The floor heaved beneath Fielding's feet, and he held on tight to the bookcase behind him. "We're on board ship," he thought. "Now, how does that come about?" There was a table laid for dinner in the middle of the room. "It's not very rough or they'd have put on the fiddles, and there's Allerton; he doesn't seem to feel it. No, it isn't a ship."

He was extremely puzzled to know not only where he was but who he was. He had thought that he was George Fielding, abandoned by his friend who had now come back to him. But as soon as he had decided this point, and had begun to repeat to himself "George Fielding," in order to get the fact established in his mind, the word "Ah-sing" flew to his brain. His left foot hurt him. He stooped and looked at the out, since the floor had stopped rolling, and dabbed it with his little towel. He turned and read the names of the books upon the shelves, and that brought him back to George Fielding again. He was utterly bewildered, for he knew that he ought not to be able to read English while his fingers played in the meshes of the ricksha boy's towel. With a gleam of enlightenment he remembered the stewing over the cauldron of onions in Wu's hut. Half of this double life was a reality, the other half a dream. The vital point was, which was life and which nightmare? It seemed to him that George Fielding was the older and had a better right. He put his hand up to his

forehead, saying aloud, "Wu should have fed me, and then I shouldn't have been so light-headed."

Allerton was genuinely distressed, but he had sense enough to give nature a free hand when she demanded it, and forbore to worry Fielding into activity, though he was most anxious to bring the episode to a close. After about four days of sleep Fielding awoke, much rested and tolerably clear-headed. He dressed with wonder at the cunning of his hands, and presented himself before Allerton.

"So here you are! Feeling better?"

"Oh, I'm all right, but still a bit mixed. There are lots of things I want to ask you."

A shadow went over Allerton's face.

"Don't worry yourself with asking questions yet," he said. "It will all come back to you very soon."

"Yes, but there are two or three things that I want to know. For instance, is it morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon. Four o'clock."

"How long have I been asleep?"

"Since Saturday. This is Wednesday."

"A record, I should think. What month is this?"

"March."

"March. And you went away in the autumn,—October, I believe. Allerton, before I try to disentangle things, I must tell you how disgustingly I've misjudged you. I thought that you had left me in the lurch and never meant to

come back again. I imagined you living comfortably somewhere, with no thought of me. I didn't mean to do you an injustice, but the time seemed so long—like years and years. Can it only be five months?"

Allerton looked at the pinched face with its furrowed brow and vague eyes, and thought that a fib would be safe.

"That's all," he said. "But I don't doubt that it seemed long. Of course I would have come before if I could."

"Old man, I ought never to have doubted it. I ought to have known you better."

Again the shadow crossed Allerton's face. He had come to Shanghai upon his own business, and it is probable that his sluggard conscience would have slept until the crack of doom awoke it had he not chanced to step into Fielding's 'ricksha. Some day Fielding would know it all, and would realise how basely he had been deserted. As soon as he looked at a newspaper and began to remember dates he must learn the truth; but Allerton devoutly hoped that this might not happen until after they had parted. He could not meet his friend's eyes for very shame, and the sight of the bewildered face hurt him acutely. He was half-minded to throw himself upon his knees, confess, apologise, tell how he loathed himself, and that he would never be able to hold up his head again until he had been pardoned. But a meaner feeling restrained him, whispering that there was really no need to do all this

when a fib would save his self-respect.

"It's very odd," said Fielding. "I could have been certain that there had been two Christmasses. And I remember two sowings and two harvests. Strange what tricks one's brain can play!" He stood looking down upon the hearth-rug. "When I was a boy," he said, "I remember reading a story about a man who somehow got shut up inside a tomb, and he couldn't get out or make anybody hear. And it seemed to him that he was there for days and days—since he had no way of measuring time—and he nearly starved. And then he found a candle-end in his pocket—though why people should go about with candle-ends in their pockets I can't imagine!—and he ate that, and it kept him going for perhaps another day. At last his friends came to look for him, and found him inside the tomb. And how long d'you think he had been there?—about five or six hours!" And he began to laugh.

Allerton had another struggle with himself. At that moment the liar's purgatory was his, but he could not face its burning gateway to get out of it. So he went on with his lie.

"Just so! A parallel case! Lose count of time even for a moment, and waiting seems like ages."

"It did. And if you hadn't assured me that it was only five months I shouldn't have been surprised to hear that it had been two years."

Allerton moved uneasily. He got up and fetched a match-box.

Fielding looked round the room.

"Why, there's that book-case," he said. "Now, where have I seen that before. Oh, that night, I suppose, when I first got here. And the carpet, too."

His left foot was bootless. He lifted it and felt the sole tenderly with his hand.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

"Yes, out my foot. But it's better. It'll be all right now that I can keep it clean."

"How did you do it?" Allerton asked, his eyes watching narrowly.

"Can't think. Running. But that's absurd, running without a boot! But I was running, I know I was." He put his hand to his chest as if he were breathless, felt upon his arm for the coolie's little towel, and then pushed his hand up his sleeve for a handkerchief. "I know I've been ill. I'm quite sure of that, and I may have crocked up worse than I know, and all the bad dreams—ha, ha!——"

"Sit down," said Allerton, rising.

Whiffs of memory, tantalising, evasive, floated by just out of his reach. He laid all his faculties upon the trail, but with no success. "I nearly had it that time," he said. "A lamp-post somewhere, and a very cold pavement. But it's gone. How absurd it all is. Oh, Allerton, I'd give something to know where I've been and what I've

been doing during these last five months!"

"Don't try to think," Allerton said anxiously. "Leave it all alone, and in a few days' time you will remember everything. Now I want to know what you are going to do. Don't you want to go home?"

"Home?" The longing of all those months sounded in his voice.

"Yes. Are you going home, or are you going to live out here?"

"Allerton, I've nothing in the world but what I stand up in, and that belongs to you!"

"Nonsense, you remember our compact?—That the one who got work first was to help the other." (Words forgotten until this moment came into his mind, "Not a pipeful of tobacco until the two are reunited.") "Well, I've got a billet. I'm arranged for. I can take your passage home and give you a cheque for fifty."

"I shall be able to pay you back, but it will be a matter of time."

"No need. The first to get work was bound to help the other. Have you forgotten?" Fielding had forgotten completely. "So you see I am bound to provide for you. We both agreed about it at the time."

"Thank you, Allerton. Then I'll take it and be grateful to leave these happy shores. What about yourself? You found something to do pretty soon, I suppose?"

Allerton had dropped into an

excellent billet the very day that he arrived in Hong Kong.

"Yes, pretty soon," he said. "Of course I had to work hard, but I'm all right now. I can get on."

The door opened, and a Chinese boy said glibly, "Pieeee Chinaman wanchee talkee master."

"Who is it?"

"No savvy."

"Show him in."

Wu entered, newly shaved and plaited and dressed in his best. He bowed vigorously to both men, and then renewed his bows towards Fielding. Some half-recollection of him began to tease Fielding, and Allerton closely watched his friend's puzzled, irritated face.

"Yes, yes. I seem to know you. What is it?"

Wu said that his poor feet were not worthy to enter this hall of light, this palace of the august ones, and that it was only the smile of Fielding's face (which was very grave) that gave him courage. He went on to wish Fielding ten thousand happinesses, ten thousand riches, long life, and sons to worship at his grave.

"Funny thing," said Fielding. "I didn't think that I knew so much Chinese. I can understand everything that he says. He's congratulating me upon something,—my recovery to health, I think."

Wu's face seemed to grow more and more familiar, and Fielding suddenly said, "He reminds me of onions! How or why I can't imagine, but it's a most unpleasant recollection,

and I hope that I shall never see him again. Have you two sovereigns on you? Would you give them to me? I feel that I'm under some obligation to him, though I can't think what it can be. He must have done something to help me in my shady past!"

He rose to his feet.

"How the smell of onions haunts me!—boiling onions, bubbling and steaming like the very pit!—a hell of onions and hot steam and damp wrappings!"

"I wish you'd sit down!"

Allerton pushed him into a chair and then handed a couple of notes to the Chinese, with a curt nod.

Wu went down upon his hands and knees and touched the ground with his forehead. Ah-sing had paid for his board and lodging weekly with punctilious care, and now he was giving a "kumsha" such as Wu had never seen in his life. It was certainly a good thing to befriend foreigners. Wu's judgment had not been at fault. He made many flowery speeches, but did not depart. He fixed his eyes upon Fielding, and as soon as his glance was returned, asked, "And what of the 'ricksha?"

"'Ricksha, — 'ricksha?" A look of bewilderment came again into the white face as Fielding explored his memory for some clue. "What 'ricksha?"

"Your 'ricksha."

A wave of enlightenment came over him. He glanced at his feet as if he expected to see the rope-sandals, and

looked into the palms of his hardened hands.

"You may keep the 'ricksha, old uncle, as a reward for all your care of me, and if I have paid you well, requite it to some other poor one."

Down went Wu's head again upon the floor. Fielding turned to Allerton.

"You were only just about in time," he said. "I've been pulling a 'ricksha!" And he did not know that Allerton was already aware of this.

When Friday came and the homeward-bound P. and O. lay at the mouth of the river, Allerton did not go on board with him, but saw him off from the jetty.

"You're sure you've everything you want?"

"Yes, thanks. All's in order, and, once aboard the lugger——!"

"Here's your pocket-book. Your ticket's in it and my cheque. It's all correct."

Fielding slipped it into his pocket, saying, "Thank you, old man; I owe you a deal."

"No, you don't. You don't owe me anything. Now take care of yourself, and try to pick up on the way home. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old man, good-bye!"

Once more the water, opal-coloured, uncertain, beautiful, widened between them. Fielding remembered its alluring murmur as he had heard it from Wu's back-garden; it sang another song to-day. A stiff breeze blew up river and he buttoned his coat. Flags

were flying from the offices on the Bund; the little trees were tossing their branches. 'Rickshas passed swiftly along the level road in an unending procession; barrowmen trundled slowly. And Fielding remembered that he was a man again—no longer a toiling ant, but free to journey across the world.

He did not open his pocket-book until next morning, when he handed over his ticket. Allerton had tipped heavily on board the tender, and Fielding's needs were supplied almost before he was conscious of them. He sat on deck in a long chair, watching a steamer passing by. The good sea air blew up at him, buffeting his face and filling his lungs. The long even roll soothed him as if he had been a child in a cradle rocked by a mother's hand. His face was lined and his hair was rather grey, but there was a deep contentment in his eyes and in the set of his lips.

He took out the pocket-book and opened it. There was an envelope from Allerton. It was too thick to contain only a cheque, and he wondered what Allerton had found it necessary to write about. As he tore it open the deck-steward appeared, saying, "Eleven o'clock, sir. Take a cup of beef-tea?"

"It would be rather a good idea," he answered, wondering what Wu would have thought of three square meals a-day and beef-tea at eleven, and how many of China's starving population could be supported

on the food thrown over the stern of the ship at the end of the day. When the man returned to take away the cup, Fielding watched his clean capable face for the mere satisfaction of looking at an Englishman. The steward tucked a rug round his knees, put a box of matches within reach, and went away. Fielding lit a cigar in slow luxury and then opened the envelope. The cheque came out first; it was written for a hundred pounds.

"Now Allerton oughtn't to have done that, even if he could have afforded it. He's much too good. He shall have half of it back again."

He read the letter—

MY DEAR FIELDING,—I've got to write to you, and don't know how to do it. Look at the date of this letter and then remember the date when we came down the Yangtze, to Shanghai. It's a year and five months. I don't know how it happened that I never wrote to you or sent you any money. Driver took me on first thing, and I've been getting a good screw all the time. Then I met his daughter, and very soon we were engaged, and I had to work jolly hard or Driver would never have

had me for a son-in-law. We're married now. I think I forgot you at first, and then when I remembered I took it for granted that you were all right, for I knew that you always fell on your feet. But I loathe myself for what I have done. If you ever feel that you can forgive me, do let me have a line, for I am miserable about it. I suppose you think that after the way I've behaved I shan't care what happens to you, but I should like to hear that you get home safely and well. You must think what you will. You can't think worse of me than I do of myself. Good-bye, Fielding.—Yours,

F. ALLERTON.

Fielding sat very still with an extinct cigar in his hand.

"Then there were two Christ-masses," he said. "I wasn't so far out as I thought."

His hand clenched upon the letter and the lines in his face deepened. Then his expression relaxed.

"Poor old Allerton! It may not have been altogether his fault. He was never any good in a tight place,—and the broken reed does not know how it pierces the hand."

PHILIPPA BRIDGES.

IN A CARDINAL'S ROSE-GARDEN.

THE long weary drive through the gathering darkness is at last coming to an end. The hum of the great city we have left behind us is now but faintly audible, and the long rows of hideous suburban houses, which seemed almost interminable, give place to picturesque though decidedly dirty cottages, and at last the good red earth itself.

Into the stuffy old brougham steals the sweet breath of newly awakened spring, the scent of the fields after an April shower.

I glance at my companion, then, apprehensively, at the open windows. Refreshing as the breeze is to me, I fear a possible chill for him. Another moment, and I have my hand on the faded strap.

"Do not close it, unless you feel a draught," he says, with a smile. Then he leans forward, and with a look of wistful expectancy asks—

"Do you see the statue yet?"

Even as he speaks I see a large golden figure, perhaps a mile or so away, and he too has caught sight of it.

His ashen cheeks have regained a faint tinge of colour; a sparkle almost of youth lights up his eye; it is not pleasure merely, it is joy,—joy at his home-coming. At this moment he looks entirely happy. Yet he is ill, very ill.

Six months ago I had not known this great, good man; a month ago I had not under-

stood him. As we drive along I wonder how it is possible I could ever have thought of him as in any way different from what he now is. The world had said, was still saying, that His Eminence was too prone to pander to the voice of the rich and powerful, that he was ambitious, and deaf to the cry of his poor. They could not deny that he had done great work for the Church. But he was cold, haughty, and unapproachable, they complained; comparing him, unfavourably, with his illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten predecessor.

The events of the past few months have thrown a new light upon all this for me.

On a cold winter's night some months ago I was first ushered into his presence at the Metropolitan House adjoining the cathedral. Even then he was in failing health, and the mantle of supreme power was beginning to fall from him. Already it was whispered that Rome had been in consultation with the "Chapter," and that a possible successor had been nominated in the person of the young and vigorous Lord Bishop of a neighbouring diocese. These were vague rumours only, and, as those around the Cardinal knew, entirely without foundation, though it was true that a large share of his burden had been reluctantly given up to his highly esteemed friend and Vicar-General.

His Eminence had smilingly extended his hand as I entered his barely-furnished room.

"So my medical advisers have sent you to take care of me," he said genially. "Do you think you will find me a very troublesome old man?"

How he had aged since I had seen him, only one short year before, officiating at some grand ceremony in his cathedral! Strikingly handsome he still was, with strong, clearly outlined features, and gentle sapphire eyes; but the brilliant colouring which had given him for so many decades the appearance of almost perpetual youth had now deserted his cheeks, and the once black curly hair had become scanty and white.

Even in those early days his manner was ever considerate, and before the dark Lenten season had passed my Lord Cardinal had chosen to treat me with unusual kindness—with friendship even.

But how dreary at first had seemed the outlook—the cold, square walls, and the many emblems of apostolic poverty.

The voice of the faithful coachman is heard calling to some one, and in the gloaming I see a bulky form clad in a religious habit fumbling with the lock of a massive wrought-iron gate.

"Home at last," says the Cardinal brightly. "Well, Brother Jerome, how are you?"

The cassocked figure kneels awkwardly.

I cannot help wondering if he will be able to raise his ponderous weight again, and

am relieved when I see him struggling to his feet. An old-world charm is about us; the drive from the entrance reminds one of a pilgrimage, for at every few yards we pass some shrine, though it is too dark now to see them properly.

"Welcome to St Joseph's," says the Cardinal heartily, as we enter the great doors of the famous college he himself had founded and built.

It is a fresh, sweet spring morning.

The Cardinal has scarcely closed his eyes during the night, and at 6 A.M. I find him in his chamber, sitting at the open window with his big red Missal before him.

He greets me smilingly.

"Lazy boy!" he says; "here am I already half way through Prime. Have you been to early Mass?"

"No, my lord! but I am going to the six o'clock one," I answer rather guiltily, thinking of his own surprising energy.

It is one of the principal feasts. Father Fenton, the Rector, is arrayed in the wonderful rich robes which have long been the envy of a hundred kindred congregations. Strong young masculine voices are chanting the Litany of Loreto, while massive Brother Jerome is vaguely fingering his rosary a few paces behind, coming to the Glorias at astonishingly quick intervals. The aged lady kneeling before the statue of the Immaculate Conception, I

know to be a very old friend of the Cardinal's, great in good works. She never speaks of him by any other title than the simple one of Father, for as boy and man she has known him, and been privileged with his friendship for the greater part of her long life. Though stricken in years, she looks hale and hearty.

"I am a lonely old woman, but always a happy one, owing all, as I do, to him," she said to me one day. "He it was who built for me this cosy little cottage here in the grounds. He laid the first stone, and, with his own hands, he placed a statue of Our Lady in this corner, and of our patron opposite. Ah! Mr Vernon, that was many years ago, and I was then already feeling old age creeping upon me, while he was in all the freshness of his energy."

This morning, on coming out of church, we met in the cloisters. She was all aglow with happiness, and her cheeks wore an almost rose-leaf bloom, in spite of her years.

"Come and see me after breakfast," she said, with a whimsical and rather mysterious smile. "I should like to show you something I have got for your patient. Brother Jerome has seen it. I showed it to him when he brought the milk across, and he was in ecstasies about it. But you must see for yourself."

I smiled. Brother Jerome in a state of ecstasy seemed rather a novelty. Rather I pictured his broad, typically

Dutch countenance widening to something more like a decided grin.

An hour later I strolled through the grounds to the cottage. Sister Winifred, who takes upon herself the combined duties of maid-servant and companion to the old lady, had placed two seats in the garden, where the morning sun was making its warm beams felt. A small wicker table stood there, and on it was placed a parcel.

Miss Palmer was busily engaged gathering primroses and violets near by. She looked up from her occupation as I approached.

"These are to go with it," she said briskly, pointing to the flowers. "Poor things enough, but the best I can find in my little garden."

She placed the basket on the table, and began to untie the string of the parcel. After all the many wrappings had been cleared away, she came upon a curiously wrought silver statue.

"How came you to think of it? I know he will be pleased," said I.

"To-day is his birthday," she answered simply. "For nearly forty years some little token has come from me. I have not forgotten my little note, either. He will get it with his breakfast. Perhaps," she continued hesitatingly, looking up to me inquiringly,—"perhaps he will be well enough to walk towards the Calvary to-day, and even to sit there for a few minutes in the sunshine. I have never

missed his blessing all these years. It would seem hard to go without it to-day."

"Miss Palmer," I said cheerfully, "you will not be disappointed. His Eminence will be sitting in the rose-bower at three o'clock this afternoon. He told me so only half an hour ago."

One morning Brother Jerome came into my cell-like room, his expansive face beaming with joy. "You look very happy to-day," said I. "Has somebody left you a bag of money?"

"Money," said the lay-brother, with rather badly simulated scorn, "is for people in the world."

"I'm sorry I didn't think of that," I answered penitently; "something unusual must have occurred, though, to put you in such good-humour."

"Lent is over," said Brother Jerome shortly. I was disappointed. This was not quite what I expected of him.

"Oh! is that all? You are not so good as I thought," I said gravely. "It may surprise you, but even people in the world sometimes fast, and don't grumble about it either."

"And some people have harder work to do than others," he replied, giving my meagre strip of carpet a few vigorous pokes with his broom.

I like Brother Jerome. Somehow I fancy he has more of the old leaven remaining in him than have the other lay brothers; then he is so quaintly humorous, though often

quite unconsciously. He is, moreover, not without a certain useful store of knowledge, in spite of his very elementary English. It surprises me how he can possibly manage to find time for all he has to do, as he is at everyone's beck and call from early dawn till the big bell clangs out for Rosary and night prayers.

"If you need anything done, seek out good old grumbling Brother Jerome," the Cardinal had advised me, on the day of our arrival. He certainly grumbled, but the work was always done—after a fashion—all the same. We are good friends by this time, for His Eminence has given him to understand that my poor pagan soul is not yet ripe to endure the monastic life in all its severity, and that I must be humoured a little in my worldliness.

I am told that I need not sweep out my own cell, though I am expected to do the dusting; but, as Jerome explains, this should not give me much trouble, since it need be done only "once in a while."

When the weather was cold, a small fire was once or twice allowed me, a concession unprecedented, even to the most worldly guest ever sheltered within the college walls. I feel sure it gave my trusty friend very grave, if momentary doubts as to my eternal salvation.

Some excuse was necessary.

"Brother Jerome," said I, "it seems to me I cannot be very strong, for I feel the cold so intensely." As snow was falling outside, it did not strike

me that my request was unwarranted.

"The saints had no fires in their rooms," answered Brother Jerome, rather beside the point.

"They had the fire within!"

He smiled indulgently; perhaps he did not think so badly of me after all.

"Some people were not created for saints."

"I don't think they were," said I.

"All the same, we have a saint here now," he continued, ignoring my last remark.

He looked vaguely towards the Cardinal's apartments. Through the open door opposite we could see His Eminence busily engaged at his writing-table, his handsome face wearing a tired look of care and pain.

"Will he be spared to us?" old Jerome asked, anxiety in his voice.

The moment of flippancy was past. "How can I say?" I answered, as I remembered how perceptibly weaker he has seemed of late. My fears do not lessen as days go on, for there are many signs of increasing feebleness.

The spring grows older, and Miss Palmer brings me the first posy of early roses from her garden, which is sheltered from the east wind by a thick belt of fir-trees.

With them she also gives me a large bottle containing water from Lourdes.

"Do please me by prevailing on him to take it," she says in her gentle hesitating way. Possibly she thinks she may

be asking too great a favour, since she knows I am attending the Cardinal in a purely medical way, which takes no account of the records of certain miraculous cures in Roman Catholic countries. To refuse such a simple request would be nothing short of ill-humour, so I give my promise without reserve, and answer, "I will pour a few drops into his wine to-day, and you shall have tidings of the result."

This morning, while taking my early constitutional, I met Father Fenton in the grounds.

"We are going into Retreat for ten days," he said, extending his hand; "will you join us?"

"Dear me! Father Fenton," I answered; "do you expect me to become a saint all at once? You don't suppose I am going to retire from the world altogether, do you?"

"Why not?" he replied laughingly. "You seem to forget that some of the most illustrious saints were great sinners once."

"Yes," I said, "but history seems to hold out little hope for the mere worldling."

"You are no longer that, are you?" he asked, with well-affected concern. "Brother Jerome, at breakfast this morning, was loud in your praises. I should be sorry to learn he was mistaken in you. And last night I noticed you were both at Rosary and at night prayers. Surely this indicates some promise of reformation. Besides, you under-

take the cleaning of your own rooms now, don't you?"

"Yes!" said I, ungraciously, "but that is only because I cannot put up with Brother Jerome's slovenly style of work. It has always been a mere pretence on his part."

"Oh! come now, you needn't add uncharitableness to the list of your many shortcomings," he answered, still laughing. "To come back to the subject of the Retreat, may I tell the Fathers you will enter?"

"No," I replied, "I wouldn't join you on any account, and you know very well it is not to be thought of, since silence is to be enforced. You don't appear to have taken the Cardinal's welfare into consideration. How can I hope to attend on him properly without speaking?"

"How is His Eminence this morning? Do you think I can get a word with him?"

He moves off in the direction of the terrace, and I go to begin what I call my "manual labour." This expression seems to amuse my patient very much. He told Miss Palmer the other day that he was quite sure I expected her to give me the title of Brother, now that I was taking up the monastic life in good earnest.

Always he is kindness itself to me. One day when I complained inconsiderately of the hardness of fare and the lack of comfort, he did not rebuke me.

"Do you feel it so much, my dear child?" he said. "Forgive a foolish old man for

want of thought. I will see that things are made a little more comfortable for you. After so many years of voluntary plainness of living one is apt, at times, to forget that for most people it may become a very real and an unnecessary hardship. I grow old and stupid, little pagan," he said. "Now I come to think of it, you are certainly looking pale and tired. You are not so well as when you came to me. Sit down now, at once, and write for things you need. Alas! the College is poor, and there is nothing here. Tell them to despatch a messenger at once; and, in the meantime, do you go to your room and rest. I will call should I need you."

Dear, kindly hearted old man, I know now of the long years of almost inhuman privations you bore in silence; of the care you had for those around you; of the drear cold nights, spent in draughty bare rooms; of the hunger you endured with only dry bread, and of that a poor, insufficient quantity, for yourself and your six humble followers; of the miles you tramped, often foot-sore, and almost heart-sickened; of the many discouragements you endured, even from some of your best friends; of the temptations that surely came upon you, for you were young, cultured, well-born, and marked out with a singular beauty of face and form.

For Miss Palmer has told me at different times the whole of his extraordinary life-story. With affectionate zeal she has

ever followed him, through trials, difficulties, successes, and joys. No longer is the saintly old lady's devotion a wonder to me; and her little acts of self-sacrifice for him, of which he knows nothing, cease to be even extraordinary.

Forty years ago, he stood before her, telling of his proposed undertaking for the conversion of the heathen, in the then unexplored Far East. His plan was unprecedented, unusual, considered to be almost revolutionary, and Pope Pius IX. had not encouraged it.

It seemed altogether too far-fetched, too colossal, for so young a man. He came to her, as to a mother, for she had watched his career for nearly two decades, and from very early school-boy days she had been his greatest friend. She told me how as he stood before her on that spring day long ago, in the first glow of early manhood, virile, strong, with God on his right hand, the conviction came upon her that success would assuredly be his.

The Retreat has come to an end at last, and I breathe freely once more. It was even worse than I had expected, for from no one could I get a word. The silence, after about the third day, became oppressive. A longing to do something desperate came upon me; this sudden cessation of conversation seemed to me exasperatingly aggressive. Brother Jerome was continually moving about the corridors feeling his beads, like a Trappist monk, and wear-

ing a most woe-begone expression.

"I don't see why you need to be so miserable about it," I said crossly to him one day. "One would imagine you were already in purgatory." He gave me no answer, but placed his fat finger on his lips, signifying that he must not speak.

I told the Cardinal of my troubles; he, however, gave me little comfort. "There is always Miss Palmer," he said, laughing. "Then, you might join with them, as Father Fenton suggested at first."

It seemed the only thing to be done. I betook myself into the garden, book in hand, reading silently, as the students and the lay brothers were doing.

They passed and repassed me several times in the course of an hour, and at last the current of their thoughts came back to mere earth again. They began to show some curiosity about my demeanour.

Had I suddenly been given a vocation, they wondered, questioning with their eyes what they dared not utter with their lips?

One brother at length stopped before me, as we came upon one another near the shrine of The Guardian Angel.

"You?" he whispered in astonishment.

"Brother Anthony," I said aloud gravely, "please don't disturb me,—I am saying my Office."

Father Fenton was only a yard or so behind. He looked sternly at the wayward student, and then reproachfully on me.

Yet he could not forbear a smile.

"I shall request His Eminence to pronounce you Anathema," he said.

"Father Rector seems to forget the Retreat is not yet over," I retorted wickedly. "How can the Superior expect his students to observe a rule he himself chooses to break? His Eminence should be fully informed of the particulars of the crime," I continued.

"You are incorrigible," he replied, going back to his Breviary.

It is the feast of Whitsun.

The grounds are gay with the laughter and chatter of a hundred young voices; for talking is allowed at all hours on festivals and holidays.

Tennis is being played in front of the terrace, where the Cardinal is sitting in the warm sunshine. The grand old trees are in full leaf, and the sloping grounds are everywhere gay with flowers. Early roses are blooming in profusion; the air is laden with perfume.

The Cardinal calls me to his side.

"Little pagan," he says laughingly, "this is doing me far greater good than all your nasty unpalatable drugs. It is this healing medicine, than which the early Christians used no other, that we all so much need."

Since he does not need me near him just at present, I stroll across to the cottage, where Miss Palmer greets me with a happy smile.

"You have nothing but good news for me, I can plainly see," she says. "Surely he is better—our dear Lord has chosen to work a miracle."

She was thinking of the water from Lourdes. It would be unkind, almost cruel, to damp her hopes, yet it would not be wise to keep her in entire ignorance.

"The Cardinal seems to be a little better to-day," I said; "but I fear we can hardly yet be sure of any real progress. The heart is still so weak."

"You still fear that?"

"It is only too certainly the case. If he would be content to renounce his work! If he would but rest completely—for a time!"

"My dear Mr Vernon," she says gently, "how can we tell what is in his mind? You will not insist on enforced idleness for him; you will not persuade him to give up all that makes his life. You know he is ever so ready to obey when once he knows what medical skill requires of him; but—think of the cost of all this. Would it, indeed, be worth the doing?"

It is not in me to contradict her. Presently Sister Winifred brings us tea in the garden, and later the old lady accompanies me back to the college. The Cardinal has been wheeled in his chair from the terrace to the Calvary.

I leave Miss Palmer sitting with the Cardinal, and stroll off around by the farms to where Brother Anthony is busy milking in the cow-sheds. Then wandering farther around the little colony, I pay a visit to

Brother Wilfred in the kitchen-garden.

An atmosphere of perfect rest is over everything. The golden figure of St Joseph, with his outstretched arms, on the summit of the central tower, looms large in the glistening red light of sunset.

As I saunter towards the beech coppice at the extreme end, it is borne in upon me how in the future I may greatly miss this quiet evening time with its delightful and satisfying sense of peace.

Must I leave all this? I ask myself, retracing my steps. Can there be no place for me here?

The sound of Miss Palmer's voice bidding good-night to the Cardinal recalls me from my reverie. I find Brother Jerome, and together we take him back to his apartments, passing here and there little groups of students on our way, who kneel for his blessing.

The Cardinal pays his visit for the day to the church, and a little later I take his light evening meal to his room. For once his appetite does not fail him, and he declares himself to be feeling better and much refreshed. He seems to be in the best possible spirits, and my fears for his failing health are to-night considerably lessened. Perhaps, after all, I have been over-anxious.

We sit together at his open window talking for nearly half an hour, until we hear the bell ringing for Rosary.

It is not quite dark yet, and the students intend to say

their Ave Marias as they stroll around the grounds.

"You had better go and join them," says my companion pleasantly. "I assure you, you need not trouble about your patient for a time, and they will all be pleased to see you. Do not forget to say a short prayer for me," he said as I retreated.

Round and round the garden we go, in the mysterious gloaming, chanting our Hail Marys as we walk.

The only layman in this simple procession, I fall back to the rear, close behind Brother Jerome's bulky form.

He glances back with a smile of amusement on seeing me following for the first time this—to a mere man of the world—rather novel form of devotion.

"You did not expect it of me," I whisper, as we at length reach the church door. He wonders if I am serious or not, then probably thinks it kindest to give me the benefit of the doubt.

"You will be joining the brotherhood soon?" he says.

"If I do," I answer, "I will endeavour to keep a clean cassock by me to wear in church."

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"So you have taken to reading Father Faber's books," says the Cardinal, as we sit in the rose-bower one morning after Mass.

"Yes," I answer; "I am trying to improve my mind."

"You might do worse," he smiles quizzingly.

"Your Eminence seems to

think there is room for improvement," I say lightly; "but have you seen none at all during these long weeks?"

"Now I come to think of it, there does seem to be some slight change; you are less talkative than usual. Does it mean," he asks smilingly—"does it really mean that you are, at last, becoming serious?"

"I trust I am," I reply, with as much gravity as I can command at so short a notice, and I feel deeply in earnest.

"But you are not unhappy? It would grieve me to know that you find our life here becoming irksome to you in any way," he says kindly, looking with slight anxiety towards me.

While I am thinking how I shall tell him of my thoughts, he speaks again, this time more kindly still, and there is marked apprehension in his voice.

"My dear Vernon," he says, "I fear I am growing selfish in addition to being stupid; it never occurred to me that you might be growing dull here, cut off from all your friends as you are. You must have longer time for recreation. Again let me crave your forgiveness for my utter want of thought."

"No, no," I hasten to say, "believe me, your little pagan is more than contented to be here; indeed, I have never before been so happy."

"But more change would be good for you; we must not forget the old proverb about 'All work and no play.' Why not take a little journey up to

town for a few hours? You see I am quite well enough to be left to myself just now, and if you are back by nine o'clock this evening, surely that will be time enough."

"I do not wish to go. I do not wish to leave you for so long."

"You think I shall not be properly cared for in your absence, my child, which is not saying much for our community at large," he says laughingly. "What would poor Jerome say if he knew?"

All the same, my companion is pleased. There is a short silence; then I again speak, trying to adopt a matter-of-fact tone which I do not at all feel.

"Your Eminence, it would seem as if I cared never to leave St Joseph's. Life is so altogether pleasant here."

"You like the country after all, then? Truly this is a pleasant place when the sun shines, as now, so graciously upon us, and Nature is at her kindest and best. Surely we have good grounds for hope of a fine day for the Corpus Christi procession."

He looks towards where the young students are beginning to erect a portable altar for the great feast. "How joyous and full of the spirit of youth they are!"

"And perfectly happy," said I.

"With complete knowledge," continues the Cardinal, "of what their renunciation must mean to them, they have cheerfully given up all for His sake, without hope or possibility

of any earthly reward. Do you not admire their zeal?"

"Oh! my lord," I say, "admiration is much too cold a word. How I wish I could do likewise!"

He looks up with, I am sure, the light of amusement beaming in his eye. "Is it possible," he asks, "that my little pagan also is thinking of becoming a missionary? Have we a new recruit from our own diocese? This, indeed, is great news."

The Cardinal is certainly very much amused. In vain he tries to hide it, and looking at his face I feel not a little vexed.

"Your Eminence seems to be rather surprised: of course I should have to be quite sure of a definite vocation first," I answer.

"And that," says the Cardinal with bright good-humour, "is the very last thing I should expect of my little pagan."

The closing days of the first week in June have brought on us considerable anxiety, for His Eminence has had a serious relapse. So ill has he been that I have not dared to leave him for the space of an hour even, for fear of another alarming attack of faintness. His condition was so grave that I was obliged to send in great haste for Father Fenton.

A few days later he is able to come into the garden again. The students are very busy all around, for time grows short, and the great festival of Corpus Christi is on the morrow.

Brother Jerome is in the act

of nailing two long wooden rods from tree to tree, presently to be covered with crimson muslin, or some such fabric. This curtain will then form the background of the shrine. They are making merry over their work, at the expense of poor Brother Jerome, who has clumsily fallen from the step-ladder and is rolling at a somewhat dangerous pace down the sloping greensward beneath. "We will see that you go without your wine to-morrow," they laugh. "See what you have now done; how you crush the grass! Go now, you fat Jerome, and roll on the tennis-lawn."

Seeing farther trouble in store for him if he remains, I beckon to him, and he comes waddling towards me.

"Come, brother, His Eminence would like to inspect your handiwork." Round the grounds we go, slowly enough; for our trusty brother is puffing still, and the afternoon is warm.

The Cardinal seems to approve of what has been done, but he does not say much, though he favours us both with his winning smile.

When he has seen all, we return to the rose-bower, and I find it is time that he should take his medicine.

Miss Palmer strolls up the path, glowing with pleasure.

"Father," she says, "what joy it is to see you here, to know that you are stronger. And on my birthday, too!"

"Let me see," says the Cardinal playfully, "this is your eighty-seventh, isn't it? and

still able to read without spectacles at that age!"

"No, Father, no," — she shakes her head reprovingly — "it is two less than that, and I am no longer able to repair the altar laces without some aid. I generally wear glasses now."

"At anyrate, you appear to grow younger each year," he gallantly answers.

"I have still so much to interest me, Father," she says simply, as she attempts to bow to kiss the sacred ring of his office. Instead, the Cardinal gives her his hand and allows it to rest in hers for a moment.

The action is at once a tribute to her friendship and her saintly life, and at the same time a mild rebuke.

"My dear Miss Palmer," he says, "we are not just now giving the Pontifical Blessing; that we usually dispense at great Church functions." He raises her gently. "You dear old friend, God bless you—God bless you, especially to-day."

I accompany her a little way down the hill along the path leading to her cottage, still keeping my patient within sight.

She lays her hand lightly upon my arm, as is her way when she has something of unusual importance to talk about.

"My dear," she says in her motherly tone, when we have gone some paces, "do you know, I fear the end is near. Unless Almighty God chooses to work a miracle, he will not be with us through the summer."

This very thought had been

in my own mind for some weeks past. I had felt that he was rapidly growing weaker, and others, including several of the Fathers, had agreed with me, as well as many of the Bishops who came from time to time to see him. But Miss Palmer had steadfastly refused to listen to such forebodings, and even when she had been told of how he suffered, and of his growing weakness, she had shown no signs of alarm.

"It can only be temporary, he will be stronger in a day or two," she had persisted, and so often proved to be correct, that unconsciously she had given me hope again and again; and, even without acknowledging it to myself, I had grown to think her keen womanly instinct more reliable than my long experience and training. I am conscious of a rising in my throat, as I awake to the fact that she is anxiously waiting for some sort of reply.

"But you thought him better; I am sure you did," I say at last. "Why have you changed your opinion? You did not think this only half an hour ago; there can be no alteration since then."

My voice sounds harsh, even to my own ears.

"I thought it first," she whispers helplessly, "only five minutes ago, just before leaving him. Oh! Mr Vernon," she implores, with tears dropping down her cheeks, "what shall we do? what can we do? — Can we only pray?"

Her light touch has tight-

ened almost to a grip. With her tearful eyes she implores contradiction. "I am wrong, oh yes, I must be wrong; it can't be so — God would not take him first," she sobs. "He must live; how can we bear up without him? Ah! no. He would not take him from me—he is all I have in this world. Every day and every night of my life for the past twenty years have I prayed that I may not be left desolate. My dear, you who care for him so much, you know I could not live to bear it. Pray, oh pray, that this may not be; I dare not think of the dark days beyond."

However much affection and care I may have bestowed upon this man, it is but as a drop in the ocean compared to the long years of loving devotion in which she had given so freely of the best she had; for no tender mother could have given more than this broken-hearted saint had done, counting all sacrifice as nought so long as his happiness was assured. I ransack my brain for some small gleam of comfort for this poor stricken creature.

"My dear Miss Palmer, your prayers gave him strength before. Can we doubt that God is less ready or willing to hear and to answer to-day?" It is poor consolation, perhaps, but it is all that I can say. She understands me.

"Let us both still hope," she says, trying to force a smile through her tears.

The rain is descending in

quite a tropical deluge. The garden looks like a lake with water, and the decorations, on which the community has spent so much time and labour, are only a sorry spectacle of limp rags and crushed, mud-splashed flowers. It is the feast of Corpus Christi. The Cardinal has been awake almost the whole of the night, and I have stayed with him till the early dawn, doing what I have been able (which, alas! has not been much), in the hope that he may snatch a little sleep. But he cannot, and at last he commands me to go to my room for a few hours of badly needed rest. I leave him, but anxiety forbids me to close my eyes. I stay in bed until the bell rings for early Mass: then dress and make my way to him again. He wishes to go into the church, but so much I cannot allow; then he asks me to say the Office for the day with him.

With feelings of intense misgiving I note his weakness; and when we have finished, he tells me that he fears he will be obliged to resign this devotional duty altogether.

"What a poor creature I am," he says sadly, "to allow myself to become distracted at such a time. The familiar sentences seem to run one into another, and I jump from Matins to Vespers and then back to Prime again, till I hardly know how much or how little I have said."

"Your Eminence, is it so all-important that you cannot miss saying your Office for

the space of a few days only?"

"No," he answers, "the Church does not command this duty when the poor brain is too muddled through sickness to do it properly. In its stead she has given us the most simple of all devotions, the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady. Yet it must of necessity be a great sorrow to any priest to be obliged to dispense with so great a joy and consolation. I fear that the time has come when the lesser devotion must suffice."

"My lord, you say this now because you are tired, worn out with loss of sleep, as you must be after such a night of pain. To-morrow you will feel better and stronger again."

"You wish to think that; you would inspire me with your courage?"

"But I *do* think so; why should you not recover as you have so often done before?"

"Because it is not in the nature of my case. It is true the great God can prolong life as long as He chooses, but for His own wise purposes He has ordained that our allotted span be three-score years and ten, which is as true now as in King David's time; and I am between seventy and eighty, you must remember."

"My lord, you were seventy three months ago," I answer, with a ghost of a smile.

"Well, well, make it as little as you can—neither you nor I can arrest the hand of time, and it seems certain to me that our Lord will soon call me."

We are silent for a time, and

I have nearly made up my mind that he is asleep at last, when he quite suddenly puts a question to me.

"Are you still thinking of joining the Order of St Joseph?"

"I have thought little about the subject of late. You gave me no sort of encouragement, my lord."

"Have you so soon tired?"

"No, oh no, but I think I must unwillingly admit that you understood me better than I did myself. It was extremely unlikely that I could entirely change in so short a time."

"But what if you were right? Who am I, after all, that I should doubt your fitness for a vocation?"

"You told me only the truth,—you did not misjudge me. Your little pagan is worldly from beginning to end."

"It is I who am wrong, perhaps," he says softly, looking upon me with eyes full of interest. "Supposing our Lord should call you," he says, "would you respond?"

"Yes, yes, I am sure I would, but it would appear to me that there is no vocation awaiting me now."

"Who knows? who knows? Sometimes we are led in a most mysterious way. Almighty God does not always, at once, point out the path for us; we are led to grope darkly, sometimes for a long period. Then at length the light shines in upon us, and in so full and complete a manner that we no longer doubt. We are bathed

in its radiance. My child, such may be your case; I would hope it may be so. It would seem to me that nothing short of real work in the Missions could satisfy you. Do you not yourself feel that this is so?"

"Oh! my lord, I cannot tell. Sometimes I think so," I answer, "but then again comes the doubt that perchance in after years I may regret the step, which means so much. What more terrible state could there be than to wake up and to find that one has, through ignorance or incompleteness of knowledge, contracted vows which for all time remain unalterable? Your Eminence, this would seem to be my state of mind now. I stand trembling on the brink, not daring to risk the plunge. Some time ago, when I first spoke to you of my wish for a vocation, these thoughts were foreign to me; they stand uppermost to-day."

"I understand. No one better."

Presently he speaks again.

"My child," he says, "it would seem quite certain that your place is here for a time in any case, for how could I do without you now? You will stay with me, will you not? It will not be for long."

In my heart I know it cannot be long, yet to admit so much would be to defeat all my purposes.

"You must keep silent and rest," I say in tones of playful authority.

He smiles indulgently. "You would grudge me my little

place in heaven. Why are you always so intent on keeping me from happiness?"

But I am silent, not daring to risk the betrayal of my emotion.

"His Eminence the Cardinal is sleeping."

This is the notice I pin upon the door of his room in the afternoon of that same day. Once more I have the satisfaction of knowing that refreshing sleep is upon him, and it is cheering to note a faint tinge of colour in his cheeks. He is stronger too, and free from severe pain.

I noiselessly betake myself out of his room, and saunter round the cloisters to the church. I am tired, body and soul.

The church is silent at this hour. I slip into a seat where behind a niche I am quite hidden from view, and do not fear to be disturbed should any member of the community chance to enter for private devotions. I close my eyes, and the rest I craved for comes upon me.

On awaking I hear sounds of sobbing coming from the direction of the Lady-chapel. My first thought is softly to emerge from my hiding-place, and somehow to get out of the building without being perceived. But I am arrested by hearing the sound of my own name. The voice belongs to the lady of the cottage. To move at once is not possible, for now I see she is not kneeling at the altar, as I thought, but at a small shrine, and her face is turned towards me.

I remain in the hope that her prayer may not be long. She is praying, all unselfishly, first for the one who is all in the world to her; next, she asks that I, too, may find grace and comfort for what is mine to do, and then, last of all, that her own strength may not fail her in this bitter hour of trial. At length she rises from her knees and crosses towards the High Altar. It is my chance to escape without being seen. However, she catches sight of me as I cross the aisle, and smiles to me through her tears, indicating that if I can spare the time she would like a word with me before I go.

"How is he now?" she asks. "Can you still hope?"

"He is better than he was even a couple of hours ago. Yes! I can say there is yet hope."

"God be praised!" she whispers. "Oh, Mr Vernon, how much more is given to us than we deserve? And he is not suffering so much pain? Do you know, you have comforted me beyond expression, for I was feeling terribly crushed, and my poor limbs almost refused to bring me here."

"Be assured you shall always have news, you shall never be kept in suspense," I say, as we turn to go.

A soft step is heard approaching, as we say good-bye. To my utter astonishment it proves to be none other than the Cardinal's.

Miss Palmer lifts both her hands in apprehension.

"Father, oh Father, dare you venture so much," she says; yet she is delighted to get this evidence of the truth of my report.

"My lord, why have you come?" I exclaim. "Why are you not still in bed?"

"My dear children, I have come because I thought it now time for Benediction, but it seems I am a little early," he says, with a quaint smile. "Perhaps I should have asked your permission first of all," he continues, laughingly poking his stick at me. "How could I have so far forgotten the supremacy of my faithful pagan? Well! I offer you my belated act of contrition now, and promise I will not offend again."

To-day the Cardinal has brought me to the rose-garden with a purpose in view. He intends to give me some minor instructions as to his place of burial. This might seem, on the face of it, a lugubrious topic, yet I am not greatly alarmed, since we have come to this same spot frequently of late, with much the same intention. As a matter of fact, I believe him to be stronger. He does not agree with me, but there is no fear in my mind, and I am inclined to treat his forebodings with something approaching levity.

"So you still think I may recover?" he inquires.

"Indeed, I see no reason to imagine otherwise," I reply; "it is certain you are stronger. How few of us would wish to leave this earth on such a day?"

"Do you forget for the

moment," he replies, "that an even brighter world exists, where we are confidently allowed to hope that we may see our Maker face to face."

"It seems so far away," I say sadly.

"You are young, that is the reason. To me it seems very near. Almighty God in His Fatherly mercy gives dying grace only to the dying. It is well perhaps that we do not think alike to-day. Here I stand on the border-land looking over, still dimly I admit; and you—well, you are very much alive in this world."

"Then that is all the more reason why I should not allow myself to grow morbid," I make answer, becoming a little out of patience with him.

"Oh! well," he returns, with a genuine outburst of perfect good-humour, "a little wholesome fear would not be out of place in my little pagan. We have, each one of us, to come to this sooner or later, and your own time will surely come. But we will leave the subject now, as you wish, and you shall instead amuse me by reading the morning paper, for I see poor, fat Brother Jerome struggling up the hill with it under his arm."

I inwardly chuckle, knowing that now is my opportunity. Turning to the column containing the social news, I soon find what I am searching for, and begin at once to read aloud.

"His Eminence Cardinal—— has derived so much benefit from his sojourn at his Missionary College that it is expected he

will be able to officiate in the Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral on June 19th."

"Well, well!"

"Is your Eminence now convinced?"

"Convinced that even quite respectable papers sometimes publish a heap of nonsense," he replies.

"Why do you say that?" I ask. "Surely they would not dare to give any important news of a public personage unless there were good grounds for the truth of the report."

"But it is a fact that in these days they often do so; in their haste they do not wait for reliable information. A vague rumour is quite sufficient sometimes. Now, it would not surprise me at all if in to-morrow's issue you should find a paragraph thus: 'We regret to learn that there was no foundation for the report we published yesterday referring to the state of the Cardinal's health. We hear on the best authority that His Eminence is confined to his bed with alarming symptoms of heart disease.'"

"My lord! what next?"

"I will tell you," laughingly. "It will probably be short enough, and will be inserted in the 'Late Telegrams' space. It may be something like the following: 'We deeply regret to have to announce the death of His Eminence Cardinal——, which occurred at an early hour this morning, as we were going to press.' Then, and only then, I suppose, will you reluctantly admit that there is some truth in the

matter, and will gradually come round to the belief that your troublesome old patient is truly and really gone."

"I don't see why I should," I answer laughingly. "If they are incorrect about one piece of news, it is equally possible they may be mistaken about another."

"Indeed!"

"Besides," I say slyly, "it may, after all, interest your Eminence to know that it was I who sent the news we read just now."

"You don't say so!" he laughs heartily. "Well, you are far and away too sharp for me. I daily find it more impossible to live up to you. What a veritable treasure you would have proved to one or two of the medieval French monarchs! As it is, your fine talent for intrigue would appear to be wasted here, for I am much too old to even pretend to match my dull brain with yours. I give you up; you are sadly beyond all reformation," he concludes, shaking his head in mock concern.

Once more, a little later in the year, we are sitting in the leafy bower. The Cardinal is speaking in a low voice, very softly, because of the extreme weakness which is upon him. I no longer have much, if any, hope of his recovery; yet there would seem to be no special cause for alarm on his account on this particular morning.

"At what hour do you expect our Loyal Chapter to be here?" he is asking. "Do you

think the Bishop will be able to reach us in time?"

"The Canons will arrive at three this afternoon. His lordship has promised to be here at half-past the hour," I answer. "There is no haste, your Eminence; you will profit by the rest beforehand. It will be too late to come out again after the ceremony, and Brother Jerome, who is weather-wise, predicts a storm before evening. You will go into church dressed as you are now, I suppose?"

"No, my child, not so this time. Monsignor Leyton will bring with him my purple. I must on this one occasion wear the Cappa Magna."

"Is it so absolutely necessary, my lord? Will this not cause you undue fatigue? I remember reading somewhere that your venerable predecessor wore only his cassock when he made his last Profession of Faith."

"Yes, that is true; but he did so in his own private rooms, and there were only a few friends and his doctor present. To-day I intend to be wheeled into the church, and though only the members of our own community will be there, I cannot see why I should depart from the rules the Fathers have laid down. You see, in principle, this act will be public, and I shall be seated in my place for the last time."

Since he has made up his mind to do this, it would be unseemly to attempt delay. It is my one care to see that his strength is maintained during

the next few hours, for it is only too apparent that he is weaker. The long nights of pain and sleeplessness have told their tale. His face to-day looks ashy pale, and the tired eyelids droop pitifully. It grieves me beyond measure to see this strong man brought so low, and I cannot think that the loss of power is, as before, but temporary.

His weakness is so extreme that his smile is but rare—truly a bad sign,—and apparently he is losing interest in some quite important matters on which his heart had been set. This was the more noticeable in the morning when his budget of letters came. "They can wait for once," he said. "I cannot deal with them now."

He is, however, sensibly relieved and cheered by the arrival of the Canons of his Chapter.

One by one they pass before him, kneeling to kiss his outstretched hand, as he sits enrobed in the rich purple garments of his office. They also are clothed in vestments of the same regal colour, though of a different shade, for theirs is that of the papal court.

Last of all comes the Bishop auxiliary, tall and stately, and only a shade less handsome than the Cardinal himself. It is evident that His Eminence has some communication of grave importance to make to him, for they are closeted together for the space of a quarter of an hour; and, at length, when he comes to us

again, his agitated countenance is wet with tears.

I go to my patient and administer a powerful heart stimulant.

At this unwonted hour the bell rings out for the assembling of our congregation. Even at this moment our great-hearted Father is full of kindly thought.

"Send for Miss Palmer at once," he says, turning to me; "she would be so very sorry if we did not tell her,—she would never forget such an omission."

So the solemn function is delayed a little until the dear old lady is seen hastening—nay, almost running—up the pathway to the church.

Slowly, silently, we traverse the long corridor which brings us to the sacred building, and pass through the open doors. Every head is bowed in prayer. There is no curiosity, no movement from the Brotherhood as we enter, excusable though it would surely have been at such a time. Their thoughts lie too deep for this. Not a sound is heard save that of our footsteps, and the soft rumbling of the chair-wheels.

It is my especial privilege to remain close by his side, the one dark figure among the blaze of purple.

It is almost dusk. A leaden sky above rains down upon the slated roof. We hear the pattering drops. The grey light is in harmony with the quiet sadness which seems to be settling round and about each one of us.

His voice is strangely pene-

trating, though he is speaking in a low tone. Every word is given with a startlingly clear enunciation. He is bidding us Good-bye.

The long Profession of Faith was read for him, for at the last moment he had given up his will to mine. He had wished to enact the whole; but, fearful of what might happen, I had urged him not to speak more than the farewell words.

"Very well," he had answered me, "it is clearly my duty to obey you; I will no longer insist."

The stillness around is almost oppressive; and, when he pauses for a moment, as he does sometimes, there is a silence like that of the grave.

How he speaks to us from his fatherly heart! What counsel he gives! With what courage he inspires us! Never can be forgotten the treasured words he gives us with his blessing.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my children. May Almighty God's richest blessing rest upon you all, now and always. Farewell, my dear home friends! Farewell, farewell!"

Back again we take our precious burden, and presently, when his faithful retinue have left for the Chapter House, we two are once more alone.

With joy I welcome the news that he feels no worse, after all his trying exertion, and that he is free from pain.

He favours me with his old gracious smile.

"Little pagan," he says cheerily, "we will take off all

this finery and be our simple selves again. I have now no anxiety upon my shoulders, having done all that is required of me."

It is night, a wild black night, with a deluge of rain. I sit in the Cardinal's room with but one single flickering candle, hoping, almost against hope, that sleep may come upon my patient. We have said the Rosary together, and afterwards the night prayers, and I have done all that I can think of to give him comfort, yet he is not at rest.

"Why is it I cannot sleep?" he presently asks. "It seemed to me I could scarcely keep awake to get into bed, and now, how restless and uncomfortable I am!"

"You have over-tired yourself," I answer. "Soon you will feel more restful; try to allow your mind to become a blank, while I change the pillows for these cooler ones here."

"Is it so easy?" he says laughingly.

There is a short silence; he does his best, persistently keeping his eyes closed, but it is of no use.

"The pain again," he explains rather wearily.

"Is it the pillows, do you think, that we have not 'managed' so well as usual?"

"More likely my impatience; my child, how I must tax you! How fretful I become!"

"No, no," I hasten to say.

"Little pagan, it cannot last much longer; we are nearing the end of our journey together. Do you not see it—now?"

"Eminence!"

"You do, yes I am sure you do; you cannot now say that you see no change."

"You are weaker — much weaker, that I do admit."

"You know I am dying."

No answer.

"If our dear Lord would only call me to-night! Do you know that, somehow, I think He will. Come a little nearer to me and let us talk a little; it will not drive slumber away."

I take my chair to the side of his bed.

"Oh! my lord, you have so often spoken like this," I say at length helplessly. "Tell me you do but jest."

"It is not so now. Sometimes, I grant you, it has amused me to play with your fears, for you were ever so sensible, but now that time has gone. We have arrived at the goal."

I dare not trust my voice. His eyes meet mine; they are full of a wonderful light of kindly affection.

"Do you care so much?" he says. "You who of all people knew that it must be?"

I can no longer restrain my tears.

"My child, I have longed so much to go. The distress and pain have been at times so hard to bear, and, alas! your patient has but little courage, such a poor timorous one is he. Have you not again and again felt ashamed of him? My dear, my dear, it is all so true. How comes it

you have been so patient, that you have so kindly and generously borne with me?"

"My lord?"

"I must say it—I earnestly plead your forgiveness: how sorely you have been tried!"

"No! no! a thousand times no!"

He silences me by a firm pressure of my hand. "You have all been too kind and good," he says.

"Oh, my lord, I cannot bear to think of it," I say brokenly.

"Courage, my faint-hearted one, courage. Perhaps you will go to the Missions after all," he says with a smile, though his eyes, too, are wet with tears. "You are still so young; you have your life yet before you. Long years of usefulness will be yours. You would be wise to spend your time quietly for awhile. Do not rush over matters. Let the future come gradually, softly, upon you, and it will shape itself. Our dear Lord will give you the grace to see the light. I think—yes, I feel sure that you will go. You will perhaps think of me at that time; you may remember your old friend's advice. And now, as the hour grows late, it is surely time for me to say one or two short prayers, and so to try and compose myself for sleep.

"Good night, my child. Little pagan, good night. God bless you."

And the Cardinal slept.

FIRST-CLASS CRICKET IN 1911 AND AFTER.

HAS there ever been quite so fine a cricket season from start to finish as that of 1911? Hardly, we fancy, within the memory of living men, certainly not within that of the active cricketer. This is a bold assertion, and we are quite prepared to believe that W. G. will take up his pen and by way of contradiction inform us that he is still to be reckoned with as an active cricketer, and that the cricket season of 1868 was quite as fine as that of 1911. But in the first place, W. G. is an abnormal personage altogether, and we were thinking only of the normal; and in the second place, we happen to have a personal recollection of muddy wickets on Cowley Marsh in 1868, whereas the summer term of 1911 was dry from start to finish, the finest May term, so an old cricketing Don, some years senior to W. G. informed us, that he ever remembered. Fair weather should produce fine play, and the general results of the season have amply justified the forecast of a prominent and enthusiastic cricketer, who in a letter written in April confidently announced that the Coronation Year would bring a boom in first-class cricket. From the bowlers' point of view, perhaps, there followed in due course almost too much pronounced a boom. All the more credit, then, to those hardly tried specialists that so

large a proportion of first-class matches were brought to a definite conclusion. Not till the arrival of the Scarborough festival, when the days are short and some of the sternness of the game is relaxed, was there anything like a series of drawn matches. And even at Scarborough no spectator was likely to leave the ground and grumble on the score that he had not received full value in the form of good cricket for his money.

The play has been of a more lively and spirited order. The season of 1910 brought with it a great improvement in that respect, and, thanks no doubt in some degree to the weather, there has been another marked advance in 1911. Plenty of runs have been made, perhaps too many. For when centuries are scored at the rate of between twenty and thirty a-week, and double centuries have become a matter of common occurrence, runs may be said to be going too cheaply. But as a rule the runs have been made at a good round pace, and the order has evidently gone forth in the best County cricket that, come weal or come woe, the match must be finished. A few years ago, when, in an ordinarily fine summer, match after match was left drawn, the excuse was given that the wickets were too good, complaints on the subject of unfinished games

were held to be unreasonable, and we were told that we must wait for dull weather and sticky wickets before we could expect to see any improvement. But the results of the late season seem to have shown us that the dilatory tactics of certain batsmen, rather than the excellence of the wickets, were responsible for a thoroughly unsatisfactory state of affairs, and that when County cricket is played in the proper spirit of the game, or, in other words, when the idea of winning outright rather than that of saving the game is dominant, three full days' play is quite sufficient to finish nine matches out of ten. Time seems to be a cheap commodity in Australia. Heaven forbid that on an English ground we may ever see either a six days' match played, or 1646 runs scored in a single fixture. We cannot help connecting that lethargic style of play—self-restraint some authorities prefer to call it—which after a hard struggle we have for the time being shaken off, with the exaggerated importance attached to so-called international cricket, which it became our fashion to regard with a double portion of that gravity that appertains to the solution of a real international complication. Where defeat, as involving a national humiliation, was to be avoided at all costs, and victory received with national jubilation, each party to the contract seemed to be oppressed by the feeling that the safest course to steer was that which led no-whither, and produced no definite result.

Hence, as the infection spread, mark-time batting became the general order of the day. These tactics may be sound enough in Australia, where our cousins' cricket programme is not quite so lengthy as our own, and the time to be expended—we hardly like to suggest the term out-to-waste—on any individual match is practically illimitable. But here in England the case is different. Doubtless we waste a good deal of valuable time in game-playing as it is. Our expenditure both of time, money, and enthusiasm on our amusements is our reproach among nations. But if we must play games at all, let us play them after a lively fashion, not allow them to resolve themselves into a series of waiting-races, and try to obtain a definite result within the time limit. However true it may be that patience is a virtue, an exaggerated display of that virtue on the part of the batsmen not merely warns off spectators, but spoils the game of cricket.

As a typical instance of what first-grade English cricket should be, may be cited the "Gentlemen and Players" match at Lords. That certainly ought to be *the* match of the season, and on this occasion conspicuously was so. On three brilliant July days the play never became tame or slack, the interest never flagged from start to finish, and good and bright cricket rewarded those who were privileged to watch it. And we consider that the ultimate triumph of

the Amateurs formed an essential part of the boom in cricket. Having already had the best of the drawn game at the Oval, they made no mistake about pressing home their advantage at Lords. May it not be assumed that, when the Gentlemen come out top, our cricket is in a sound and healthy condition, and that a picked representative Eleven of England would be bad to beat? For it is open to doubt whether the strength of the professionals varies much from year to year. Once, perhaps, in a decade an individual player, either batsman or bowler, will make his mark and be easily ahead of other competitors, but there is no ground for supposing that a picked eleven of professionals in 1901 is likely to be perceptibly stronger or perceptibly weaker than a picked eleven in 1911. Thus, when the Gentlemen clearly have the upper hand, the inference is rather that they are a stronger side than usual than that the Professional eleven is below par. It is probable, however, that a fast wicket favours the Gentlemen, who are generally fairly strong in batting, but the weaker bowling side. In 1911, as it happened, though Brearley, the best fast bowler in England at the present time, for some reason or other was not playing, the bowling of the Gentlemen was unusually good, the fast bowlers doing most of the mischief in the first innings, while in the second Le Couteur, fresh from his triumph in the 'Varsity match, puzzled and cramped the Players almost as

effectually as he had puzzled and cramped the Cantabs. Even so, however, the Players had the stronger bowling side, and it was the superior batting of the Gentlemen that really won the match. Where, on the whole, the fielding on both sides was smart and good, several possible chances failed to come to hand, and in one or two quarters the presence of Anno Domini in the field was all too apparent.

Probably the finest display of all-round cricket in the match was seen in the first hour of the Amateurs' second innings. For then the Players were fairly on their mettle, Barnes, Buckenham, and Iremonger were bowling at the very top of their form, and the batting of Fry and Spooner was well worthy of the occasion. If now and again one or other of the pair was apparently beaten by a ball which beat the wicket into the bargain, neither made anything approaching to a bad stroke, and the runs came steadily and, considering the excellence of the bowling, at a very fair pace. Yet not quite fast enough to satisfy the batsmen. For in the end, and at a time when they appeared to be set for long scores, first one and then the other lost his wicket in attempting a forcing stroke off a good length ball—there were very few bad balls knocking about,—the right sort of ending to a good innings, when the time occupied in run-getting promises to be almost as precious a commodity as a long score. At the finish, it is

true, there proved to be time enough and to spare, but on the Players' side there were known to be three or four batsmen of the patient and never-take-a-liberty order, and the partial collapse in the fourth innings of the match came as a surprise to everybody. One more comment on a great game we cannot help making. It was said in several quarters at the time that Fry made a grave error of judgment in sending in Campbell, the Oxford freshman, over early in the first innings, and, as it happened, at a time when the bowling was at its best. Old stagers will remember the days when no one thought of questioning the right of Yardley, Ottaway, Webbe, O'Brien, and sundry other freshmen to be placed in the forefront of the battle. Doubtless the standard of University cricket has fallen off since those days, but even now the reputed crack University batsman of the year should be able to hold his own even against the Players of England. So too might Campbell have done had the match been played earlier in the season. Unfortunately he was altogether out of form in July, an accident that has happened and will happen again to even better cricketers. How many runs, for example, did Warner, about whose merits as a batsman there are no two opinions, total in the six consecutive innings played by him in County cricket immediately after the great match? We are not quite sure about the exact number, but something

under *twenty* is near enough the mark.

The University Match, if not quite so sensational as that of 1910, was not without interesting features. In the first place, the Cambridge Captain, acting, so said some critics, with more valour than discretion, dispensed with the services of the two bowlers who had opened the attack in the previous year. We doubt if a parallel ever has occurred in the whole history of inter-university cricket, so that Ireland may be congratulated on the possession of what may be called a courage of conviction strong enough to ignore the traditions of the elders and to create a new precedent. Now and again in former years a captain of a University team has seemed to be almost too staunch a conservative in the matter of retaining on his side a bowler who, having done yeoman service in one year, had palpably lost pitch, pace, or sting in the next. Probably in some cases the apparent error of judgment was due to a popular idea that the Lords wicket so far favours certain bowlers as to make it advisable to retain the services of a man who has once "come off" there in the hope that, however innocuous he may have been found on the home ground, he may repeat his performances at the headquarters of cricket. If it was unfortunate for Ireland that the experiment did not succeed, he may find consolation in the knowledge that most of those who criticised his action were wise only after the event. But while we are on

the subject of the Cambridge bowling, is it unfair to remark that it is a mistake for any captain to allow what we must suppose to have been innate modesty—for it could hardly have been forgetfulness—to interfere with the employment of the likeliest wicket-getter on the side at a time when the other bowlers have been fairly collared, and even tail batsmen are helping themselves freely to runs?

On the other side Evans must have had many searchings of heart before he finally decided Knott, the most brilliant schoolboy bat of the present century, out of his team. It is to be hoped that Knott's loss of form was only a temporary effect of indifferent health, and that he may yet follow in the footsteps of Harry Foster, G. O. Smith, and other notable Oxonians, who, after failing to win their colours in their first year, did yeoman service later on for their University.

If before the match both teams were reported to be good, it was impossible to get away from the fact that both had indulged in a good deal of in-and-out play. More particularly so Oxford. For, leaving the other matches out of consideration, how is it possible to classify a side which in one day fairly and squarely beats Kent and on another easily succumbs to what was practically a second eleven of Worcestershire? Still, on the whole, the balance of public opinion lay in favour of Oxford as the side that contained

most possibilities of good things. Men argued thus: if Le Couteur really came off, the match was as good as over; Vidler, who for all the good his bowling did in the match might as well have stayed at home, had bowled superbly against Kent; Evans, both with bat and ball, passed muster as sound and reliable; Campbell, who in point of fact was just beginning to strike a miserably bad patch, had made a hundred against Kent, and might be expected to reproduce the performance against far weaker bowling; Twining, Bardsley, and Pawson were a likely trio of batsmen to take the sting off any ordinary amateur bowling, and when the sting was once gone, in the persons of Braddell, Brougham, and Lagden, there was another trio well warranted to knock loose bowling to Jericho and back again. Not much semblance of a tail there!

And the good thing came off. Not, however, till after various crises, during which the hearts of the supporters of Oxford must have been fairly in their mouths. For when in the first innings batsman after batsman retires clean bowled, when five of the men from whom runs are expected fail to score at all, and the pair who partially redeem the situation owe not a little to the leniency of the field, victory is apt to look rather far ahead, and people begin to ask one another whether the bowling is not a good deal better than they had been led to expect.

But Cambridge, unfortunate in the fact that several dangerous batsmen preferred to reserve their best cricket till later on in the season, signally failed to push their advantage home. There was just this difference between the two first innings. Against good bowling—be it said that Ireland and Falcon, like Le Couteur in 1910, received every encouragement from the batsmen to bowl their best—and slovenly fielding only two Oxonians ever settled down at all. Per contra, against erratic bowling and smart fielding several of the Cantabs played themselves in, only to get out from sheer carelessness when they appeared to be set for long scores.

With the second innings a change came over the scene. The Oxonians batted with more confidence and success; the five candidates for spectacles averaged between forty and fifty runs apiece: the Cambridge bowling cracked and the fielding did not improve—with the result that Cambridge was set the task of getting some three hundred runs to win the match. These in the absence of Le Couteur might easily have accrued. But from the moment that he found his length the young Australian fairly took charge of the match, puzzling one half of the batsmen and frightening the rest. True—he had one great stroke of luck, when Mann, who alone played him with any confidence, and was hitting freely, was given out lbw by what several good judges of the game considered an erroneous decision.

We hardly knew at the time how dangerous a batsman Mann really is, but any mistake, if mistake there was, in so important a match is equally regrettable. However, umpires are human after all, and the Pope, who alone lays claim to the virtue of infallibility, would probably fail to give satisfaction to everybody, even if he would consent to “stand.” Once again, then, it was Le Couteur’s match. Not so conspicuously, perhaps, as in 1910, but Le Couteur’s match all the same. The problem is how and where Oxford is to find a worthy successor to the greatest University bowler of the present century. Hardly, we fancy, from among the survivors of the 1911 team. Meantime the Australian has carried back to his native land the comforting thought that within a short three years’ residence he has practically won two ‘Varsity matches, and has furthermore taken a respectable class in the Greats schools. A notable Rhodes scholar this, and one of whom the founder would have been justly proud.

Not since the formal establishment of the County Championship has the all-round play of the County teams been of so bright an order, or the competition right up to the end of the season so keen and interesting. If the final triumph of Warwickshire was wholly unexpected, it was received with almost universal acclamation. Here and there the carping voice of disappointed jealousy made itself heard, but in cricket circles

there was a general feeling that the acquisition of Championship honours by a comparatively young county was likely to add a fresh stimulus to the competition in the years to come. Young blood, young cricketers, young counties to the fore—these were the things required to keep the public interest in the Championship alive, and 1911 brought them. In the years when first Yorkshire and then in turn Kent looked like establishing a quasi-prerogative claim to the Championship, defeat at the hands of the prospective champions and their immediate attendants came to be accepted as a matter of course by the weaker counties, while a fluked victory, regarded in the light of an immense joke on the one side and what Mr Mantalini would have called “a demd infernal nuisance” on the other, might possibly prejudice the chances of the losers for that position which their victories over more equal competitors seemed to have assured, but only removed the victors one step further off the possession of the wooden spoon.

Again, then, we repeat that the triumph of Warwickshire, so richly deserved by merit, not merely of uninterrupted success but of thoroughly invigorating cricket throughout the months of July and August, has added a new and much-needed stimulus to what once threatened to be an over-monotonous competition. It was a truly remarkable performance for a side, by comparison with at the least two

others, weak not only on paper, but in reality,—one too that, having started the season badly with a crushing defeat at the hands of Surrey, was comparatively low down on the list at the end of June, to have forced its way to the front in the end by dint of pluck, perseverance, and dashing play. All honour, then, to the young captain who headed the county averages with both bat and ball, and by the force of his example so far changed the whole complexion of Warwickshire cricket as to render a side, whose reproach had been not so much that it was a really bad side as that it played tame and uninteresting cricket, one of the liveliest teams of the day!

Do gate money and bright cricket go together? Yes, to this extent. For ten people who would have travelled twenty miles to watch a Warwickshire match in 1910, you may number a hundred, or even a thousand, for some years to come.

All this, then, to the credit of the present Champion county. But there is another side to the picture. Have not the results of the late Championship matches brought home to the framers of the rules the thought that some alterations are advisable, if not necessary? Is it impertinent to suggest that it should be rendered impossible in the future for any county to win the Championship if it has not directly or indirectly measured swords with every other competitor? We do not profess to remember

the full text of the rules, but our impression is that at present the minimum of matches to be played stands at sixteen, or in other words, that eight counties only *must* be encountered in home-and-home matches. With the present number of titular first-class counties, we readily admit that our cricket season is not long enough—even if all the county purses are long enough—to enable an American tournament to be carried out in its entirety. But that would be a very poor kind of Championship which was based on a series of triumphs over the eight weakest county teams. We do not say that this was the case with the Championship of 1911, but where it sounds ungracious to grumble, the most impartial critic must see a flaw in a system which enables a side to become entitled to a Championship without having played matches against their nearest competitors. Vardon's golf championship, for instance, would be esteemed a barren title if he had not been pitted against Braid and Taylor. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, the system of scoring by strokes cannot be transferred to the cricket-field. But a remedy for an evident defect is not far to see. Either group the counties, and let the Champions of the groups have a final tussle for the real Championship—some such course as this we fancy was what C. B. Fry once advocated—or restrict the number of first-class counties to ten or twelve, and let the

playing of the twenty or twenty-four matches be a *sine qua non* accompaniment to a claim to Championship honours. If the last-named course appears to be the simpler, here are two arguments in favour of the former: *Imprimis*, degeneration, often a necessary, seldom a pleasing process, would be avoided; in the second place, the final match or matches between the Champions of groups for the Championship of England would be an attractive fixture in our cricket programme.

And now, which was really the strongest county side of the season? Not Warwickshire certainly. Possibly Kent, possibly Middlesex; or possibly Lancashire—the Lancashire we mean with Brearley which beat both Kent and Middlesex in August, a very different side to the Lancashire without Brearley which suffered defeat at the hands of Warwickshire. One swallow may not make a spring, but the presence of one great bowler on a side has often made the whole difference in the matter of winning or losing a match.

On paper Kent ought to have been easily first. If a county that can command the services of at least twelve batsmen who have proved their capacity to make century after century in first-class cricket, three bowlers who not so very long ago were found representing England against Australia, four really useful change bowlers, and two competent wicket-keepers,—if, we repeat, such a county is not absolutely

at the top of the tree, there must either be something radically wrong with the selection or the handling of the team, or luck was dead against it. A little of both probably. In 1910 Kent, both in the Canterbury week and elsewhere, were exceptionally lucky. But the swing of the pendulum went the other way in 1911. At Tunbridge, the Northants bowlers—very likely the best pair of county bowlers in England on a certain type of wicket—found the condition of the ground entirely to their liking, and later on in the Canterbury week Brearley was equally well suited. On the other part, it is quite on the cards that Kent suffered from what is by no means a common complaint in these days—the embarrassment of riches. Almost too many good players were available, with the result that there was a continual shifting of men and of places, and a consequent lack of cohesion in the team.

Middlesex in the past two years has had a wonderful revival. Manfully as the county has always battled up in the struggle for the Championship, there have been periods in its history when even its keenest supporters must have felt that it was in danger of expiring, not so much perhaps of old age as of senile decay in bowling. Now—partly, alas! by timely importation, a process which as Protectionists we frankly dislike—on all sorts and conditions of wickets Middlesex may rank as among the strongest—even if it is not actually

the strongest—bowling sides in England. The veteran Jack Hearn, in whose praise as a great bowler and whole-hearted cricketer it would be impossible to say too much, has had a truly wonderful season. If in 1910 his return to something like his old form was ascribed to the treacherous condition of the turf, in 1911 he has proved over and over again that perfect pitch and command of the ball will keep the runs down and the batsman on his guard even on the best of wickets. In his younger namesake we gladly welcome one of the most promising cricketers of the age, an essentially difficult bowler on his day, as a batsman—so a past master of the game predicts—likely to be the Hayward of the future. Then again, there are few better slow bowlers going than Tarrant and Littlejohn, while on a fiery pitch Mignon is occasionally both dangerous and effective. Five good bowlers, then, and two or three men who can bowl a bit! What does a side want more? Good batting and good fielding? Both are there, ready to hand. Warner, Tarrant, and the younger Hearn may be warranted to take the edge and something more off pretty well any class of county bowling, and in the brilliant array of young amateurs recently enlisted there are both powerful hitters and active fieldsmen.

Of the other counties, Lancashire-cum-Brearley and Hampshire-cum-Fry proved their ability to hold their own with

the best: Surrey and Yorkshire were uncertain, but occasionally brilliant: Northants owed its respectable position to the consistently good bowling of Thompson and East: not even the genius of Jessop could rescue Gloucestershire, or the patient defence of Wood Leicestershire, which was dogged by bad luck, from places near the bottom of the list. Finally, two at the least of those not mentioned are no longer first-class counties, though they bear the title.

There were so many different versions of the "Fry" incident at Canterbury that the truth is hard to arrive at. Where on the one hand it is a pity that Kent, deservedly reckoned to be among the most sporting of counties, should employ methods which savoured of the unsportsmanlike, on the other hand Fry was clearly out of court in lodging an appeal against a bowler who was *legally* within his rights. An appeal against the light, if it was really very bad, might have held water, but we cannot see that either batsman or umpire has any right to dictate to a bowler in the matters of the flight, pace, or pitch of the ball.

We chanced to say earlier in this paper that the severity of the game had been relaxed at the time of the Scarborough festival. If this was not really the case, the rules that regulate the employment of substitutes in the field require supervision. It should be rendered illegal for a man who, on the score of indisposition, has

employed a substitute in the field during a whole morning, to go in anywhere but last on his side in the afternoon. Too ill to field? Too ill then to bat. We have no belief in these sudden recoveries. Furthermore, even when the employment of a substitute in the field is wholly unavoidable, he must be at the least as old, and as fat, and as heavy as the man for whom he is fielding.

That the side which has gone to Australia is not absolutely representative of the best English cricket was only to be expected. Some of our amateurs must find it difficult to spare the time to play county cricket in England, and the devotion of a whole year to the playing of a game argues an almost uncanny degree of—well, shall we call it enthusiasm or frivolity? Still, the side that has gone is not merely a very strong side, but is not improbably fully as representative as the majority either of its predecessors or of the Australian teams that have visited these shores. Also, it is a side better equipped in many respects for playing games to a finish in an unlimited time than for obtaining a decisive result under the English system. Some enthusiast suggested that a grand total of two thousand runs might be looked for in one of the five representative matches! *Di meliora!* we are tempted to exclaim. Half the number mentioned ought to be ample. The idea either of taking part in or of watching a single game that would last for more

than a week is too awful to contemplate. We should infinitely prefer to see the laws of cricket so far modified in favour of the bowlers that the scoring of a thousand runs in any one match would be regarded as a miracle.

But to return to our side. A sounder side in batting—the pace of run-getting being a minor consideration—it would be difficult to pick. If Barnes alone among the bowlers merits the epithet “great,” there is quite an unusual amount and variety of fairly high-class bowling, so much so indeed that we do not envy the captain the task of selection. In view of the triangular contest to be fought out on English soil in 1912, it seems to be hardly sound policy to give the Australians the opportunity for sampling the deliveries of the two latest additions to the ranks of English bowlers. Apart from the danger that Foster and Hearne, likely candidates both for places on a representative side in England, may go stale from a plethora of cricket, the unknown bowler is often apt to prove to be the most dangerous. A few years hence the now formidable “googly” will be treated with the familiar affection due to an old friend.

There has already been no little discussion on the subject of Tarrant's inclusion on the English side, and Lord Harris has been at some pains to make it clear that according to the rules drawn up by the powers—that-be the talented

young cricketer is strictly eligible, and that sentiment only blocks the way. But even on the playing-fields many things that are lawful are not expedient, and were we to banish sentiment altogether from our cricket council we should be in danger of destroying the chivalry of the game. The ruling of sentiment may be briefly summed up as follows: a victory gained with the assistance of Tarrant would be at the best an adulterated triumph; in a lost game we should be no better off with Tarrant than without him. In a more important matter—shall we say, in the case of a war with France?—our Government would hardly take the extreme step of forcing a Frenchman, who for business purposes had recently taken out letters of naturalisation in England, to bear arms against the country of his birth, and his neighbours would look askance at such a recruit if under any circumstances whatever he consented to serve. If no letters of naturalisation were requisite in Tarrant's case, he must be regarded as an Australian who has temporarily taken up his abode in England for business purposes, and may probably return to Australia when his working days are over.

It is true that exception might have been taken to Schwartz's qualification to play for South Africa a few years ago. But first-class cricket in the colony was then in its comparative infancy, and

the Mother Country by reason of its wider choice can afford to be generous in these matters.

In conclusion, here is yet another point. We are taking it for granted that there is a general expectation that the forthcoming series of matches will be played under the fairest conditions possible. In any case the home side is likely to start with not a little in its favour. As we—maugre our good intentions—have found it impossible to send our absolutely best side to Australia, so it is only reasonable to expect that one or more of the pick of the market both in Australia and South Africa will be unable to cross the seas in 1912. In our home-and-home matches with Australia we have been ac-

customed both to give and to take in the matter of permitting the home side to avail itself of the services of an indefinite number of players for the series of matches. We have not gone into the figures very carefully, but are prepared to wager that thirty men at the least played for England against Australia in 1909. But if this triangular contest for what may be called the Empire Championship is to be fought out on anything like equal terms, obviously we shall have to make our final selection of our fifteen—this is a mere guess at the number—representative cricketers before the first match is played, and to make the particular selection for each match from that number only.

THE ITALIANS AT TRIPOLI.

TRIPOLI, BARBARY, *November.*

WITHOUT labouring the reasons which prompted Italy to engage in a little adventure of "High-Tobyism" in the Mediterranean, it is impossible to discuss her campaign in the Tripolitaine without making reference to the passions which prompted the declaration of war. Italy has nursed a sentimental claim upon the northern coast-line of Africa for more than a generation. Her claim has mainly rested upon proximity and the tradition of Roman conquest. The poignancy of this claim has been enhanced by the episodes in Mediterranean history that have narrowed its scope. Egypt on the one hand, Tunisia on the other, have passed to England and France, leaving to Italy only the Tripolitaine oasis ports and the ghosts of a civilisation in Cyrenaica.

There was also another impetus to Italian military energy. For fifteen years there has hung over the Italian nation a great shadow,—the shadow of a miserable defeat and national degradation suffered without remonstrance. Civilians may forget these things, but an army never forgets. For fifteen years the "skeleton in the cupboard" of Italy's army has been Adowa.¹ No amount of gay cavalry cloaks or skilful military horseman-

ship could eradicate it. No peace excellence in embarkation duties could dislodge it. Nothing but a victory in blood could destroy it. It will be seen later in this article how the influence of Adowa was to dominate the campaign in the Tripolitaine.

Once a powerful country has turned covetous eyes upon a weaker land there is one royal road that leads to annexation. The covetous Power schemes to lay a railway, open a bank, or build harbour works in the poorer land. As sure as a sleeper is laid, a counter opened, or crane erected, the independence of the weaker country is doomed. In Tripoli it has been the Banca di Roma that has furnished the necessary *casus belli* to precede annexation. Again we have the shadow of Adowa pervading Italy's African adventure. Ever since that memorable reverse the Porte has treated Italy, if not as a negligible quantity, at least as a third-rate fighting Power. Though unable to prevent the establishment of the bank, yet each Vali of Tripoli has had orders to thwart its development. Only those who have knowledge of Turkish passive resistance can fully appreciate what these orders meant to the sovereign dignity of a great

¹ The Italians were crushingly defeated by the Abyssinians at Adowa, and the prisoners of war were said to have been mutilated.

European Power. Nor was the cause of complaint shadowy. Even though the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs only four months ago made a public statement to the effect that there were no difficulties between the Italian Government and the Porte, yet the world knows that this was not the truth, and that the Italian Consul-General in Tripoli was smarting under a campaign of pin-pricks that became unbearable. To be fair we must admit this, especially when we know that one Vali who was suddenly recalled as the result of Italian insistence complained bitterly that he should be publicly degraded for carrying out the policy with which he was provided by his own Foreign Minister.

THE DIRECT CAUSE.

Without a doubt, ever since the Young Turk revolution, Italy has had in contemplation a sudden descent upon Tripoli at the first favourable opportunity. It was only the fear of European objections that prevented her from falling upon Tripoli when Austria mulcted the Ottoman empire of Bosnia-Herzegovina and Ferdinand established the complete independence of Rumelia. Matters had therefore to remain in abeyance until a more favourable opportunity presented itself. The opportunity, strangely enough, came to the present Italian Ministry. I say "strangely enough," because it so happens that

members of the present Ministry are not unconnected with the financial fortunes of the Banca di Roma. It was the trend of events in Morocco this summer that gave to Italy the cue. In spite of Socialism and its dwarfing influences, Italy is still a patriotic country. If this patriotism is somewhat of a hysterical order, none the less it proved valuable to the statesmen who were intent upon robbing Turkey of Tripoli. Such an unusual proceeding was quite sufficient to influence journalists in their judgment. It was insidiously suggested that the German occupation of Agadir was but a preliminary to a German campaign of aggrandisement that destined Tobruk as the next probable seizure. Italian public opinion was inflamed by a mysterious statement that negotiations were already on foot by which the Porte was ceding the port to Germany. Having manoeuvred public opinion in this way, the Italian Government gave its preliminary orders for the mobilisation of an expeditionary force. Public sentiment waxed strong in their favour, and Italy armed; while neither Europe nor Turkey believed that she was in earnest.

It was only about the 25th of October, three days before an ultimatum was sent to Turkey, that Europe woke up to the realisation that she was on the brink of a European war from an altogether unexpected quarter. Since the

beginning of September all eyes had been glued upon the Franco-German frontier, looking for that trivial affair of outposts that would have rocked the whole civilised world to its foundation. There had been no attention left for Italy and Tripolitania. The Ottoman Government, even, had not taken the warnings too seriously until the beginning of October. Then the latter suddenly realised that while the first three Ordus of the Ottoman army had been placed upon an efficient war-footing, the Tripoli detached division was hopelessly untended and under strength. To send men in the present juncture was impossible, but it might be practical to send arms and ammunition to the local Arabs. The *Derna*, an Austrian-Lloyd steamer, was therefore chartered. Her hold was filled with arms and ammunition, and she was cleared for Tripoli. The sailing of the *Derna* had the effect of "speeding up" the Italian plans, with the result that the declaration of war came just a little too soon. As events were to prove, it would have been far better for the Italian campaign if they had arrested the *Derna* on the high seas, and let this incident establish the *casus belli*, than to have chaperoned her with a cruiser all the way from the Dardanelles to Tripoli without action. As a result, she was able to disgorge her dangerous cargo some days before hostilities were begun.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF WAR.

The Italian ultimatum was presented on October 28, and expired on October 29 at 4 P.M. The document was couched in language which no self-respecting Government, however impotent, could have suffered, and it was, therefore, *ipse facto*, a declaration of war. This outbreak of war created one of the most curious strategical situations that has ever come before the student. It demonstrated conclusively the impossibility of empire unless it be adequately based upon sea power. Here we had Turkey, with no navy to speak of, yet with a powerful European and Asiatic army, practically powerless before Italy. The latter Power's fleet, while it rendered Turkey's main armies innocuous, enabled the army to throw its weight upon a detached portion of the Ottoman empire. The more curious result from this apparently one-sided affray is the fact that while Italy could not effect any great material damage upon Turkey, beyond the destruction of the Ottoman forces marooned in the Tripolitaine, Turkey is able to effect considerable economic punishments upon her enemy. As the Ottoman subjects have already demonstrated on several notable occasions, they are wonderful agents in the application of a national boycott. The Turkish empire is a great market for Italy's small wares. This market is now completely closed. Over and above the

financial losses effected by this means, the cost of the war, with its large expeditionary force that has to be fed entirely from Italy, is a heavy drain upon a country that is not noted in Europe for its financial stability. The other belligerent, however, has practically no expenses, as it can do but little to further the fortunes of its tiny army detached in the Tripolitaine. While the war is costing Italy nearly three million sterling a-week, it is not costing the Ottoman Empire as many piastres a-year. If the situation were not so pathetic it would be almost humorous. However brave and expeditious the Italians may be against the handful of Turks opposed to them in the Tripolitaine, they dare not disembark an army either on the Macedonian or Anatolian coast-line. Yet without an army to impress

their will upon the Turkish capital, they have as much chance of forcing Turkey to make peace and to pay an indemnity as a pretender would have of seizing the English throne. This, be it said by way of parenthesis, is a lesson which we in this country might do well to take to heart. We, like Italy in this war, have the naval power to limit most operations in which we may be engaged without the striking force that alone can make naval force productive. The best of battleships cannot go over land, or, for that matter, force the Dardanelles.

The disparity between the navies of the belligerents is such that it is barely necessary to enumerate the "strengths" of both countries. Italy entered the campaign with a battleship squadron of two divisions,¹ and a cruiser squad-

¹	Name.	Displace- ment. Tons.	Date.	I.H.P.	Nom. Speed. Knots.	Heavy Guns.
BATTLESHIPS.						
Roma	12,425	1907	21,968	22	} Two 12-in. Twelve 8-in.	
Napoli	12,425	1905	19,000	22		
Regina Elena	12,425	1904	19,300	22		
Vittorio Emanuele III.	12,425	1904	19,300	22		
Benedetto Brin	13,207	1901	20,400	19.5	} Four 12-in. Four 8-in.	
Regina Margherita	13,207	1901	20,660	20		
Ammiraglio di Saint Bon	9,645	1897	14,400	18.3	} Four 10-in. Four 10-in.	
Emanuele Filiberto	9,645	1897	13,630	18.3		
ARMOURD CRUISERS.						
San Giorgio	9,680	1908	19,595	22.5	} Four 10-in. Eight 7.5-in. Four 10-in. Eight 7.5-in.	
San Marco	9,680	1908	23,700	22.5		
Amalfi	9,980	1908	20,500	23.6		
Pisa	9,980	1907	20,812	23		
Francesco Ferruccio	7,234	1902	13,580	20	} One 10-in. Two 8-in.	
Varese	7,234	1899	13,840	20		
Giuseppe Garibaldi	7,234	1899	14,710	20		
PROTECTED CRUISERS.						
Coatit	1,292	1899	7,500	21	} Four 4.7-in. Four 4.7-in. Six 4.7-in.	
Agordat	1,292	1899	8,550	22		
Puglia	2,498	1898	7,400	20		

[Continued on next page]

ron of similar strength, only that one division was a ship short.

Against the Italian battle-ships of 13,000 tons displacement the Turkish navy could only show the two old ships that had recently been purchased from Germany,¹ and the two small protected cruisers Hamidieh and Medjidieh. In the smaller craft Italy also held a big advantage, though there was one division of Turkish destroyers that was

said to be a credit to the British officer who had instructed officers and crew.

Until the time of writing, the naval history of the campaign has been meagre in the extreme. When the ultimatum was despatched from Rome the Turkish ocean-going squadron was on the point of sailing from Beirut, where it had put in for coal, after exercising in the *Ægean* waters. It had been Italy's aim to arrange the expiration of the ultimatum so

Footnote continued from previous page]

TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.					
10 boats.	365-400	1906-10	6,000	30	Four 12-pr.
6 boats.	325	1901-4	6,000	30	Five 6-pr.
6 boats.	315	1899-1901	6,000	30	...
1 boat.	293	1898	4,730	23	Five 6-pr.

TORPEDO-BOATS.					
24 boats.	214	1905-8	3,000	25	...
4 boats.	203	1905-6	3,000	25	...
1 boat.	160	1907	2,200	25	...
7 boats.	149	1888-99	2,000	25	...

SUBMARINES.					
6 boats.	148-182	1905-8	600-900	1-015	...

¹	Name.	Displacement. Tons.	Date.	I.H.P.	Nom. Speed. Knots.	Heavy Guns.
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BATTLESHIPS.

Kheyr-ed-Din	9,901	1891	9,000	17	Six 11-in.
Turgut Reis	9,901	1891	9,000	17	Six 11-in.

PROTECTED CRUISERS.

Hamidieh	3,830	1903	12,000	22	Two 6-in.
Medjidieh	3,830	1903	12,000	22	Two 6-in.

TORPEDO GUNBOATS.

Berk-i-Satvet.	740	1906	5,100	22	Two 4.1-in.
Peik-i-Shevket	740	1906	5,100	22	Two 4.1-in.

TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

4 in number	610	1909	14,000	35	Two 3.4-in.
4 in number	280	1907-8	6,000	23	...
2 in number	270	1894	3,500	25	...

TORPEDO-BOATS.

9 in number	177	1906	2,200	27	...
4 in number	97	1906	1,900	26	...

that Admiral Aubry could send the first battleship division and first cruiser division to intercept and destroy the Turkish sea-going fleet before it reached the Dardanelles. This was to have been the first paralysing *coup* by which Italy trusted to make the war short and decisive. There is little information of what happened to the Italian fleet: this much is known, that the Turkish squadron, all ignorant of the declaration of war, arrived safely at the entrance to the Dardanelles. It is possible that the British officers who were on board had some inkling of what was in the wind, and that they induced their admiral to steer a false course, and thus eluded the Italian greyhounds. The Italian newspapers, to save face, say that the Turkish squadron was permitted to escape, since it was no plan of the Italian Government to extend the operations beyond the Tripolitaine waters. It should be remarked, however, that the Italian fleet went down to the Dardanelles and arrived there in time to see the smoke of the Turkish vessels that had disappeared in the direction of the Sea of Marmora. Once the Turks had disappeared into the Dardanelles, there was little left for the Italian navy to do but to aid in the disembarkation of the expeditionary force. There was a tiny affair at Prevesa, where the Italian first destroyer division swept up a couple of Turkish small craft. A Turkish electric launch was also captured in a Red Sea harbour.

THE RIVAL ARMIES.

The Italian General Staff calculated that two divisions would be sufficient for the occupation of the Tripolitaine coast towns. It was argued that if Italy could put a division on shore at Tripoli, a brigade at Benghazi, and split up another brigade amongst other coast ports, that Turkey, with her fleet destroyed, would have no choice but to accept the inevitable and surrender her claims in North Africa at discretion. How often have those who thought to base their plans upon the hypothesis that Turkey would act in a certain manner, suffered through the inconsistencies of the Oriental mind! How often has the plain path of diplomacy and strategy been vitiated by the curious stubbornness of the Turk! History is replete with such instances, and again has history repeated itself in the brief period of this Turco-Italian war. Turkey has done nothing that Italy expected she would do, and Italy, instead of occupying the Tripolitaine with 46,000 troops for a few weeks until the country was ceded to her, finds herself under the obligation of entering upon an Arab war that may last for months, and necessitate the mobilisation of perhaps 200,000 men. We are, however, only concerned with the first mobilisation. This consisted of two infantry divisions to take the field and one division in reserve. Although a large number of

reservists were called to the colours, the two service divisions were almost entirely completed by serving men. The peace establishments were extended by drafting serving men from adjacent units. The Staff intended by this method to save the time which would have had to be spent in the reinstruction of reservists. For the immediate purposes of war it was a doubtful expedient.¹

It will be seen that the Italian force was very generally drawn from the whole of Italy, though perhaps a southern element predominated. To convey the force to the coast of Tripoli a great fleet of transports had been taken up, which was gathered in Naples harbour.

There is not the same information available concerning the Turkish garrison in Tripolitania. The Tripoli Command is an independent division directly controlled from Constantinople. It has some of the peculiarities of a Colonial

army, as it is supposed to dispose of 10 battalions of local militia, which are neither *nizams* nor *redifs*. The composition of the Tripoli division is returned as 4 field-batteries and 2 mountain-batteries, 17 battalions of *nizam* infantry and 10 squadrons of *nizam* cavalry, plus the 10 battalions of local militia already mentioned. At normal peace strength the totals would give roughly 10,000 *nizams* and 5000 militia. It may be taken, however, as practically certain that the garrison was starved, and that the peace strengths were not up to the establishments. The nearest estimates of the troops actually found in Tripoli town at the declaration of war is that based on the review which the Vali attended on "Independence Day." Then about 4000 Turkish troops of all arms marched past. Although the Tripoli garrison had been neglected by Stambul, it must not be thought that it was in the decayed state that

¹ The composite Army Corps was as follows:—

Commander-in-Chief—Lieutenant-General of Cavalry Caneva.

Chief of Staff—Major-General Annibali Gualtadello.

1st Division—Commander, Lieutenant-General Pecori-Girardi.

1st Brigade—Major-General Rainaldi, 82nd (Rome) and 84th (Florence) Regiments.

2nd Brigade—Major-General Giardina, 6th (Palermo) and 40th (Neapolitan) Regiments.

3 Squadrons Lodi Cavalry Regiments.

6 Batteries Field Artillery.

2nd Division—Lieutenant-General Briccola.

3rd Brigade—Major-General D'Amico, 22nd (Pisa) and 68th (Milanese) Regiments.

4th Brigade—Major-General Ameglio, 4th (Catania) and 63rd (Salerno) Regiments.

Cavalry, 3 squadrons Piacenza Regiment.

6 Batteries Field Artillery.

Army Troops—8th Bersaglieri (Palermo), 11th Bersaglieri (Naples).

1 Battalion 2nd Alpini, 1 battalion Engineers.

Details, &c.

one connects with the Turkish army of a few years back. The supply of quick-firing field and mountain artillery (Krupp 1908) was up to establishment. The men throughout the division were equipped with kharki uniforms and the new *kalpak* and *bashlik*. There was an adequate supply of small-arm ammunition, and, as the Italians were to learn to their cost, there was also a fine supply of reserve magazine rifles. What Tripoli lacked was land defences: the semi-circle of forts that defended the harbour were of ancient construction, and were furnished with an obsolete model of Krupp fortress artillery. Moreover, there were no trained fortress gunners to man the batteries and to get from them the best of their puny powers. At a liberal computation the most that Neshet Bey, the chief military commander, could count upon in the matter of trained Turkish soldiers in the whole vilayet of Tripoli could not have exceeded 10,000 men. That he was able to enlist a large amount of raw material amongst the Arabs and Bedouin came as another great surprise to the Italians.

FIRST HOSTILITIES AT TRIPOLI.

On the 29th September two divisions of the Italian fleet appeared off Tripoli and manoeuvred in a menacing manner in the offing. The acting Vali, Munir Pasha, had already been informed of the

ultimatum. Munir Pasha is a feeble old gentleman, and the direction of affairs fell automatically into the hands of Neshet Bey, his senior Staff officer, and the virtual commander of the garrison. Neshet Bey knew that it was hopeless to attempt to oppose a naval attack with the fortress armament existing in Tripoli. He therefore decided to arm all the Arabs in the Tripoli environment, and to fall back himself to one or another of the large oases in the interior with all the regular troops at his disposal. To this purpose every camel in the Tripoli oasis was commandeered, and all the army contractors, under pressure, were instructed to collect as much food-stuffs as would be necessary for 5000 men for three months. As many of the local militia as could be found were immediately mobilised and issued with arms and uniforms. The Regular troops left barracks and encamped at the Boumelliana pumping-station, on the outskirts of the desert, ready to march southward the moment the Italians attempted to throw a force ashore.

While all these preparations were being hurried forward, certain conversations were taking place in town. Tripoli, like all Ottoman towns of importance, was cursed with a consular body that took unto itself all the airs and graces, if not the functions, of a diplomatic body. These people hectorred old Munir Pasha about the safety of the Christian population. Neshet Bey,

however, had no misgivings about Christian population. They were to serve a military purpose here. He let Munir's agents parley with the perspiring consuls while he himself gave instructions to the Arab boatmen that no fugitives, except Italians, were to be allowed to leave Tripoli by sea. Neshet Bey, in his wisdom, deemed that it was as well to have witnesses in Tripoli of Italian actions. The Turkish troops evacuated Tripoli by detachments between September 30 and October 2. By the evening of October 2 the last *échelon* had moved out into the desert, and there were no troops left in the town except a few seedy fortress artillerymen who had orders to man the forts "just to make a show." The townspeople had already shown signs of panic. The population of Tripoli does not differ materially from that of other seaports in the Levant. It has a large population of those parasitical races that cling to the fringe of the Ottoman empire. These are Jews, Maltese, Greeks, Levantines, Syrians, and nondescripts of no definite nationality. There must be some 20,000 of these, with another 40,000 of the Arabs of the oasis.

TRIPOLI.

It will be well here to give some description of Tripoli. The town itself stands upon the enclave of a little bay that forms a natural harbour. The town of Tripoli has been built

partly upon a sandy beach, partly upon an excrecence of rock that juts out into the sea. The feature of the place, however, is the oasis. A strip of moisture-retentive soil about 12 kilometers in length divides the coast-line from the actual desert. This fertile strip, which has an average depth of about a mile and a quarter, is one immense palm-grove. Between the interstices of the palm-trees flourish cacti, fig- and olive-trees. Nestling beneath the shade of this very lengthy grove are the villages of the town Arabs. These are the usual flat-roofed mud edifices that are common to North Africa. For the most part they are encircled, or their garden patches are enclosed, with low mud walls and a bewildering labyrinth of cactus hedge. Among the villages are a number of Moslem burial-grounds, which in many cases have been walled in to save the tombs from the wear of the water-courses formed during the torrential rains of the rainy season.

The town proper is just one of those mazes in oriental architecture that bewilder the Western conception in sanitary town-planning. It is a medley of tall houses enclosing courtyards, and forming, in consequence of their grouping, those dark alleys and hideous streets which breed the diseases inseparable from Eastern life. In places the monotony of these dingy streets is relieved by the frescoes to the mosques, and here and there is found a long covered-in bazaar of the

Spanish



Jewish
Cemetery



model that is common to Turkestan, Persia, Syria, and North Africa. The defences of this town consisted of a few mud batteries on both horns of the bay, and a group of forts on the seashore, where on the west the palm-grove terminates in desert. This latter group is locally called *Gilgursh*, though in the Admiralty charts the group of earthworks are styled the *Sultaneh Forts*. As these forts were unable to oppose the Italian naval attack, it is unnecessary to make further reference to them or their armament.

On 3rd October Admiral Faravelli, who commanded the two naval divisions before Tripoli, bombarded the land defences. The few seedy Turkish artillerymen that were left behind, aided by some Arabs, just fired sufficient rounds from the obsolete Krupps "to save the garrison's face," and Tripoli was henceforth at the mercy of the Italians.

It is difficult to understand why Admiral Faravelli took this occasion to bombard Tripoli. In pursuance of a strategy that would seem to be logical, one would have thought that he would have waited until the army was ready to be landed before proceeding to extremities in Tripoli. As it was, there was no chance of the army appearing on the scene for another ten days, and the onus, not only of occupying Tripoli town, but of preventing the Turks from re-

occupying it, fell upon the navy. There is a theory that in Italy, as in some other countries, there is jealousy between the sister services, and that in the case of Tripoli the navy wished to show their independence of the army. This seems hardly credible; but in acting as they did, the sailors undertook a grave risk, and if they had been actuated by jealousy, they had subsequently to swallow their satisfaction, since they were driven to appeal to the soldiers for immediate succours.

Having reduced the batteries on the 3rd, on the following day Admiral Faravelli landed a naval brigade on the west shore, in the vicinity of *Gilgursh*. He still believed the town to be hostile, as early in the morning, when he had sent in a torpedo-boat under a white flag, it had been fired upon from the *Hamidieh Fort* to the east of the harbour. This fort was again bombarded. As a matter of fact, as has already been made clear, the entire Turkish force except the few artillerymen had evacuated the town before the date of Faravelli's first bombardment.

THE LANDING AT TRIPOLI.

The Arabs of the oasis were not slow to profit by the evacuation, and on the evening of the 3rd and the morning of the 4th of October they poured into the town, and

began to ransack the deserted public buildings. The barracks in the oasis, the gendarmerie post-houses, the arsenal, and Konak were gutted, and on the morning of the 4th the attitude of the looters became so threatening that it looked as if the bazaars and private property were about to be given over to pillage. The consular body, therefore, determined to invite the Italians to land. A white flag was hoisted over the Konak, and an invitation was sent on board the flagship to the Admiral to take over the town and save it from pillage. A further contingent of sailors was immediately landed, and Tripoli was occupied. In all, the fleet landed a naval brigade of 1800 men, which was commanded by Captain Cagni, the associate of the Duke of Abruzzi in Arctic travel. Captain Cagni, having ascertained that the Turks had marched off into the desert by the Gharian road, established an outpost line that cut off about a third of the western end of the oasis. The main trace of this outpost line followed the fringe of the oasis where it met the desert, and included the pumping-station of Boumelliana, which supplied much of the water for the town. Its left flank cut through the oasis just east of the quarter of Shara Shatt, and the right flank, in open desert, was the group of earthworks already described as Gilgursh (Sultaneh). It is necessary to enter into this detail here,

as the position thus described, as established for less than 2000 sailors, is practically the same trace that Italy holds to-day with two infantry divisions. It will be seen that the *enceinte* enclosed by this outpost line was about four square miles of densely-inhabited palm-grove. The intricacies of this *terrain* have already been described, and it will be well if the reader mark them in his mind, as it has an important bearing on the subsequent development of the occupation. The sailors had barely established their outposts before they were fired upon from the direction of the desert. At first it was thought that this was the work of marauding Arabs who had become inflamed by the pillage in the town. In reality it was the rearguard of Neshet Bey's army, or rather, of the force which he had left behind to keep contact with Tripoli and the invaders,—a touch which he has never relinquished. This rearguard became more insistent in its attacks, and the sailors were much disturbed by it, especially at night. On one occasion when the Turkish skirmishers pressed in to within 300 yards of the Boumelliana Wells, the warships anchored off the coast fired 12-inch shell into the desert for hours together, the result of which active defence was three Turks killed and one wounded by rifle-fire. The navy held Tripoli from the 4th to the 10th October. Towards the end of this period

the sailors became very anxious, their information being that the enemy were preparing to advance to the attack, and they knew that they could not deny them the eastern end of the oasis if they chose to come and occupy it. On October 8 the Admiral cabled to Rome for support so urgently, that two swift ocean-liners were immediately despatched from Naples with troops. These arrived at Tripoli early in the morning of the 11th, and the troops were at once disembarked and marched to relieve the weary sailors in the outpost line. The first troops to arrive were the devoted 11th Bersaglieri and the 40th Infantry.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ARMY.

At daybreak on October 12 the Italian Armada in all its glory arrived from Naples. There were twenty-five large army transports that had been convoyed across the Mediterranean by two divisions of warships and a cloud of torpedo craft. As they steamed into the roadstead in the early light of an African morning they made a picture of suggested strength that was most impressive to the Arab on-lookers, who had not yet quite recovered from the nerve-shattering effects of the bombardment. The army began to disembark at once. All this part of the Italian organisation was very thorough. The sappers were put ashore first. With them they had brought

material for building piers and jetties. In a few minutes, it seemed, these trestle landing-stages were erected, and the army was landing in collapsible floats, towed ashore by the men-of-wars' launches. The weather favoured the operations, and the army was landed in a remarkably short time. The fleet of transports was followed by a flotilla of Sicilian sailing-boats, loaded to the gunwale with forage. Having discharged their cargoes, these boats were also used to disembark the men and material.

The Italian army landed in very workmanlike shape. The rank and file, who were, from the nature of the mobilisation, picked men, were newly clad in the serviceable slate-grey uniform. They looked to be good soldiers, and had all the appearance of being extraordinarily docile. The officers in the junior ranks were keen-looking fellows. They wore exceptionally well-cut breeches and tunics. In the senior ranks, perhaps, they were a little fatigued by age, and unsuited to the rough-and-tumble of an expedition into the desert. As the men were docile the discipline was good, and any professional soldier watching the landing of Caneva's army would have reported upon it as a useful and thorough-looking force of men. Peace calculations, however, only go a little way in estimating the true value of a fighting force.

General Caneva himself landed towards mid-day. His landing was accompanied by

all the ceremony that is dear to the Latin's soul. Ships were dressed, and the guns of the fleet thundered the news to town and desert. Caneva himself is a small, stout man, with but little that is magnetic in his personality. He is an ex-cavalry officer, and looks less like a cavalryman than is usual in that smart service. He is from the Austrian provinces, and has distinguished himself as an army commander during manœuvres. His theory of chief-command is a mixture of the aloofness practised by the Japanese in the higher control of armies in the field, and the usual inertia that asserts itself with most Latins after they have reached a certain age. As far as his army is concerned, Caneva is a signature giving effect to army orders. A Latin soldiery requires something more in its generalissimo.

CIVIL MEASURES.

It must be immediately stated that the Italians had not the slightest idea of how the administration of an occupied territory should be carried out. The General Staff evidently believed in grandiloquent proclamations, and the arrival of the army was signalled by the publication of several proclamations, some of which, if I mistake not, were plagiarisms from Prussian proclamations found in some history of the Franco-German War. The army of occupation started upon its adventure on

the hypothesis that the Arabs were hostile to the Turks and friendly to Italy. Caneva spoke in his proclamations of the Turks as "our common enemy." Satisfied with this assumption, no effort was made to collect from the population the ten to fifteen thousand stand of magazine rifles that it was known had been distributed to them from the hold of the *Derna*: no adequate measures were taken, either to police the town and its environment, or to picket the outlying villages and hamlets in the palm-groves.

A descendant of the house of Karamanli was appointed as vice-governor of the town, and some Moslem as the mayor. With these measures the entire staff and army reposed a confidence in the Arab population which, though engaging enough in the simplicity that prompted it, was a culpable weakness in the stern path of war. For a time the Italian clemency prospered, and the rosier reports were dispatched to Rome of the endearing attitude of the new Arab subjects. There was, however, to be a rude awakening.

THE OCCUPATION OF CYRENAICA.

The ease with which its troops had occupied Tripoli induced the Italian Government to proceed forthwith with the occupation of all the chief ports of the Tripolitaine coast. The procedure was much the same in each case: the fleet

blustered up and fired shell into the obsolete Turkish defences, and then sailors and troops were put on shore. At Tobruk and Derna but little opposition, if any, was experienced, but at Benghazi and Khoms the local Turkish garrisons, helped by the Arabs, made strenuous resistance,—so much so that the Italian Government immediately became alarmed, and established a censorship of all news from Cyrenaica, in the hope of concealing the truth. The result of this rigid censorship was that half-truths leaked out, were embellished in the Arab gossip-chambers, and spread through the Tripolitaine as gospel information of Italian defeats. It will be seen later how this foolish repression of information helped the development of the Turkish plans. At Benghazi the small Turkish garrison had so organised the Arabs that they showed to the Italians a really stiff opposition, and the fleet had seriously to come into action to support the landing. The treacherous sea also added to the Italians' difficulties, and rose before the landing was completed, thereby placing the portion of the force already put ashore in a dangerous predicament. The overwhelming force that the Italians could bring to bear, however, was too much for any resistance, however brave and devoted, that the Turks and Arabs could bring against them. The opposition was driven back all along the coast-line, but not before the Italians had suffered about 500 in

casualties. In no case had the opposition been crushingly defeated, and the Arabs and Turks, though they had perforce to fall back, never lost touch with the Italians or ceased to harass them on every occasion.

THE ITALIAN PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

So far it will be seen that the Italian plans had failed signally in three essentials. They had hoped to have destroyed or captured the Turkish squadron between Beirut and the Dardanelles; they had been positive that the Arabs would not view the occupation in hostile spirit; and they had believed that the Porte, when they perceived that the blow was struck, would have accepted what the Italians were pleased to term "the inevitable." None of these things had come to pass. The Turkish fleet had escaped; the Arabs at Benghazi had made common cause with the Turks; and the Porte had politely told Italy "to do its damndest," but that it would not relinquish its sovereign rights over Tripoli. The original plan under which the expeditionary force had been despatched simply contemplated the occupation of the seaport towns. There the troops would await the surrender of the Turkish troops, or their shipment to Turkey with the honours of war. After this Italy proposed to "buy" the inland sheikhs in the usual way, and proceed slowly with

the occupation of the hinterland.

The expeditionary force at Tripoli was therefore very astonished when accurate information arrived that the Turkish force, augmented by some thousands of Arabs, was marching towards Tripoli. General Pecori-Girardi, who commanded the 1st Division, had with very slight modifications accepted the line of resistance which the navy had bequeathed to him. The various units had constructed field-works, and the field and mountain artillery had been distributed at intervals along the line. For the rest, little else had been done in the way of military precautions. Except for daily excursions by the intrepid officers of the air-service, practically no trouble was taken concerning the Turkish force in the desert. No forward positions were held to keep the Turks at arm's-length, and no precautions were employed to keep the unoccupied portion of the Tripoli oasis inviolate. The cavalry were never out in front of the army.

In the meantime the Turks had gained expert leaders from Europe, allies from the Bedouin and Berber tribes, and confidence from the Italian inaction and from the stories that were in circulation describing Italian defeats at Benghazi and Khoms. The Turks were in constant communication with their sympathisers in Tripoli. In fact, Turkish officers disguised as Arabs were seen constantly in the town by those who had

no wish to betray their presence to the Italians. It was arranged that a great combined attack by every rifle that the Turks could bring against the position should be made on the appearance of the new moon, and that while this attack was being pressed home the Arabs in the town and oasis should rise and take the Italian positions in the rear. It was a pretty plan, and it came within an ace of being successful.

THE ARAB RISING.

From October 20 it was generally apparent that the Turks intended aggression. The aeroplane scouts reported groups of Turks and Arabs in "thousands" at the oasis of Zanzur, twelve miles south-west of Tripoli; at Ainzara, about equidistant to the south; and again at the oasis of Azizia, still farther south of Ainzara. Instead of profiting by this information and advancing to destroy these Turkish forces in detail, the Italians awaited developments in their trenches. On the morning of the 23rd of October the Turks discovered that two-thirds of the Tripoli oasis was open to them. They demonstrated along the entire front of the Italian position, and pushed up a strong posse of Arabs into the eastern extremity of the home oasis. Working along this cover, these Arabs were able to approach to within a few yards of the trenches which three com-

panies of the 11th Bersaglieri had cut across the palm-grove. When building their defences on this flank, the Italians had failed to clear a field of fire to their front. Their line of resistance just cut obliquely through the intricate cover of the palm-grove. Walls, cacti, fig-trees, and olive-groves masked the enemy until they were within a few feet of the Bersaglieri trenches. Discovering this advantage, the hot-headed Arabs could not restrain from attacking at once. What Neshet Bey intended as a reconnaissance became in the actual oasis a combat *à outrance*. So fierce was the onslaught that a few of the Arabs succeeded in breaking through the Italian lines.

It had been arranged through the emissaries that the Turks had sent into the town, that when the Turkish force attacked in earnest, the Arabs of the oasis should rise behind the Italian lines and join in the discomfiture of the invaders. The Arabs of the quarter immediately behind the Bersaglieri lines, not unnaturally, when they saw among them their wild-eyed compatriots who had just broken through the lines, thought that the moment for action had arrived. They snatched their rifles from their hiding-places and opened fire upon every Italian they saw. When dealing with such inflammable material as Arabs who have been hourly expecting to be let loose with arms, it does not take long for an outburst to gather way. In

a few minutes a cloud of Arabs were attacking the Bersaglieri in the rear. So unprepared were the Bersaglieri for such a development, that the officers believed the attack from their rear to be a mistake on the part of friendly Arabs, and for a time they restrained their men from answering to it. Then the full significance of their awful predicament burst upon them, and they fell in their devoted men back to back. It may be said of the two flank companies of the 11th Bersaglieri, in the words of the historian, that they ceased to exist.

In the meantime the rising had spread, and the whole intervening country between the Bersaglieri front and the town was alive with armed Arabs, who shot every uniformed Italian on sight. The roads running from the town to the outposts were naturally full of men on various fatigues connected with supply, and these unsuspecting escorts were the first victims. Luckily the mounted Carabinieri had just arrived from Italy. They were occupied in the suburbs partitioning their spheres of control when the rising began. They were able to hold the ends of the streets that radiate from the town into the villages. Being a force used to sudden emergencies, they kept their heads, and prevented any considerable contingent of the armed Arabs making an entry into the bazaars, or the town Arabs from joining their friends outside.

THE PANIC.

The rising was so sudden and unexpected that it was impossible completely to ring the town before some of the wilder spirits made their way into it. The Italians say that the rising was inaugurated by shots fired from a house in town where Turkish subjects awaiting expulsion were living. Be this as it may, about mid-day the shooting had communicated itself to the town, and there ensued an hour of frightful panic. The Christians of the Levant, especially those who dwell under the Star and Crescent, are particularly liable to panic. They live always with the fear of massacre upon them. The Christian and Jewish population of Tripoli is no exception to this rule. The cry went up of "The Arabs are in the town!" In a moment there was a wild rush for the consulates, for the boats, for any building that offered the suggestion of an asylum. The panic was augmented by the circumstance that the market square was filled with camel-men in the service of the invaders. As shots from the Moslem graveyard fell in the market square, the camel-men, feeling no doubt that they and their animals were forfeit in the eyes of Turks or Bedouin, drove their animals into the narrow alleys of the town. This added to the block and terror, to be immediately intensified by the excited action of the Italian soldiery. Men

working at the wharves, hospital orderlies, and the guards from the various public buildings, knowing nothing of what had caused the panic, unslung their rifles, rushed into the streets, and in many cases began to shoot. It was during this turmoil that many Arab knives slipped out and struck down the uniformed Italians in the open highway, thereby showing how prepared the Arabs were to be hostile, and how much the Italians had been saved by this premature unmasking of the real feelings of the Arab population. It was about an hour before the panic subsided, or rather before every one had found shelter behind locked doors, except the troops that had taken possession of the streets. In the immediate suburbs, however, desultory firing continued until well into the night.

Desperate things, however, had been happening in the oasis, where the line of the Bersaglieri had been broken. The 82nd Infantry carried on the Italian line from the right of the Bersaglieri, and owing to the demonstration made by the Turks along the entire Italian front, the reserves of this regiment had been pushed forward in readiness. As soon as it was realised what had really come to pass in the rear of the Bersaglieri, some one suggested to the Colonel commanding these reserves that he should sweep through the hamlets concerned and re-establish the left of the line. This he proceeded to do, and the

few armed Arabs that were menacing the approaches to the town were driven eastwards along the oasis. The bulk of risen Arabs were engaged in the massacre of the two flank companies of the Bersaglieri, and the 82nd drove them into the unoccupied portion of the oasis, across the mutilated bodies of their own unfortunate comrades.

THE REPRISALS.

It is no exaggeration to say that the events of October 23 shocked the Italian army of occupation from top to bottom. The rising had come as a bolt from the blue. The terrible losses of the Bersaglieri; the massacre of unfortunates caught in the cactus alleyways; and the general hopelessness, bred of inactivity, had an evil effect upon an army that had started the campaign with "a skeleton in its cupboard." The army looked upon its dead and apprehended disaster. All the lurid legends of Abyssinia, that it had heard from childhood, came back to it as facts in war about to be repeated. There was only one military measure that Caneva could order. He had the prospect of an immediate attack by the entire force that Neshet Bey could bring against him. He had been reminded, rudely enough, that there were seven to ten thousand Turkish rifles still in the hands of the Tripoli Arabs that might be turned against his soldiers' backs. It was, therefore, imperative that

the oasis, as far as the Italians held it, should be cleared of Arabs, and that reprisals should be taken against those villages in the oasis in which the rising had occurred. No military commander would have been justified in doing less. The orders were issued, therefore, that the oasis should be immediately cleared, and that all male Arabs found with arms in their hands, or who were shown, from circumstantial or other evidence, to have been implicated in the rising, should be summarily executed. The orders were sufficiently lax and general to permit of a sharp and salutary lesson, as the Arabs had already been warned by proclamation that the possession of a rifle would be considered a capital offence. Caneva and his Staff, however, had not calculated upon what this order meant to troops that had just seen their mutilated dead, who believed that they were again about to be attacked treacherously in the rear, and who had ever over them the shadow of Adowa. The carrying out of the duty necessitated the breaking up of the troops into small detachments, which loosed the control upon the inflamed passions of the soldiery. Nor did the Staff know how or when to place a period upon the licence they thus gave the troops. The result was a retribution upon the Arabs which will live in the memory of the Tripolitaine for generations, and which will react for many a year upon the perpetrators themselves. It is not desirable here to go into

the details of the days of bloodshed that swept through the Italian portion of the oasis. War is horrid and merciless, and its horror and mercilessness is intensified when killing is done by men actuated by terror. This much, however, should be said in favour of the Italians before this page be turned,—many foreign journalists have used the incident of these military reprisals as a means to sell their own sordid wares, a practice to the mind of the soldier far more reprehensible than fitting the punishment to the military crime of treachery.

THE REAL ATTACK.

The real attack by the Turks was made three days after the demonstration, and when the *enceinte* of palm-groves was practically clear of Arabs. In the early morning Turkish shrapnel began to burst above the date-palms, and certain attacking troops threatened from the desert front. The main attack, however, was reserved for the left flank. The Turkish commander had discovered the vulnerability of the Italians' left—and the military value of that portion of the Tripoli oasis the Italians could not hold. Here Neshet Bey had massed the majority of his fighting men, who were now augmented by a considerable number of the Tripoli Arabs. The latter naturally enough, after the rising, had preferred the cover of the oasis to the scant

security behind the Italians' lines. Again was the weakness of the measures of defence on this front demonstrated. The Arabs and Turks were again able to approach under cover of the groves to within a few feet of the trenches, which had now been taken over by other companies of Bersaglieri. Twice in the same morning the attack was upon the point of overwhelming the defence. The Bersaglieri, however, fought with the greatest courage, and though the Italian field-gunners were driven from the pieces they were serving in the trenches, the Bersaglieri swept the exultant attackers back into the palm-trees with levelled bayonets. For three hours a bloody contest hung in the balance, until the arrival of the reserves at last decided the day. The price of victory, however, had been high—so high that the staff at last awoke to the danger of this oasis. Instead of bringing up a brigade and clearing the oasis with the bayonet for good and all, as they might easily have done that afternoon, they decided to contract their front on this flank and retire the line about a mile while they cabled to Italy for another infantry division. In the circumstances these were about the two worst military measures that could have been undertaken. The first had a still further depressing effect upon the troops, and gave opportunity to the Turkish commander to report sensational victories to Stamboul. The second will only swell the

tale of sickness which must be the lot of this great Italian army cooped up in Tripoli.

THE PRESENT POSITION IN TRIPOLI.

Up to the moment of writing there is no information that, with the arrival of the 3rd Division at Tripoli, any serious effort has been made to clear that portion of the home oasis where the Turks ensconced themselves after the 23rd October. Beyond re-establishing the line which the 11th Bersaglieri originally held in the oasis, there is no information of a forward move. In fact, General Caneva is reported to have stated that no operations into the interior are in contemplation until the spring. This we can readily understand, since the Italian army is not supplied with a Transport to advance into the desert. It is in the predicament of not daring to operate inland with a small force, and yet being without the means of supporting an advance with sufficient numbers to ensure the defeat of its enterprising enemy. In a sentence, Italy does not know what surprises the hinterland of Tripoli has in store for her, and she is very diffident about the best

way of finding out. In short, every calculation that Italian statesmen made when they decided to engage upon this Tripoli adventure has miscarried. Italy now threatens to carry the war into the *Ægean* waters, and almost shamefacedly suggests that the Powers should intervene to prevent the extension of the zone of operations into Europe. This, however, is Italy's own funeral. It is only a month ago that Italy would have nothing to say to suggested mediation. Then she thought that she could compel the Ottoman Government "to give her best." She has found that the Ottoman Government, instead of "accepting the inevitable," is perfectly content that Italy should pour out her money like water, and undermine her own social structures by unrealised ambitions. Turkey will reply to the bombardment or blockade of any of her Anatolian or European ports by the expulsion of the 50,000 Italian subjects to whom she still extends her hospitality. What Turkey should really hope is that Italy will be driven to land an army either in Anatolia or Macedonia; for as sure as she does this, she will pay Turkey a War Indemnity. KEPI.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

COMMONPLACE MEMOIRS — DATES AND A DIARY — LITERARY STYLE — DISAPPOINTING AUTHORS — THE ART OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY — PEPYS — VISCOUNT MORLEY IN GOOD COMPANY — ARISTOTLE AND MACHIAVELLI — THE ARGUMENT OF ARISTOTLE — MACHIAVELLI THE REALIST — “KNOW THYSELF.”

THERE is a fashion in literature, as in all other human activities. The most of men are unable or unwilling to choose their own books. They read what the others read, or what the circulating libraries force upon their notice. For many years the supremacy of the novel, as an article of public consumption, has been unchallenged. Animated by the sanguine temper of the gambler, thousands who can barely read and write have devoted the years of their leisured idleness to the manufacture of fiction. They have been told by the papers that the well-known novelists Mr X. and Miss Y. have made comfortable fortunes by their craft, and they know no reason why they should not make fortunes too. There is no reason but the fickleness of the popular breeze. And now that the world is packed, as full as it can hold, with specimens of the trade-novel, the fashion changes, and already we see the kind of confectionery which will take its place.

This confectionery is known by many names, Memories, Recollections, Reminiscences, and the like. But whatever name it assume, it is always inspired by the same purpose — to excite the curiosity of

the humble reader, and to dazzle his ear with great names. The sad folk, who read by Act of Parliament, have discovered a new pleasure in the utterances of somebody who has kept good company. And as most men who have made a worldly success of their lives have met and spoken with some of those whose names are printed in the newspapers, the new field of literary activity is obviously wide. It requires very slender gifts. An old diary to refresh the memory, and a fluency which does not take a pedantic view of grammar, are enough for the new trade, and it seems as though in twenty years there will live scarcely one man of sixty who has not revealed to the people the open secret of his past. Thus will the novel be defeated, and we can only wish that it had encountered a more gallant adversary.

This season has already given us enough Memories and Reminiscences to fill a respectable library, and not more than one or two of them will survive the season's close. Their authors are of many professions, many aims, many ambitions. They suffer chiefly from a sad inexpressiveness and a complete inability to write. They assure us a hun-

dred times that they have had unique adventures, and they convince us, when we have read their books, that they might just as well have lived in a suburb, and gone every day to their office in Moor-gate Street by the Underground. Here, for instance, is Canon T. Teignmouth-Shore, whose life¹ should have been full of varied experiences. He has played many parts. For many years he was "Chief Editor" in the employment of a firm of popular publishers. He was, besides, the incumbent of Berkeley Chapel, and he has been the Chaplain of three Sovereigns. Moreover, he appears to have lived in the world and to have travelled widely. And he has nothing to tell us which is of enduring interest. It is not merely that his book is ill-written, that his grammar is defective, that his treatment of historical facts is careless. We could endure worse faults than these in a writer who has something to tell us. But Canon Teignmouth-Shore is like the needy knife-grinder. "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." And so he has filled more than three hundred pages with complacent irrelevancies.

It is evident that from his earliest youth he has delighted in the society of the great and good. If we may believe him, few men have ever been more "highly privileged" or

"graciously honoured." His career opened auspiciously. At Trinity College, Dublin, he was Auditor of the famous Historical Society; and when he had given the Auditor's address, the vote of thanks to him "was proposed by the Right Hon. James Whiteside, one of the most distinguished orators of the day; it was seconded by Dr Magee in a splendid speech—a high compliment." Is it strange if he says "that night seemed to me my launch in life"? Thus was he sealed to distinction, as Horace was dedicated to the Muses; and henceforth he passed his days in august society. Great names sparkle on his pages, and it is his fault that they sparkle without effect. He stands face to face with those who bear them, and then goes his way. Not by a single stroke does he suggest an intimate power of observation. He adds nothing to our knowledge of those whose names and titles he enumerates. One day he met Ruskin, "who spoke but little after dinner, and never introduced a single phrase which could possibly remind one of the splendid eloquence of his writings." Then why need he be mentioned at all? Another day he saw Longfellow, "who spoke some words of kind encouragement." The statement throws no light either upon Canon Teignmouth-Shore or upon Longfellow, and

¹ Some Recollections by T. Teignmouth-Shore, M.A., Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to His Majesty King George V. London: Hutchinson & Co.

it is not easy to understand with what purpose it is made. He is indefatigable in research. "The sidelights which one gets on public affairs by private conversation with statesmen and diplomatists are to me intensely interesting." Thus he writes, and takes care that of the sidelights he got no ray shall fall upon the unilluminated brains of his readers.

Whatever he does, wherever he goes, he preserves the same unbroken reticence. It is difficult for him to pierce further into the life of men and women than their names. From the manœuvres of the German army, which he attended assiduously, he has carried away no more vivid impressions than that he was always given a good place, and that the Crown Prince was wont to call him "Church Militant." With a childlike naïveté he gives us lists of the exalted personages whom it was his good fortune to meet. "I had the privilege of many delightful conversations with her Royal Highness." "During the march past I stood at the door of the royal carriage, in which were the two little Greek princesses." At Herrnhäusen he once fell in with an old woman, "who became quite excited when I told her that I knew the Princess Frederica of Hanover." "All the grand ducal family were there, and treated me most kindly, quite as an old friend." Pronouncements similar to these may be found on every page, and however comforting they may be to the author they have not the small-

est interest for his readers. Had he reported anything memorable that was said, we should have been under a debt of gratitude to him. But he is sternly silent. In fact, he preserves no characteristic saying until the end of the book. "'Yes,' said the King, 'you know, Teignmouth-Shore, you are putting on weight.'" This is to be found on p. 336, and perhaps it is hardly worth waiting so long for.

From time to time Canon Teignmouth-Shore quotes from a diary — a puzzling document which seems to take no account of the years. Here, for instance, is the entry made on January 4, 1879: "On this day I arrived on my first visit to Sandringham, which stands out so vividly in my memory, although it has been my great privilege to spend many happy days there since." How at his first visit could Canon Teignmouth-Shore foresee the privileges of the future? The statement, indeed, reminds us of Trimalchio's famous Opimian, which, prophetic of the day whereon it should be drunk, was committed to the cellar with the inscription: "This wine was bottled a hundred years ago." But dates are not the Canon's strong point. He tells the story of Bolingbroke and Voltaire, how they agreed that whichever died first should appear to the other if there was a life after death. And here, at the Château de la Source, says he, "Voltaire appeared to Bolingbroke." As Voltaire survived Bolingbroke by wellnigh thirty years, the

point of the story is not clear. Again, the Canon describes with much circumstance a conversation in which he himself, a High Church parson, and a brilliant barrister of sceptical views took part upon the pier of Bournemouth. They talked of literary style, and agreed to write down "the names of those still living whose literary style they considered to be of the highest order." They all wrote down the same names — Cardinal Newman, Dean Church, and John Morley. The unanimity is "curious enough," as the Canon says, and it does not reflect much credit upon their taste. What is still more curious is that these brilliant and distinguished men should meet upon the same pier of Bournemouth in 1891, and all be ignorant that Cardinal Newman was no longer living. However, Canon Teignmouth-Shore's career has evidently been many-coloured. "I had a really happy afternoon," he confides one day to his diary, "with the dear Princess, who is ever the same,—so simple, so good, so kind, so royal. I went from thence to White-chapel, where I spent the evening, and gave an address in the parish church to the Sunday-school teachers. Such are the contrasts of life!" These contrasts do not fall to the lot of every one. Nor does the simple clergyman often attain to such heights of fame that he finds it necessary to travel upon the Conti-

nent *incognito*. This was Canon Teignmouth-Shore's honourable misfortune, and when he desired not to be recognised he modestly called himself "Mr Shaw, London." We wonder what the author of 'John Bull's other Island' would think of this artifice? Would he agree that the name of Shaw is the best cloak beneath which to hide a character of timidity and retirement?

Mr Henry G. Huntington's method of autobiography is precisely the same as Canon Teignmouth - Shore's. His 'Memoirs'¹ are a kind of directory, in which only the names of distinguished men and women are entered. Widely different as are their careers, these two writers seem to have been inspired by the same ambition. They are evidently, both of them, sedulous collectors of personages. Not bric-a-brac, not books, not even postage - stamps have ever prompted a keener zeal than they display. And Mr Huntington's reticence equals Canon Teignmouth - Shore's. When we lay down his stout volume we know nothing of anybody mentioned in the book except Ouida, who is permitted to speak for herself. His method is crudeness itself. A chapter entitled "Men I have Met" opens with a page of names, the names of those whom the author has encountered during a long sojourn in Italy. What object is served by putting them down one after another

¹ Memoirs : Personages, People, Places, by Henry G. Huntington. London : Constable & Co.

we do not know. They are not attached to a Parliamentary petition or to a testimonial. And Mr Huntington must take himself very seriously if he thinks that his mere confrontation with them is an event of public importance. If we may believe him, his standard is high. Of Tom Hughes he says, "He, with Henry James, a dear friend of mine, was perhaps the only author I have known in whom I have not been disappointed." Poor authors! Now we have heard Mr Huntington upon them, we should like to hear them upon Mr Huntington. We fear that he too has proved a disappointment, if he may fairly be judged by the book which he has written.

What was the author's aim in writing it is not easy to divine. The pages of the book are packed with statements which have not the smallest meaning or interest. A few instances, chosen at random, will explain the nature of the work more clearly than any commentary. "Sarah Bernhardt was at the Coliseum this autumn, drawing crowds and a big salary." "I knew as a boy Edwin Booth, and saw Forrest, the great tragedian." "My old friend, the Marchese Pandola, the tallest man in Italy, formerly M.P., had returned to Naples, and settled down in the midst of a club life, of which he was a *habitué*." At Naples "there are very few Americans, and one of the principal, Mr Davis, is just dead." Not one of these sentences is of the slightest value. They are

but literary *culs-de-sac*, which lead nowhither. The daily papers long ago told us that Madame Bernhardt had played at the Coliseum, even though they withheld her salary from our knowledge. As to the Marchese Pandola, the world will hear with indifference either that he is the tallest man in Italy or that he is Mr Huntington's friend. And as Mr Huntington has nothing better to say of him than that, the Marchese might have been omitted from the catalogue. But omission is not among this author's gifts. He clings to great names as wise men cling to hope, and he forgets that what may be a vast consolation to himself may be very tiresome to others.

We have chosen for criticism the books of Canon Teignmouth-Shore and Mr Huntington, not because they are worse than their kind, but because they are typical of their kind. If the careless ardour of autobiography be not checked, the world will be pestered with books far more vapid in style and meaning than the paltriest novel. Such *biblia abiblia* as will then be produced deserve to fall under the ban of Lord Rosebery, and to be converted back into pulp. No man has a right to inflict his life upon us if he be not gifted with a power of vivid observation and with a keen insight into character. If he have these gifts, it matters not a jot whom he has met in his passage through the world. At any rate he can show us men, not titles, women, not empty

names. Under his hand labourers and clerks may grow into an interest with which the common writer of reminiscences could not invest an archbishop or a prime minister. It is the characteristic detail that we want, not the parade of dignities, which are shared with hundreds. For autobiography is an art like another, and it may not be absolved of failure because it introduces monarchs, statesmen, and diplomatists to our notice. Its virtue comes from its own excellence, and its own excellence alone. The sincerity and self-knowledge which are essential to it have nothing to do with the pomp of society.

By far the greatest man that ever wrote his autobiography was Samuel Pepys. And he was great because, while he kept himself always in the centre of the picture, while he would have scorned to conceal or to extenuate his own shortcomings, he understood also the other personages who took part in the drama of his life. His profound interest in character enabled him always to select those traits and foibles which marked out this man or that from his fellows. As we read his living pages we get to know not only the man himself, his wife, and his intimate friends, but also the King and the Court. For he, too, sprinkles his pages with great names, and makes us familiar with their bearers. His portrait of Charles II., honest and unsparing as it is, is deformed by scarcely a superfluous touch. He paints

the monarch not to show his familiarity with him, but because he knows him, and because he cannot omit him from the picture of his times. No one who has read Pepys will ever forget that Charles II. was hunting moths while the Dutch were burning his ships; none will ever forget how rightly the author of the *Diary* recognises that incident as the symbol of the King's carelessness and incompetence. But Pepys is a master with whom none other may hope to compare. And if only his example might bring home to the amateur that it is idle to compose a journal, if he have not the talent for it, how many bad books should we be spared!

At the same time, it is not difficult to understand the mistaken process of reasoning by which Canon Teignmouth-Shore and Mr Huntington were persuaded to put their little adventures upon paper. They know which events in their life and which encounters gave them the greatest pleasure, and they imagine that this pleasure is communicable in words to others less fortunate than themselves. It is not communicable by such words as are at their command; and if they are ever to be intelligible they must appreciate the simple truth that the pleasures of life are not the same as the pleasures of literature. To these courageous collectors that day was distinguished by a white mark which made them master of the largest

and rarest specimen. "When walking back to the House with the Prince after service," writes Canon Teignmouth-Shore, "I ventured to mention to his Royal Highness how often in years gone by I had heard my dear mother recall the fact of her listening to the guns announcing his birth, and envying the Queen, his mother—she herself expecting her first-born. How little could she have imagined that on his thirty-eighth birthday he would be telling this to the Prince himself, when his guest at Sandringham!" For the Canon this was a moment of unalloyed happiness. It is impossible to read of it without depression. There is nothing so tedious as the recital of another man's acquaintances. When George IV. was on the throne, the worst bores were the dandies who claimed to have known Brummel, and no writer can hold our attention long if he relies upon others for his effect. To enjoy the friendship of those who in the common phrase are called "interesting persons" may or may not be a piece of good fortune. It is no guarantee that the enjoyer will ever produce a book worthy to be read or praised by the wise.

The purveyors of reminiscences fail from a lack of self-knowledge. Being ignorant of their own limitations, how shall they describe the qualities of the men whom they are proud to meet? And they are not the only ones to whom self-knowledge is denied. Viscount Morley, not long since, deliv-

ered a speech at a dinner given to celebrate the British School at Athens, which proved how little he has pondered upon his own career. To begin with, he claimed it as an "honour and privilege" to sit in the House of Lords,—a claim which a rudimentary sense of humour should have forbidden him to make. If to sit in the House of Lords be an honour and privilege, why did Viscount Morley disturb its constitution? He was sent there by his colleagues to aid in the congenial work of wreckage. Had not Mr Redmond demanded the destruction of the Upper House, which would have barred the passage of his bill, Viscount Morley might have languished still in the House of Commons. He consented to his elevation, and has kept faithfully his part of the bargain. With his aid the House of Lords, the most ancient and the wisest Assembly in Great Britain, has been reduced to a shadow of influence, a mere simulacrum of power. And Viscount Morley would have been more prudent had he said nothing of the "honour and privilege" conferred upon him by the Assembly which he has stripped of its functions and whose traditions he has outraged.

This lapse into garrulity, when silence was enjoined, is not the worst of Viscount Morley's offences. "I have often thought," said he, "that I should like to walk along the beautiful corridor of the House of Lords with Aristotle on one arm and Machiavelli on the

other." Viscount Morley has said many unhappy and tactless things in his life. He has never before climbed to so lofty a height of folly as this. Aristotle and Machiavelli were political philosophers, who had studied profoundly the arts of government. What should they make in such company as his? Why should they be asked to hang upon the arm of a Jacobin, who is always willing to bend to the storm of popular fury? Surely the dead should be permitted to choose their own companions, and it is not likely that even "the beautiful corridor" of the dismantled and dishonoured House of Lords could have persuaded Aristotle or Machiavelli to bear patiently the society of Viscount Morley.

However, Viscount Morley is unabashed, and wishes that he "could have Aristotle brought up or down from the Shades and get him to talk about democracy and privilege and oligarchy." If Viscount Morley would read the 'Politics,' Aristotle might discuss these high matters without being put to the inconvenience of a journey to the Upper World. And if Aristotle has nothing to learn from us moderns, whose antics he foresaw and would have deplored, the lessons which we might learn from Aristotle become daily more important. There are few of Viscount Morley's recent actions which are not sternly condemned by the master, and he would have to walk many times the length of the beautiful corridor before he

had listened to all the master's just reproof.

Being a philosopher and not a hand-to-mouth politician, Aristotle divined the future, and knew perfectly well to what point of disgrace the excess of democracy would carry such men as Viscount Morley and his colleagues. And had he been "privileged and honoured" to stroll in the corridor of the House of Lords, he would have addressed Viscount Morley in such terms as this: "You are entitled to the respect of no good man, for you have supported that fifth form of democracy, in which the multitude, not the law, has the supreme power, and overrides the law by its decrees. This state of affairs has been brought about by the demagogues, your colleagues. Had you been wise, you would have known that the best citizens hold the first place only in democracies which are subject to the law, and that in these there are no demagogues. You have watched with equanimity the rise of the demagogues and the suppression of the law. With your approval the people has become a monarch, and, rising above the law, grows into a despot. It holds the flatterer in honour; and you and your friends are base enough to play the flatterer's part. Your democracy stands to other democracies as tyranny stands to monarchy. The spirit of both is the same; they exercise a despotic rule over the better citizens in

whose defence you have not lifted a hand. You have stood by silent when one of the noisiest among your colleagues has insulted the magistracy. An impudent complaint was brought against its decisions, and your colleague said, 'Let the people be judges.' And you opened not your mouth in protest. And so you have taken your share in the making of a democracy, which is no constitution at all. For where the laws have no authority, there is no constitution." That is what Aristotle would say, and the eminent peer could find no just word to reply in extenuation of his conduct.

Driven into a corner of the beautiful corridor by Aristotle's argument, Viscount Morley might boast of what he has done for the popular cause. "We have converted the House of Lords," he would say, "to a registry of our will, and given the members of the Lower House £400 a-year apiece." "We committed a similar folly," Aristotle might retort, "in the domain of justice, and it was the ruin of our State. When the law courts grew powerful, to please the people, who was playing the tyrant, the old constitution was changed into the existing democracy. Ephialtes and Pericles curtailed the power of the Areopagus; they also instituted the payment of the juries, and thus every demagogue in turn increased the power of the democracy, and it became what we see."

And Viscount Morley, still unconvinced, might go on to extol the eloquence and virtue of Mr Lloyd George, explaining how this demagogue had attempted to take refreshing fruit from the gardens of the rich, and hold it to the parched lips of the poor. Again Aristotle would be ready with an answer: "I have seen that infamous artifice fail again and again. It is a frequent trick of the demagogues who would curry favour with the people, by wronging the notables and so forcing them to combine. Either they make a division of their property or diminish their incomes by the imposition of public services, and sometimes they bring actions against the rich that they may have their wealth to confiscate. And this injustice is a common cause of revolution and always a danger to the State." If Viscount Morley dared to dissent, the philosopher would point triumphantly to the unbridled autocracy of Messrs Asquith and George. "Is not the plain teaching of history illustrated by the recklessness of these men, that tyrants are always demagogues who have gained the favour of the people by their accusation of the notables? Is it possible that any one who has read my 'Politics' can contemplate without shame the despotism of the guillotine? Away with such false democracy as that, and let the free men of your nation enjoy their freedom!"

Still more foolish in Aristotle's eyes would be the boastful pretence of universal

suffrage. None knew better than he that the ruling class should be owners of property. "For they are citizens," he would say, "and the citizens of a State should be in good circumstances; whereas mechanics or any other class whose art excludes the art of virtue should have no share in the State." Indeed, Aristotle had already watched with despair the demagogues gerrymandering the franchise. "In order to constitute a democracy of the fifth class and to strengthen the people," he would say, "the leaders must include as many as they can, and to them nothing and nobody come amiss. This is the way in which demagogues proceed, but it is not the right way. No statesman would ever make more additions, when the number of the commonalty exceeds that of the notables or of the middle class. Beyond this the prudent ruler would never go: if he goes beyond, the State becomes disorderly, the notables grow excited and impatient of the democracy. This has already happened in your midst, and you in your beautiful corridor are heedless of it all."

Had Aristotle condescended thus to argue with Viscount Morley, he would have demolished his arguments and left him unpersuaded. We do not think that Machiavelli, hanging on the other arm, would have vexed himself with debate at all. Why should he converse with a man for whom the words which he used had another meaning? What he

meant by the people, which he praised, was a body which Viscount Morley does not understand. Machiavelli would never have consented to put the whole power of the State in the hands of the thriftless and unfit. He would never, for his own purpose, have contrived that the majority should be made up of those unable to form a just opinion concerning public affairs. They only were of the people, as he understood it, who enjoyed hereditary rights of citizenship, or were admitted to those rights after a jealous scrutiny. "The people," he says, "owns better, broader qualities, fidelity, and passions than any Prince, and have better cause to show for them." We, too, might say the same thing of the people, as it was understood a hundred years ago. The people which is flattered to-day by our demagogues is another people, and no philosopher gifted with the clear sight of Machiavelli could ever have subscribed to the ridiculous theory of universal suffrage.

And if we look a little deeper into Machiavelli's judgment of the people, we shall see that the love of truth soon modifies his opinion. It is for reasons of prudence that he thinks the Prince is wise to depend upon popular favour. "He that comes to the Principality by the assistance of the great ones," he says, "subsists with more difficulty than he that attains to it by the people's favour; for he, being made Prince, hath many about him who account themselves his

equals, and therefore cannot dispose nor command them at his pleasure. But he that gains the Principality by the people's favour, finds himself alone upon the throne, and hath none or very few near him that are not very supple to bend." That is perfectly true, as Louis XI. discovered for himself, though it would hardly satisfy the interested aspirations of those who believe that the untaught, unthinking mob is always divinely inspired when it drops its Radical votes into the ballot-box. Indeed, until we arrive at clear definitions of "people" and "democracy," it is rash to set side by side the opinions of ancient and modern.

But when we consider Machiavelli's views of the Prince's duties and moralities, his divorce from the present is shown to be yet wider. Viscount Morley is the slave of a bland humanitarianism, which shrinks from shedding the blood of those whose lives should be forfeited, and which believes that the best cure for revolution is a slice, as thick as possible, of popular government. He belongs to a Cabinet which, while it would put Englishmen in the heaviest chains of a tyrannical bureaucracy, would yet rule a vast dependency, very prone to revolution, with the faint-hearted offers of western "liberty." Machiavelli would have laughed to scorn such artifices as these. He was a realist who saw things as they were, not as they might appear to the purblind inventors of

copy-book headings. And not merely was he a realist, with a clear vision of the truth. He had that candour of mind which refuses to conceal the truth from its purview. It was not his purpose to sketch a Utopia, or to invent an ideal. He assumed the far more difficult and honest task of analysing the duties of a Prince, as his age interpreted them. The philosopher who found in Cæsar Borgia the perfect Prince deserves Viscount Morley's sympathy as little as does Cromwell, and if the noble peer of our realm chanced to encounter Machiavelli's shade in the corridor, he would be more sincere to give him the cut direct than to offer him his other arm.

Machiavelli, resolute to strip political science of the hypocrisies which commonly cling about it, looked only at the proper end of government, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is to govern, and not to illustrate a theory of morals. He did not condemn the cruel severity of his Prince. On the contrary, he commended the cruelties put into practice by a ruler only once for security's sake, and not insisted upon afterwards. "His injuries should be done altogether," he says, "that being seldom tasted they might less offend; his favours should be bestowed little by little to the end that they might keep their taste the better." The clarity of Machiavelli's insight did not permit him to deceive himself. He would not risk failure for a counsel of perfection. He

was a practical man, aiming at a practical end. He knew the necessities and limitations of his age, as few men knew them. "He who leaves that which is done," he writes, "for that which ought to be done, learns sooner his ruin than his preservation; for that man who will profess honesty in all his actions must needs go to ruin among so many that are dishonest." This truth is none the less plain for all to understand, because to-day we should denounce it as cynicism.

But let it not be thought that Machiavelli does not recognise the value of what we call virtue. "Double will that Prince's glory be," he confesses, "who has founded a new realm and fortified it and adorned it with good laws, good arms, good friends, good examples." Such a splendid glory as this was, he knew, not given to all Princes. The most of them encountered difficulties which could not thus easily be resolved. And it was to the less fortunate Prince that Machiavelli addressed his sternest counsels. If the Prince could not keep his supremacy by law, the way proper to men, he must ensure it by force, the way proper to beasts. He must be both a fox and a lion, for the fox cannot defend himself against the wolves, nor the lion keep himself from snares. He must, therefore, be able to feign and dissemble thoroughly, and take the surest courses he can to maintain his

life and state, remembering that the means of success appear honourable to all men. It is easy to censure Machiavelli's cynicism. It is impossible not to admire his honesty and his courage. He dared to tell the unpleasant truths which he had discovered, and has stood in the pillory of the sentimentalists ever since. But whatever he wrote was taught him by the study of history, and if he had a deep sympathy with the modified democracy that he knew, he declared that the only safe basis of a nation's greatness was a nation in arms.

Viscount Morley differs as widely from Machiavelli as he differs from Aristotle. His political philosophy begins and ends in giving the people what it wants, heedless of consequences, and in setting as low an interpretation upon the word "people" as policy suggests. It is not for him to guard the duties and privileges of citizenship from dishonour. In this Jacobin's eyes no man who can walk should be debarred from the ballot-box, though in exchange he would eagerly absorb all and sundry from the duty of defence. And he is the man who deems himself a fit associate for the shades of the two greatest exponents of political philosophy whom the world has ever seen! *Εὐωδὶ καὶ σταντὸν*. What a pity it did not alight upon the head of Viscount Morley!

“ONE DUTY, ONE COMBINED WORK.”

IN ‘The Observer’ of the 5th November, the usually well-informed Naval Correspondent of that paper wrote as follows:—

“The appointment of Mr Winston Churchill to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has given rise to a crop of rumours, some of which are, of course, wild. Of these the most extravagant is that which asserts that Mr Haldane’s resignation of the post of Secretary of State for War is imminent, and that Mr Churchill will, on his retirement, assume the Parliamentary control both of the Navy and the Army. The task would be beyond the power of any man, and the suggestion need not be further discussed.”

The rumour of Lord Haldane’s retirement from his present post is not new, and has generally been coupled with the other rumour that Lord Loreburn would retire from the office of Lord Chancellor and create a vacancy for Lord Haldane to fill. We have never attached much importance to this report. Although Lord Loreburn’s appointments to the magisterial bench have not been altogether satisfactory to the extreme Radicals and the Labour party, we could see no reason why he should retire, and it is contrary to traditional practice for the office of Lord Chancellor to be filled by one member of a party, while another member of the party, full of strength and vigour, holds the pension of an ex-Lord Chancellor. And we could see no reason why so active a statesman as Lord Haldane

should, for any cause other than the acceptance of the Lord Chancellorship, vacate an office which he has, on the whole, filled with ability and success, unless, indeed, it were that he sees the signs of decay in the Territorial force, the child of his creation, and that he might wish to get clear before the failure became too painfully evident. He has already thrown out the hint that his scheme may some day be based upon compulsory service, but we can scarcely believe that Lord Haldane could, after the episode of his preface to Sir Ian Hamilton’s document written to order on that subject, be willing to introduce compulsory service; and when, in the course of another year, the Territorials, already more than 40,000 below Lord Haldane’s minimum number of safety, fall still lower, the Secretary of State, pledged opponent of the only method by which escape from an impossible situation can be found, will be in an awkward fix.

But the rumour that Mr Churchill will, when there is a vacancy at the War Office, assume the Parliamentary control both of the Navy and the Army, is quite another story. ‘The Observer’s’ correspondent says that the task would be beyond the power of any man; but surely he has forgotten Mr Winston Churchill’s record. Is there any task above or beyond Mr Churchill’s powers? Are

we not sure that, if he were asked, he would admit that he is as ready as Lord John Russell to "command the Channel Fleet, or perform the operation for stone"? There were many expressions of surprise when Mr Churchill resigned a Secretaryship of State for a post of lesser official dignity and smaller salary, but what if it was only "*reculer pour mieux sauter*"? What if the new post was to be only the stepping-stone to a new Secretaryship of State of higher importance, and at least as great both in salary and dignity?

And the rumour is of remarkable interest, because Mr Winston Churchill is the son of his father, and because, as his father's biographer, he must be well aware that it was the deliberately matured opinion of Lord Randolph Churchill that the administration of the Army and Navy should be brought together under professional Ministers, with one "Secretary of State and Treasurer for the Sea and Land Forces of the Crown." What more natural than that Mr Winston Churchill should aspire to materialise his father's dream!

Much has happened since Lord Randolph publicly proclaimed this profession of his faith. Old landmarks have disappeared; Secretaries of State and First Lords of the Admiralty have come and gone; the Boer War has taught us many lessons, of which some have and some have not borne fruit; the War Office has been revolutionised; but it and the Admiralty continue to revolve,

each in its own separate orbit; and it may be worth while to look back to 1889, the year in which Lord Randolph Churchill's memorandum saw the light.

In the previous year a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments, and the relation of those Departments to each other and to the Treasury, and to report what changes in the existing system would tend to efficiency and economy in the Public Service. Lord Hartington, afterwards Duke of Devonshire, was the chairman; Lord Randolph Churchill was a member, as were Mr W. H. Smith, who had held the offices of First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for War, and Mr Campbell-Bannerman, who had been Secretary of State for War. A banker and a shipowner, both men of great repute, an Indian administrator, a sailor and a soldier, completed the list. Sir George Clarke was the secretary.

Reporting in July 1889, the Commissioners said that whereas the two Departments were engaged in what is, or ought to be, "one duty and one combined work," and must be and were absolutely dependent on each other, the first point which struck them was that little or no attempt had ever been made to establish settled and regular relations between them, or to secure that the establishments of one service should be determined with any reference to the re-

quirements of the other. They found that no combined plan of operations for the defence of the Empire in any given emergency had ever been worked out or decided upon by the two Departments. They said: "There does not appear to us to exist sufficient provision for the consideration by either service of the wants of the other." They spoke of the "undoubted evils" of this nature which had been brought under their notice, and of "this unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs."

When it came to proposing remedies, Lord Randolph Churchill took a line of his own, and laid before the Commission a memorandum which is appended to their report as presented to Parliament. Assuming that the Commission desired to find a system which would secure the maximum of efficiency reasonably to be expected from normal expenditure on the two services, which maximum, it was agreed by consent of all, had not been obtained, he pointed out that gentlemen are appointed to exercise supreme control over the Army and Navy who possess no experience or knowledge of the military or naval service and profession; that, after a tenure of office of a few months or a few years, they are succeeded by other gentlemen provided with a similar lack of experience and knowledge, to whom are intrusted the duties of providing for the defensive and offensive power of an Empire whose possessions are scattered all over the world, and whose

subjects number over three hundred million souls.

This system, he said, had, in spite of the untiring efforts of Governments and Parliaments, only succeeded in progressively increasing public dissatisfaction, and, simultaneously, burdens on the taxpayer, and he appealed for serious consideration of a radical change. He then asked these pertinent questions, "Can any practical amount of efficiency of administration be obtained without professional training and knowledge? Can it be obtained without direct personal responsibility? Can direct personal responsibility be reasonably expected without professional control?" And he answered by a negative.

Professional reputation, he said, is to a soldier or sailor everything, next to life itself, and the loss of it equals professional ruin, entailing pecuniary and social loss of a heavy character. To the ordinary politician under our political system administrative miscarriage brings little or no evil consequence. His fate, if unfortunate or unskilful, is, in the vast majority of cases, to be transferred to some other office, to a foreign embassy, to a colonial governorship, "or at the worst to the House of Lords." Neither pecuniary nor social loss necessarily or ordinarily follows the unskilful and possibly disastrous administration of our Army and Navy. And the professional soldiers or sailors who advise respectively the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty escape all risk

of public censure, sheltered as they are by the fictitious responsibility of the civilian Minister.

Then he pulverised the stock arguments in favour of adherence to the existing system—the control of Parliament, the interference of Parliament, the jealousy of Parliament. Personally, he said, speaking with experience of the House of Commons, and after several years' study of that House, he put aside such arguments. He was satisfied that, eliminating great party issues, the House of Commons is an assembly composed of business-like and reasonable individuals who, having to find certain funds for certain purposes, desire, in the main, that the pecuniary demands of Government should not be excessive, and that fair guarantees should be given for economical expenditure of the funds provided.

And so he advocated that the administration of the Navy and Army should be intrusted respectively to members of those professions, that naval training, naval experience, and naval eminence should be the qualifications of our Minister of Marine, and similar military qualities for our Minister of the Army. He appealed to reason and common-sense, and affirmed that, in his opinion, as under his reform Parliament could with little difficulty do what now was impossible to it, detect and punish the maladministration of an individual, Parliament would be satisfied.

And so he proposed to

abolish the Secretary of State for War and the Board of Admiralty, and to create three new appointments.

I. A Lord High Admiral of the Navy, an Admiral appointed for five years or during pleasure, having, subject to the Government, supreme control over and responsibility for naval administration; naval training, naval experience, and naval eminence being the qualifications for the office.

II. A Captain-General of the Army, with similar military duties, responsibilities, and qualifications.

III. A Secretary of State and Treasurer for the Sea and Land Forces of the Crown.

The holders of the first two offices were to be created members of the House of Lords and Privy Counsellors, and were to be summoned to all Cabinet Councils when military and naval questions were under consideration, with, while those questions were being considered, an equal position with the other Cabinet Ministers. But in order to keep the administration of the Services free from party politics, they were to take no part in the discussion or decision of any questions other than those connected with naval and military affairs.

The object of the third appointment was to preserve and ensure the financial control of Parliament and the Government, and to supply the much-needed link between the two Services, so that one great object, Imperial defence, should be more completely attained.

This Minister would settle with the responsible heads of the Services the amount of annual expenditure to be submitted to the Cabinet, would be responsible for the audit of their accounts, and with presenting to and defending in Parliament their estimates and expenditure. He would also control and be responsible for the Ordnance Department common to both Services, and make the Army and Navy Contracts.

The Lord High Admiral and the Captain-General would each have a Chief of the Staff, and a Financial Secretary with a seat in the House of Commons who would be charged with explaining and, if necessary, defending in that Assembly naval or military administration in detail. The professional Naval and Military Ministers might be dismissed by a new Government coming into office, but such a dismissal would be a grave Ministerial action requiring defence and explanation in Parliament.

He said that the relations between the Ministers for the Army and Navy and the Secretary of State would be those of perfect equality and constant communication. The former would bring to the latter the views of their respective professions in very authoritative form. The Secretary of State would bring to the heads of the Navy and Army the views of the Government and of the House of Commons on the political circumstances of the time. The three would ex-

amine in concert the general requirements of Imperial defence — where the claims of Navy and Army might conflict the Secretary of State would probably be found an acceptable arbitrator. The Cabinet would be the court of final appeal. In case either or both of the professional Ministers should feel compelled to resign, Parliamentary discussion must ensue, and a Parliamentary decision be taken; and so direct personal responsibility would be established, and the control of Parliament would be complete.

Such was Lord Randolph Churchill's proposal. The Royal Commissioners considered it a bold attempt to introduce the principle of placing direct responsibility on those who are qualified by professional training and experience to bear it, but they doubted if such result could be practically attained. They thought there would be a constant and inevitable tendency in Parliament to hold the Secretary of State responsible as well for the administration of the Services as for the supplies which he would demand from Parliament. They considered that his position would gradually become more powerful than intended by Lord Randolph's proposal, and that it would ultimately approach closely to that of a Minister of Defence. And they had already considered and ruled out a proposal to bring both services together under such a Minister. They confined their recommendations to proposing changes in the

War Office and in the Admiralty, and the creation of a Defence Committee of the Cabinet, which, as we all know, dragged on a languishing existence, until fifteen years later it was galvanised into life by the report of Lord Esher's Committee on the War Office. Only one member of the Commission appended a dissent, not considering the proposals of the Commissioners an adequate remedy for the "undoubted evils" and "dangerous condition of affairs" which they admitted, and not convinced that both Departments could not be brought together under one Minister, responsible for a "combined plan of operations for the Defence of the Empire," and who should act as arbitrator between the two Departments, and being of opinion that the two Departments would not unite for

"one duty and one combined work" unless they were, for that special purpose, controlled by one authority.

As we have already said, much has happened since 1889. It may be, and we sincerely trust it is the case, that the Defence Committee of the Cabinet has been found able to do all that is necessary in bringing the Services into co-operation for "one duty and one combined work." Only one thing is certain, and that is, that while both Naval and Military Estimates have greatly increased, there is a widespread feeling of doubt as to the sufficiency of the national defences by sea and land. At least we think we have shown that the idea attributed to Mr Winston Churchill of bringing both Services under one control is not one which is unworthy of discussion.

MR BALFOUR'S RESIGNATION.

THE resignation of Mr Balfour from the leadership of the Unionist Party, if not wholly unexpected, came as a shock to all patriotic Englishmen. It was hastened by no dissensions, it was impelled by no malign influence within the party. It was the sad and logical outcome of changed conditions. Mr Balfour boasts such a record of service as no other statesman in our annals may boast. For five-and-twenty continuous years, either as Minister or Leader of the Opposition, he has devoted himself to the welfare of his country. He led his party for twenty years; for ten years he led the whole House,—a longer period of unbroken leadership than has fallen to the lot of any Minister since the death of William Pitt. Faithfully has he served his country; honourably has he earned the rest which he claims. Had the demagogues who to-day hold the reins of office not contrived a revolution, he might once more have led us to victory. Now his retirement from the leadership is final and irreparable. He will not come back as Pitt came back when Addington failed, or as Mr Gladstone came back, after he had laid upon Lord Hartington the heavy burden of opposition. Happily he will remain to adorn and advise the House of Commons. The duty of command has passed to other

hands, and there is none, save his immediate adversaries, who will not regret the passage.

As Mr Balfour said in the eloquent and affecting speech which he made to his constituents, the strain of leadership increases year by year. A Government which demands that the House should sit ten or eleven months out of twelve, the growing exactions of a democracy which insists upon seeing and hearing its representatives in its own conventions, have rendered the craft of politics almost unbearable. In the future, relays of politicians will be required to achieve what was once the work of one man. At any rate, we are not likely to be governed any longer by that wise and patriotic class which freely gave to the country the fruits of its training and experience in the arts of statesmanship. "You will more and more find it difficult," Mr Balfour told the voters of the City of London, "to get at the same time men of adequate leisure, adequate position, prepared to undergo the great toils which inevitably attach now to political life." We shall be forced to fall back upon the professional politician, who studies the party machine far more profoundly than he studies the interests of the country, and whose ultimate supremacy is assured by Mr Asquith's reckless bribe of £400 a-year.

How should Mr Balfour, trained in another school, place himself in competition with such men as these?

The reason which Mr Balfour gave for his resignation is characteristic in its modesty and unselfishness. He cannot bear even the slightest suspicion, which none would attach to him, of clinging to office. "I desire to leave the position of heavy responsibility which I have held," he said, "before I can be suspected of suffering from the most insidious of all diseases—the disease which comes upon those who, without losing their health or their intellect, nevertheless get somewhat petrified in the old courses which they have pursued, whose authority grows because they have been long in the public service . . . but who cannot deal with the great problems which in this changing world are perpetually arising, with freshness and elasticity." If no man knows when that moment has come, all men know that it has not come to Mr Balfour. Yet Mr Balfour sees clearly enough that if the Empire is to be saved, it can be saved only after a bitter conflict. He thinks it right that he should resign before that conflict is engaged. Next session we may be in the throes of a General Election. "And what chance has my unfortunate successor?" asks Mr Balfour, "if he has no time to get into his saddle; if he is given no interval before the stress of fight comes on us; and if he is suddenly left in the very crisis of

our destinies to deal with a situation which he had never been able to survey or to contemplate?" The question can receive but one answer, and it redounds vastly to Mr Balfour's credit that he should put it. He at any rate does not accept the comfortable doctrine of his opponents: after me the Deluge.

Nor does he retire from the leadership when the fortunes of the party are beset by storms. He is not one to leave a sinking ship. He has fair hopes of a favouring breeze and a prosperous voyage. One of his reasons for choosing this moment for resignation is that he sees before Unionism a prospect of growing influence. "This Government," said he, in a passage of eloquent truth, "have lived on electoral bribes for six years. They have been floating helplessly down the revolutionary stream, which they have not controlled or guided in any way, snatching now at one electoral advantage and now at another electoral advantage. They have attacked the Crown, they have attacked the Second Chamber, they have bound the representative Chamber hand and foot; and, having finished their bribes, they are now lapsing into the old Radical practice of destroying Churches, passing what they conceive to be judicious Reform Bills from the gerrymandering point of view, and generally comporting themselves as a Radical Party in difficulties does comport itself. I do not believe the country will stand it much

longer." All students of politics will share Mr Balfour's hope and belief, and when the hour of victory comes, as it assuredly will come, the due honours of the triumph will be paid to the valiant leader, whose sedulous energy and high courage have made it possible.

Mr Balfour's resignation marks a deep step in the decline of English politics. He belongs to the old and sane tradition of his craft. He has always taken the aristocratic view of public service—the view of Pitt and Castlereagh, of Melbourne and Palmerston, of Disraeli and Lord Salisbury. Trained in affairs by his great predecessor in the leadership of the Tory party, he has sacrificed none of the lofty ideals of the past. He has fought his opponents as though they were men, like himself, eager for the prosperity and advancement of England. This amenity of contest is no longer possible, and it may be that Mr Balfour does not feel inclined to change the methods which have obtained throughout his long career. The Tory Party is faced to-day not by political opponents but by national enemies. Until Mr Gladstone discovered the supreme virtue of marble halls and noisy audiences, both parties were inspired by the same ambition—to respect the Crown and to preserve the Constitution. Messrs Asquith and Lloyd George have vastly improved upon Mr Gladstone's example, and we are in the midst of a stealthily contrived revolution. All the conditions of public life are changed. The

House of Lords has been suppressed, the House of Commons has been throttled, not for the sake of a principle, but for the sake of convenience. Mr Asquith has callously and cynically upset the Constitution, in order that he may keep a bargain with Mr Redmond and give Home Rule to Ireland, in open violation of pledges given and accepted in the past.

Revolution may be met only by counter-revolution. The day is past for quiet argument and disciplined debate. Mr Asquith, no doubt profitably to himself, has made them impossible. If the Empire is to be saved, it must be saved by methods corresponding in violence to the methods of the present Cabinet. No opportunity must be lost of censure and attack. Now that the Second Chamber, which has stood between the country and the Coalition, has been stripped of its power, all the resources of obstruction must be employed by the Unionist Party. The old restraints of Parliamentary life must be forgotten, and the Opposition must remember that it is fighting not for the triumph of a policy, but for the very existence of the Empire. In other words, the time has come to part from the ancient ways, to ignore the ancient traditions of amenity; and doubtless Mr Balfour preferred to retire from the leadership before he was forced to unlearn the lofty lessons of his craft.

Mr Balfour is no longer

leader. Happily for us he still remains an honoured member of Parliament, with, we hope, many years of valuable service before him. If one chapter of his career is closed, another is opening, of equal distinction. Freed from the onerous duties of leadership, he will intervene with all his old authority in the debates of Parliament. If the House of Commons can still listen to the words of justice and reason, it may profit by his knowledge and experience. As *amicus curiæ*, he may yet influence the House which once he led. And, outside the House, may he not speak for England with the voice of sanity and moderation? It is, therefore, not the time to sketch the great services which he has done to his country. Something may be said of the eminent gifts which he brought to that task of leadership which he has renounced. He was, in the first place, the most distinguished member of the House of Commons of his day and generation. It was at Westminster that he most clearly showed his supremacy. He treated the House with the loyalty and respect of one who had spent the larger part of his life within its precincts. He did his best to conceal, even from himself, the sorry truth that it had fallen into evil ways, and had forgotten the lessons of a salutary tradition. He understood its humours and swayed its passions as did no other statesman of his time. And the House responded easily to his lightest word, as though it were sensitive to his in-

fluence. He alone among his contemporaries might claim the praise, given by Disraeli to Peel, that he played upon the House of Commons as upon an old fiddle. There, indeed, he was master. When, in 1906, he returned to Westminster the captain of a miserable minority, he dominated the Commons as Peel dominated them in 1833. He knew how both to comfort and chastise. If his support was invaluable, none who ever smarted beneath the lash of his censure is ever likely to forget it. His genius for analysis enabled him in an instant to see the weakness of his adversary's case, and he demolished it, not by the invective of words, but by what is always far more deadly, the invective of dialectic. So long as he was Leader of the House he always maintained its discussions upon a high plane of thought. If he has studiously disdained the arts of rhetoric, he has insisted upon a clarity of thought which the democracy has never understood, and will never understand. The democracy likes crude colours and loud speeches. It deems time spent in defence, time wasted. If a man be slanderously attacked, the democracy prefers that he should let his reputation take care of itself and reply by a slander upon his opponent. Nothing is more distasteful to it than subtlety and precision. And if the democracy has misunderstood Mr Balfour, it is because he is both subtle and precise. If a shade be grey, he has always refused to admit

that it is either black or white, and thus he has given Radicals, who lack his intelligence, the chance of confusion and ridicule. In other words, he has taken no account of the coarsened fibre of politics, and thus has sometimes proved too fine and too honest for his hearers.

And this brings us to a weakness in his leadership,—weakness for a politician, for a statesman strength. He has resolutely refused to interfere with the organisation of his party. The machine, daily growing more powerful, creaked for him in vain. He was never without a dominating policy; he was never without the ideas which are the material of statesmanship. He did not care to test the feeling of the country; he did not like accommodating himself and his brain to the intrigues of the moment. Nor did his method of oratory commend itself to popular audiences, which respond most easily to catch-words, to class prejudice, to unmeaning insult. Those who listened with rapture to the mouthings of Mile-End, and saw in the orator of Limehouse a marvel of delicacy and tact, were not likely to appreciate the close reasoning and sober style of Mr Balfour. Under a democracy success in the country must always be a success of scandal, and scandal is abhorrent in Mr Balfour's eyes. He took a higher view of his audiences than his opponents have taken, and he suffered, as a leader, for his optimism. It was not for him to sink to their level. He

would, if possible, have taken them up to his, and no one who was fortunate enough to hear the speech which he delivered some years since at Bingley Hall will ever forget how firmly he held a crowd of 12,000, and how lucidly he explained to them the imperative claim of Tariff Reform. The speech was as close a piece of argument as we have ever heard, and not one link in the chain was missed by the people.

But it was not in the arts of oratory that Mr Balfour showed the highest gifts of his leadership. It was in government and administration that he proved most clearly his superiority. He is the only Irish Secretary, within living memory, who did not leave his reputation behind him in Dublin crushed and broken. And he succeeded in Ireland because he had the courage to enforce the law, and the prudence to understand what measures of reform she needed. Those who have been rash enough to assert, as many have asserted, that Mr Balfour is not a constructive statesman, will do well to remember that Ireland's present prosperity is due entirely to Mr Balfour's policy of land-purchase. His task was no light one. Not only was he asked to solve a very difficult problem; it was his business to undo the infinite harm which Mr Gladstone had inflicted upon Ireland by timid and piecemeal legislation, by rash promises and by reckless rhetoric.

Much as he has done for

Ireland, it is the problem of defence which has ever seemed of the highest importance to Mr Balfour. He has regarded the adequate protection of the country against foreign aggression the first duty of statesmanship. It is idle to put our house in order if we refuse to lock the front door. The most beneficent legislation that humanitarianism can desire is useless if the State be not impregnable. Should a foreign army invade our shores, it matters not a jot how many millions are in receipt of pensions. Upon this truth Mr Balfour has insisted a hundred times, and always with a passion of patriotism. Under his leadership the Committee of Imperial Defence became a body of the gravest authority. Upon its energy depended, and still depends, the security of the Empire, and it is fortunate for us that in these days of democracy it is not at the beck and call of the people. And the same spirit which established the Committee of Imperial Defence, animated Mr Balfour throughout the difficult period of the South African War. Europe was fierce in antipathy, and the Radicals, led by Mr George, openly comforted the enemy on platform and in print. Demagogues who had served the country in Parliament, and were destined to serve her again, did not hesitate to accept and circulate the basest falsehoods, invented to the dishonour of England. Yet Mr Balfour never wavered. He possessed the fine spirit of William Pitt. He, too, was a

pilot who weathered the storm. He was never downcast nor disheartened. He refused to believe for a moment that England could suffer defeat, and, supported valiantly by loyal colleagues, he conducted the most difficult war of modern times to a triumphant issue.

There is always a pathos in saying Farewell, and the pathos is vastly increased when we say farewell to a Leader to whom we owe so deep a debt of gratitude as to Mr Balfour. As he said himself, a severance such as he announced must cause pain to all of us. Yet may we be of good heart; for not only does Mr Balfour remain in the House of Commons to give his counsel and encouragement, but the Leadership has been placed in capable hands. The leadership will not be, as of yore, the leadership of autocracy. Like many another great man, Mr Balfour knew not how to depute to others the work which they might have done. The very weight of his authority restricted the range and power of his followers. The long acquaintance which he had enjoyed of public affairs, the ease with which he addressed and managed the House of Commons, made it almost impossible that he should leave to others the tasks which he might perform himself. In future, no doubt, there will be a wider distribution of duties. Of those who serve under Mr Bonar Law, the new leader,

more will be expected, and they will give more. Nor need the Unionist Party be under the slightest fear that the work of opposition will not be conducted with energy and thoroughness. The campaign which will open next session need give us no apprehension. With such a leader, aided by such lieutenants, it cannot fail of success.

The auguries are good. The process by which Mr Bonar Law was chosen is of the best possible omen. It is often said that politics are an affair of egoism—a battle in which every man's hand is against his neighbour. Of the Unionist Party this was never true, and it can be no more said. The self-sacrifice of Mr Austen Chamberlain and Mr Walter Long does them both the highest honour. Each of them had the strongest possible claim upon the support of their colleagues. They have served the party long and with vigour. But rather than incur the slightest charge of dissension, they willingly made way for Mr Bonar Law. Not merely does their action compel the fiercest cynic to take a more amiable view of politics. It disposes once and for always of the foolish legend, industriously circulated by the Radicals, that the Unionist Party is rent in twain. No better proof of unanimity could be found than that which was given at the Carlton Club; and Mr Bonar Law assumes his onerous position with the

whole-hearted support of an undivided party.

The new leader is, in the country at least, something of a dark horse. He is not familiar to the gossips. Hitherto he has eluded the makers of caricatures, and he is all the better for the elusion. In the House of Commons his qualities in debate are well known and appreciated. He has all the courage of vigorous opinions. He will fight the battle of Tariff Reform with an energy which is above suspicion. He knows how to hit hard as well as where and how to direct his blows. Born in Canada, he has always cherished the liveliest interest in the Colonies, and his election to the party leadership comes as an opportune corollary to Canada's rejection of reciprocity. He will champion the causes which he has at heart without taking or giving quarter, and the mouthpieces of the Government are already deploring what they call his "lack of urbanity." Never have we seen a better example than this of the devil reproving sin. The supporters of the demagogues who have preached a raucous crusade of class-hatred, who have conducted the three last general elections as campaigns of insult, demand "urbanity" of their opponents! Have they lost all sense of humour and fitness? Their mere demand is the herald of their fear, and we hope that their fear will be justified. Urbanity is not the quality which at this moment we demand of the leader of the

Opposition. The makers of revolution have no right to expect urbanity. The pinch-beck Robespierres who now pretend to govern us, and have never refrained their tongues from invective, are not the men to plead for the forbearance of others. Reason is useless in a gagged and guillotined House of Commons. The gentle whisper of subtlety is unheard amid the racket of the hustings. The time has come for plain speech and a simple policy; and because we are sure that Mr Bonar Law and his colleagues will not spare the sensibilities of those who, having destroyed the Constitution and prepared the disruption of the Empire, now pite-

ously ask urbanity of their opponents, we look forward to his leadership with a serene confidence. "At all events," as Mr Balfour said in his eloquent peroration, "while men grow old, and men pass, those who have given service must feel when the time of their service comes to an end that behind all these individual considerations there are great and permanent causes which do not decay with human weakness or perish with human life." So it is that, though we have changed leaders, our cause remains unchanged, as well worth fighting for as ever, and still intrusted to brave and able hands.

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